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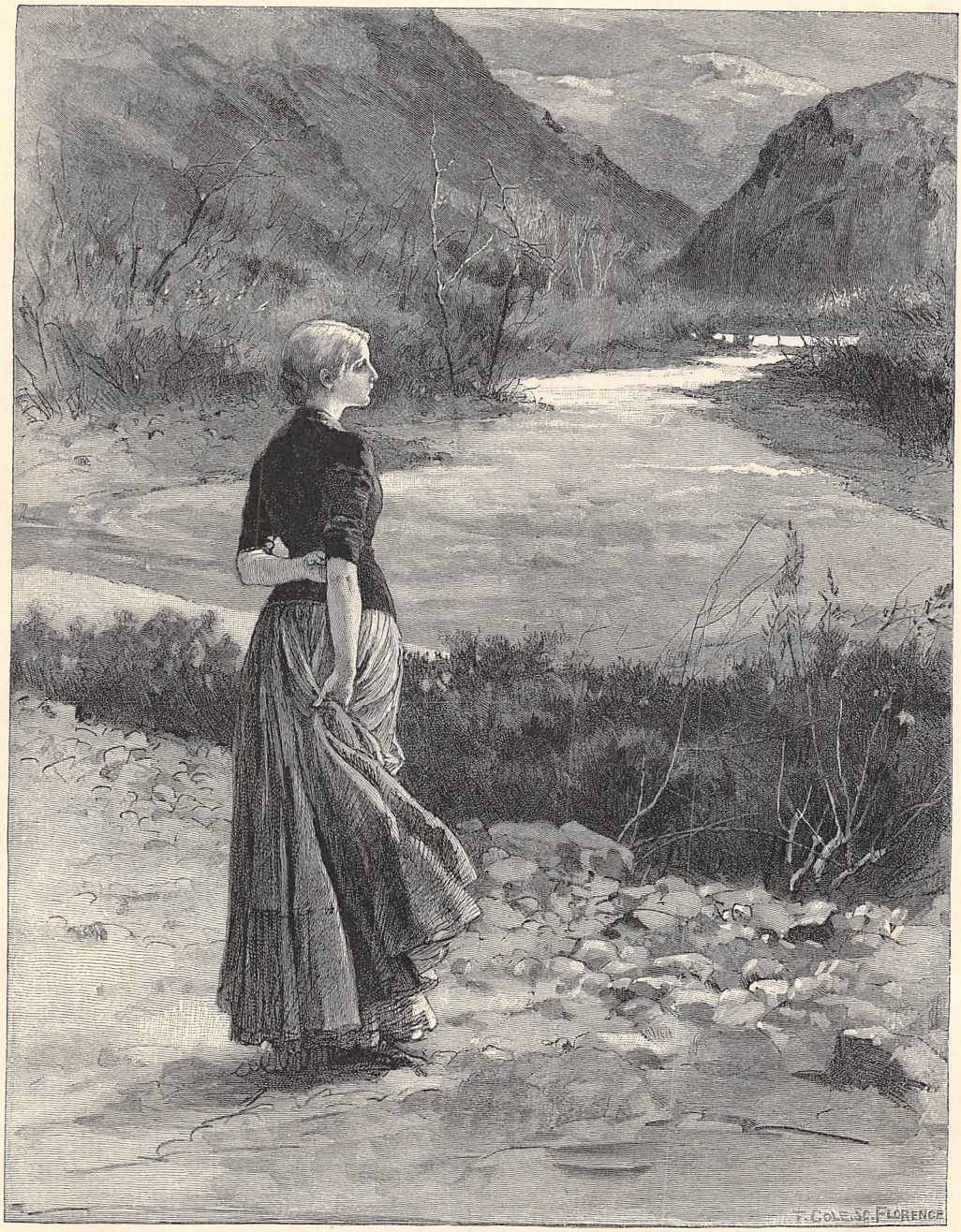
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[SEE PAGE 28 — DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE; ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.]

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. NOVEMBER, 1885. No. 1.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S VISIT TO PETRA.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

OWING to the difficulty of the journey and the inhospitable and treacherous disposition of the natives, graphically described by our Philadelphia Photographer, few Europeans and Americans have undertaken with success of late years to visit Petra, the Rock City of Seir; hence an air of mystery hangs over the place and adds not a little to its attraction.*

Petra is identified with the Hebrew Selah, "a rock," † the Amorite, Edomite, and Moabite stronghold (Judges, i, 36; 2 Kings, xiv, 7; Isaiah, xvi, 1). Diodorus Siculus (xix, 94–98) speaks of the varied fortunes of the two expeditions sent against the place by Antigonos, whose general, Athenaios, was very roughly handled by the sturdy Nabathæans, while his son, Demetrios Poliorketes, was content later to lead his army back from their wild country without having gained any appreciable advantage. Strabo (Geog. xvi, 663, v. 15, ed. Didot) tells us of Petra as a city shut in by rocks in the midst of the desert, yet supplied abundantly with water, and important as a place of transit for Oriental productions. Pliny, too (Hist. Nat. vi, 32, 3), identifies the site by a definite description. The town was deprived of what independence remained to it by the Romans under A. Cornelius Palma in the time of Trajan, at the dawn of the second century A. D. There is evidence that it received some of Hadrian's widespread bounty, and that it was still in Roman hands in the day of Septimius Severus, a century later. It figures from the fourth to the sixth century in the annals of the Christian Church; but from the time of the Council of Jerusalem in A. D. 536, in which the Bishop of Petra, Theodorus, took part, until its discovery by the distinguished traveler, Burckhardt, in 1812, the old city drops entirely out of sight. The busy mart must have been destroyed by some incursion of the wild nomads of the desert.

It is not necessary to anticipate Mr. Wilson's picturesque description of the site of Petra beneath the venerable Mount Hor of the Bible,‡ and of the scenes, strange to Western eyes, through which the traveler passes to get there. The city lay in a narrow valley, surrounded by precipitous hills. On the eastern and western sides the cliffs rise almost perpendicular to the height of six or seven hundred feet. On the north and south the natural barriers

* The artist Gérome gained entrance with a party of his countrymen, about 1870. An interesting and amusing sketch of their experiences has been published by one of their number—"Le Fayoum, le Sinaï et Pétra." Par Paul Lenoir. Paris, 1872. The American artist, Mr. F. E. Church, visited Petra in 1868, and made a number of oil studies there, from which he painted his picture of the Khuzneh. Mr. Wilson furnishes the following list of English and American travelers, besides himself, who have visited Petra with parties since 1860: —

W. H. Bartlett, about 1861; Dean Stanley, 1862; Rev. Henry Formby, about 1862; Professor E. H. Palmer, about 1870; Dr. James Strong, 1874; Miss Sophie M. Palmer 1882; Lieutenant Conder succeeded in getting in, it is believed, in 1883.

† This slight sketch of the history of Petra, and the remarks that follow upon the present condition of the site, are based particularly upon the valuable article upon Petra by the Rev. James Strong, D. D., in the Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, by the Rev. Drs. M'Clintock and Strong (Harpers, 1867–1881).

The map is from surveys made by Dr. Strong and Mr. Ward in 1874, and is engraved from the original draught. It is of peculiar interest as being, it is believed, the only one from original surveys since that of Laborde published in 1830 (Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée. Par Léon de Laborde et Linant. Paris, 1830).

‡ Numbers, xx: 21, 22; xxxiii: 37.

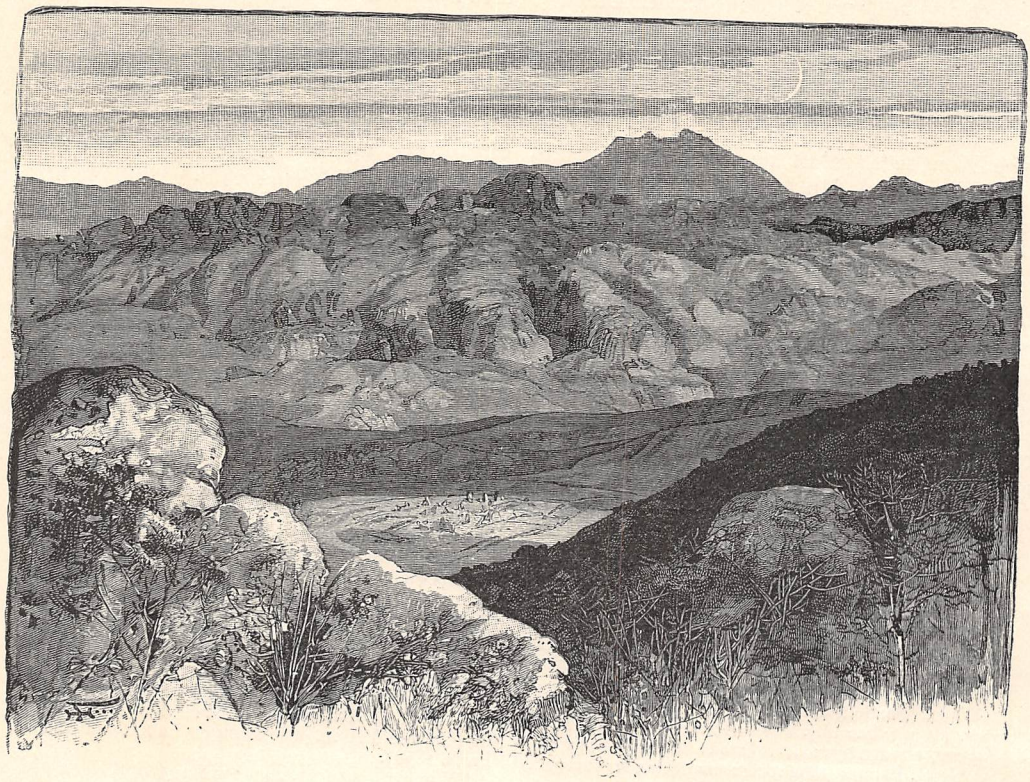
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are less formidable, and may in places be passed by camels. Many recesses, or small lateral valleys, open into the main valley. The circuit of the entire depression, including these lateral valleys, is about four miles.

The central portions of the valley, especially on the banks of the little river, are strewn with numerous remains of ancient buildings, which were constructed of masonry in the ordinary manner. With one or two exceptions, little survives of these but shapeless ruins. There are traces of paved streets, fragments of columns and pedestals, and rock-cut foundations in the greatest plenty. These last occupy not only the bed of the plain, but surrounding eminences, and mark especially private dwellings, which, as was usual in antiquity, appear to have been of slight and comparatively rough construction. The chief existing memorials of the Roman domination, besides a few funeral inscriptions, are the theater hewn from the rock, and the great building known as the Kasr Pharoun, still inclosed by its stately walls, with a noble arched entrance and an impressive colonnade. These monuments may probably be referred to the time of Hadrian.

But the chief attraction of Petra to the modern student lies in the rock-cut façades, chambers and stairways with which the cliff circuit of the city is almost surrounded, and which occupy the sides of the lateral valleys and other rock faces wherever accessible. Many of these façades, preceding one or more plain, rectangular chambers, with or without roughly hewn interior columns and niches or recesses, are very rich and elaborate. The most elaborate are as late as Hadrian's day, or later. There is hardly room for doubt that all these rock-hewn chambers were designed as tombs, after the fashion practiced by the Phœnicians, who in turn probably adopted the custom from the peoples of Asia Minor, to whom are due such remarkable creations as the necropoleis of Lycian Myra and of Phrygian cliffs—all traceable, perhaps, to the mysterious Hittite heritage.*

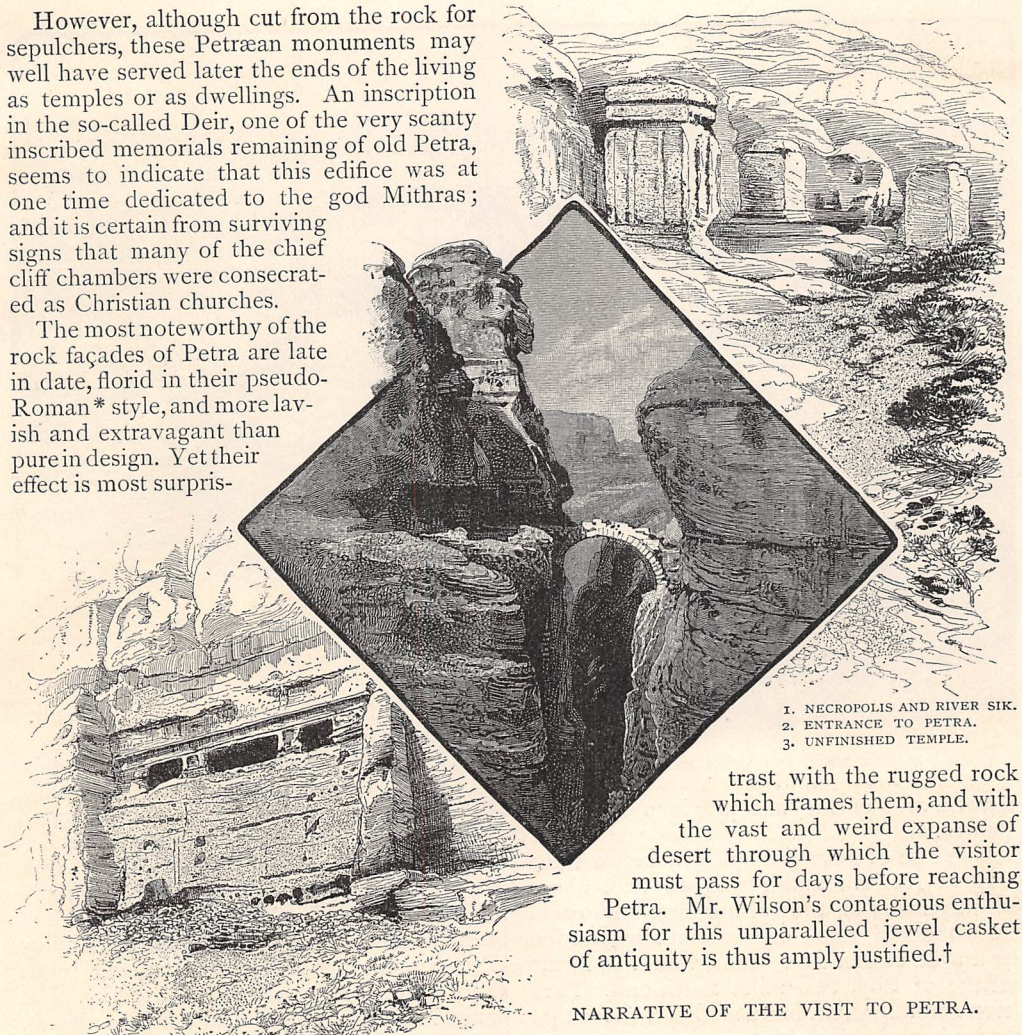
* Many facts and details are noticeable which point to more or less complete Phœnician influence at Petra. Without insisting upon this line of inquiry, it may be mentioned that the Petræan system of rock tombs with ornate fronts is thoroughly Phœnician, and not dissimilar in general character to that exemplified in such Phœnician necropoleis as Amrith. A parallel to the pseudo-classical architectural treatment of Petræan tombs is found at Nea Paphos in Cyprus, where the burial chambers surround courts with rude Doric colonnades cut in the rock. There are examples at Petra of a chiseled ornament in the form of flights of



JEBEL HAROUN — MOUNT HOR.

However, although cut from the rock for sepulchers, these Petræan monuments may well have served later the ends of the living as temples or as dwellings. An inscription in the so-called Deir, one of the very scanty inscribed memorials remaining of old Petra, seems to indicate that this edifice was at one time dedicated to the god Mithras; and it is certain from surviving signs that many of the chief cliff chambers were consecrated as Christian churches.

The most noteworthy of the rock façades of Petra are late in date, florid in their pseudo-Roman* style, and more lavish and extravagant than pure in design. Yet their effect is most surprising. This is due to many causes, not a little to the wonderful natural coloring of the soft sandstone from which they are chiseled, ranging, as it does, from pure saffron-yellow through the most brilliant red, purple, and blue, with their gradations, and relieved by plain black and white. The elaborate architectural forms, too, are in the most striking contrast with the rugged rock which frames them, and with the vast and weird expanse of desert through which the visitor must pass for days before reaching Petra. Mr. Wilson's contagious enthusiasm for this unparalleled jewel casket of antiquity is thus amply justified.†



1. NECROPOLIS AND RIVER SIK.
2. ENTRANCE TO PETRA.
3. UNFINISHED TEMPLE.

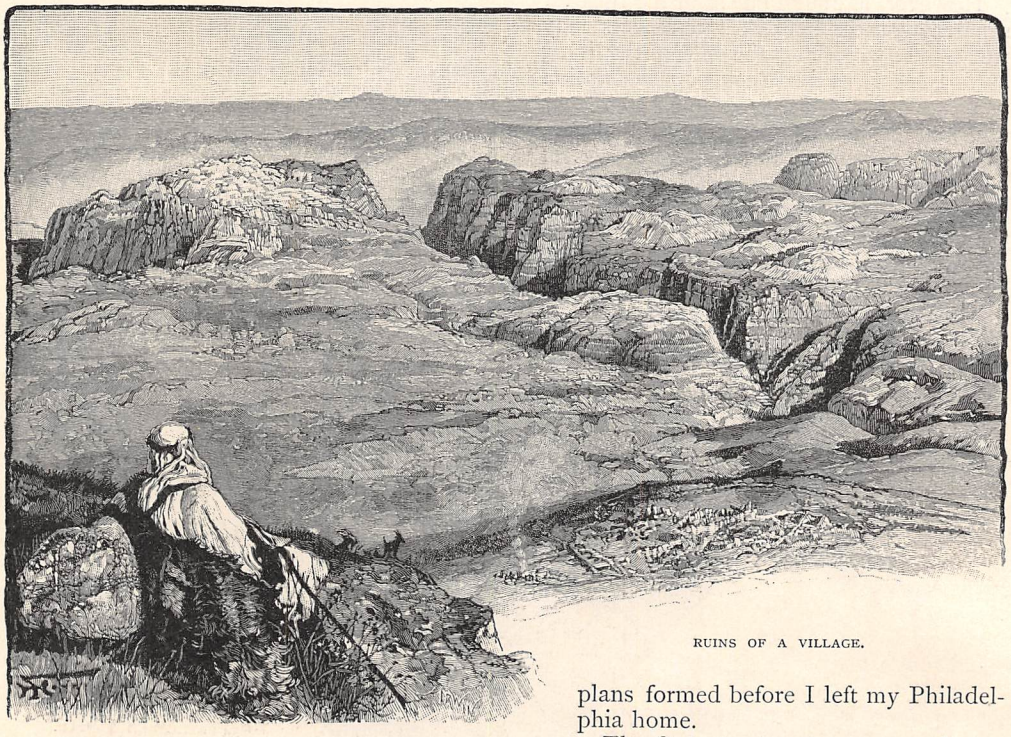
NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT TO PETRA.

THERE are two moldering cities of past ages, widely different from each other, and each, in its own peculiar way, unlike any other — Venice, the queenly city of lagoons and bridges, and Petra, the city of stupendous natural fortifications and rock-hewn architecture. With the Queen of the Adriatic the world is familiar; but only a few travelers have seen Petra, and these have vouchsafed us but little information concerning it. I had dreamed amid the dimmed glories of Venice; I had longed to enter the portals of Petra, the fallen capital of the old Naba-

steps rising and descending. This ornament was derived from the Assyrian form of battlements, and is clearly of Assyrian origin. It is common on Phœnician monuments, as on the Amrith rock tombs, and on many minor antiquities (*cf.* Perrot et Chipiez: Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité, III., p. 131.) Again, the slowly tapering pyramidal funeral steles referred to by Mr. Wilson and by other travelers, are Phœnician.

* It may be said of the Khuzneh, even from the point of view of the severe critic, that it is not without much grace and elegance, despite its lavishness. It is the most Roman of the Petræan rock edifices — Roman in the style of a Pompeian wall-painting.

† We regret not to have had access to Hittorff's recent "Mémoire sur Pompéi et Pétra" (Paris, 1876).



ANCIENT EDOM, AND THE CLEFT OF PETRA.

RUINS OF A VILLAGE.

thæans, and of Trajan's province of Arabia Petræa.

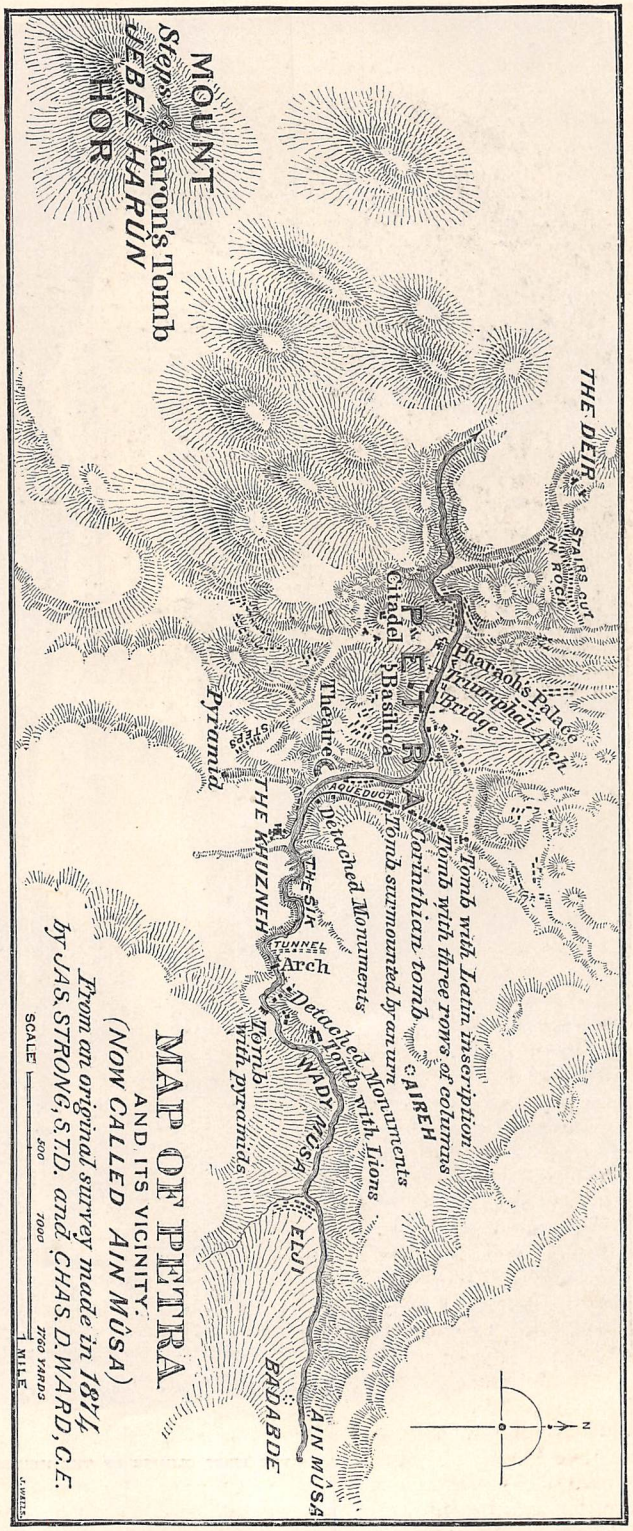
The site of Petra lies half way between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea, about seventy miles as the vulture flies, from each. Its wonderful ruins are continually guarded by a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, who live in the village of Eljy, two miles north-east. They keep careful watch, because they believe that somewhere in the old town great treasures are hidden, and that it is the object of every white traveler who visits Petra to discover and carry away the riches of antiquity. All who have left record of their visit to Petra tell of the difficulties encountered with these suspicious Bedouins. Many a would-be visitor has been driven back from the very gates, robbed and insulted, without so much as a bird's-eye view of Petra to compensate him for ten days of hard desert travel.

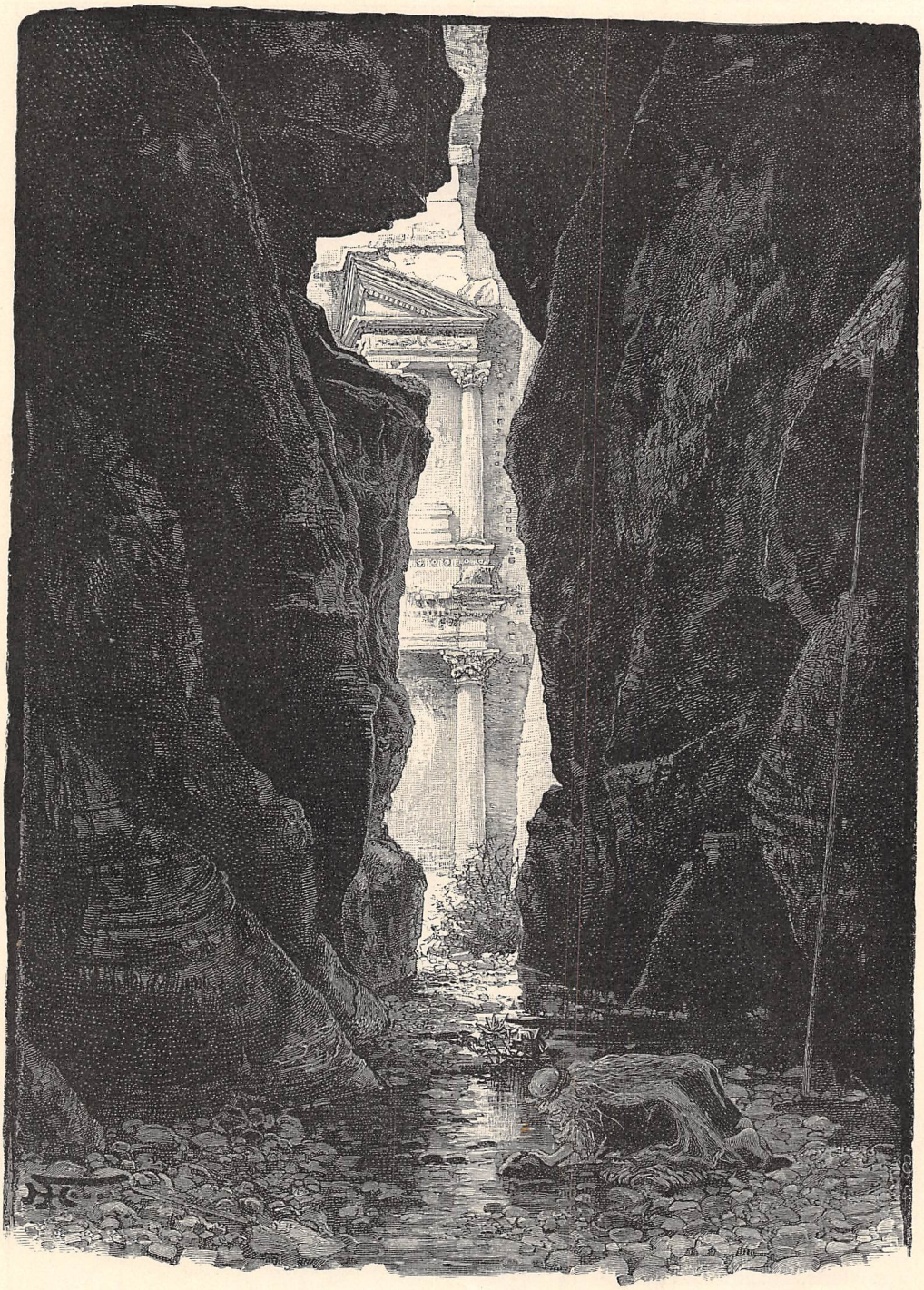
When, on the Nile, I revealed my design to see Petra, various dragomen and tourists declared that it was "impossible to enter the place," and that "no white person had done so for over eight years." This did not shake my determination to make the effort, at least, to "take Petra." I might be driven back disappointed. I might succeed in securing the material and the information I coveted. So, at Cairo I made my preparations to carry out plans formed before I left my Philadelphia home.

The first step was to secure a dragoman. I knew of only one with whom I felt willing to risk my life. He had guided through the desert General George B. McClellan, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, Professor Charles M. Mead and Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, the author of "Kadesh Barnea." He had been spoken of by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in his "In the Levant" in such terms as to confirm my desire to secure him. His name, Mohammed Achmed Effendi Hedayah, indicated, among other things, that he was a good Mussulman, "an educated man," as he put it, of good social standing, able to read and write, and of partly Moorish extraction. Never shall I forget our first consultation. The difficulties and dangers of what I proposed were mapped out for me with true Arabic eloquence. Seeing that I did not shrink, my new-made acquaintance then depicted the horrors which those who had made the attempt to get into Petra were obliged to undergo. He failed to move me from my determination. "Then," said he, pushing his red tarboush nervously back upon his head and rolling his eyes up toward heaven, "I see you are an old traveler and an educated gentleman and I will go with you. I am an educated man; I have been twenty-five years a dragoman; I have been three times to Petra; no white man has been there for eight years. I know Salim the Sheikh of Petra; once he

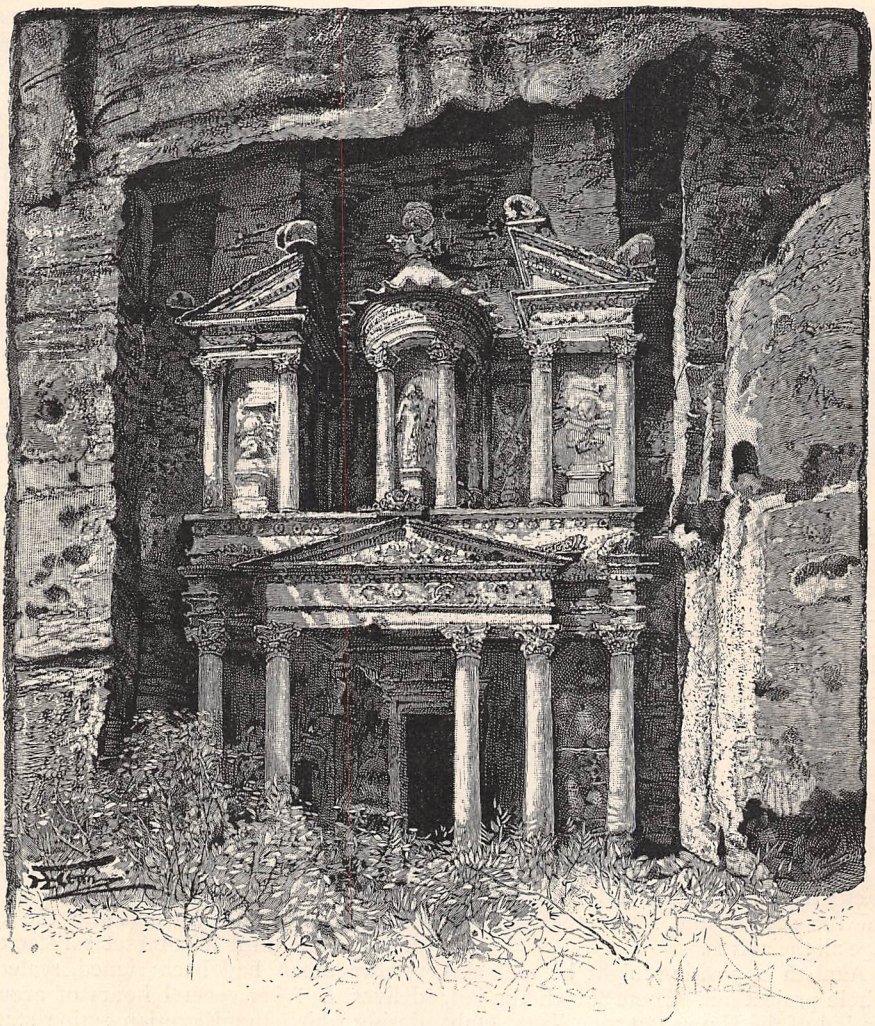
was brought to Hebron and put in prison for stealing from travelers. I found him there and went security for his good behavior, and he was released. He is as my brother. You shall see Petra and perhaps I can get you in the short way. No other dragoman could take you. I would go only with an educated gentleman, an old traveler, or a very religious man. I am all these myself. My business is good, but I love to act as dragoman better than I love selling silk or eating—when I can go with an educated gentleman."

Four months of companionship with the worthy Achmed taught me that none too much had been said in his praise. He knew his business exactly. He proved truthful, trustworthy, generous, manly, and brave. I have seen him rush at a fellah who was pointing his musket at him, wrench the weapon away and fling it on the stones at his feet. I have seen him hasten with a long stride peculiarly his own into the midst of a fight between our attendants, jerk their swords away and send the combatants sprawling upon the ground. I have seen him, when we were surrounded, kneel first upon the sand and commit the gentlemen to the keeping of Allah, and then go out with his life in his hand to meet insult and injury in our behalf. I have seen him too, when we had all been taken prisoners, act with the greatest forbearance and wisdom, knowing full well that our safety depended upon his patience. He understood stooping to conquer. Achmed was as bright as any Yankee, as politic as a Pennsylvania Congressman. He was seldom at a loss even under the most trying circumstances. A hint that the accomplishment of any task would add to his fame always secured his best efforts, which would be supplemented by the request: "Please mention in your book that Hedayah Effendi's address is No. 8 Silk Bazar, Alexandria." Mounted on his camel, Achmed





THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE KHUZNEH.



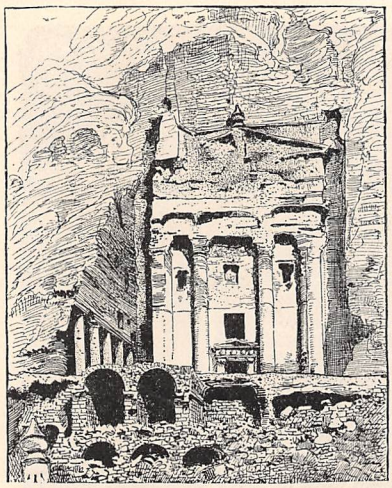
THE KHUZNEH.

Hedayah was even noble looking—nor did his character belie his appearance. Side by side, on camel, on horse, and on foot, we traveled for four months, happy and free.

On the appointed day we set out for Petra, pondering over the scanty details the books could give us of a city which once received the caravans of Arabia, India, and Persia, and sent their rich stores on to Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Greece,— a city whose king, during the last melancholy tragedies of Jewish independence, marched out at the head of fifty thousand men, entered Jerusalem, and besieged the Temple until commanded by Rome to desist.* Our curiosity was aroused by the image of a historic site which had been lost to civilization for nearly a thousand years, and by anticipations of its unique edifices. There was just enough peril about our enterprise to make it enchanting. My companions were Messrs. William H. Rau, Douglass P. Birnie, and William B. Ogden, all Americans. Our route was by rail from Cairo to Suez; across the Red Sea a few miles south of Suez; down the desert to Mount Sinai; thence north and east to the head of the Gulf of Akabah.

It has been said that there is but one entrance to Petra. Yet there is a "back door," so to speak, through which some travelers have made their way into the city, and by means of which they have also more suddenly made their departure. The real approach is through a narrow gorge some two miles long, of which the gateway faces the east. This is reached from

* King Aretas of the Nabathæans, who connived with Antipater and Hyrkanos to overthrow Aristobulus II., King of the Jews. See Dr. Smith's New Testament History, page 65.— EDITOR.



TEMPLE OF THE URN AND ARCHED TERRACE.

Palestine by way of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and from the south by the route which I took.

The back door may be gained from north or south by way of the Wady Arabah — the vast desert waste which lies between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea, into which it opens near the base of venerable Mount Hor. Visitors who enter thus may perhaps escape a contest with the Bedouins, but they lose the most imposing and startling scenery, that of the approach through the Gorge of the Sik, as well as the most satisfactory first impressions of the ruins. They see the town from the back; they enter the grand theater from behind the scenes, and regret their lack of courage all their lives.

At Akabah opposition might be met and the whole project fail. There Sheikh Ibn-jad, or Ben-jad, of the Haiwaytat tribe, lives. Only by his consent could we hope to see Petra.

My heart sank when I looked into the grim chief's yellow, dissembling face, and saw the scornful smile which came over it as I made known my desires through my dragoman. After much argument, conducted in the true Arabic fashion, I was informed that in one week I could be supplied with dromedaries and men, who would take my party to Petra, provided no visitation of Providence intervened. I had no disposition to remain a week where the Mecca pilgrims had left a true Egyptian plague of fleas and flies; and I replied to Ben-jad that unless our departure could be made in two days, we would go back to Suez. This disturbed him somewhat, and he expressed sorrow that we showed him so little respect as to desire to leave his territory so soon. I did not relent. Of course, the Sheikh's true reasoning was that the longer we remained in Akabah the more he would get of the money that we must have with us.

The Tawara Arabs who had brought us from Suez, and whom tribal law forbade to conduct us into the country of another tribe, had returned to their homes. Yet I assured Ben-jad that rather than remain in Akabah a week we would walk back to Suez. For a time it looked very much as if I should have to carry out my threat, so obdurate was the Sheikh. With my companions I retired to the beach to form our plans — just as Solomon used to sit by the sea and watch the coming of his vessels from Ophir,— leaving Ben-jad, on his side, an opportunity for reflection. In about an hour I went back to our camp to see if there was any show of weakness on the part of the Arabs. The scene was indescribable. Our tents had been taken down; our luggage was spread on the ground in confusion; camels and men enough to accommodate three parties such as ours had made their appearance mysteriously; and the Bedouins were pulling about our boxes of stores and photographic paraphernalia, and quarreling over them, all anxious now to join our caravan, since the Sheikh had decided we could make our departure at once.

I placed our new friends in a quandary again by mounting one of our large provision boxes, and shouting to them at the top of my voice to remove our property at once from their camels and to get out of my sight. Chaos ceased for a time, and further consultation was had. I refused to allow the camels to be loaded until I knew who was to be our conducting Sheikh and who the camel-drivers, and until a contract satisfactory to my dragoman had been signed, sealed, and delivered. After several hours of argument, during which the Egyptian scribe stationed at the fort at Akabah had written, altered, and destroyed several contracts, one satisfactory to both sides was agreed upon. Like all such documents, the first part was made up of salutations and compliments, while the last lines consisted of compliments and salutations. The business in it was added as a postscript. Exactions were made for castle fees, for a useless guard of soldiers during our three nights at Abakah, for camels, camel-drivers, a conducting Sheikh, water at five dollars per barrel, for barley for the horse of the Sheikh, a present for his newest wife, an entrance fee, or "blackmail," for each white person in our party, and a special tax for our Nubian servant Abdullah, "because he was a foreigner and black!"

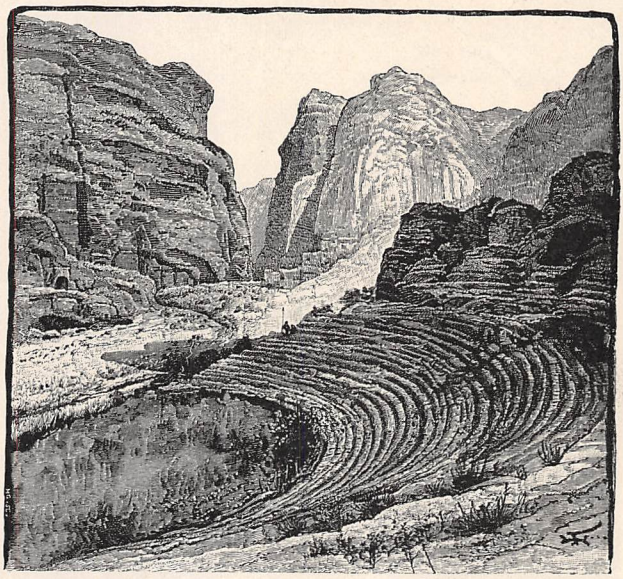
The route over which it was agreed to conduct us was the one I preferred and one but rarely taken, that by way of the "long desert"

which runs east of the Wady Arabah through a magnificent mountain range known as Mount Seir. On March 21, 1882, leaving Akabah and passing between the sites of ancient Eloth and Ezion-Geber, we traversed the Wady Arabah for about two hours, and then entered the mouth of Wady el Ithm. Then we advanced eastward until the mountain caravan route was reached, when we turned north again. Most uninviting to us were these desert highways. Though always lined with mountains whose forms are picturesque, they are bleak, and barren of all that holds life. The most striking feature of the way is its wildness, so complete that the road is almost indistinguishable from the wilderness through which it passes. Yet we were upon a route over which for over four thousand years caravans between Eloth and Edom had traveled.

From day to day, as we plodded northward, we came to narrow tracts of soil which had evidently been cultivated. Once, in a cave, I found a rude plow, such as I had seen in use at Egyptian Heliopolis. Two or three times we saw small oases. At Humeiyumeh there is a subterranean well, with stone-cut steps leading down to its mouth. From this, our camel-drivers drew water in vessels of goat skin and poured it into basins hewn in the stony floor of the desert to water their beasts.

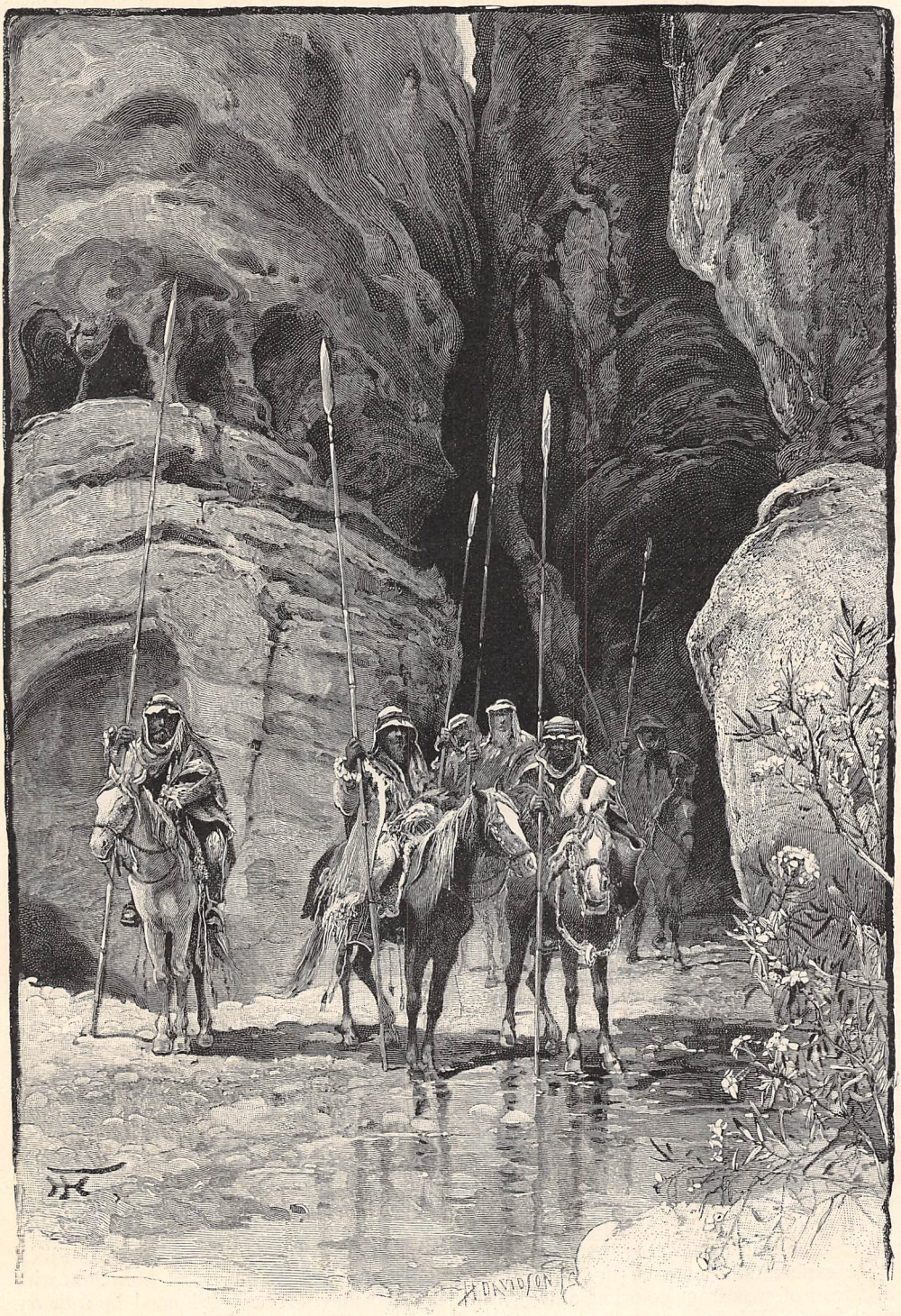
Now came a great desert expanse with only an occasional upheaval of sandstone to break its monotony. The Rock of El-Guerrah in this expanse is a most singular formation. There is no other elevation within several miles of it. It seems like a rocky island in the sea, bearing upon its summit an old fortress, about which our attendants could tell us nothing. Each day now we reached a higher elevation. On the third morning we seemed to be in a vast amphitheater, three sides of which were surrounded by magnificent peaks of strangely varied forms and colors. Red, brown, yellow, blue, purple, gray, and marl green were the prevailing tints, running in diagonal streaks and strata as amazing as they were beautiful. All the expectations aroused by descriptions I had read of wondrous coloring among the mountains of Edom were surpassed. Here amid all this beauty a fight arose among our camel-drivers, in which our conducting Sheikh became involved. Quick as a flash are these Arabs! Their striped abbahs were thrown upon the ground; cutlasses, swords, and blunderbusses — a display more curious than that in any pawnbroker's window — were drawn, and the battle began right and left, a hand to hand and wordy conflict. Not much blood was drawn. There never is in an Arab fight. About the time one looks for casualties, each combatant is seized by the lookers-on and saved from certain death. Then the Sheikh appears and declares that "it is a shame to be seen fighting before Christians," and that he "would rather lose his beard than look upon such a sight again."

That same night I took measures with Hedayah to execute a scheme partly planned in Cairo. It was to send a scout ahead, to reach



THE AMPHITHEATER.

Petra if possible some thirty-six hours before we could. If there was danger on the way, he was to return quickly and warn us. His capture we need not fear, for we would try to send a man who was *sahib* (friendly) to the natives. If he reported no danger, we were to proceed within a mile or two of Eljy, the Bedouin village near Petra, and then, leaving the caravan road, rough it across the country and try to get into Petra unseen and unheard. Among our attendants secured at Akabah was a giant Nubian. He had great scars down each cheek, and a row of upper tusks which might have driven me away from him with fear, had they not been balanced by a merry twinkle which came continually from his great, staring black eyes. To him about midnight was given our commission. His instructions were to "run" as do the post-boys in Nubia,



BEDOUINS IN THE KHUZNEH GORGE.



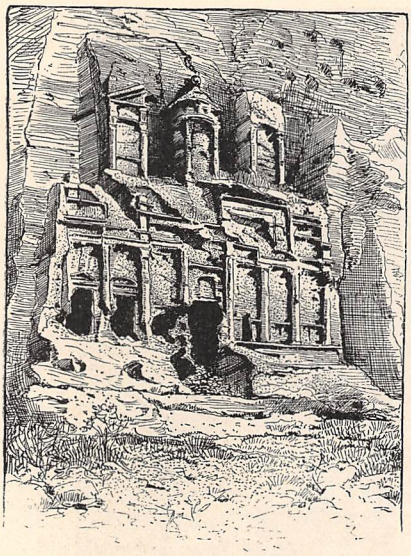
TEMPLE OF THE URN — EASTERN COLONNADE.

and to reach Eljy early the next afternoon. Money was given him to buy sheep, with which he was to regale and cajole the good and watchful people of Eljy. Onions and tobacco were supplied him also for distribution to any one who might give him trouble.

Our envoy was to make the most of the news of the war with Arabi Pasha, then brewing, and to exert every effort in his power to create such an excitement in the town that all the fellahin in the neighborhood would get word and flock in to see and hear him. Thus the coast would be made clear for us when it was time to sneak by. As we traveled along the Mount Seir spur, he could see us at least a day before we could him, and if there was danger he was to signal us when we approached. If all was safe he was to go on with the good work and not trouble himself about us, until we had passed. Shaking his brawny hand, I assured him of my confidence, bade him good-bye, and he departed. I then lay down to dream of the fable of the " Fox and the Turkeys."

On the fourth day, at the moment of a sunset of which the splendor was in harmony with the strange grandeur of the surrounding scenery, a shower drove us into a *nawami* or rock-house. We were now nearing Petra, and could make out the majestic peaks of Mount Hor two days' journey beyond.

On Saturday, March 25, the fifth day from Akabah, we rose at four o'clock. We ate a hasty breakfast by the light of our camp-fire of turfa-bushes, and began the travel of the day. We were within eight hours of Petra. If we arrived by sunrise undisturbed at the summit of a mountain spur just before us, we should catch a glimpse of Wady Mousa — the valley in which Petra lies. A sharp frost had visited us, and the tiny stream near our camp was frozen over. Command was given that no one should speak loudly, and scouts were sent ahead to guard against surprise or attack. Our hearts throbbed with excitement. I felt as when, in other days, I crept cautiously along in the night with my regiment, rifle in hand, suspecting every rock and stone, and expecting each moment to meet the foe.



CORINTHIAN STRUCTURE.

Our caravan was halted. Gathered close to our brave dragoman our quartette proceeded to gain the highest point ahead. What should we meet beyond? A hard scramble for an hour or more over a flinty road, brought us to this point. The scene which lay before us I shall never forget. The rising sun barely tipped the higher peaks with crimson glow. The shadows among the hills were still thick and long and wide, and I seemed to be looking down from a balloon upon a wonderful panorama. As the sun rose, a great, yawning chasm was seen splitting in twain the mountain range far below us, and creeping away to the West — a grim black scar. It was the Wady Mousa! Within its gloomy shade, as yet untouched by the morning sun, lay Petra — the climax of Edom, the Idumæan capital. My heart leaped, and in imagination I saw ruined cities looming up before me, more and more clearly defined each moment.

Beyond the western termination of the gorge a fine stretch of the Wady Arabah began to appear in light; and behind its westerly ranges, now also touched by the glories of the sunshine, were the hills about Hebron and the Dead Sea, and those bordering the Mediterranean close to Gaza. The coloring became more and more splendid, changing each moment in intensity as the light grew. There in the gloom of the valley was a long, zigzag line, winding like a river. It moved. Once in a while a bit of light would touch it, and then it would drop into the shadow again. From right to left it swayed at the will of its leader; then all at once it rose high in air as though to greet the God of Day, and the mystery was explained. It was an immense flock of storks, awakened to new life by the genial sun.

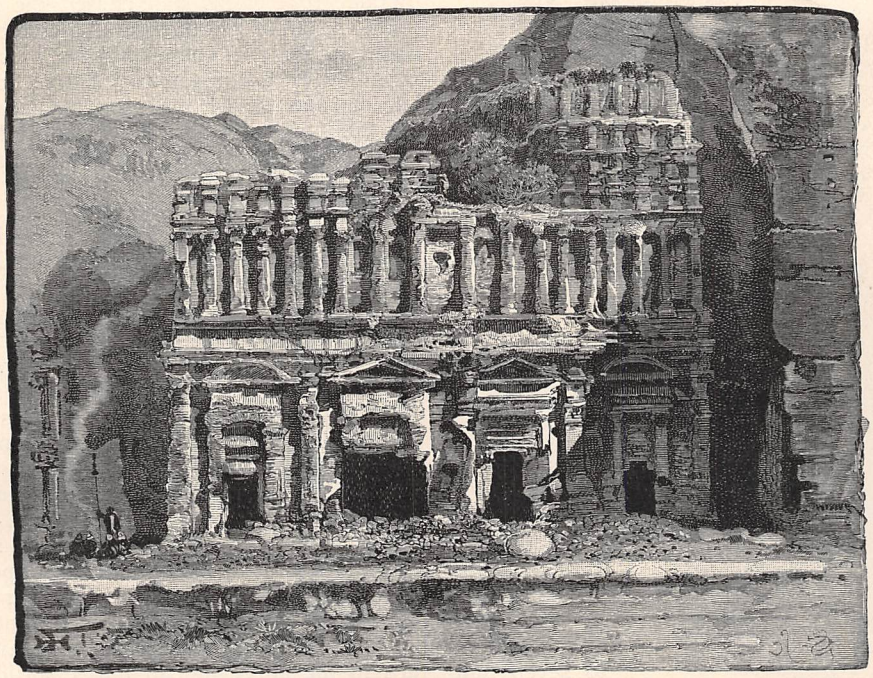
The golden hill-domes were growing brighter and brighter, and were flushed with pink, like the blush on a peach. The great rock upheavals seemed like the billows of the sea. There was as yet no sign of our Nubian scout El Wafi. Had our scheme been a success? Or had he met a horrible fate which we soon must share?

Near noon we came to a spring called 'Ain Daluga, where we halted for lunch. The great cleft of Wady Mousa was hidden from view; but for miles we could look back over the flinty path we had been climbing for six or seven hours. At our feet was a magnificent valley, along the grassy bottom of which we could see a winding stream lined with strips of land under cultivation. Suddenly we heard shouting, then the crash of fire-arms. Each moment we expected to hear the thud of Bedouin bullets against the rocks. There was no time to lose. Our camels were quickly arranged side by side to form a barricade. We speedily got behind them and awaited events. We seemed to thirst for Bedouin blood — for the blood of Esau's children. But no enemy approached. It was probably only the festival which El Wafi had been sent to organize. After all we had not been seen. With grateful hearts we quietly slunk down toward the Gorge of the Sik, or Wady Mousa. The great shadow had disappeared now, and the sun shone fairly into the gorge, giving fine effect to the blood-red of its walls, and bringing out strongly the lines of neighboring peaks. At the Western Gate, pyramid-like, stands a great rock-sentinel grim and defiant. It seemed to bar our escape in front from a Bedouin pursuit.

Fearing to approach the town of Eljy too closely,— we were only two miles south of it,— we left the now descending roadway and crossed some cultivated fields, coming, at the foot of the descent, into a thick jungle of oleander bushes. Through this runs the noisy little river, the Sik. In a moment more we had crossed it, and stood in Wady Mousa, unseen, unheard, unopposed!

Breaking our way through the jungle on the farther side of the stream, we found ourselves in the very heart of the Necropolis of Petra. A group of tombs on our right tapering toward the top reminded us of some of those in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or again, of the obelisk pedestals of Egypt. A little farther on, on the left, is a double structure of construction hard to understand. Though not a very beautiful ruin, it is a well-preserved specimen of Petran architecture. The lower

story displays a range of Ionic columns which lend to it an air of Greece, while the upper tier of the façade is adorned with a series of pyramid-shaped members suggestive of Egypt. This variety, singular in antiquity, may be attributed to the fancy of the antique nabobs who caused its building — men who borrowed their ideas from the foreign lands with which they had dealings. Each story of the façade marks a curious interior. The upper one has a large recess cut in the rear wall with smaller ones on either side, and graves cut in them all. The lower interior is supplied on three of its sides with a continuous stone bench. In the rear, away up toward the ceiling, are two *loculi*, or recesses for sarcophagi.

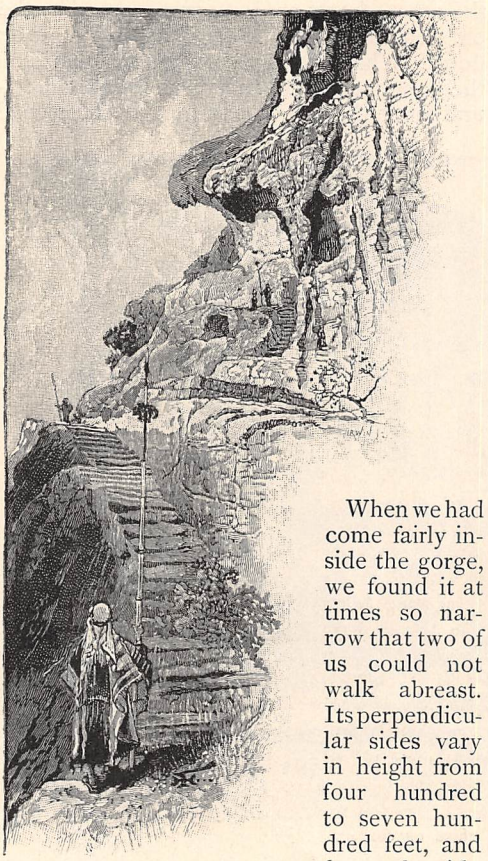


TEMPLE WITH THREE TIERS OF COLUMNS.

It may be useful to remind the reader, before we enter Petra proper, that all its principal structures, be they tombs, palaces, or temples, are excavated from the rock, and not constructed of quarried stone. Very rarely are ornaments of these "monolithic edifices" found detached, and still more rarely in antiquity were blocks inserted or let into any of the rock-hewn architecture of Petra. The sides of the mountains, which form a natural amphitheater of nearly four miles in circumference and with walls from five hundred to six hundred feet high, are cut to smooth perpendicular faces, which are occupied by unbroken ranges of temples and of homes for the living and the dead. The interiors behind the ornate fronts are but caves squared by the old stone-cutter, and are lighted only by their doors. While the bases and beetling sides of these mountains are fashioned into architectural forms that are as enduring as the eternal hills from which they are hewn, the picturesque summits above display Nature in her wildest and most savage garb.

Continuing our advance, we followed the stream a few rods, and descending as the pass narrowed, the entrance of the frightful chasm, seen afar off at sunrise, was reached at last. What an impregnable gateway! Spanning it is a fine buttressed arch, resting upon rock-cut foundations. Beneath this a little stream gurgles. We followed it through the only entrance —the "front door" of Petra. Still undiscovered we had passed under the great portal now, whether triumphal arch as poetry calls it, or simple aqueduct — the latter the more probable interpretation in view of the similar bridges found higher up among the mountain clefts.

The top of the northern wall of the defile was once inhabited. Excavations, bridges, terraced gardens, and various other evidences remain upon it of the industry and artistic taste of a wonderfully persevering people. The grotto at Posilippo opened to the sky could not present the grandeur of this approach. It is difficult to conceive anything more sublime.



ROCK STAIRWAY AND PULPIT.

When we had come fairly inside the gorge, we found it at times so narrow that two of us could not walk abreast. Its perpendicular sides vary in height from four hundred to seven hundred feet, and frequently, without absolutely meeting, they overhang to such a degree that the sky is shut out from the sight for a hundred yards at a stretch. On every side, more than a yard above the stream-bed, channels are cut in the rock as conduits for water, and in some places terra-cotta pipes are found cemented in these channels. Tiny niches abound also, cut in the sides of the gorge. In these indications remain of figures — old Pagan divinities, no doubt. The growth of oleanders becomes more dense as the gorge descends. Green caper plants dangle from the crevices, and here and there a graceful tamarisk is found in the shade. The tiny brook, the Sik, follows the whole way. The quarried stone scattered along the path indicates that the floor of the fissure was once paved.

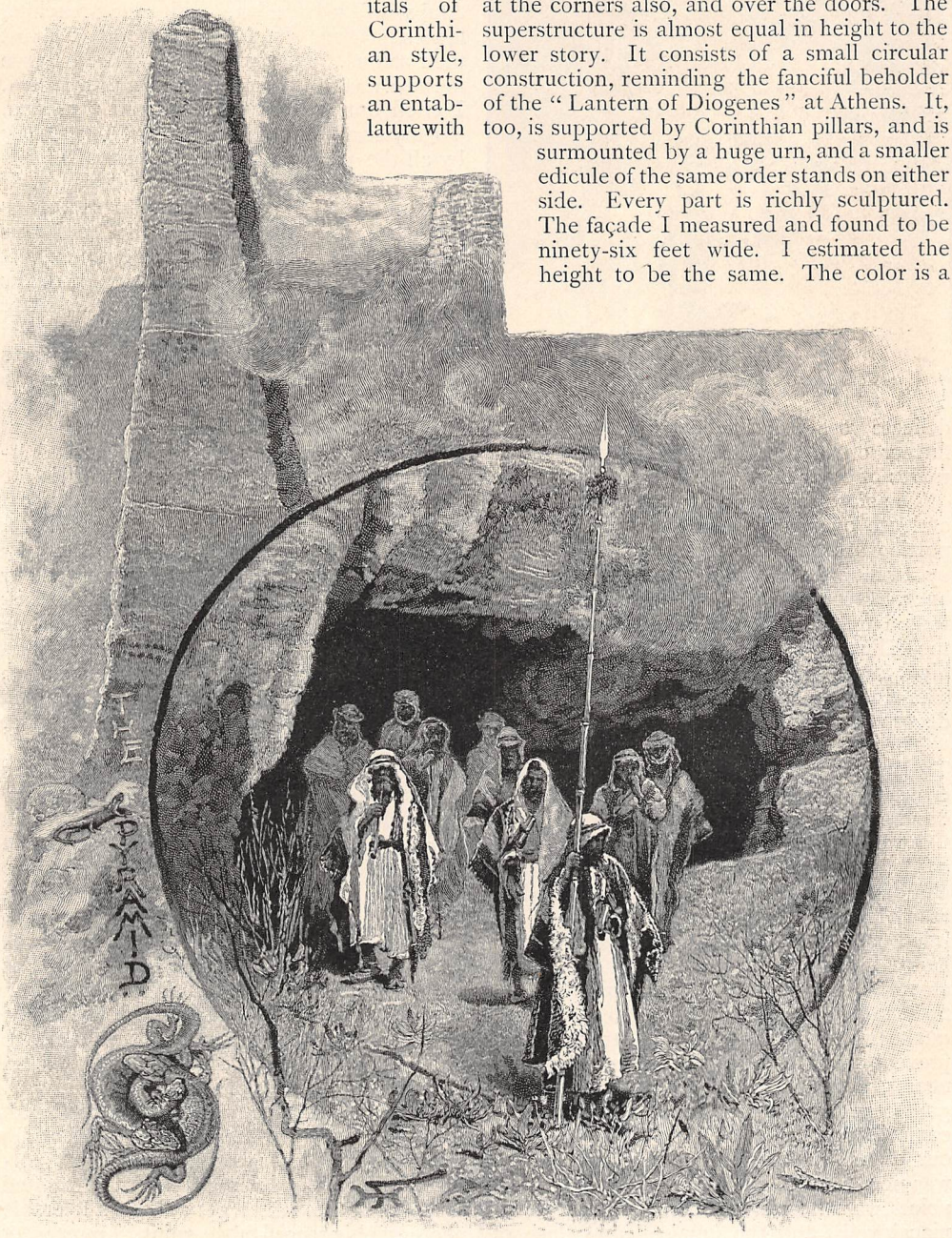
We scraped away the débris to the depth of nearly two feet, and reached the antique pavement. It was found deeply furrowed by the tires of the chariot wheels, which once coursed along this cavernous highway — as deeply cut as are some of the lava pavements of resurrected Pompeii.

At every turn we saw evidences of indefatigable effort, and of how lavishly labor was expended by the people who lived in Petra in its days of power. All seemed the work of some giant magician's wand. The defile, indeed, is called Wady Mousa by the Arabs because they believe that the patriarch Moses, by one stroke of his staff, caused the mountain to separate and to form this tremendous fissure in order to enable him to pass on to Mount Hor, accompanying Aaron, to help him die and to lay him at rest. For nearly two miles we followed this semi-subterranean passage. The pathway now descended; the water grew deeper, the opposing thicket more impassable, the scene more grand. A last struggle was made, a sudden turn in the gorge was passed; and as I looked skyward, through the rocky vista I caught the first glimpse of that remarkable creation — *The Khuzneh!* Only partly seen at first, beyond the tall, narrow opening, carved in stone of a pale rose color, were columns, capitals, and cornices, as new-looking as if of yesterday. With what subtle judgment was the site chosen! But when and by whom, no one knows — mysterious history conceals.

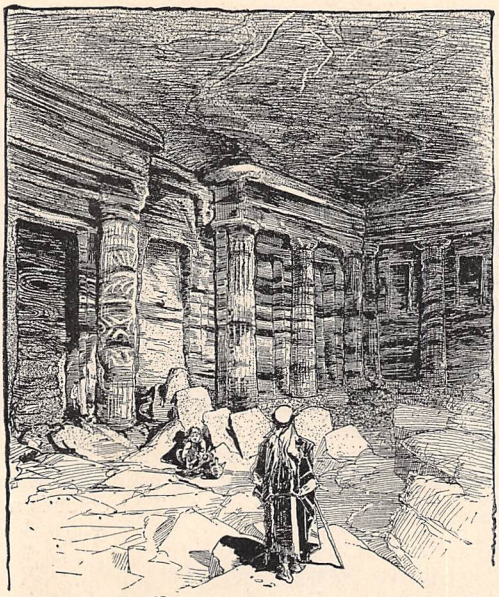
Each advancing footstep developed a bewitching and bewildering change of scene. The first sight revealed only the lower portion of a single column. A stumble over a bit of pavement, and a section of the front from base to pediment was disclosed. Another turn in the gorge hid all but a portion of the pediment from view. All this laboriously finished work formed a wondrous contrast with the rugged rock which framed the view. In a moment, the approach is more than ever obstructed by luxuriant oleanders. Only by climbing up to the top of a rock can even the urn be seen — seeming then to be floating unsustained in the air. The brilliant noonday sun streams through the gorge south of the Khuzneh. It was to secure this magnificent display that we accepted the hardship and risk of the "long desert" route. I had read about this first glimpse of the Khuzneh; I had seen engravings of it made after hasty sketches; yet I found it to surpass the most romantic ideal I had formed of its loveliness. At the time we could not but think our dragoman was right when he said: "See Rome, see Egypt, see Greece, see Baalbec and Palmyra, but above all, see the Khuzneh!"

Emerging from the gorge into an open area, we stood face to face with the strange edifice. To account for such a structure in such a place is as difficult as to tell the history of the gem from which was shaped the intaglio you wear upon your finger. How the work was done is not such a mystery, for on either side remain holes cut in the cliff to receive the scaffolding.

The Khuzneh is in a wonderful state of preservation, but the figures which once graced it, of which the nature can now be only guessed at, are too much defaced for recognition. Time did not do all the damage. For most of it the destructive hand of man is answerable. The portico, consisting now of five columns, one of the original six having fallen, with capitals of Corinthian style, supports an entablature with a delicately proportioned pediment. The columns I judged to be about forty feet high. Measuring a fragment of the broken one lying near, I found their diameter was three feet. Between the outer pair of columns on either side there has been an equestrian figure. Vases connected by garlands of flowers adorn the entablature, and in the center of the pediment is carved a crouching eagle. Eagles are at the corners also, and over the doors. The superstructure is almost equal in height to the lower story. It consists of a small circular construction, reminding the fanciful beholder of the "Lantern of Diogenes" at Athens. It, too, is supported by Corinthian pillars, and is surmounted by a huge urn, and a smaller edicule of the same order stands on either side. Every part is richly sculptured. The façade I measured and found to be ninety-six feet wide. I estimated the height to be the same. The color is a



THE PYRAMID — SHIEK SALIM AND HIS STAFF.



INTERIOR OF TEMPLE WITH FLUTED COLUMNS.

delicate rose-pink, like that of the buildings further on in the city, almost unbroken by waves of other hue.

The steps to the portico are much defaced and are overgrown with grass. Beneath the portico are two chambers, each about eight by twenty feet in size, with niches at the back. Over each is a circular window partly walled up. The chief interior chamber of the Khuzneh is forty feet square, twenty feet high, and receives all its light from the door. The doorway is seven feet wide and richly decorated.

The Arabs call it "El Khasneh," — The Treasure,— as they imagine that the great crowning urn contains wealth which will one day be divinely revealed to them.

After a thorough examination of the "Treasure" from near at hand, I clambered up a cliff opposite, whence I could view the whole at my leisure. I experienced a feeling of satisfied contentment and admiration. Scarcely had I chosen for myself a comfortable seat among the rocks, when I heard a great crashing noise in the gorge beyond, as though an earthquake had sent great masses of stone down to prevent our exit. The sound came nearer and nearer, booming and bounding through the gorge as I have heard the terrible wind-gusts come leaping over the snow when climbing our own Mt. Washington in winter. But it was no convulsion of nature this time. Now, voices were heard; then, closer, most demoniacal yells, and the unmistakable clash of hoofs. Our worst fears were to be realized. The Bedouins were upon us! "Oh! El Wafi; traitor after all!"

"Don't be afraid, gentlemen," said our dragoman, quietly. "If they attempt to trouble us, it will be only to rob us of our money and our clothing. Our bodies will not be harmed."

With this assurance I scrambled down to the mouth of the gorge, arriving just in time to see rush furiously towards me six mounted Arabs of wily mien, with long-reaching lances on their shoulders. I stood to await their arrival. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them, and now they halted. I cried out "Sahib" and offered my hand. To my surprise it was taken good-naturedly by all the party, and a declaration of friendliness passed between us. We were in their city, and now they were bound to protect us (and rob us!) they declared. The lances were planted in the ground while the subject was discussed. They had not seen *us*, but as our caravan was compelled to take the public road, it was discovered, and from our men the fact was learned that a party of travelers had gone ahead. Instantly they put spurs to their horses and came clashing through the gorge hoping to prevent our entrance; but they were an hour too late. Like good Mohammedans they accepted "God's will" in the matter, leaped from their horses, and insisted that we should take their places. We did so, and thus were led triumphantly into Petra by the very men who would have prevented our entrance amid exactions and bluster, had they caught us at the necropolis. The El Wafi scheme had worked, and the good-hearted Nubian came in with our cavalcade two hours after, his eyes looking larger, his breath smelling stronger of garlic, and his grin far broader than ever before.

Sheikh Salim, the chief of the tribe, was absent when we arrived. His son headed the party who took possession of us. Salim had heard of some very fat sheep and attractive dromedaries belonging to a nomadic tribe, who had brought them to graze a few miles away, and had gone with a posse of his retainers to raid a portion of this desirable property. He returned that night a richer man; but what were a few sheep and camels in comparison with the gold which awaited him in the purses of the howadji, even then in Petra? At once he came thundering through the gorge and was with us at break of day.

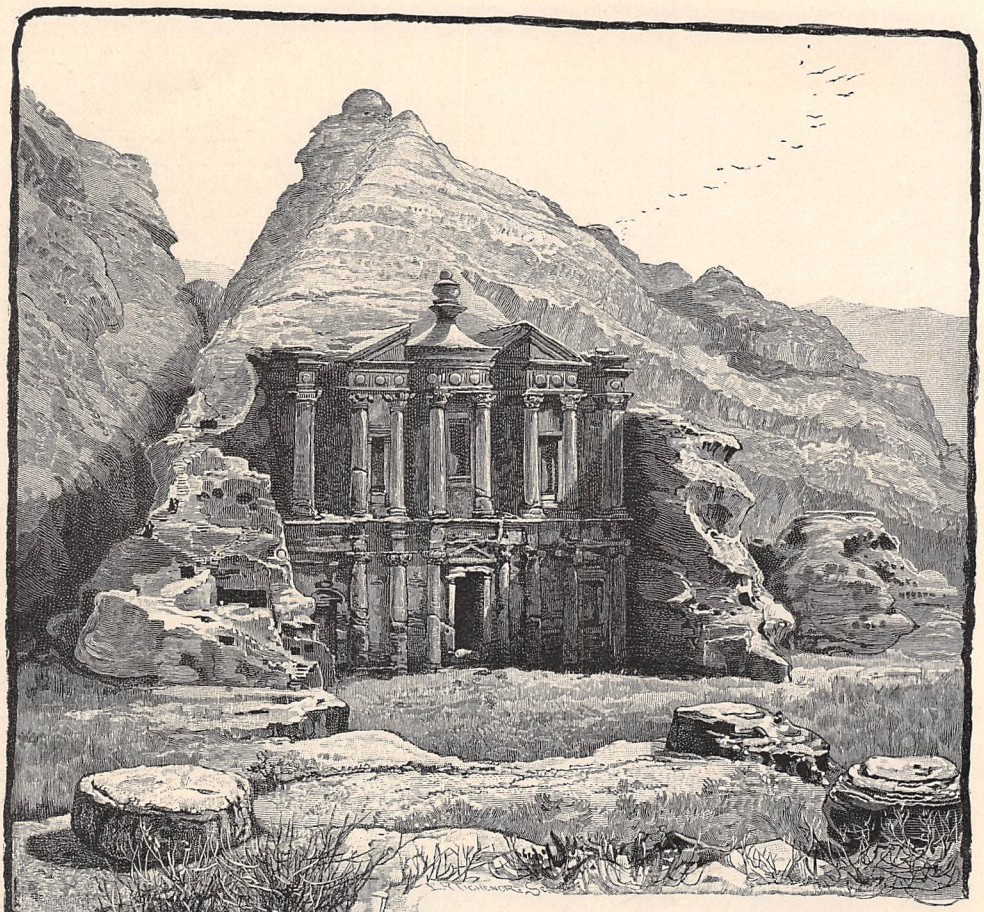
Then another scheme had to be perfected. As a rule, when travelers get into Petra at all, they are hurried out again as rapidly as possible, seldom remaining a full day. I wanted to stay long enough to get at least a tolerable photographic record of the ruins. I must meet the chief with his own weapons. He would



THE ALTAR OF BAAL.

make objection to my further stay in Petra. I would object to making my departure. He would then attempt to levy upon my purse, and I would discuss the subject with him, agree to some of his propositions, pay on account, and ask until next day to consider the rest. Thus I might prolong my visit. The plan worked, but for four days only. I began to realize then that if we remained any longer we should be literally cleaned out, and perhaps killed by the Bedouins.

But to return to our early experiences. As the inner gate of the city beyond the Khuzneh was entered, to the right and left wondrous architectural fancies loomed up. On the left is a group of square-cut edifices, seeming at first like gigantic steps, but out of which varied façades appear upon a closer view. Away in the distance, low down, amid surrounding cliffs, a glimpse of the theater is had — almost as impressive as the first surprising sight of the Khuzneh. On the right is a trio of tombs and temples hewn from the end of a range of cliffs, the last one looking like

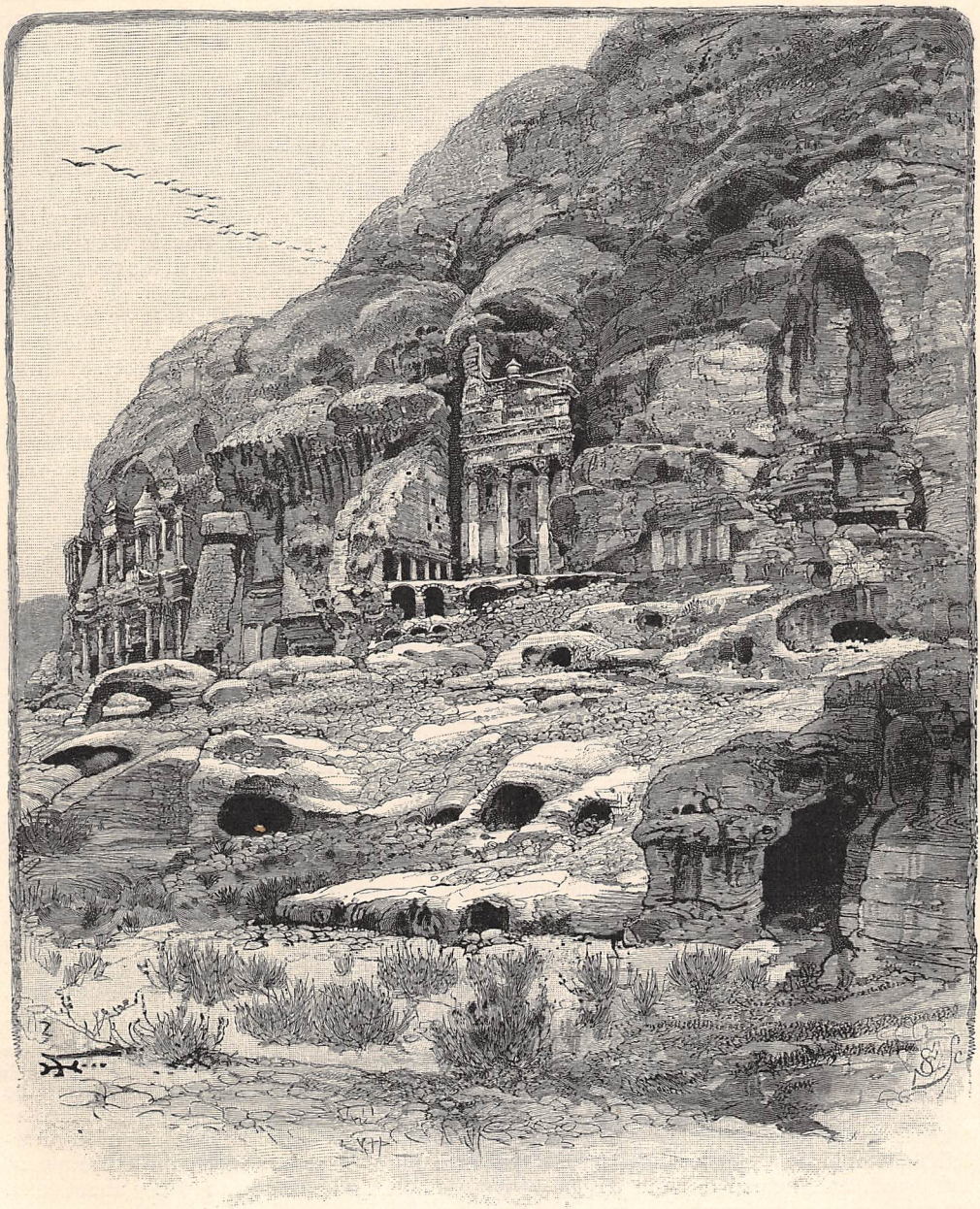


THE DEIR (OR CONVENT) AND STAIRWAY.

a great, grim warder at the city gate. Beneath are numberless excavations, each one of which, from its appearance, might have been used first as a home for the living, before being appropriated as a tomb. Opposite this group, on the left bank of the Sik, is the theater. Its auditorium forms about three-fourths of a circle, is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and has thirty-three tiers of seats, each capable of holding a hundred people. The "private boxes" for royalty and for the guests of the city are back of the upper row. It is hewn wholly from the rock. A grand view is that from the western side. In the distance is the gorge of the Khuzneh. The highest peak on the right is one that will be visited presently. Thence, no doubt, the citadel once frowned. About the theater fragments of the rich columns which once ornamented it can still be seen, partly covered by invading soil. So perfectly preserved, too, is the monument in all essential features, that if the tenants of the graves opposite could rise once more into life, they could readily find their old seats.

Now, emerging into the expanse of the little valley, the full glory of the Edomite capital burst upon us. Nature built these stupendous walls, and man adorned them with patient workmanship, each artist vying with his fellow in shaping these rainbow cliffs into forms of beauty.

In a bird's-eye view of Petra, one portion of the town, corresponding almost to a modern "block," is particularly prominent. More than a dozen splendid structures are here side by side, so that it is hard to select from them any one for illustration. One of the most striking is the so-called Temple of the Urn and Arched Terrace. Both Egyptian and



NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE TEMPLE OF THE URN (IN THE MIDDLE-GROUND).

Roman art influence are apparent in this broad façade. To obtain a good color and relief from monotony, the architect cut into the rock some fifteen feet and placed a row of columns on either side to form a portico. An arched terrace is employed to support the platform, of which the base is quite a hundred feet above the valley level. There are two tiers of terrace arches. The lower is nearly buried beneath the débris of other arches. Behind them are several chambers cut out of the mountain underneath the façade. Originally five columns supported the gallery on each side. Four lofty pilasters adorn the façade, and there is not only a window immediately above the doorway, but a row of three other windows between the pilasters, a few feet below the capitals. These suggest the possible existence of upper chambers. Surmounting the pediment is a great urn, like others of its class a

constant aim for the bullets of the Bedouins, who try thus feebly to bring it down because they believe it to contain "great treasure." The colors of the stone are remarkable, and in the sunshine bright and beautiful. The material, sandstone, is so soft that the effect is like that of pastel. When the torrents come the water is absorbed by the rock. As the water percolates, the rock is colored by iron deposits, and thus a great variety of vivid hues is created. The arches of this temple are grayish brown; the front as far as the capitals is streaked with golden yellow and pink; up to the urn the pediment is white and red, lilac and blue.

The manner in which the colors occur, in stripes and waves, is illustrated by a study of the eastern colonnade. Through it the broken entrance to the dark interior is seen. There is but one wide and lofty chamber, fifty feet square. An inscription on the wall declares that it was once consecrated as a Christian church. At the rear there are three recesses. All these are so well preserved that they still show the marks of the chisel. The flocks seem to have made it their home once upon a time, but now the bats hold full sway.

The Corinthian structure near by, being more exposed to the elements, is not in so good repair. Twelve fine columns ornament its façade, and eight more of smaller dimensions surmount these. There are four entrances, which gave the architect opportunity not only to gratify his taste for lavish decoration, but to give variety in the construction of the pediments. Of these two are arched and two are triangular. Reaching quite across the front, between the architrave and the base of the pediment, is a strange frieze resembling a row of Corinthian capitals. I judged the height of this front to be about equal to that of the Khuzneh,— close to one hundred feet. The interior is divided into four chambers, all in front, with niches in the walls here and there.

Still more grand is the "Temple with the Three Tiers of Columns," which has four entrances and is four stories high. The builder fell short of his material of living rock on the left hand, and helped out the design with quarried stone. Earthquake has sent all these built-up portions tumbling to the ground, but a grand ruin remains. Its lower interior (I believe there are chambers in the upper stories, too, which I was not allowed to visit) comprises several apartments. In the walls are niches for images. The color display here again is most fantastic.

From the front of the Temple of Columns one can look to the right and left upon what once formed the principal quarter of Petra. On all sides it is encompassed by precipitous mountains, whose spurs sometimes encroach upon the area, with natural walls from four to twelve hundred feet high.

Not so fascinating were certain excavations back of our tents. News spreads like wild-fire in modern Edom; and before we first saw the sunset beyond Mount Hor some sixty of Esau's descendants had followed us and had opened offices in these excavations. Never was so savage a haunt for banditti conceived by Salvator Rosa. The trouble then began. Each individual Arab claimed the privilege of showing the city to the stranger. From their bluster I made up my mind that we were soon to be cut into pieces in order that the work might be done more expeditiously. During those four dreadful days I obtained more satisfactory studies of Hades, Purgatory, Sheol, and Gehenna than I had previously flattered myself I should secure in this world. A viler band of robbers never existed. I had fallen voluntarily into their hands, and it behooved me now to make the best bargain I could to get away. But just here was the trouble. No bargain agreed upon was adhered to for an hour at a time. Some item was always "forgotten." At each amendment of the contract an amount of discussion had to be undergone that was exasperating beyond measure. The only compensation I had was that these discussions secured me more time in the town. Between arguments I snatched the coveted views with my three cameras. Frequent settlements were had in my tent, with Salim, and they were always dramatic. After the money was counted out in English sovereigns and Egyptian "dollars," it was separated into various sums and spread out upon the rug. Then Salim would take first one sum and then another and tie them up in the corners of his garments, begging that his staff should not be told of it. Thus, like a politician of the good old school, he obtained his "commission." Then, with the remaining portion in the up-held skirt of his royal robe, he would retire with his staff to one of the caves and proceed to divide. A dreadful scene always followed, of quarreling and sword-drawing; but they always seemed to come out of it unhurt, and I ceased to worry about them. One day I caught the rascals with my camera, after one of their angriest discussions, as they emerged from their "office." The exactions here were similar to those of Akabah, but largely multiplied, because there were more here to divide with. My photographic apparatus, with my leather cases of glass, were a mystery to them. No custom-house appraiser was ever more gloriously baffled over the witchery of a female smuggler than was Salim and his staff over my American camera. It was at last decided to be "magical appara-

tus" which "meant no good to Petra" and I was taxed accordingly.

To Petra's peculiar style of architecture there is only one surviving exception of importance. It is called by the Arabs *Kasr Pharoun*, or the Castle of Pharaoh. Elsewhere on classic soil it would scarcely attract attention. But here, it not only represents an important period in the life of the capital of Idumæa, but it was one of a group of magnificent structures, which represented the wealth and taste of a wonderful people. Its locality is near the western exit of the city. When Burckhardt discovered Petra in 1812, the ruins of a triumphal arch stood nearly opposite the Kasr Pharoun. Now its stones lie upon the ground intermingled with fragments of columns of Egyptian syenite and Arabian porphyry, which still bear their pristine polish and perfect form. Here too, lying in confusion, are the drums of columns which once supported a great building. These, with a dozen piles of ruins near by, tell of wealth and magnificence and of dreadful calamities. Great changes have occurred here in seventy years. When Burckhardt and Laborde were here they saw standing also portions of walls of other structures and a graceful column.* All now lie in ruins. The work of destruction is done largely by the torrents. Each year they come sweeping down the mountain sides, carrying with them rocky débris which they have loosened on their way. By undermining and bombarding the chiseled mysteries of the town, they break them into shapeless masses and even carry their fragments a long distance. The peculiar soft texture of the rock makes the ruins highly destructible. At no place is this so evident as along the higher stairways. Sometimes these are worn almost to smooth inclined planes. In some interiors I could see, by marks high on the walls, where the water had risen. Broken bridges are found in the ravines, and here and there a cemented cistern, filled with rubbish. Some curious lamps were found by our party amid broken pottery, delicate in form and decoration.

West of the Kasr Pharoun I found an unfinished temple, which explains vividly the methods adopted by Petran architects. After the site had been selected, the face of the cliff was smoothed perpendicularly and scaffolding erected; then the work of shaping the façade began at the top. Thus the weight of the material above was always supported solidly during the work, and the débris was never in the way of the workmen. The interior of the structure now under examination was wholly excavated and put to use as a tomb; but the front remains unfinished.

Thus far I had been guided by the descriptions of explorers who had gone before me. I was satisfied that there was more to see. A great ravine leading south-east from the Kasr Pharoun gave me this assurance and seemed to invite a test of my mettle. Calling the attention of my guide, I pointed to the ravine and said: "Tahly-henna" (Let us go up there). His answer was: "La! la! mafeesh!" (No, no! No good.) But I acted on my own opinion, as one always must with these people, and began the ascent of the ravine, ordering Mousa to follow. I was ambitious to see what others had not seen, and thus add to scanty information concerning this strange site. I was amply rewarded by the discovery of rich treasures. I followed up a dry torrent-bed which wound most curiously for about a mile, and then came within sight of a walled terrace, the finest example of its kind I had yet seen. Just before reaching it, on the left, I was attracted by an irregular doorway. Entering it, I found myself standing within a low chamber containing a large number of fluted columns, all hewn from the mountain. They seemed to bear the weight of the great mass above. The dripping water had dealt hardly with this strange example of architecture, but had stained it in beautiful colors, red, white, and blue. Dr. Olin noticed a similar interior near this, three of whose sides had four fluted semi-columns each. I did not find it. In the time I had I could not begin to see all there was to see. Climbing now to the terrace, a lovely spot was found, about two acres in extent, shut in by lofty cliffs whose sides were adorned with a great number of carved façades, and to whose summits winding stairways led, cut from the rock. This lofty platform was carpeted with grass, and oleanders and fig-trees grew there in profusion.

As I climbed the winding stairway just beyond the walk, I found on its rocky sides niches with tiny figures in them similar to those in the gorge below and not unlike those near the cave of Pan at Cæsarea Philippi. A part of a human foot was found carved in the wall near some curious inscriptions and figures like those on the rocks in the region of Mount Sinai. At the head of the stairway two hollowed-out rocks, canopied by overhanging cliffs, seemed to form pulpits with sounding-boards. Tanks were cut in the rocks beneath, as though for baptism, and away below was a grassy plateau, where our imagination pictured a congregation. It was the only place I saw in Petra which seemed really to have an air of holiness about it. St. Paul might have preached from these lofty pulpits. One

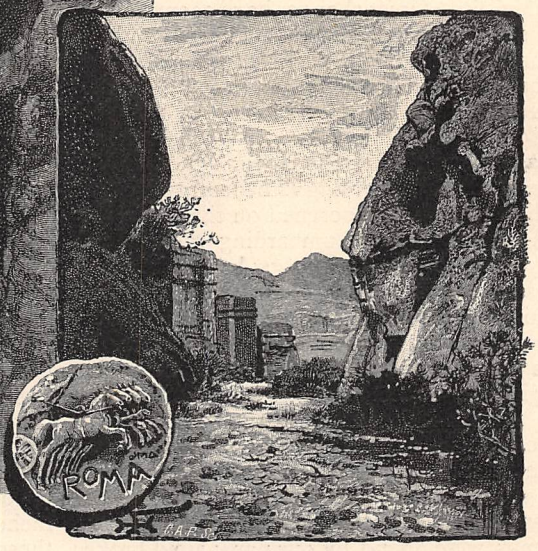
* This column, the Zob Pharoun, as it was called, was seen standing by Gérome, and also by Dr. Strong, eight years before Mr. Wilson's visit.— EDITOR.



SPUR OF MOUNT HOR — THE RAVINE OF THE DEIR.

The afternoon was waning now, and I was obliged to make haste. The summit must be gained. The weird wildness of the scene, not without enchantment, was intensified by the shouting which came floating up to us from the lawless rabble who infested the caves near our tents. How pictures, each claiming attention, multiplied on every side! Alas! the day was nearly ended, the sunshine was going, and we must make the descent before dark.

Satisfied that there must be yet more, where there were so many wonders, I clambered down a rocky stairway, which I felt could not have been cut at so great expense of labor without a purpose. I crossed a short depression, ascended another stairway,



A PRELIMINARY GLIMPSE OF PETRA.

can well believe that here the early martyrs assembled. As I turned one of the elbows in my climb, I came upon what others had observed at a distance and called "a pyramid." This was my first disappointment in Petra. What I touched with my hand was unworthy of being dubbed an obelisk, even. It was about twenty feet high. It was twelve feet wide and seven feet through at the base, tapering to about half those dimensions at the apex. It was rough-hewn and undetached from the mountain. A vast platform had been leveled there, and the stone having been cut away about this little monolithic pinnacle, the "pyramid" was left. In a south-westerly direction stood a similar mystery, a trifle smaller in size.

and came out upon a summit which had been hewn to a level, from one edge to the other. There, cut in the rocky platform, are several curious tanks and what must be an altar of sacrifice. This is at the west side of the platform, on a rock by itself, to which four stone steps lead. It consists of a shallow circular basin, forty-eight inches in diameter, in the middle of which is a deeper depression eighteen inches across. This was designed, no doubt, to catch the blood. From it runs a small drain drilled through the rock and leading into a tank a few feet away. I looked upon my discovery as one of the "altars in high places," consecrated to false gods, of which

the Old Testament speaks with words of warning. A tiny recess was hewn at the left of the stairway, where the pans, shovels, basins, flesh-hooks, and censers may have been stored by heathen priests. There are other tanks, and possibly remains of other altars, on the plateau. Below these, further to the south, is still another tank, filled with good water and containing some comical little fish. I caught some of them. They are blind, like those found in Mammoth Cave. All these tanks are lowest at the south-east corner, and are supplied there with outlets cut in the rock, leading into channels down the mountain.

Descending a narrow gorge, I came out by the theater. On the way we passed channels and rock-cut cisterns on all sides, and a wide stairway whose colors were as rich and varied as those of any Persian rug. Now and then a tiny garden-spot was reached whose grassy sod alternated with a variety of flowering shrubs and peculiar large bulbous plants, with stalks just shooting forth. In one great reservoir, some twenty by sixty feet in size and twelve deep, several trees are growing. One end of this reservoir is walled with hewn stone, and a flight of stone steps, still well preserved, leads to the bottom. The cement upon the sides is in good condition, and but little cleansing would be needed to make the great receptacle again available. All around are sculptured remains and excavations of various sizes, showing that the ample water supply attracted quite a constituency of dwellers.

Our last morning in Petra was devoted to an excursion to a temple second only in beauty to the Khuzneh, but less florid. It is much larger and is located upon a peak fully fifteen hundred feet above the valley. It is called *El Deir*, or "The Convent." From the plain below the great urn upon its pediment can be seen distinctly, peering above the adjoining rocks. El Deir was reached by climbing a deep ravine northwards — a ravine which would have been impassable but for the steps cut in the rock. Sometimes they were upon the very verge of precipices, whose depth could not be fathomed. Through openings between the cliffs, glorious "bits" of the lower town could be observed. After a climb of one hour we reached the spacious façade of El Deir — one hundred and fifty-six feet wide and about one hundred feet high. The interior chamber is thirty-seven by forty feet. Inscriptions resembling those near Mount Sinai are found upon the rocks on the ascent and upon the walls of the interior chamber. Opposite the doorway is a niche, over which is an image of the Christian cross.

Other elaborate structures must have been neighbors to El Deir, for here and there in the wide area in front are remains of huge columns and fragments of walls and terraces. Leading to the summit of the mountain out of which the Deir is hewn, is a narrow stairway, ending in a level plateau, where stand other extensive ruins. Excavated foundations are found near by in abundance; and the numerous stairways skirting the hills prove also that the neighborhood was much frequented. On an opposite cliff we found a rock-chamber with no façade at all. It is twenty-nine by thirty feet in size, with a niche at the rear ten by fifteen feet. A pediment and pilasters of beautiful design are cut from the rock about the niche.

Near our lofty stand-point, upon the flat surface of a rock, I saw lying in the sun, dead, a lizard about a foot long, and a striped snake twice that length. They were not there when I made the ascent, but had since met, disputed, and rendered "satisfaction" to one another. It may be that this typified the fate of Edom's capital. Perhaps some destroying serpent crept into Petra, challenged the rich, well-fed lizard-citizens to combat, and the battle raged until no soul was left to record the tale!

There is, besides the Greek and Roman influences, a mysterious element of originality in Petran architecture which lends to it a quality not found in other places. When the sway of imperial Rome crept into Petra by way of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, her rock-structures grew rapidly in number. The influence of the excavated temples and tunneled tombs along the Nile, too, is clear not only in the rock-cutting but in the numerous tapering and receding façades, and in the abortive sphinxes and pyramids of the necropolis.

Intelligent Arabs like still to dwell upon their traditions concerning the once prosperous capital. Once a year, when they start in caravans from Hebron to carry oranges and other stores to Akabah for Mecca pilgrims, they prefer to pay a tax to Sheikh Salim, and to come through Petra, rather than pass down the Wady Arabah. Still to-day the sons of Esau want to be merchantmen. Salim would not fix a sum total of taxation for our entrance into Petra. He must have separate sums laid aside for the "purchase" of horse-shoes, barley, sheep, and so on. And how prices have changed since the day of Burckhardt! That noted and conscientious traveler sneaked into Petra as we did. He dressed like a Moslem and brought a tiny goat all the way from Hebron, pretending that he desired to sacrifice it on Mount Hor — the holy Mount of Aaron. That was *his* scheme. He "paid a fellah of Eljy a pair of old horse-shoes to carry the goat" and guide him. His trickery was dis-

covered, however. He took too much interest in the ruins on the way, and became glad to sacrifice the goat half-way up Mount Hor and make good his escape, so annoyed was he by the owner of the horse-shoes. I had to pay thirty dollars for the privilege of making my picture of the six scoundrels on their horses, though their protection during a second visit to the necropolis was "a present." Wherever we went we had to pay extra; and we were shadowed constantly, never being allowed to go any distance alone. Sometimes, to get rid of noise, a seat was sought in some retired place. Presently some débris of rock would be heard rattling down. Then, in the direction of the sound, a dusky head would be seen gazing down, posted there to watch our every movement. Backsheesh could not purchase freedom from this annoyance.

Nor did we succeed in exploring, even under surveillance, all the wonders of Petra. About one hundred yards before reaching the buttressed arch, on the right, is a tunnel beneath the mountain, about fifteen feet wide and nearly as high, perhaps two hundred yards long. It is overgrown with oleander bushes and partly hidden by them. I had nearly reached its further end when I was compelled to retrace my steps:—"Ma feesh!" *

The time had now come to contrive our departure from Sheikh Salim's dominions. Early in the morning my companions and I bade good-bye to the horde about us, and started under the guidance of Mohammed and Yusef, two native Petrans, to visit the Deir and Mount Hor. During our absence Hedayah was to break camp, and to meet us at noon, near the Kasr Pharoun, with our caravan. We were surprised, upon arriving at the appointed place, to see some sixty or seventy Bedouins, mostly mounted, and armed with lances, guns, and an assortment of knives and blunderbusses, awaiting our arrival. When they saw us coming a significant hoot was given, and we felt that trouble was brewing. Hedayah called out to us: "Don't be afraid, gentlemen, but mount your camels and proceed with your journey." It was "the custom," he said, "for these people to attend the departing stranger half a day's journey out of their city." For this scheme of *theirs*, all the horses and men possible had been pressed into the service now to do us honor. "Since they had not had the pleasure of greeting us when we came in, they wished to see us out."

Immediately we mounted our camels, they were seized by the brigands, and made to kneel. We were surrounded by the lancers, Sheikh Salim among them. The hooting became louder and had an element of dissatisfaction and contempt about it which was not calculated to allay our anxiety.

"Keep cool, gentlemen," said the brave Hedayah, who thereupon fell into the most violent of Arabic demonstrations. The gauntlet had been thrown and the fight began. The quiet Mohammed, who had carried my camera for several days, now became a principal, and drawing his sword, made a thrust at our good dragoman. It fell short of its mark, but cut an ugly slit in his leggin without wounding him. Hedayah leaped from his camel, and with uplifted sword attacked Mohammed. The *mêlée* became general, the noise infernal, and we prepared ourselves for the worst. Salim sat there on his horse quietly watching events. Upon his honor being appealed to, he declared that he had no power over his men; that we had remained longer than they wished, and they were not satisfied with the money we had left behind.

While sundry battles of words were going on, each man with sword drawn, I settled with Salim for various "things which had been forgotten," including fifteen dollars for a "change of raiment." Hedayah and Mohammed had a settlement aside. The latter had a claim for two shillings, and for that was willing to kill Hedayah. All things being amicably adjusted at last, we were permitted to move on. Salim and I shook hands warmly once more, and wishing that "God might preserve us during the rest of our journey," he put spur to his horse and was soon out of sight. Not so all his hounds. New claims were made now, in the most threatening manner, and although we moved on, half the scoundrels followed us. Claim after claim was adjusted as we slowly proceeded, until, after an hour of horror, I held my empty purse bottom up in the air and declared that they now had all. Thereupon the greater number dropped behind, only a few remaining to bluster at Hedayah. They too departed at last, after satisfying themselves that there was no more money to be gotten from us.

At last, rid of our tormentors, we proceeded, quickening the pace of our camels. Scarce had we traveled half an hour, when, springing suddenly from behind a rock, a Bedouin made his appearance. At once he began a display of excited pantomime, drawn sword in hand. He made several attempts to stop our leading camels, but was beaten off. He persisted, however, in trying one after another. Exasperated that one man should so browbeat a whole caravan, I ordered some camel-drivers to arrest him and march him under their guns

* "Leading from the stream to the south-eastern entrance of this tunnel are remains of an open water-channel."—*Dr. Strong.*

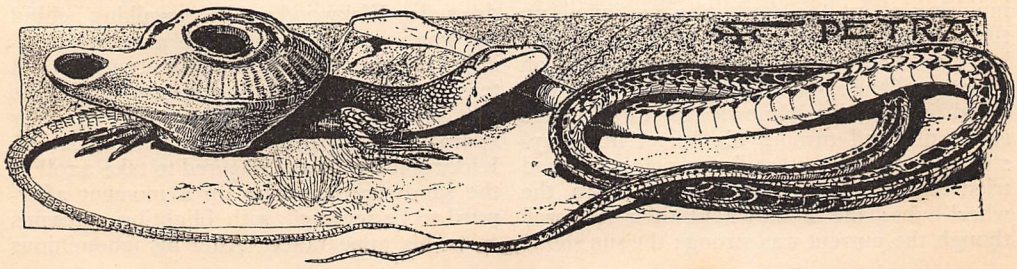
to the head of the line, meaning to take him to Hebron and put him in prison. When this was done I learned that he had claimed a sovereign for a sheep which, he averred, Abdullah had purchased of him and forgotten to pay for. Afterwards he confessed that he had lied about it, but excused himself by saying that he was a poor man, and having arrived in Petra after the money had been divided, had taken his chances on the road.

Quiet was restored once more, but every rock was now suspected and watched. Presently a man with a gun in his hand was seen on the right coming quickly down a hill. "Sahib? Sahib?" called Hedayah, threateningly drawing his revolver. The wind blew so that the reply was not audible, and Hedayah fired. Had the rusty old weapon been true, one of our own drivers would have been the victim. Hardly had we said to ourselves, "What next, I wonder?" when another Arab appeared, and proved the most troublesome of all. Camel after camel was seized by him with the intention of stopping our march. Losing all patience, Sheikh Ouida, a tax-gatherer from Gaza, whom we found in Petra, and had hired as a scout and guide for a special expedition to follow, struck the fellow on the head with his stone pipe-bowl. This led to open war. Ouida leaped from his horse—the only one in our party—and grappled with the bandit. Several of us dismounted from our camels as quickly as we could, and ran to assist Ouida, now considerably behind us. Before we could reach the scene of battle the rascal had escaped. Running to the top of a hill, he aimed his gun at Hedayah, and said that unless five sovereigns were sent up to him he would fire. I was appealed to, and I called to him to surrender. He refused, and four of the camel-drivers, already ordered in position, at a signal from me fired upon him. With that he threw up his arms, and cried "Sahib," and I sent two men up to bring him down. He was wounded. I had him tied, and left him struggling violently and groaning in the road for his women to find when they drove the flocks home at night.

This wretch claimed a paper which he said he had received direct from Mohammed in heaven, and had thrown into my tent in Petra, where I had kissed it and touched it to my heart and head! We had shed his blood; so, after leaving him, the good Mussulman Hedayah, fearing the man might live to declare a blood-feud between them, insisted on going back and making peace. Two dollars would be needed. Alas! our whole party could not muster so much. There was only one recourse. We must borrow from our prisoner who was marched to me and the loan solicited. He declared that he was a poor man and had not a piastre on his person. I ordered him searched, excusing myself by saying that in America, when a man lied once, he was never after believed. He protested; but his money-belt was unbuckled and found well lined with some of the very dollars which I had paid Salim! We borrowed them of our prisoner to make peace with our enemy. The wounded man was again visited. He was found lying insensible in the road. The money was thrust into his clutched fist; Hedayah kissed him on each cheek, recited some passages from the Koran, and peace was declared and recorded in Heaven. Once more we proceeded on our way. No halt was made for lunch that evening until the eastern border of the Wady Arabah had been reached. We were too anxious until then to eat or rest. The "Rock of El Gohr" was no "refuge" for us. We passed it with all speed to escape the Edomites. Our camp was guarded during several succeeding nights. Through each day Ouida acted as scout, signaling us from the hill-tops when it was safe to follow, or leaving his lance in sight as a warning to us to halt, while he investigated certain black Bedouin specks in the distance.

It was not long after that Professor Palmer and his companions were murdered in the Arabian desert, not far from the region through which we had just passed. Calm reflection satisfies me, after our successful feat in the "taking of Petra," that our little party was in peril during every hour of the journey, from the time we left Akabah until we had passed through Edom and entered Canaan.

Edward L. Wilson.



A CLOUD ON THE MOUNTAIN.

RUTH MARY stood on the high river bank, looking along the beach below to see if her small brother Tommy was lurking anywhere under the willows with his fishing-pole. He had been sent half an hour before to the earth cellar for potatoes, and Ruth Mary's father, Mr. Tully, was waiting for his dinner.

She did not see Tommy; but while she lingered, looking at the river hurrying down the shoot between the hills, and curling up over the pebbles of the bar, she saw a team of bay horses and a red-wheeled wagon come rattling down the stony slope of the opposite shore. In the wagon she counted four men. Three of the men wore white, helmet-shaped hats that made brilliant spots of light against the bank. The horses were driven half their length into the stream and allowed to drink as well as they could for the swiftness of the current, while the men seemed to consult together, the two on the front seat turning back to speak with the two behind, and pointing across the river.

Ruth Mary watched them with much interest; for travelers, such as these seemed to be, seldom came as far up Bear River valley as the Tullys' cattle range. The visitors who came to them were mostly cow-boys looking up stray cattle, or miners on their way to the "Banner district," or packers with mule trains going over the mountains, to return in three weeks or three months as their journey prospered. Fishermen and hunters came up into the hills in the season of trout and deer; but they came, as a rule, on horseback, and at a distance were hardly to be distinguished from the cow-boys and the miners.

The men in the wagon were evidently strangers to that locality. They had seen Ruth Mary watching them from the hill, and now one of them rose up in the wagon, shouting across to her and pointing to the river.

She could not hear his words for the noise of the ripple and the wind which blew freshly down-stream, but she understood that he was inquiring about the ford. She motioned up the river, and called to him, though she knew her words could not reach him, to keep on the edge of the ripple. Her gestures, however, aided by the driver's knowledge of fords, were sufficient; and turning his horses' heads up-stream, they took water at the place she had tried to indicate. The wagon sank to the wheel-hubs; the horses kept their feet well though the current was strong; the sun shone brightly on the white hats and laughing faces of the men, on the guns in their hands, on the red paint of the wagon and the warm backs of the horses breasting the stream. When they were half way across, one of the men tossed a small, reluctant black dog over the wheel into the river, and all the company with the exception of the driver, who was giving his attention to his horses, broke into hilarious shouts of encouragement to the swimmer in his struggle with the current. It was carrying him down and would probably land him, without effort of his own, on a strip of white sand beach under the willows above the bend; but now the unhappy little object, merely a black nose and two blinking anxious eyes above the water, had drifted into an eddy from which he cast forlorn glances toward his faithless friends in the wagon. The dog was in no real peril, but Ruth Mary did not know it, and her heart swelled with indignant pity. Only shyness kept her from wading to his rescue. But now one of the laughing young men, thinking, perhaps, the joke had gone far enough, and reckless of a wetting, leaped out into the water, and plunging along in his high boots, soon had the terrier by the scruff of his neck, and waded ashore with his sleek, quivering little body nestled in the bosom of his flannel hunting shirt.

A deep cut in the bank, through which the wagon was dragged, was screened by willows. When the fording party arrived at the top, Ruth Mary was nowhere to be seen. "Where's that girl got to all of a sudden?" one of the men demanded. They had intended to ask her several questions; but she was gone, and the road before them plainly led to the low-roofed cabin, and loosely built barn, with straw and daylight showing through its cracks, the newly planted poplar-trees above the thatched earth cellar, and all the signs of a tentative home in this solitude of the hills.

They drove on slowly, the young man who had waded ashore, whom his comrades addressed as Kirkwood or Kirke, walking behind the wagon with the dog in his arms, responding to his whimpering claims for attention with teasing caresses. The dog seemed to be the butt as well as the pet of the party. As they approached the house, he scrambled out of Kirkwood's arms and lingered to take a roll in the sandy path, coming up a moment afterward to be received with blighting sarcasms as to his appearance. After his ignominious

wetting, he was quite unable to bear up under them, and slunk to the rear with deprecatory blinks and waggings of his tail whenever one of the men looked back.

Ruth Mary had run home quickly to tell her father, who was sitting in the sun by the wood-pile, of the arrival of strangers from across the river. Mr. Tully rose up deliberately and went to meet his guests, keeping between his teeth the sliver of pine he had been chewing while waiting for his dinner. It helped to bear him out in that appearance of indifference he thought it well to assume, as if such arrivals were an every-day occurrence.

"Hasn't Tommy got back yet, mother?" Ruth Mary asked as she entered the house. Mrs. Tully was a stout, low-browed woman, with grayish yellow hair of that dry and lifeless texture which shows declining health or want of care. Her blue eyes looked faded in the setting of her tanned complexion. She sat in a low chair, her knees wide apart, defined by her limp calico draperies, rocking a child of two years, a fat little girl, with flushed cheeks, and flaxen hair braided into tight knots on her forehead, who was asleep in the large cushioned rocking-chair in the middle of the room. The room looked bare, for the shed room outside was evidently the more-used part of the house. The cook-stove was there in the inclosed corner, and beside it a table and shelf with a tin hand-basin hanging beneath, while the crannies of the logs on each side of the doorway were utilized as shelves for all the household articles in frequent requisition that were not hanging from nails driven into the logs or from the projecting roof-poles against the light.

Tommy had not returned, and Mrs. Tully suggested as a reason for his delay that he had stopped somewhere to catch grasshoppers for bait.

"I should think he had enough of 'em in that bottle of his," Ruth Mary said, "to last him till the 'hoppers come again. Some strange men forded the river just now. Father's gone to speak to them. I guess he'll ask 'em to stop to dinner."

Mrs. Tully got up heavily and went to the door. "Here, Angy —" she addressed a girl of eight or ten years who sat on the flat bowlder which was the cabin door-step. "You go get them 'taters — that's a good girl," she added coaxingly, as Angy did not stir. "If your foot hurts you, you can walk on your heel."

Angy, who was complaining of a stone-bruise, got up and limped away, upsetting from her lap as she rose two kittens of tender years, who tumbled over each other before getting their legs under them, and staggered off, steering themselves jerkily with their tails.

"Oh, Angy!" Ruth Mary remonstrated; but she could not stay to comfort the kittens. She ran up the short, crooked stairs leading to the garret bedroom which she shared with Angy, hastily put on her shoes and stockings and braced her pretty figure, under the blue calico sack she wore, with her first pair of stays, an important purchase made on her last visit to the town in the valley, and to be worn now, if ever. It was hot at noon in the bedroom under the roof, and by the time Ruth Mary had fortified herself to meet the eyes of strangers, she was uncomfortably flushed and short of breath besides, from the pressure of the new stays. She went slowly down the uneven stairs, wishing she could walk as softly in her shoes as she could barefoot.

Her father was talking to the strangers in the shed room. They looked tall and formidable, under the low roof against the flat glare of the sun on the hard swept ground in front of the shed. She waited inside until her mother reminded her of the dinner, half-cooked on the stove; then she went out shyly, the light falling on her downcast face and full white eyelids, on her yellow hair, sun-faded and meekly parted over a forehead low like her mother's, but smooth as one of the white stones of the river beach. Her fair skin was burned to a clear light red tint like a child's, and her blonde eyebrows and lashes looked silvery against it, but her chin was very white underneath, and there was a white space behind each of her little ears where her hair was knotted tightly away from her neck.

"This is my daughter," Mr. Tully said, briefly, and then he gave some hospitable orders about dinner which the strangers interrupted, saying they had a lunch with them and would not trouble his family until supper-time.

They gathered up their hunting gear and, lifting their hats to Ruth Mary, followed Mr. Tully, who had offered to show them the best fishing on that part of the river.

Mr. Tully explained to his wife and daughter, as the latter placed the dinner on the table, that three of the strangers were the engineers from the railroad camp at Moor's Bridge, and the fourth was a packer and teamster from the same camp; that they were all going up the river to look at timber, and wanted a little sport by the way. They had expected to keep on the other side of the river, but seeing the ranch on the opposite shore, with wheel-tracks going down to the water, they had concluded to try the ford and the fishing and ask for a night's accommodation.

"They don't want we should put ourselves out any. They're used to roughin' it, they say. If you can git together somethin' to feed 'em on, mother, they say they'd as soon

sleep on the straw in the barn as anywheres else."

"There's plenty to eat, such as it is, but Ruth Mary'll have it all to do. I can't be on my feet." Mrs. Tully spoke in a depressed way, but to her no less than to her husband was this little break welcome in the monotony of their life in the hills; even though it brought with it a more vivid consciousness of the family circumstances and a review of them in the light of former standards of comfort and gentility. For Mrs. Tully had been a woman of some social ambition in the small Eastern village where she was born. To all that to her guests made the unique charm of the place, she had grown callous, if she had ever felt it at all, while dwelling with an incurable regret upon the neatly painted houses and fenced door-yards, the gatherings of women in their best clothes in primly furnished parlors on summer afternoons, the church-going, the passing in the street, and, more than all, the house-keeping conveniences she had been used to, accumulated through many years' occupancy of the same house.

"Seems as though I hadn't any ambition left," she often complained to her daughter. "There's nothin' here to do with, and nobody to do for. The most of the folks we ever see wouldn't know sour-dough bread from saltrisin', and as for dressin' up, I might keep the same clothes on from Fourth July till Christmas — your father'd never know."

But Ruth Mary was haunted by no fleshpots of the past. As she dressed the chickens and mixed the biscuit for supper, she paused often in her work and looked towards the high pastures with the pale brown lights and purple shadows on them, rolling away and rising towards the great timbered ridges, and these lifting, here and there along their profiles a treeless peak or bare divide into the regions above vegetation. She had no misgivings about her home. Fences would not have improved her father's vast lawn, to her mind, or white paint the low-browed front of his dwelling; nor did she feel the want of a stair-carpet and a parlor-organ. She was sure that they, the strangers, had never seen anything more lovely than her beloved river, dancing down between the hills, tripping over rapids, wrinkling over sand-bars of its own spreading, and letting out its speed down the long reaches where the channel was deep.

About four o'clock she found leisure to stroll along the shore with Tommy, whose competitive energies as a fisherman had been stimulated by the advent of strange craftsmen with scientific-looking tackle. Tommy must forthwith show what native skill could do, with a willow pole and grasshoppers for bait. But Ruth Mary's sense of propriety would by no means tolerate Tommy's intruding his company upon the strangers, and to frustrate any rash, gregarious impulses on his part, she judged it best to keep him in sight.

Tommy knew of a deep pool under the willows which he could whip unseen in the shady hours of the afternoon. Thither he led Ruth Mary, leaving her seated upon the bank above him, lest she should be tempted to talk, and so interfere with his sport. The moments went by in silence, broken only by the river; Ruth Mary happy on the high bank in the sun, Tommy happy by the shady pool below, and now and then slapping a lively trout upon the stones. Across the river two Chinamen were washing gravel in a rude miner's cradle, paddling about on the river's brink and anon staggering down from the gravel bank above, with large square kerosene cans filled with pay dirt balanced on either end of a pole across their meager shoulders. Bare-headed, in their loose garments, with their pottering movements and wrinkled faces, shining with heat, they looked like two weird, unrevered old women working out some dismal penance. High up in the sky the great black buzzards sailed and sailed on slanting wing; the wood doves coo-oo-ed from the willow thickets that gathered the sunlight close to the water's edge. A few horses and cattle moved like specks upon the sides of the hills, cropping the bunch-grass, but the greater herds had been driven up into the high pastures where the snow falls early; and all these lower hills were bare of life, unless one might fancy that the far-off processions of pines against the sky marching up the northern sides of the divides, had a solemn personality, going up, like priests to a sacrifice, or that the restless river, flowing through the midst of all and bearing the light of the white noonday sky deep into the bosom of the darkest hills, had a soul as well as a voice. In its sparkle and ever changing motion, it was like a child among its elders at play. The hills seemed to watch it, and the great cloud-heads as they looked down between the parting summits, and the three tall pines, standing about a young bird's flight from each other by the shore, and mingling their fitful crooning with the river's babble.

It is pleasant to think of Ruth Mary, sitting high above the river in the peaceful afternoon, surrounded by the inanimate life that to her brought the fullness of companionship, and left no room for vain cravings; the shadow creeping upward over her hands folded in her lap, the light resting on her girlish face and meek, smooth hair. For this was during that unquestioning time of content which may not always last, even in a life as

safe and as easily predicted as hers. But even now this silent communion was interrupted by the appearance of one of Tommy's rivals. It was the young man whose comrades called him Kirke, who came along the shore, stooping under the willow boughs and scattering all their shadows, lightly traced on the stones below. He held his fishing-rod couched like a lance in one hand, and a string of gleaming fish in the other.

Tommy, with his practiced eye, rapidly counted them and saw with chagrin that he was outnumbered, but another look satisfied him that the stranger's catch was nearly all white-fish instead of trout. He caressed his own dappled beauties complacently.

Kirkwood stopped and looked at them; he was evidently impressed by Tommy's superior luck.

"These are big fellows," he said; "did you catch them?"

"You don't suppose *she* did," said Tommy, with a jerk of his head towards Ruth Mary.

Kirkwood looked up and smiled, seeing the young girl on her sunny perch. The smile lingered pleasantly in his eyes as he seated himself on the stones,— deliberately, as if he meant to stay.

Tommy watched him while he made himself comfortable, taking from his pocket a short meerschaum pipe and a bag of tobacco, leisurely filling the pipe and lighting it with a wax match held in the hollow of his hands — apparently from habit, for there was no wind. He did not seem to mind in the least that his legs were wet and that his trout were nearly all white-fish. He was evidently a person of happy resources, and a joy-compelling temperament, that could find virtue in white-fish if it couldn't get trout. He began to talk to Tommy, not without an amused consciousness of Tommy's silent partner on the bank above, nor without an occasional glance up at the maidenly head serenely exalted in the sunlight. Nor did Ruth Mary fail to respond, with her down-bent looks, as simply and unawares as the clouds turning their bright side to the sun.

Tommy, on his part, was stoutly withholding in words the admiration his eyes could not help showing of the strange fisherman's tools. He cautiously felt the weight of the ringed and polished rod, and snapped it a little over the water; he was permitted to examine the book of flies and to handle the reel, things in themselves fascinating, but to Tommy's mind merely a hinderance and a snare to the understanding in the real business of catching fish. Still, he admitted, where a man could take a whole day, all to himself like that, without fear of being called off at any moment by the women on some frivolous household errand, he might afford to potter with such things. Tommy kept the conservative attitude of native experience and skill towards foreign contrivance.

"If Joe Enselman was here," he said, "I bet he could ketch more fish in half 'n hour with a pole like this o' mine and a han'ful o' 'hoppers, than any of you can in a whole week o' fishing with them fancy things."

"Oh, Tommy!" Ruth Mary expostulated, looking distressed.

"Who is this famous fisherman?" Kirkwood asked, smiling at Tommy's boast.

"Oh, he's a feller I know. He's a packer, and he owns ha'f o' father's stock. He's goin' to marry our Sis soon's he gits back from Sheep Mountain, and then he'll be my brother." Tommy had been a little reckless in his desire for the distinction of a personal claim on the hero of his boyish heart. He was even conscious of this himself, as he glanced up at his sister.

Kirkwood's eyes involuntarily followed Tommy's. He withdrew them at once, but not before he saw the troubled blush that reddened the girl's averted face. It struck him, though he was not deeply versed in blushes, that it was not quite the expression of a happy, maidenly consciousness, when the name of a lover is unexpectedly spoken.

It was the first time in her life that Ruth Mary had ever blushed at Joe Enselman's name. She could not understand why it should pain her to have this young stranger hear of him in his relation to herself.

Before her blush had faded, Kirkwood had dismissed the subject of Ruth Mary's engagement with the careless reflection that Enselman was probably not the right man, but that the primitive laws which decide such haphazard unions, doubtless provided the necessary hardihood of temperament wherewith to meet their exigencies. She was a nice little girl, but possibly she was not so sensitive as she looked.

His pipe had gone out, and after relighting it, he showed Tommy the gayly pictured paper match-box which opened with a spring, and disclosed the matches lying in a little drawer within. Tommy's wistful eyes, as he returned the box, prompted Kirkwood to make prudent search in his pockets for a second box of matches before presenting Tommy with the one his eyes coveted. Finding himself secure against want in the immediate future, he gave himself up to the mild amusement of watching Tommy with his new acquisition.

Tommy could not resist lighting one of the little tapers, which burned in the sunlight with a still, clear flame like a Christmas candle. Then a second one was sacrificed. By this time the

attraction was strong enough to bring Ruth Mary down from her high seat in the sun. She looked hardly less a child than Tommy, as with her face close to his, she watched the pale flame flower wasting on its waxen stem. Then she must needs light one herself and hold it, with a little fixed smile on her face, till the flame crept down and warmed her finger-tips.

"There," she said, putting it out with a breath, "don't let us burn any more. It's too bad to waste 'em in the daylight."

"We will burn one more," said Kirkwood, "not for amusement, but for information." And while he whittled a piece of drift-wood into the shape of a boat, he told Ruth Mary how the Hindoo maidens set their lighted lamps afloat at night on the Ganges, and watch them perilously voyaging, to learn, by the fate of the little flame, the safety of their absent lovers.

He told it simply and gravely, as he might have described some fact in natural history, for he rightly guessed that this little seed of sentiment fell on virgin soil. According to Tommy, Ruth Mary was betrothed and soon to be a wife, but Kirkwood was curiously sure that she knew not love, nor even fancy. Nor had he any rash idea of trying to enlarge her experience. He spoke of the lamps on the Ganges because they came into his mind while Ruth Mary was bending over the wasting match flame; any hesitation he might have had about introducing so delicate a topic was conquered by an idle fancy that he would like to observe its effect upon her almost pathetic innocence.

While he talked, interrupting himself as his whittling absorbed him, but always conscious of her eyes upon his face, the boat took shape in his hands. Tommy had failed to catch the connection between Hindoo girls and boat-making, but was satisfied with watching Kirkwood's skillful fingers, without paying much heed to his words. He had a wonderful knife, too, with tools concealed in its handle, with one of which he bored a hole for the mast. In the top of the mast he fixed one of the wax tapers upright and steady for the voyage.

Ruth Mary's cheeks grew red, as she suddenly perceived the intention of Kirkwood's whittling.

"Now," he said, steadying the boat on the shallow ripple, "before we light our beacon you must think of some one you care for who is away. Perhaps Tommy's friend, on Sheep Mountain?" he ventured softly, glancing at Ruth Mary.

The color in her cheeks deepened, and again Kirkwood fancied it was not a happy confusion that covered her downcast face.

"No?" he questioned, as Ruth Mary did not speak; "that is too serious, perhaps. Well, then, make a little wish, and if the light is still alive when the boat passes that rock — the flat one with two stones on top — the wish will come true. But you must have faith, you know."

Ruth Mary looked at Kirkwood, the picture of faith in her sweet seriousness. His heart smote him a little, but he met her wide-eyed gaze with a gravity equal to her own.

"I would rather not wish for myself," she said, "but I will wish something for you, if you want me to."

"That is very kind of you. Am I to know what it will be?"

"Oh, yes. You must tell me what to wish."

"That is easily done," said Kirkwood gayly. "Wish that I may come back some other day, and sit here with you and Tommy by the river."

It was impossible not to see that Ruth Mary was blushing again. But she answered him with a gentle courtesy that rebuked the foolish blush: "That will be wishing for us all."

"Shall we light up then, and set her afloat?"

"I've made a wish," shouted Tommy; "I've wished Joe Enselman would bring me an injun pony — a good one that won't buck!"

"You must keep your wish for the next trip. This ship is freighted deep enough already. Off she goes then, and good luck to the wish," said Kirkwood, as the current took the boat with the light at its peak burning clearly, and swept it away. The pretty plaything dipped and danced a moment, while the light wavered, but still lived. Then a breath of wind shook the willows, and the light was gone.

"Now it's my turn," Tommy exclaimed, wasting no sentiment on another's failure. He rushed down the bank and into the shallow water to catch the wishing-boat before it drifted away.

"All the same, I'm coming back again," said Kirkwood, looking at Ruth Mary.

Tommy's wish fared no better than his sister's, but he bore up briskly, declaring it was "all foolishness any way," and accused Kirkwood of having "just made it up for fun."

Kirkwood only laughed, and, ignoring Tommy, said to Ruth Mary, "The game was hardly worth the candle, was it?"

"Was it a game?" she asked. "I thought you meant it for true."

"Oh, no," he said; "when we try it in earnest we must find a smoother river and a stronger light. Besides, you know, I'm coming back."

Ruth Mary kept her eyes upon his face, still questioning his seriousness, but its quick changes of expression baffled while fascinating her. She could not have told whether she thought him handsome or not, but she had a desire to look at him all the time.

Suddenly her household duties recurred to her, and refusing the help of Kirkwood's hand, she sprang up the bank and hurried back to the house. Kirkwood could see her head above the wild-rose thickets as she went along the high path by the shore. He was more than ever sure that Enselman was not the right man.

At supper Ruth Mary waited on the strangers in silence, while Angy kept the cats and dogs "coralled," as her father said, in the shed, that their impetuous appetites might not disturb the feast.

Mr. Tully stood in the doorway and talked with his guests while they ate, and Mrs. Tully, with the little two-year-old in her lap, rocked in the large rocking-chair and sighed apologetically between her promptings of Ruth Mary's attendance on the table.

Tommy hung about in a state of complete infatuation with the person and conversation of his former rival. He was even beginning to waver in his allegiance to his absent hero, especially as the wish about the Indian pony had not come true.

During the family meal the young men sat outside in the shed room and smoked, and lazily talked together. Their words reached the silent group at the table. Kirkwood's companions were deriding him as a recreant sportsman. He puffed his short-stemmed pipe and looked at them tranquilly. He was not dissatisfied with his share of the day's pleasure.

When Mr. Tully had finished his supper he took the young men down to the beach to look at his boat. Kirkwood had pointed it out to his comrades, where it lay moored under the bank, and ventured the opinion of a boating man that it had not been built in the mountains. But there he had generalized too rashly.

"I built her myself," said Mr. Tully; "rip-sawed the lumber up here. My young ones are as *handy* with her!" he boasted cheerfully, warmed by the admiration his work called forth. "You'd never believe, to see 'em knocking about in her, they hadn't the first one of 'em ever smelt salt water. Ruth Mary, now, the oldest of 'em, is as much to home in that boat as she is on a hoss — and that's sayin' enough. She looks quiet, but she's got as firm a seat and as light a hand as any cow-boy that ever put leg over a cayuse."

Mr. Tully on being questioned admitted willingly that he was an Eastern man — a Down-East lumberman and boat-builder. He couldn't say just why he'd come West. Got restless, and his wife's health was always poor back there. He had mined it some and had considerable luck — cleaned up several thousands the summer of '63 at Junction Bar. Put it in a saw-mill and got burned out. Then he took up this cattle range and went into stock in partnership with a young fellow from Montana, named Enselman. They expected to make a good thing of it, but it *was* a long ways from anywheres; and for months of the year they couldn't do any teaming. Had no way out except by the horseback trail. The women found it lonesome. In winter no team could get up that grade in the cañon they call the "freeze-out," even if they could cross for ice in the river; and from April to August the river was up so you couldn't ford.

All this in the intervals of business, for Mr. Tully in his circuitous way was agreeing to build a boat for the engineers after the model of his own. He would have to go down to the camp at Moor's Bridge to build it, he said, for suitable lumber could not be procured so far up the river, except at great expense. It would take him better'n a month anyhow, and he didn't know what his women folks would say to having him so long away. He would see about it.

The four men sauntered up the path from the shore, Tommy bringing up the rear with the little black-and-tan terrier. In default of a word from his master, Tommy tried to make friends with the dog, but the latter, wide awake and suspicious after dozing under the wagon all the afternoon, would none of him. Possibly he divined that Tommy's attentions were not wholly disinterested.

The family assembled for the evening in the shed room. The women were silent, for the talk was confined to masculine topics, such as the quality of the placer claims up the river, the timber, the hunting, the progress and prospects of the new railroad. Tommy, keeping himself forcibly awake, was seeing two Kirkwoods where there was but one. The terrier had taken shelter between Kirkwood's knees, after trying conclusions with the mother of the kittens — a cat of large experience and a reserved disposition, with only one ear, but otherwise in full possession of her faculties.

Betimes the young men arose and said good-night. Mr. Tully was loath to have the evening, with its rare opportunity for conversation, come to a close, but he was too modest a host to press his company upon his guests. He went with them to their bed on the clean straw in the barn, and if good wishes could soften pillows the travelers would have slept sumptuously. They did not know, in fact, how they slept, but woke strong and joyous over the beauty of the morning on the hills, and the prospect of continuing their journey.

They parted from the family at the ranch with a light-hearted promise to stop again on their way down the river. When they would return they were gayly uncertain; — it might be ten days, it might be two weeks. It was

a promise that nestled with delusive sweetness in Ruth Mary's thoughts as she went silently about her work. She was helpful in all ways, very gentle with the children, but she lingered more hours dreaming by the river, and often at twilight she climbed the hill back of the cabin and sat there alone, her cheek in the hollow of her hand, until the great planes of distance were lost, and all the hills drew together in one dark profile against the sky.

MRS. TULLY had been intending to spare Ruth Mary for a journey to town on some errands of a feminine nature which could not be intrusted to Mr. Tully's larger but less discriminating judgment. Ruth Mary had never before been known to trifle with an opportunity of this kind. Her rides to town had been the one excitement of her life; looked forward to with eagerness and discussed with tireless interest for many days after. But now she hung back with an unaccountable apathy, and made excuses for postponing the ride from day to day, until the business became too pressing to be longer neglected. She set off one morning at daybreak, following the horseback trail round the steep and sliding bluffs high above the river, or across beds of broken lava rock, arrested avalanches from the slowly crumbling cliffs which crowned the bluff; or picking her way at a soft-footed pace through the thickets of the river bottoms. In such a low and sheltered spot, scarcely four feet above the river she found the engineers' camp, a group of white tents shining among the willows. She keenly noted its location and surroundings. The broken timbers of the old bridge projected from the bank a short distance above the camp; a piece of weather-stained canvas stretched over them formed a kind of awning shading the rocks below, where the Chinese cook of the camp sat impassively fishing. The camp had a deserted look, for the men were all at work tunnelling the hill half a mile lower down. Her errands kept her so late that she was obliged to stay over night at the house of a friend of her father's, who owned a fruit ranch near the town. They were prosperous, talkative people, who loudly pitied the isolation of the family in the upper valley.

Ruth Mary reached home about noon the next day, tired and several shades more deeply sun-burned, to find that she had passed the engineers without knowing it on their way down the river by the wagon road on the other side. They had stopped over night at the ranch, and made an early start that morning. Ruth Mary was obliged to listen to enthusiastic reminiscences from each member of the family of the visit she had missed.

This was the last social event of the year. The willow copses turned yellow and threadbare; the scarlet hips of the rosebush looked as if tiny finger-tips had left their prints upon them. The wreaths of wild clematis turned ashen gray, and were scattered by the winds. The wood-dove's cooing no longer sounded at twilight in the leafless thickets. They had gone down the river and the wild duck with them.

But the voice of the river, rising with the autumn rains, was loud on the bar; the sky was hung with clouds that hid the hill-tops or trailed their ragged pennants below their summits. The mists lay cold on the river; they rose with the sun, dissolving in soft haze that dulled the sunshine, and at night descending, shrouded the dark, hoarse water without stilling its lament. Then the first snow fell, and ghostly companies of deer came out upon the hills, or filed silently down the draws of the cañons at morning and evening. The cattle had come down from the mountain pastures, and at night congregated about the buildings with deep breathings and sighings; the river murmured in its fretted channel; now and then the yelp of a hungry coyote sounded from the hills.

The young men had said, among their light and pleasant sayings, that they would like to come up again to the hills when the snow fell, and get a shot at the deer; but they did not come, though often Ruth Mary stood on the bank and looked across the swollen ford, and listened for the echo of wheels among the hills.

About the first of November Mr. Tully went down to the camp at Moor's Bridge to build the engineers' boat. The women were now alone at the ranch, but Joe Enselman's return was daily expected. Mr. Tully, always cheerful, had been confident that he would be home by the 5th.

The 5th of November and the 10th passed, but Enselman had not returned. On the 12th, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, his pack animals were driven in by another man, a stranger to the women at the ranch, who said that Enselman had changed his mind suddenly about coming home that fall, and decided to go to Montana and "prove up" on his ranch there.

Mr. Tully's work was finished before the 1st of December. On his return to the ranch he brought with him a great brown paper bundle which the children opened by the cabin fire on the joyous evening of his arrival. There were back numbers of the illustrated magazines and papers, stray copies of which now and then had drifted into the hands of the voracious young readers in the cabin. There were a few novels, selected by Kirkwood from the camp library, with especial

reference to Ruth Mary. For Tommy there was a duplicate of the wonderful pocket-knife he had envied Kirkwood. Angy was remembered with a little music-box which played "Willie, we have missed you," with a plaintive iteration that brought the sensitive tears to Ruth Mary's eyes; and for Ruth Mary herself there was a lace pin of hammered gold.

"He said it must be your wedding present from him, as you'd be married likely before he saw you again," Mr. Tully said, with innocent pride in the gift with which his daughter had been honored.

"Who said that?" Ruth Mary asked.

"Why, Mr. Kirkwood said it. He's the boss one of the whole lot to my thinkin'. He's got that *way* with him some folks has! We had some real good talks evenings, down on the rocks under the old bridge — I told him about you and Enselman ——"

"Father, I wish you hadn't done that." The protest in Ruth Mary's voice was stronger than her words.

She had become slightly pale when Kirkwood's name was mentioned, but now, as she held out the box with the trinket in it, a deep blush covered her face.

"I cannot take it, father. Not with that message. He can wait till I'm married before he sends me his wedding present."

To her father's amazement, she burst into tears and went out into the shed room, leaving Kirkwood's ill-timed gift in his hands.

"What in all conscience's sake's got into her?" he demanded of his wife. "To take offense at a little thing like that! She didn't use to be so techy."

Mrs. Tully nodded her head at him sagely and glanced at the children, a hint that she understood Ruth Mary's state of mind, but could not explain before them.

At bed-time, the father and mother being alone together, Mrs. Tully revealed the cause of her daughter's sensitiveness, according to her theory of it. "She's put out because Joe Enselman chose to wait till spring before marryin' and went off to Montany instead of comin' home as he said he would."

"Sho, sho!" said Mr. Tully. "That don't seem like Ruth Mary! She ain't in any such a hurry as all that comes to. I've had it on my mind lately, that she took it a little *too* easy."

"*You'll* see," said the mother. "*She* ain't in any hurry, but she likes *him* to be. She feels's if he thought more of money-makin' than he does of her. She's like all girls. She won't use her reason and see it's all for her in the end he's doin' it."

"Why didn't you tell her 'twas my plan his goin' to Montany this fall. He wouldn't listen to it nohow, then. He'd rather lose his ranch than wait any longer for Sis, so he said — but I guess he's seen the sense of what I told him. Ruth Mary ain't a-goin' to run away, I says, even if ye don't prove up on her this fall. You ought to a-told her, mother, 'twas my proposition."

"I told her that and more too. I told her it showed he'd make a good provider. She looked at me solemn as a graven image all the time I was talkin' and not a word out of her. But that's Ruth Mary. I never said the child was sullen, but she is just like your sister Ruth — the more she feels, the less she talks."

"Well," said Mr. Tully, "that's all right, if that's it. That'll all straighten out with time. It was natural perhaps she should fire up at the talk about marryin' if she felt the bridegroom was hangin' back. Why, Joe,— he'd eat the dirt she treads on, if he couldn't make her like him no other way! He's most too foolish about her, to my thinkin'. That's what took me so by surprise when word came back he'd gone to Montany after all — I didn't expect anything so sensible of him."

"'Twas a reg'lar man's piece o' work anyhow," said Mrs. Tully disconsolately. "And you'll be sorry for it, I'm afraid. I never knew any good come of puttin' off a marriage where everything was suitable, just for a few hundred acres of wild land, more or less."

"No use your worryin'," said Mr. Tully. "Young folks always has their little troubles before they settle down — besides, what sort of a marriage would it be if you or I could make it or break it?" But he bore himself with a deprecating tenderness towards his daughter, in whose affairs he had meddled, perhaps disastrously, as his better-half feared.

THE winters of Idaho are not long even in the higher valleys. Close on the cold footsteps of the retreating snows trooped the first wild flowers. The sun seemed to laugh in the cloudless sky. The children were let loose on the hills; their voices echoed the river's roar. Its waters, rising with the melting snows, no longer babbled childishly on their way; they shouted, and brawled, and tumbled over the bar, rolling huge pine trunks along as if they were sticks of kindling wood.

One cool May evening, Ruth Mary, climbing the path from the beach, saw there was a strange horse and two pack animals in the corral. She did not stop to look at them, but quickly guessing who their owner must be, she went on to the house, her knees weak and trembling, her heart beating heavily. Her father met her at the door and detained her outside. She was prepared for his announcement. She knew that Joe Enselman had returned, and that the time was come for her to

prove her new resolve born of the winter's silent struggle.

"I thought I'd better have a few words with you, Ruthie, before you see him — to prepare your mind. Set down here." Mr. Tully took his daughter's hands in his own and held them while he talked.

"You thought it was queer Joe staid away so long, didn't you?" Ruth Mary opened her lips to speak, but no words came. "Well, I did," said the father. "Though it was my plan first off. I might a-know'd it was something more'n business that kep' him. Joe's had an accident. It happened to him just about the time he meant to a-started for home. It broke him all up,— made him feel like he didn't want to see any of us just then. He was goin' along a trail through the woods one dark night; he never knew what stunned him; must have been a twig or something struck him in the eye; he was giddy and crazy-like for a spell — his horse took him home. Well, he aint got but one eye left, Joe aint. There, Sis, I knew you'd feel bad. But he's well. It's hurt his looks some, but what's looks! We aint any of us got any to brag on. Joe had some hopes at first he'd git to seein' again out of the eye that was hurt, and so he sent home his animals and put out for Salt Lake to show it to a doctor there; but it wasn't any use. The eye's gone; and it doos seem as if for the time bein' some of Joe's grit had gone with it. He went up to Montany and tended to his business, but it was all like a dumb show and no heart in it. It's cut him pretty deep, through his bein' alone so long perhaps, and thinkin' about how you'd feel. And then he's pestered in his mind about marryin'. He feels he's got no claim to you now. Says it aint fair to ask a young girl that's likely to have plenty good chances to tie up to what's left of *him*. I wanted you should know about this before you go inside. It might hurt him some to see a change in your face when you look at him first. As to his givin' you your word back, that you'll settle between yourselves, but however you fix it I guess you'll make it as easy as you can for Joe. I don' know as I ever see a big strappin' fellow so put down."

Mr. Tully had waited between his short and troubled sentences for some response from Ruth Mary, but she was still silent. Her hands felt cold in his. As he released them she leaned suddenly forward and hid her face against his shoulder. She shivered and her breast heaved, but she was not weeping.

"There, there!" said Mr. Tully, stroking her head clumsily with his large hand. "I've made a botch of it. I'd ought to let your mother told ye."

She pressed closer to him, and wrapped her arms around him without speaking.

"I expect I better go in now," he said gently, putting her away from him. "Will you come along o' me, or do you want to git a little quieter first?"

"You go in," Ruth Mary whispered. "I'll come soon."

It was not long before she followed her father into the house. No one was surprised to see her white and tremulous. She seemed to know where Enselman sat without raising her eyes; neither did he venture to look at her as she came to him and stooping forward laid her little cold hands on his.

"I'm glad you've come back," she said. Then sinking down suddenly on the floor at his feet, she threw her apron over her head and sobbed aloud.

The father and mother wept too. Joe sat still, with a great and bitter longing in his smitten countenance, but not daring to comfort her.

"Pick her up, Joe," said Mr. Tully. "Take hold of her, man, and show her you've got a whole heart if you aint got but one eye."

It was understood, as Ruth Mary meant it should be, without more words, that Enselman's misfortune would make no difference in their old relation. The difference it had made in that new resolve born of the winter's struggle, she told to no one — for to no one had she confided her resolve.

JOE stayed two weeks at the ranch, and was comforted into a semblance of his former hardy cheerfulness. But Ruth Mary knew that he was not happy. One evening he asked her to go with him down the high shore path. He told her that he was going to town the next day on business that might keep him absent about a fortnight, and entreated her to think well of her promise to him, for on his return he should expect its fulfillment. For God's sake, he begged her to let no pity for his misfortune blind her to the true nature of her feeling for him. He held her close to his heart and kissed her many times. Did she love him so — and so — he asked. Ruth Mary, trembling, said she did not know. How could she help knowing? he demanded passionately. Had her thoughts been with him all winter as his had been with her? Had she looked up the river towards the hills where he was staying so long and wished for him, as he had gazed southward into the valleys many and many a day, longing for the sweet blue eyes of his little girl so far away?

Alas, Ruth Mary! She gazed almost wildly into his stricken face, distorted by the anguish of his great love and his great dread. She

wished that she were dead. There seemed no other way out of her trouble.

The next morning, before she was dressed, Enselman rode away and her father went with him.

She was alone now, in the midst of the hills she loved — alone as she would never be again. She foresaw that she would not have the strength to give that last blow to her faithful old friend,— the crushing blow that perfect truth demanded. Her tenderness was greater than her truth.

THE river was now swollen to its greatest volume. Its voice that had been the babble of a child, and the tumult of a boy, was now deep and heavy like the chest notes of a strong man. Instead of the sparkling ripple on the bar there was a continuous roar of yellow turbid water that could be heard a mile away. There had been no fording for six weeks, nor would be again until late summer. The useless boat lay in the shallow wash that filled the deep cut among the willows. The white sand beach was gone; heavy waves swirled past the banks and sent their eddies up into the channels of the hills to meet the streams of melted snow. Thunder-clouds chased each other about the mountains, or met in sudden downfalls of rain.

One sultry noon when the sun had come out hot on the hills, after a wet morning, Ruth Mary, at work in the shed room, heard a sound that drove the color from her cheek. She ran out and looked up the river, listening to a distant but ever increasing roar which could be heard above the incessant laboring of the waters over the bar. Above the summit of Sheep Mountain, as it seemed, a huge turban-shaped cloud had rolled itself up and from its central folds was discharging gray sheets of water that veered and slanted with the wind, but were always distinct in their density against the rain-charged atmosphere. How far away the floods were descending she did not know, but that they were coming, in a huge wall of water, overtaking and swallowing up the river's current, she was as sure as that she had been bred in the mountains.

Bare-headed, bare-armed as she was, without a backward look, she ran down the hill to the place where the boat was moored. Tommy was there sitting in the boat and making the shallow water splash, as he rocked from side to side.

"Get out, Tommy, and let me have her, quick!" Ruth Mary called to him.

Tommy looked at her stolidly and kept on rocking. "What you want with her?" he asked.

"Come out, for mercy's sake! Don't you *hear* it? There's a cloud-burst on the mountain."

Tommy listened. He did hear it, but he did not stir. "It'll be a bully thing to see when it comes. What you doin'? You act like you was crazy," he exclaimed as Ruth Mary waded through the water and got into the boat.

"Tommy, you will kill me if you stop to talk! Don't you know the camp at Moor's Bridge? Go home and tell mother I've gone to give 'em warning."

Tommy was instantly sobered. "I'm going with you," he said. "You can't handle her alone in that current."

Ruth Mary, wild with the delay, every second of which might be the price of precious lives, seized Tommy in her arms, hugged him close and kissed him, and by main strength rolled him out into the water. He grasped the gunwale with both hands. "You're going to be drowned," he shrieked, as if she were already far away. She pushed off his hands and shot out into the current.

"Don't cry, Tommy, I'll get there somehow," she called back to him. She could not see anything for the first few minutes of her journey but his little wet, dismal figure toiling, sobbing, up the hill. It hurt her to have had to be rough with him. But all the while she sat upright, with her eyes on the current, plying her paddle right and left as rocks and driftwood and eddies were passed. She heard it coming, that distant roar from the hills, and prayed with beating heart that the wild current might carry her faster — faster — past the draggled willow copses — past the beds of black lava rock, and the bluffs with their patches of green moss livid in the sunshine — hurling along, past glimpses of the well-known trail she had followed dreamily on those peaceful rides she might never take again. The thought did not trouble her, only the fear that she might be overtaken before she reached the camp. For the waters were coming — or was it the wind that brought that dread sound so near! She dared not look round lest she should see through the gates of the cañon the black lifted head of the great wave, devouring the river behind her. How it would come swooping down between those high narrow walls of rock her heart stood still to think of! If the hills would but open and let it loose over the empty pastures — if the river would but hurry, hurry, hurry! She whispered the word to herself with frantic repetition, and the oncoming roar behind her echoed her whisper of fear with its awful response.

She trembled with joy as the cañon walls lowered and fell apart, and she saw the blessed plains, the low green flats and the willows, and the white tents of the camp safe in the sunshine. Now if she be given but one moment's grace to swing into the bank! The roar behind

her made her faint as she listened. For the first time she turned and looked back, and the cry of her despair went up and was lost, as boat and message and messenger were lost, — gone utterly, gorged, at one leap by the senseless flood.

At half past five o'clock that afternoon the men of the camp filed out of the tunnel along the new road-bed, with the low sunlight in their faces. It was "Saturday night," and the whole force was in good humor. As they tramped gayly along, tools and instruments glinting in the sun, word went down the line that something unusual had been going on by the river. There seemed to have been a wild uprising of its waters since they saw it last. Then a shout from those ahead proclaimed the disaster at the bridge. The Chinese cook, crouched among the rocks high up under the bluff, where he had fled for safety when he heard the waters coming, rushed down to them, with wild wavings and gabblings, to tell them of a catastrophe that was best described by its results. A few provisions were left them stored in a magazine under a rock on the hillside. They cooked their supper with the splinters of the ruined blacksmith's hut. After supper, in the clear, pink evening light they wandered about on the slippery rocks, seeking whatever fragments of their camp equipage the flood might have left them. Everything had been swept away, and tons of mud and gravel covered the little green meadow where their tents had stood. Kirkwood, straying on ahead of his comrades, came to the rocks below the bridge timbers, from which the awning had been torn away. The wet rocks glistened in the light, but there was a whiter gleam which caught his eye. He stooped and crawled under the timbers anchored in the bank, until he came to the spot of whiteness. Was this that fair young girl from the hills, dragged here by the waters in their cruel orgy, and then hidden by them as if in shame of their work? Kirkwood recognized the simple features, the meek eyes, wide open in the searching light. The mud that filled her garments had spared the pure young face. Kirkwood gazed into it reverently, but the passionate sacrifice, the useless warning, were sealed from him. She could not tell him why she was there.

The three young men watched in turn that night by the little motionless heap, covered by Kirkwood's coat. Kirkwood was very sad about Ruth Mary, yet he slept when his turn came.

In the morning they nailed together some boards into a long box. There was not a boat left on the river; fording was impossible. They could only take her home by the trail. So once more Ruth Mary traveled that winding path, high in the sunlight, or low in the shade of the shore. A log of driftwood left by the great wave, slung on one side of a mule's pack saddle, balanced the rude coffin on the other. No one meeting the three engineers and their pack-mule filing down the trail would have known they were a funeral procession. But they were heavy-hearted as they rode along, and Kirkwood would fain it had not been his part to ride ahead and prepare the family at the ranch for their child's coming.

The mother, with Tommy and Angy hiding their faces against her, stood on the hill and watched for it, and broke into cries as the mule with its burden came in sight.

Kirkwood walked with them down the hill to meet it. His comrades dismounted, and the three young men, with heads uncovered, carried the coffin over the hill and set it down in the shed room. Then Tommy, in a burst of childish grief, made them know that this piteous sacrifice had been for them.

The tunnel made its way through the hill; the sinuous road-bed wound up the valley; new camps were built along its course. But when the young men sat together of an evening, and looked at the hills in the strange pink light, a spell of quietness rested upon them which no one tried to explain.

The railroad has been built these two years. Every summer brings tourists up into the Bear River valley. They look with delight upon the mountain stream bounding down between the hills with the brightness of the morning on its breast.

"There should be an idyl or a legend to celebrate it," a pretty, dark-eyed girl, with a Boston accent, said to Kirkwood, one moonlight evening late in summer, when the river was low, as they drifted softly down between its dim shores. "Poor little Bear River, did nothing human ever happen near you to give you a place in poetry?"

The river did not answer as it rippled over the bar. Nor did Kirkwood speak for it; but the wood-dove's melancholy tremolo came from the misty willows by the shore; and in some suddenly illumined place in his memory he saw Ruth Mary sitting on the high bank in the peaceful afternoon, the sunshine resting on her smooth fair hair, the shadow lending its softness to her shy, down-bent face.

The pity of it, when he thinks of it sometimes, seems to him more than he can bear. Yet if Ruth Mary had still been there, at the ranch on the hills, she would have been to him only "that nice little girl of Tully's who married the one-eyed packer."

Mary Hallock Foote.

LIVING ENGLISH SCULPTORS. II.*

WHEN we turn from the makers of groups and reliefs to the makers of portraits, we enter a department of sculpture which is not less important, perhaps, but about which there is much less to be said. If the sculptor who treats an imaginative subject is bound to be a poet, the man who models a bust or a portrait-figure is no less bound to be a critic; and there is not so much that can be profitably said about criticism as about poetry. Of course the two gifts are found united in the same man. The poet is always a critic, and, though this is less clearly recognized, the good critic is sure to have something of the poet in his composition. In like measure, the imaginative sculptor of talent will make good busts, and the excellent portrait-sculptor will try his hand at the ideal, not always without success. But, notwithstanding this, we can generally divide the men into two classes. Nollekens remains in history as a great maker of busts, in spite of his many figures of Venus; and his contemporary Banks we recognize as an ideal sculptor, in spite of his intelligent and workmanlike portraits. Perhaps, in dealing with the men that make portraits, we may be allowed to use a word that is scarcely English, and call them "iconic" sculptors, from εἰκών, an image. The French have helped themselves to this convenient adjective, and we may borrow it of them.

Let me, then, explain why I call the iconic sculptor a critic. It is because he has, first of all, to exercise upon his work the faculty of analysis. For instance, he is called upon to model the head of a man whom he has never seen before. If he is a clever, acute fellow, he will make a few inquiries about his sitter's antecedents, will talk with him a little, will gauge the surface of his mind, and will form a shrewd estimate of his character and capacity. It will occur to him, in every instance, to do this quite as much as a matter of course as to measure the features with the calipers, or to imitate the forms of the muscle upon the bone. This is criticism in its most superficial shape, but already how far is it removed from the practice of his fellow-craftsman, the imaginative sculptor. The latter, with his dream before him, is not occupied with the character or individuality of the model which sits to him. The handsome or beautiful figure which patiently adopts the attitude which he has seen in his vision is a mere abstraction to him. This man or woman is a mere fragment of nature; the unmeaning forms before the sculptor have to be inspired by the breath of his genius. A girl who has nothing to say for herself poses for the vocal muse Urania; or behind the sleepy, sleek Italian model the artist has to divine the anger of Ajax. The iconic sculptor's method is the very reverse of this. He must see nothing more than his model gives him, or he fails; his business is to analyze, to criticise, that model as searchingly as he can. Hence it follows that while, as we saw in the former article, ideal sculpture has suffered almost total extinction during periods of centuries, iconic sculpture has at no time entirely ceased to exist. It seems, indeed, to have had no birth, to have sprung full-grown from the brain of the Egyptians. The earliest wooden portraits of Egypt are as full of character, as shrewdly and tenderly critical, as the best modern busts, and we need not be surprised at this comparative uniformity of merit in the best portraits of the world, when we reflect that though the ideals and aspirations of man differ widely in different ages, and his scales of invention rise and fall, man himself remains unaltered, and the same cares and hopes and passions score his features and expand his temples in each successive generation.

There can be no doubt that the work of the iconic sculptor varies in proportion to the weight of character in his sitter. I can fancy that Houdin would knit his brows less strenuously, and feel his heart beat less quickly, when he was called upon to model the head of His Majesty's Gold Stick in Waiting than when there sat before him the intellectual magnificence of Voltaire. But criticism is not all appreciation, and the good sculptor will impress upon his work the ravages of folly, vice, and weakness no less sturdily than those of virtue and brightness, if he finds them in the head before him. Nothing baffles him except the commonplace, and this he must condone as best he can, fortunate if some trick of movement, some accident of drapery, allows him to relieve the platitude that he dares not refuse to illustrate. There is one happy case in which the iconic sculptor can enjoy something of the freedom of the imaginative artist, and combine the excitement of creation with his proper function of analy-

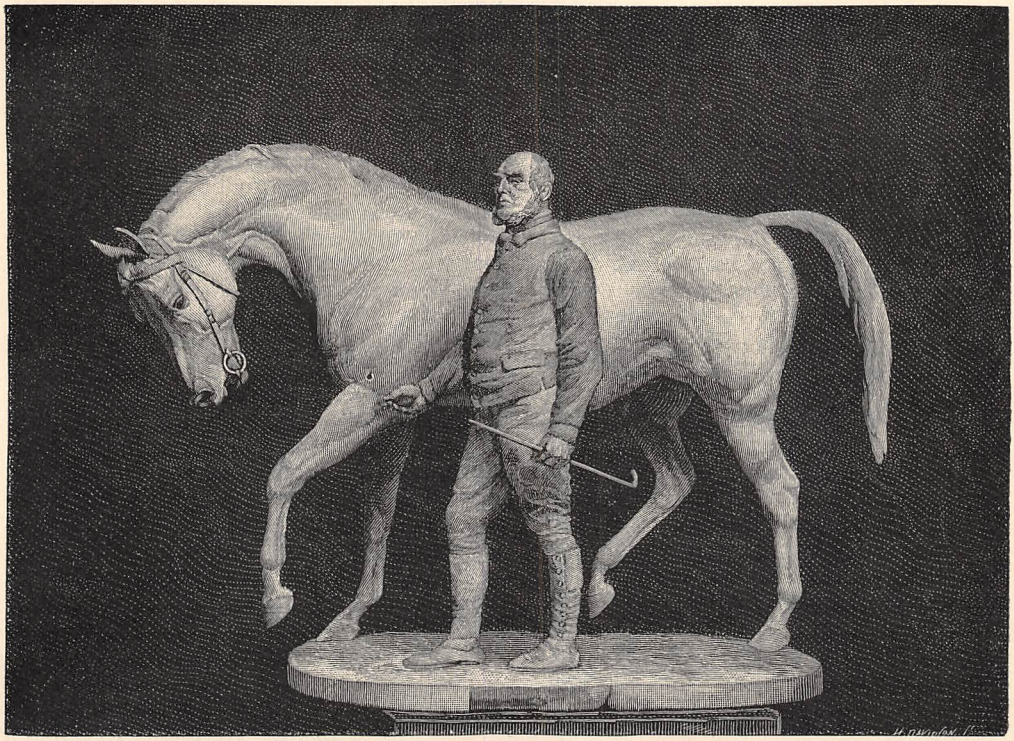
* See Mr. Gosse's first paper on this subject in THE CENTURY for June, 1883.

sis. This is when he receives a commission to execute some great statesman or warrior or poet of the past, and must take his impression from tradition and from existing portraits, tempered by his study of the life and action of the man. In such a case he cannot be too reverent in his attitude toward his art, for all the obvious channels of instruction are closed to him. The living lips are not there to resolve his doubts, nor the living eyes to flash intelligence. In the absence of these it behooves him to employ all possible means to insure a moral and intellectual sympathy with his subject, and to let the soul shine through the mask of clay; and it is in such work as this, more than in the ordinary making of busts, that the man of genius will be found to distance the more painstaking craftsman of talent.

A sharp, incisive touch, knowledge what to emphasize and what to omit, the art to secure a portrait and yet to transfigure the mere resemblance with that indescribable quality which we call artistic value,—these are the great requirements of the iconic sculptor. The modern craving for realism has not been altogether beneficial to this class of sculpture. Many conscientious young artists, not ripe enough to be critics, occupy themselves so exclusively with the externals of their busts, with details of skin, and hair, and color, that they miss the first requirement of a head, namely, that it should be noticeable. The great busts of the world's art are irresistible; they hold us as we rush past them; they are as tenacious of our attention as the Ancient Mariner himself. A few years ago, at the French Salon, there was one such bust as this, the bronze head of the painter Baudry, by Paul Dubois. Here was an instance of one of the greatest of sculptors throwing his finest abilities into the task of analyzing the head of a great painter. As one gazed at it, one divined the life and character of Baudry; the long, resolute career of labor, the years of patient, brilliant painting, hung in air under the dome of the Opera House. I remember that as I was sitting to contemplate this bust, an American strolled by, caught sight of it, and after hovering round it for some time, came and sat by my side and watched it. Presently he turned and asked me if I could tell him whose it was, and whether it was thought much of, adding, with a charming modesty: "I don't know anything about art, but I found that I could not get past that head." The expression seemed to me to be as happy as it was naïve, and to express all that needs be said about a good bust. The sculptor, therefore, must remember that when his proportions are correct, his surface realistic, his likeness excellent, there is still something left for him to do; he must give his bust that touch which will transform it into "a presence that is not to be put by."

Among those who have written English history in bronze and terra-cotta during the last twenty years, Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm undoubtedly holds the most prominent place. His busts throng our galleries, his statues are frequent in our streets, and the palaces of our sporting and hunting aristocracy are still more rich in his memorials of their pleasures. He possesses a robust talent that betrays nothing of the foreigner, he is English to his fingertips, English even in his limitations and his prejudices. It is an idle thing nowadays to theorize on the effect of foreign invasion upon our national art. London, like Paris, has learned that the good artist who settles within her boundaries and makes her interests his, becomes an Englishman, and slips noiselessly into his place in the great national procession of talent. Mr. Boehm has had the gift to avail himself of this privilege. He came to England at a moment when sculpture with us was just ready for a transition. Gibson and Marochetti, with the false theories and feeble practice which they enforced, had passed the zenith of their fame, and were about to disappear. The feebleness of the one and the smoothness of the other, the lack of modeling power in both, must have inspired the youth fresh from the severe schools of Paris with contempt. He would find little to interest him in the Royal Academy; it would seem to him that busts were not to be made in the gentle manner of Weekes, nor ideal statues to be manufactured with the facility of McDowell. He would be, doubtless, a little blind to good work of a totally different school from his own which was being done outside the Academy and in defiance of its traditions. We need not dwell on all this, but consider him as an isolated figure, introduced to do good work of a distinctive character, to make Gibsons and McDowells impossible in the immediate future.

Mr. Boehm was born at Vienna in 1834. He is a Hungarian by birth and descent. In the National Museum at Pesth may be seen his terra-cotta bust of his father, Johann Daniel Boehm, who was a distinguished medalist in his time, and a long while Keeper of the Imperial Mint at Vienna. The son was destined from the first to be an artist, and after some preliminary study in Italy, was sent in his fourteenth year to London, to copy the marbles of the Parthenon. The course of work under the personal direction of Pheidias lasted three years, and left an indelible mark on the hand of the young sculptor, although



RACE-HORSE "CREMORNE." (BY JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM.)

it cannot be said to have inspired him with any of the poetry of Greece. From 1851 to 1858 he worked steadily at Vienna as a medalist, and gained the *Kaiserpreis* for this species of sculpture in 1853. In 1859 he proceeded to Paris, and completed his education as a sculptor in 1862, when he came at the age of twenty-eight to settle in London.

He suffered but few trials, endured little patience or delay, but started almost at once on that career of prosperity on which he has risen steadily ever since. I believe I am correct in saying that in Mr. Thackeray he found an ardent friend, whose influence smoothed the way to fame and fortune. The Royal Academy of 1862 contained his first contribution, a terra-cotta bust of a gentleman; and in that of 1863 he was represented by a similar head. It was in 1864 that he revealed himself to the British public as a master. He was thirty years of age, in full possession of his powers, and he asserted his position in each one of those departments of sculpture by which he has made himself famous since. There are three provinces of art in which Mr. Boehm holds his own against all comers in England, three in each of which, when he is true to his powers, he is not excelled by any English sculptor. These are in busts, in portrait statuettes, and in equestrian groups. The exhibition of 1864 displayed his talent in all these three departments. It contained a charming statuette of Thackeray, who had died the year before (see THE CENTURY for February, 1881); it contained several striking busts, very bright and animated in expression, if, as the enemy asserted, somewhat wanting in distinction; and it also contained a race-horse in bronze and an equestrian statue which revealed a power of modeling animals which has not been equaled in England, though it has been surpassed in France by Barye, and in Germany by Julius Haehnel.

It is, however, as an animal sculptor that Mr. Boehm takes the highest place among English artists. Here he is unsurpassed, unapproached. His portrait-bronze of "Johnnie Armstrong" in 1864 was the first of a long series in which he has illustrated the heroes and heroines of the Derby and the Oaks. His strong personal sympathy with horses, and his practical knowledge of their "points," have prepared him to represent them with a modern exactness. It is not necessary to enjoy the personal acquaintance of Mr. Boehm to know that he is a connoisseur of horseflesh. No figure is more familiar than his in our parks in the early morning; no one is better mounted or more at home in the saddle. It perhaps follows from all this that his

interest in the horse is not so much picturesque as professional; he regards the animal a little from the point of view of the turf. His admirers have naïvely assured us that he looks with contempt on those rough steeds upon which the youths of the Parthenon are riding to glory so majestically. He would not approve the young cart-horse on which Frémiet's Joan of Arc sits astride in the Place de Rivoli. He thinks a little more about "blood" than an artist should, and yet his portraits of the famous race-horses have a value which does not entirely depend upon their historical or genealogical accuracy. Mr. Boehm has produced several statues of horses which have enjoyed signal success. His "Suffolk Punch and Blacksmith" of 1869 was a group which must live in the minds of many for its vigor and for its grand acceptation of rugged forms in nature. As an illustration of this side of Mr. Boehm's genius, we engrave the latest of his equestrian groups, the race-horse "Cremorne." The refinement and delicacy of the nervous, highly strung creature are finely contrasted with the rigidity of the conceited old groom who walks beside, and who pinches a bit of the skin of his charge with an exquisite air of affectation. The whole group is as true and modern as possible, and in this sort of realism, not going very far, but perfect as far as it goes, Mr. Boehm has no equal in England. His bulls, lions, and tigers, which generally remind us slightly of the work of M. Caïn, are not so thoroughly his own as his horses; but he executed a few years ago a seal, now placed as a fountain in the vestibule of Mr. Millais's house, which is a masterpiece of careful and accomplished observation.

Mr. Boehm has little interest in ideal work, properly so called, and has shown no desire to adapt modern life and modern motives to imaginative sculpture. It is said that he has executed some classical figures in the nude for the Royal Family, but he has not cared to exhibit them. All that he has exhibited in this poetic direction are a "Wilhelm and Lenore" in 1867, and a "St. George and the Dragon" in 1876. It is enough to say that these have not tempted us to regret his absorption in the graver practice of portraiture. His portrait-busts have frequently been admirable; we may say more than this, until the last few years they were almost always the best busts to be seen at the Royal Academy. He models with extraordinary skill, and this gift is seen to more advantage in his busts and smaller works, in which the work is entirely that of his own hands, than in his statues and monumental figures, where much of the labor of execution is left perforce to his pupils. His popularity is so very great, and the mass of work which passes to him so overwhelming, that he is obliged to employ a great number of hands, and his succession of studios, full of workers, over which the eminent artist presides in all the fervor of his untiring energy, presents an aspect of business and of material success not to be found elsewhere among the sculptors of England. Since 1870, when he first exhibited royal subjects and a statue of the Queen, Mr. Boehm has sunned himself more and more in the rays of royal patronage. For some years he has avowedly been Sculptor in Ordinary to Her Majesty. But these honors are not always beneficial to those whose hearts are native to the republic of fine art, and some of us may venture to look back with regret to the work which Mr. Boehm produced before the world of fashion was at his feet.

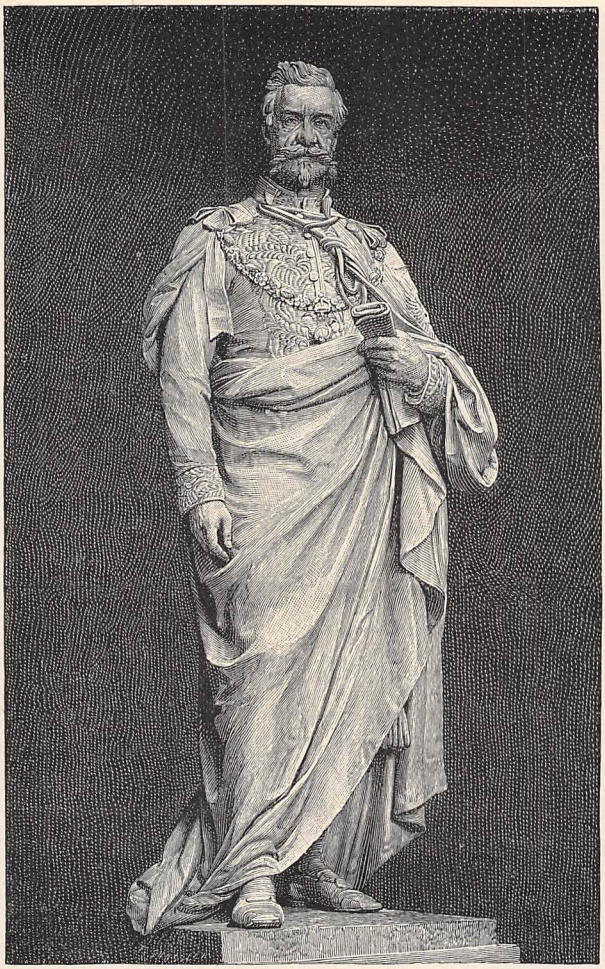
The most remarkable statue which Mr. Boehm has produced, and that by which he is most widely known in the world of letters, is his figure of Carlyle, which adorns the Thames Embankment at Chelsea. This statue, first exhibited in plaster at the Royal Academy of 1875 and afterward in marble in 1882, forms the best, nay, perhaps the only truly satisfactory effigy of the master of pessimism. The attitude of the body, slouching and abandoned without being vulgar or ungraceful, suggests the action of Carlyle in the happiest manner possible, and the head, reflective and ferocious, modeled with great firmness and courage, seems to live in a moment of arrested intellectual action, between one outburst of loquacity and another. This figure made a great impression on the academicians, who had long resisted the claims of Mr. Boehm's candidature, and the death of Durham, in October, 1877, gave them an opportunity a few months later of electing the Hungarian sculptor to fill his place as an A. R. A. In 1883 Mr. Boehm was elected to be a full academician, and presented to the body, as his diploma work, a bust of Mr. Millais.

When Mr. Boehm took up his abode with us there was but one English sculptor who was financially enjoying a great success and yet was an honor to the profession. It has been a great misfortune in the history of sculpture that it is easy for a charlatan to impress his name on the public with vicarious work, produced no one can tell how or where. With the names of such impostors, past or present, these pages shall not be defaced. But Foley was a man of honorable genius who had actually succeeded in becoming prosperous and the center of a school. Twenty years ago his Irish warmth had attracted



BUST OF JAMES A. M. WHISTLER. (BY JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM.)

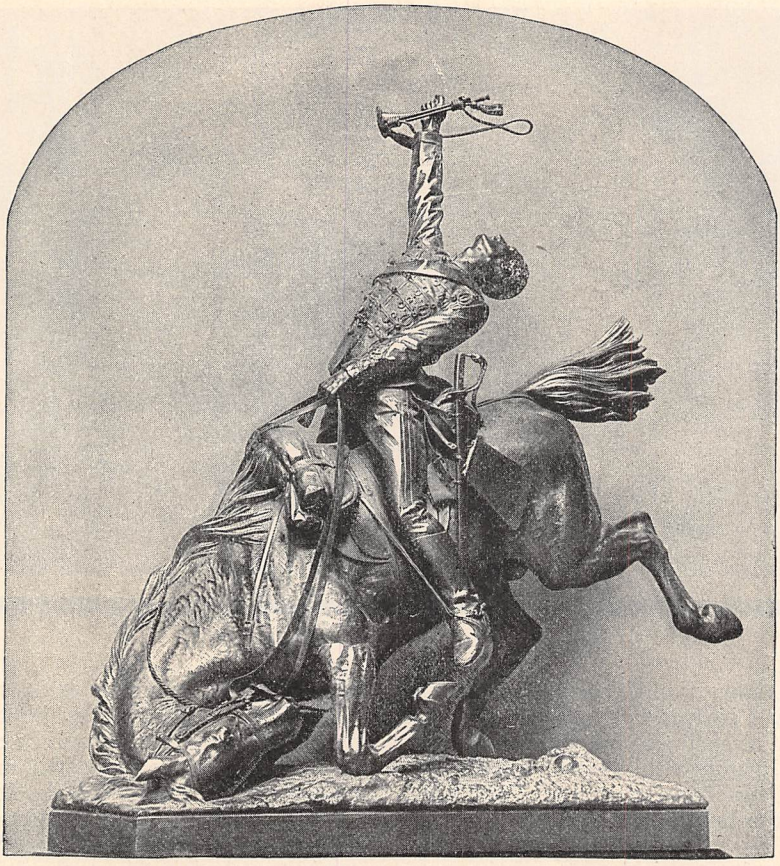
around it about twenty assistants or pupils, who formed a group of active workers, that "school of Foley" of which we hear so often. These men were scattered at the death of the master in 1874; some of them have passed away, one or two of them have taken a start in a new direction. The majority retain the tradition of Foley in a rather tame and mediocre form. The man among them all who has asserted the greatest originality and has become most widely known as an independent artist is one of the youngest of them. Mr. Thomas Brock, A. R. A., was born at Worcester, in 1847. His father and his grandfather had been engaged in the decorative arts, and he was early destined to follow in their footsteps. At the age of thirteen he won a medal in the local school of design in his native city, and he soon gained all the honors and all the knowledge that Worcester could offer to him. He was engaged for several years in the great porcelain works in that place; but the longing for a higher order of things became stronger and stronger, until at last, in his twentieth year, he found his way up to town, and knocked at the door of Foley's studio. While working there Mr. Brock passed through the schools of the Royal Academy, and won all the honors there in succession. After five years of probation he



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE. (BY THOMAS BROCK, A. R. A.)

became Foley's principal assistant, and remained in that somewhat arduous and responsible position until the master died of pleurisy, in the plenitude of his powers, in 1874. When Foley's will was read it was found that he had directed Mr. Brock to carry out the numerous and important commissions left uncompleted at his death. This seemed a very advantageous thing for the young sculptor left to carve out his own career, and, in not a few respects, there can be no doubt that it was beneficial to him. But the benefit was exaggerated, whether from the financial or the artistic point of view. From the former some of these commissions were so vast and so poorly paid that it required great prudence not to be ruined in their execution. The O'Connell monument at Dublin, which is now (in 1883) only just completed, is a work of colossal size, mainly in bronze, and required an outlay of capital in its preparation which might have overwhelmed the young artist. Nor from the purely artistic side could the benefit be said to be more apparent. To be bound for years to carry out the designs of another man, however admirable that man may have been, is a most distressing and exhausting labor. It is like the ancient torture of being chained to a corpse. The young mind expands, sees nature from fresh points of view, is affected by new ideals, and all the while the hand is cramped in the act of following the dead master's indications with reverence. There has been, therefore, in Mr. Brock's career a certain period of eclipse, during which Foley, though in his grave, has repressed and overshadowed him to an extent which, in spite of his strong personal influence, would have been impossible during his lifetime.

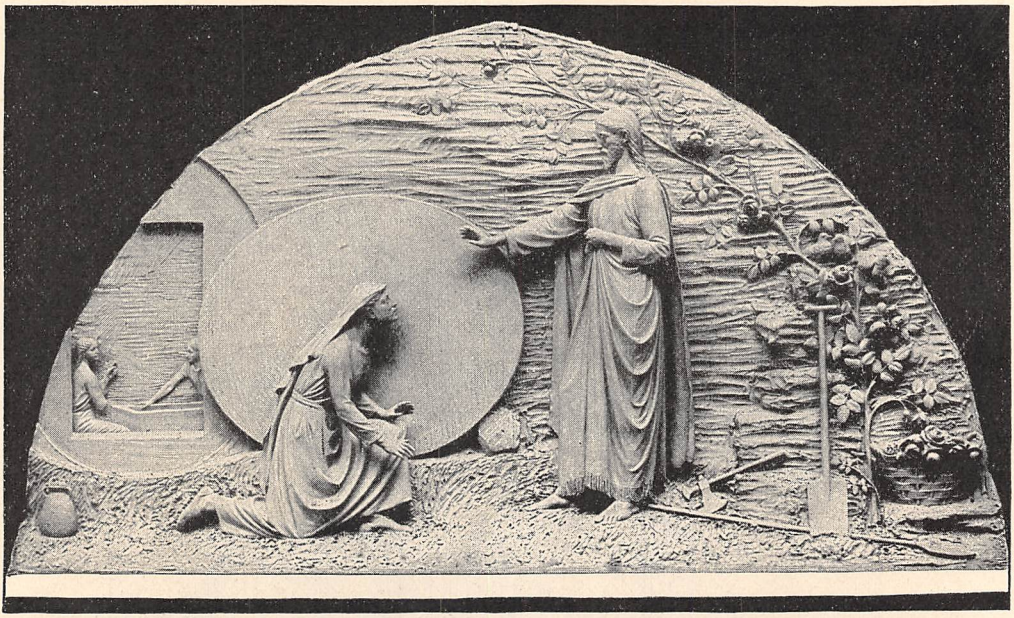
Mr. Brock's first appearance at the Royal Academy was in 1868, when he sent the bust



"THE LAST CALL." (BY CHARLES B. BIRCH, A. R. A.)

of a gentleman to the exhibition. The next year he attracted some notice with a pretty female figure of "Salmacis," which possessed too much of that smoothness of surface and ineffectual ideality which were the bane of the school of Foley. But in 1870 he gave a very remarkable evidence of the genius that was in him, in the shape of a group of "Hercules strangling Antæus," which won the gold medal of the Royal Academy and a scholarship. This group has a singularly modern air, that is to say, it bears much more the impress of 1880 than of 1870. In a time when nobody in England thought about the French, when perhaps Mr. Brock had never visited the Salon, it possessed the vigorous vital qualities of French work. The body of Antæus is lifted into the air and crushed against the irresistible frame of Hercules, the strong limbs being paralyzed by a strength infinitely greater than their own. The group is much more than a mere academic study; in its science, in the fine treatment of surface and detail, it is already masterly, and remarkably free from the fatal Foley smoothness. However, the atmosphere of Osnaburgh Street seems to have crushed his young ambition as completely, for the time being, as Hercules subdued the presumptuous Lybian giant. At all events, his original work during his last years of association with Foley has neither the freshness nor the importance of this early group.

For some years Mr. Brock was not a copious exhibitor at the Royal Academy. In 1873 he sent his admirable bust of Foley, and in 1875 two graceful Tennysonian statues in marble, a "Paris" and an "Œnone." Gradually he became known as a very accomplished sculptor of large public statues; in 1876 he put up a "Richard Baxter" at Kidderminster, and in 1880 "Raikes," the founder of Sunday-schools, on the Thames Embankment, statues which are as good as anything of the kind which we possess in England. Indeed it may be said without fear of contradiction that the best man now living for public work of this kind is Mr. Brock, whose long training under Foley taught him to estimate with peculiar adroitness the qualities needed by a figure in



"NOLI ME TANGERE." (BY GEORGE TINWORTH.)

coat and trousers under a murky sky. Mr. Brock has a curious way, peculiar to himself, of looking at his large statues, while he works on them, through an inverted opera-glass, the reduction of apparent size helping him to discover the relative value of ornament and detail.

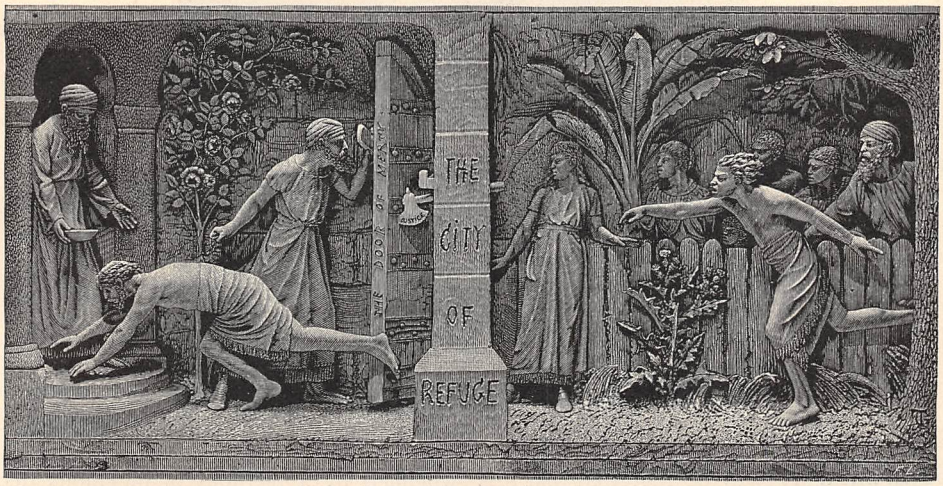
His best-known and most popular group, the "Moment of Peril," which has been bought in bronze and placed in the national collection, was finished in plaster in 1880. It is the duel between a boa-constrictor and an Indian mounted on horseback, and illustrates the moment of arrested action, while the combatants regard each other. The incident is a little far-fetched, and the snake might have been more closely studied, but it is none the less a very powerful and important group, which attracted popular favor and secured for the artist his election as an associate of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late E. B. Stephens. Mr. Brock occupies the fine suit of studios in Osnaburgh Street, which have a certain historical interest, as being for so many years the scene of Foley's labors, and for many still previous the workshop of Behnes. One of these studios is let by Mr. Brock to Sir Frederick Leighton, who, when he indulges in his favorite art of sculpture, leaves his lovely mosque in the Melbury Road for an asylum where he, as the poet Gray puts it in one of his letters, can be happy and dirty to his heart's content.

One other sculptor identified with the school of Foley must be mentioned in this brief survey. Mr. Charles B. Birch, A. R. A., was born in 1833, and therefore came under the influence of the great Irish master at an age more mature than did Mr. Brock. Mr. Birch, in fact, received his art-training in Berlin, under Rauch, and this German strain remains marked in his work, although it is modified by the tradition of Foley. Great delicacy and fidelity have been the qualities of Mr. Birch as an iconic sculptor. His heads of girls and women are always feminine, and sometimes possess a charm that is very refined and delightful. What he lacks is breadth; his large figures are often pleasing from their grace, but where his subject is recalcitrant and refuses a graceful rendering, Mr. Birch is apt to be feeble from lack of style. As a sculptor of a higher order than portraiture, it is difficult to define his position, because his failures have been numerous and yet his successes undeniable. In 1867 he exhibited a "Wood Nymph," embracing a fawn in her tender arms, which was simply exquisite, and in 1869 a "Whittington," which was of high merit. In each case the simplicity and elegance of youth found a sympathetic exponent. But unhappily, of late, Mr. Birch has adopted a martial bearing quite foreign to the nature of his talent, and persists in giving us dying hussars, trumpeters falling shot in their saddles, British heroes in tight uniforms taking singular attitudes of defiance. Our wars in India and Egypt have sadly

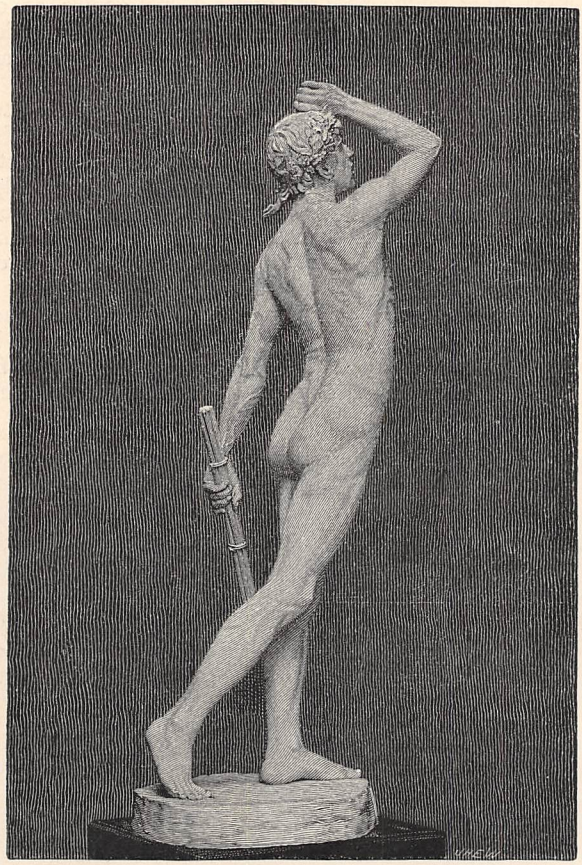
seduced him from that quiet idyllic field in which he once showed himself capable of excelling. But his portraits, especially his heads of women, retain their propriety and grace. Mr. Birch has been an associate of the Royal Academy since 1881, when he was elected to fill the vacancy formed by the promotion of Mr. Armstead.

Within a short time, the name of a sculptor who was known only to a few students, has been raised into wide notoriety. The exhibition of the works of George Tinworth, held in London during the spring and summer of 1883, called forth from all classes of the public, the illiterate as well as the cultivated, the involuntary praise which is enforced by work that is very strong and new, and that yet appeals to the most obvious emotions of mankind. George Tinworth, who is a species of Adam Kraft or Peter Visscher born out of due time, is an artisan in the employment of Messrs. Doulton, the great potters of Lambeth. He was born in the squalid suburb of Walworth, south of the Thames, in 1843; his father was a broken-down wheelwright, his mother a decent woman who tried to struggle through her hard life by the comfortable light of her Bible. Her son grew up like herself, pious, grave, and thrifty, but with the additional and still rarer quality of original genius. In a volume on his life and works which has been published, the romance of his career is told at length; we learn by what strange accidents and happy coincidences he was put in the way of rescuing himself from the laborious and insecure trade of a wheelwright. He entered the Lambeth pottery in 1867, and under the almost paternal protection of the Messrs. Doulton, who recognized his genius at once, he was able, without any further anxiety for the future, to pursue his own course and develop his own curious turn of mind.

That turn of mind is one of the most unique which has shown itself in our generation. There is no similarity between Tinworth and any other European sculptor that has flourished within the last three centuries. Without any plagiarism, and we may even say without any imitation, he belongs entirely to the Christian school of the early renaissance. He is almost Gothic, almost mediæval, in his simplicity, but he has the knowledge and the selective power of the fifteenth century in Italy and Germany. He has no interest in anything which is not scriptural; with the solitary exception of a large panel suggested by a poem published in THE CENTURY, his subjects are taken from the Bible. And these hackneyed themes he treats with a freshness and a realism that are astounding. It is true that he cares nothing for preserving the Oriental or the Roman type, that his Pharisees are Walworth tradesmen and his centurions are Lambeth artisans under their disguises of costume; all this does not affect the vivid truth of the presentment, indeed by means of this reality he seizes the attention and touches the heart as he could do by no amount of correct archæology. His great panels, the work of his mature years, the "Going to Calvary," of 1879, the "Entry into Jerusalem" of 1880, the "Preparing for the Crucifixion" of 1881, and "The Release of Barabbas" of 1882, form a series of perhaps the very finest illustrations of the last hours of Christ which have been achieved by a



"THE CITY OF REFUGE." (BY GEORGE TINWORTH.)



"LINUS." (BY E. ONSLOW FORD.)

modern artist. It is to be regretted that it is impossible, within our pages, to reproduce satisfactorily any one of these huge panels, crowded with figures in high relief, each one carefully studied, and steeped, as it were, in pathos and religious fervor. Our examples of Tinworth's work are taken rather from his earlier and much smaller and less ambitious work in terra-cotta. Of these slighter panels he produced a very great number before his hand had become thoroughly trained. His invention was for a long while ahead of his technical faculty, and his early works have the charm of sketches, but will not all bear to be analyzed by strict laws of the modeling art.

Tinworth's best and most mature sculpture dates from 1874 onward. In that year he finished a very elaborate and original "Descent from the Cross," which is now in the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh. The necessity of adapting his genius to the exigencies of architectural design seems to have had a chastening influence on his work, which at one time threatened to be overwhelmed by a plethora of ingenious detail. His first large public work was a terra-cotta reredos for York Minster, which he carried out with marvelous spirit and success, under the architectural supervision of the late George Edmund Street, R. A. In Wells Cathedral a figure of David in high relief is Tinworth's, and dates from the same period. But the spot where his work in combination with architecture can best be studied, is the Guards' Chapel, in the barracks inclosure, on the south side of Bird Cage Walk. Visitors to London should boldly pass the sentry, who will not interfere with them, and cross the graveled yard to the door of the chapel, which is open to strangers all day long, though they very seldom seem to take advantage of the privilege. The interior of the old chapel is entirely new and is one of the most interesting monuments of what the third quarter of the nineteenth century has been able to do in the way of ecclesiastical decoration. The windows, the mosaics, the hexagonal marble panels by Mr. Armstead, all are worthy of careful examination, and certainly not least

the twenty-eight semicircular panels in terra-cotta, each illustrating a scriptural scene, which have been placed above each of the mosaics by Mr. Tinworth. These are, moreover, in low relief, whereas it is the custom of the sculptor to project his figures almost violently forward; and without laying down any law, it may be admitted that there is a greater satisfaction in looking at work that shows reserve than at that which seems striving to exceed the capacity of plastic work.

Mr. Tinworth has a large studio at the top of one of Messrs. Doulton's huge factories at Lambeth. After stumbling along dark corridors and up endless stairs, through rooms where the clay is flying from the potter's wheel, or being decorated by cheerful-looking girls intent over the soft gray urns that they tenderly handle, the visitor comes at last to the rough studio under the roof, where the sculptor is marshaling his clay figurines into some great frieze or sacred procession. If he makes an alteration in the visitor's presence, or illustrates his meaning with the soft lump in his hands, we wonder at the rapidity of his touch, the sureness of his vision, his wit and shrewdness. He is, as we have said, an artisan, and he has not cared to check the flow of his invention by troubling himself with what is called culture in any form. He can read the Bible, and he can model like some old craftsman of Nuremburg or Florence, and that is enough for him. He does not see that he can exhaust the great stories and scenes of Scripture history in one short life, but by taking heed he thinks that he can improve his own touch in modeling them, and his knowledge of their meaning, and this seems to him quite enough to have lived for. In our restless age, sick with unwholesome ambition, the modest attitude of this artist seems remarkable enough, and not easily to be overrated. There can be very little doubt that his name will be remembered among those of the most original men of our time.

Mr. E. Onslow Ford is a young sculptor of very great promise, whose name has first begun to come before the public within the last few years. It is almost certain that Mr. Ford is destined to be a prominent artist, but it would be rash as yet to say in what particular branch of sculpture. He was born in 1853. He began to study as a painter, and went to Munich for the purpose of working in the Academy of Arts in that place. He did not, however, feel much inspired by the tones of the German palette, and falling under the personal influence of the eminent Bavarian sculptor, Michael Wagmüller, he formed a predilection for the plastic art. Wagmüller, who, unfortunately, died quite



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE. (BY HENRIETTA MONTALBA.)

prematurely last year, was much in London in his youth, and indeed seemed likely at one time to add to the number of foreign sculptors who settle here and become Englishmen. His style is vigorous and individual, his treatment of drapery in heavy, almost rocky, folds giving his monumental statues an air which is quite their own. Mr. Ford did not exactly become Wagmüller's pupil, but he worked in his neighborhood, and had the advantage of his advice. He returned to England, having married a young German baroness in Munich, and in 1875 he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, sending in a bust of this lady, which attracted the favorable notice of the profession. His technical skill has been steadily on the increase since then, but it was not until 1881, when he was successful in a competition for a statue of Sir Rowland Hill, that he really showed what he could do with a large figure. This statue, in bronze, now adorns the Royal Exchange, and in spite of the costume, which is not happy, is one of the best figures in our London streets. Upon this followed a "Sir Charles Reed," which stands in the School Board Office, and a "Mr. Gladstone," recently placed in the one vacant corner of the Reform Club vestibule. All these statues, but still more Mr. Ford's terra-cotta busts and ideal heads, have shown a very fine talent; but none of us, perhaps,

were quite prepared for the admirable science and vigor of his statue of "Henry Irving as *Hamlet*," in the Royal Academy of 1883. This statue, an engraving of which was given in this magazine for March, 1884, was distinctly the best of the year, and gave us the right to look forward with great pleasure to the further development of a talent so earnest and so genuine. Mr. Ford has hardly, however, had occasion to show us, until recently, what he can do in purely imaginative sculpture; the strenuous toil and exercise of taste and knowledge required to produce a really fine nude figure have, however, displayed themselves in a statue of "Linus," or the ancient Dirge impersonified, which adorned the Royal Academy of 1884. But Mr. Ford, in whose future we have the greatest confidence, will do even better things than this.

The physical strength required for the rough art of sculpture is too frequently denied to women to make the profession one which they can be expected commonly to adopt. Female sculptors have been rare in all periods of the world's history. Here in England, in the last century, we had the Hon. Mrs. Damer, a powerful and enthusiastic woman, who has left some creditable work behind her, and whose ambition it was to be supposed to chisel her own marble. In the generation which is now passing away, Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, mother of the sculptor, held the highest, almost the only, place given to women in the profession. She was the daughter of John Francis, himself an excellent iconic sculptor, and she exhibited, as M. Francis, so long ago as 1834. In 1842, after her marriage, she went to Rome and studied very seriously under Thorwaldsen. Her "Sappho" and her "Sleeping Child" were among the most popular works of the next decade, and she took rank, by general consent, among the first English sculptors. Looking back upon her works, which are very numerous in our royal palaces, we find that they still hold their own against formidable rivals. Mrs. Thornycroft never possessed the knowledge or the masterly workmanship of Foley, but she has at least as much nature as McDowell, and a lively touch which was altogether absent in Gibson. Her portraits of children, and she has carved statues of perhaps every member of the Queen's family, are admirably graceful and vivacious; the best of all, and probably the masterpiece of her work in general, is her "Girl with the Skipping-rope." Mrs. Thornycroft has retired from the profession since 1875, when she exhibited, for the last time, statues of a daughter and of a grandson of the Queen. For forty years she was one of the most constant and abundant exhibitors at the annual show of the Royal Academy.

Since 1880 Miss Henrietta Montalba has been a prominent exhibitor of busts which have attracted attention from their realism and delicate force. She works entirely in terra-cotta, a substance which does not demand from women so heroic a labor as the manipulation of marble. Miss Henrietta Montalba is a younger sister of the famous water-color painter, Miss Clara Montalba. Both sisters began by studying painting under the veteran sea-painter, Eugène Isabey, now in his eighty-first year. Miss Henrietta Montalba then studied modeling under M. Dalou, while he was professor here in South Kensington. Her busts have still something of the Dalou touch, the reproduction of which, when not completely successful, is apt to be a little timorous and petty. She is, however, often entirely successful, not least in her children's heads, where she is unsurpassed in the delicacy with which she renders the tremulous forms and tender lines of the mouth and chin. Her last work is a capital head of Mr. Robert Browning.

Edmund Gosse.

THE NEW MOON.

THE new moon bends her golden sickle slow
Above the tree-tops, in the deep-blue west;
My heart's upswelling passions overflow
And will not let me rest.

Mysterious lady of refreshful night,
Ere thy thin horns in perfect circle meet,
Grant that my love her faith to me may plight,
And make my joy complete.

When in my hands her little hands I hold,
My heart beats fast for joy within my breast;—
O hide below the west thy curvèd gold,
Dear moon, and let me rest.

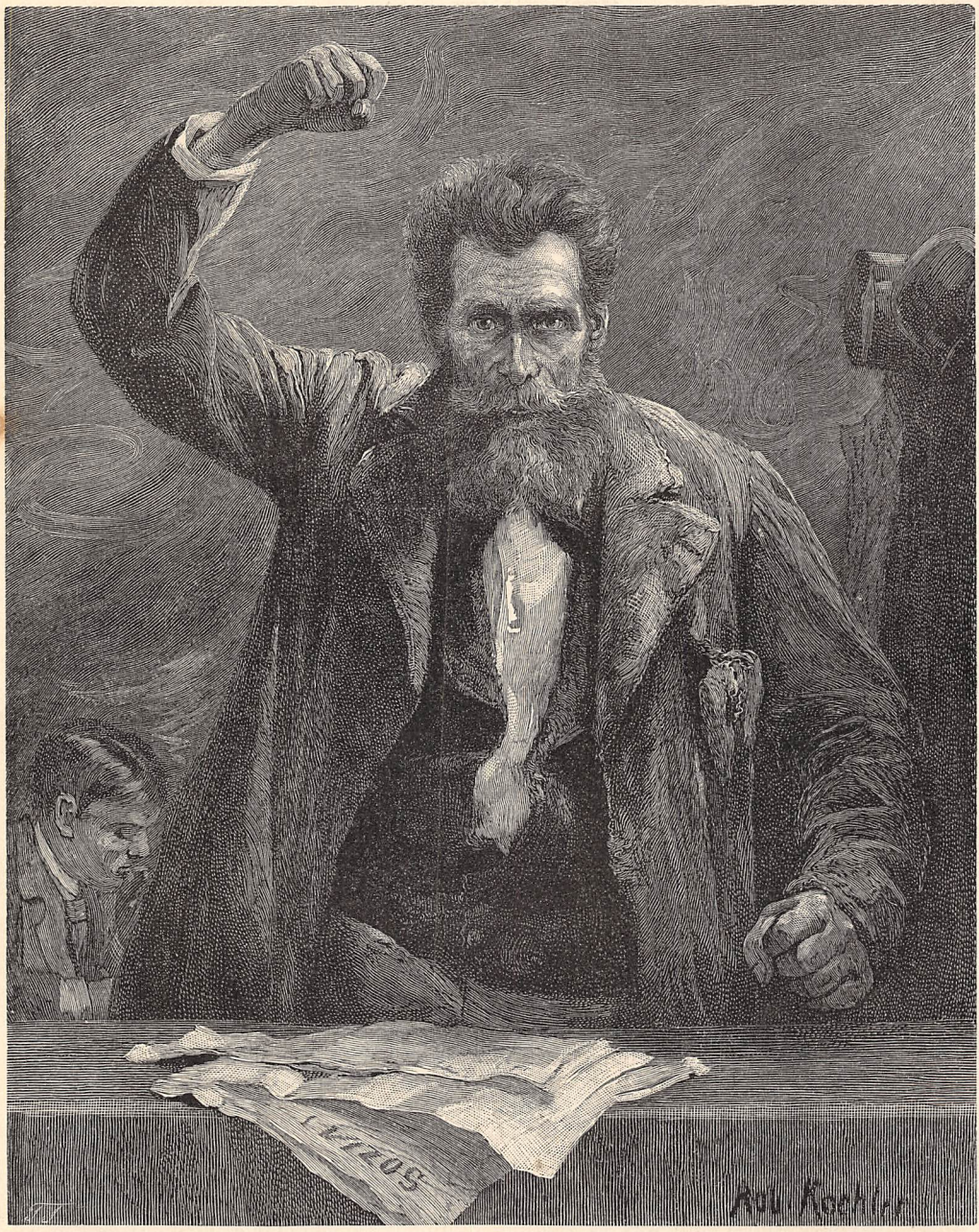
Arthur Platt.

DANGER AHEAD.

THE early American colonists were a homogeneous people. They spoke one language; they held substantially one and the same religious faith; they belonged to the same social order. They were at once men of thrift and men of industry; they were therefore all capitalists and all laborers. Their country was small; their means of intercommunication, though poor, were adequate; their interests were common; and the dangers which threatened them, now from a sterile soil or a hostile winter, now from barbarous neighbors, and now from their selfish and unnatural mother, bound them together and made then one. If the Huguenots of South Carolina, the pious cavaliers of Virginia, the devoted Roman Catholics of Maryland, and the sternly religious Puritans of New England could have been left undisturbed after the first century of their occupation in possession of the land of their adoption, their growth would have been slow, but it would have been natural; and the piety, probity, industry, and simplicity of these early colonists might have descended to their children and grand-children with only such changes as are incident to all religious life. But this was not to be. The American Revolution forced the colonists into a united nation. The discovery of steam and the introduction of steam navigation facilitated immigration; the untold wealth of the country invited it. The rapid development of the mechanical arts facilitated the development of the country's wealth, but not its equal distribution. People from foreign lands poured across the bridged Atlantic in numbers so vast and in time so brief that their assimilation and nationalization were impossible. And now, a little more than one century from the Declaration of Independence, our empire comprises a territory already more extensive than that of the Roman empire in the period of its greatest grandeur, and a nation comprising people of every living language, every religious faith, every political opinion, and every social class; a country which two centuries ago had hardly a social rift, is now as full of social crevasses, broad and deep, as the snowy sides of the Alps; a country whose faith was so uniform and so simple that the congregational churches of New England thought it superfluous even to state it in formal creeds, has now on exhibition a greater assortment of religious opinions than is to be found in any other equal area upon the habitable globe; a nation in which but one language was to be heard from Boston Bay to Savannah, boasts a single city in which all the German dialects can be heard in greater perfection than in any city of Germany.

I do not for an instant regret that these immigrants have come. Coming was their right. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and no child of His has a right to exclude his brother from any nook or corner in the divine mansion because, forsooth, he got there first. The pilgrims of the sixteenth century have no better right here than the pilgrims of the nineteenth. Their coming is our benefit,—the wealth of the nation is in its men. No prohibitory tariff ever should and none ever can shut laborers out. They have built our railroads, cultivated our prairies, felled our forests, opened our mines, operated our mills, dug our gardens, and cooked, washed, and broken dishes in our kitchens. But the babe welcomed to the mother's breast brings a new burden to the mother's heart. And this new population, welcome as it is, brings with it both peril and duty,—peril to be escaped only by faithful performance of duty.

This vast immigrant population belongs for the most part to what we call the laboring classes; that is, they are wage-workers. They are generally without capital; often without education; almost always without culture; sometimes densely ignorant. They have never been taught the difficult art of self-government. Many of them are members of the Roman Catholic communion, which teaches one chief lesson to its communicants—to obey. They no sooner reach our shores than they begin to unlearn it. The power of the priesthood weakens; and Protestants, with a fatal folly, rejoice to see this power over reverence and fear grow daily less, though no reverence for God and no fear of conscience grow to take their place. Many of them are adherents of the Mormon hierarchy, which, though only half a century old, already overspreads the entire South-west, an *imperium in imperio*, setting the laws of God and man alike at defiance and sweeping out the Christian home to make room for the Turkish harem. Still more of them come here having learned lessons of anarchy and revolt in their native land. Coming, many of them, from countries in which the church has been an instrument of priestly oppression, and the state an instrument of political oppression, they bring with them an inherited hate of both state and church; a disbelief in



THE SOCIALIST.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT KOEHLER.

man which is more dangerous to society even than that disbelief in God which always accompanies it. Freed from the restraints of the Old World, they are at the same time endowed with powers to which in the Old World they were utter strangers. In other lands the ballot is the privilege and prerogative of favored classes; here it is the recognized right of manhood. In other lands education, even when free, is under the control either of a religious or a political hierarchy; here to all classes is given that knowledge which is power, under no other regulations than such as the people in their several districts see fit to impose. In other lands meetings for discussion of abuses or the righting of wrongs have been under the surveillance of the police. In America words are as free as the air they are spoken in, and the gathering of men is as unrestrained as the flocking together of sparrows; and their chatter is sometimes as rude and boisterous. With these powers of ballot, of education, of free speech and free organization, modern science puts into their hands a power more dangerous than either, than all combined. With dynamite carried in a carpet-bag or contained in an easily concealed cartridge, the modern Guy Fawkes can destroy in an hour the products of a century's industry. In a warfare between classes for the possession of property, civilization has every advantage. In a warfare by anarchy against all property, the anarchist has every advantage.

Such is one aspect of the elements which threaten danger to society and the state. One-half our workers are wage-workers; one-third of our population, including the vast majority of our wage-workers, are either of foreign birth or children of foreign-born parents. They are restless and are growing more so. There is no power in any church to which they owe allegiance adequate to prevent an outbreak. There is no power in the state, no police, no military, capable of quelling it. Large numbers of them acknowledge no fealty to any religion which teaches them the duty or endows them with the power of self-restraint. The churches too often address not their conscience, but their imagination. The schools address not their conscience, but their intellect. Men who have been taught that modern order is despotism and modern property is theft, find themselves in a country where the only support of order is an enlightened conscience, and the only protection of property is an enlightened self-interest; and neither their conscience nor their self-interest is enlightened. Believing that property is theft, they believe that spoliation is redress; believing that the world's wealth is their inheritance of which they have been too long unjustly deprived, they are ready with no gentle voice to demand of society, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me"; and we may be sure that if it were given to them it would soon be spent in riotous living not followed by repentance and a request for employment as hired servants.

Two other facts must be added to these which I have so rapidly sketched:

1. Labor is organizing for the protection of its interests. It is thus deepening the chasm and intensifying the hostility between the laboring class and the capitalist. Nearly every trade has now its trades-union,— some local, some national. They exist in every State of the Union, except Florida, and in most of the territories. The annual income of the larger unions has ranged from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. Of their full membership there is no adequate census. A coalition has been formed, not yet fully perfected, for the union of them all in one confederation. Agriculture is the only considerable industry which has not its industrial organization. These unions are essentially warlike, both in their aims and in their methods. Let me explain what I mean by that assertion. Commercial organizations may be rudely divided into two classes: those for the promotion of industry, and those for the protection of rights. The former are industrial; the latter are military. All corporations, co-operative societies, associations for amicable discussion of mutual interest, are of the first description; all trades-unions are of the second. They give aid to their members in case of sickness or inability to work; and are in so far philanthropical. They have lodge rooms, with meetings for reading, debate, and mutual improvement, and in so far are educational. But the reason for their existence is self-protection. They are not organized to promote education in their several industries; to facilitate apprenticeship; to introduce new and improved methods; to encourage the introduction of labor-saving machines; to equalize wages by equalizing intelligence and industry. On the contrary, apprenticeship is discouraged, new methods are obstructed, the introduction of labor-saving machinery has been more than once made the occasion of a strike, and the equalizing of wages is attempted by leveling down, not by leveling up. The trades-union is not organized, like a political club, for purposes of persuasion, nor, like a literary club, for purposes of education, nor, like a coöperative club, for purposes of industrial benefit; it is organized to protect its members against the oppression of employers, or to wrest from employers a larger share of the profits. It is founded on the assumption that the interests of employer and employed are antagonistic;

and that combination is necessary to protect the employed from their employers. As it is essentially military in its aims, so also is it in its structure. It is ruled over by a directory scarcely less absolute than that which governed the revolutionists in the days of Mirabeau. This directory sits in secret, issues its orders, demands implicit obedience, and enforces it by industrial excommunication, and often by open violence or secret assault. A condition of society in which the working class is leagued together in a clan whose hostility to employers is not concealed, whose watchword is absolute obedience to the decrees of chiefs, whose designs are perfected in secret conferences, whose tendency, and sometimes whose aim, is to widen the chasm between classes, is a dangerous condition; the danger is but hinted at in frequent strikes often accompanied with violence, occasionally bursting forth in rioting, and once flaming out into a national conflagration. Every new strike, whether it succeeds or fails, widens the chasm and increases the danger.

But trades-unions are organizations of honest workmen who desire only fair wages for fair work; who submit to the despotism of a military organization because it is less despotic than that of the capitalist with whom they believe themselves to be at war. But there are other organizations of working-men in America, men who do not conceal their belief that property is theft and robbery is righteousness. In September, 1883, a procession of over ten thousand so-called working-men marched through the streets of New York city, bearing on their banners such inscriptions as, "Workers in tenement houses — idlers in brown-stone fronts"; "Which shall it be, the ballot or Judge Lynch?" A like procession is perpetually marching through the United States in constantly augmenting numbers. Its journals are its banners; for its mottoes, read these sentences gathered from their editorial utterances:

"When the laboring man understands that the heaven which they are promised hereafter is but a mirage, they will knock at the door of the wealthy robber with a musket in hand, and demand their share of the goods of this life now."—"Religion, authority, and the state are all carved out of the same piece of wood — to the devil with them all."—"Hurrah for science! Hurrah for dynamite! The power which in our hands shall make an end to tyranny."—"Truth is five cents a copy; and dynamite is fifty cents a pound."—"Judge Lynch is the best and cheapest court in the land."—"The revolutionist knows only one science — namely, destruction."

Every successful journal is the representative of thousands of readers; the three journals from which I have quoted the above represent each a platoon in the great army. This is the vanguard. A greater army follows, led it knows not by whom, marching it knows not whither.

While working-men are thus combining in military organizations for either offensive or defensive warfare, the progress of civilization, facilities of locomotion, labor-saving machinery, and the substitution of associated for individual industry, incident to the increased and increasing division of labor, are bringing them together in compact communities, where there are more living to the acre than there are corpses in our burying-grounds, where liquor shops are many and churches are few, where there is every facility for vicious combination and every stimulant to vicious growth, where the home perishes of asphyxia, and the swarming tenement grows rank.

In 1848 Alexis de Tocqueville wrote the following prophetic words: "I look upon the size of certain American cities, and especially on the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatens the future security of the republics of the New World; and I venture to predict that they will perish from this circumstance, unless the government succeeds in creating an armed force, which, while it remains under the control of the majority of the nation, will be independent of the town population, and able to repress its excesses."

When Tocqueville wrote that warning, there were but two cities in the Union with a population exceeding 200,000; there are now eight. Then seven-eighths of the population lived in the country or in country towns; now nearly one-quarter live in large cities.* Then the industry of the nation was still mainly agricultural; now mining and manufacturing have combined with immigration to change the nature of labor, and the character of the laborer. Then communism was almost unknown; now Proudhon's aphorism "Property is theft" is the fundamental doctrine of organizations, fatally prolific in their natural nests the great cities, and with the destructive instruments which modern science has put into their hands, threatening civilization in Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States. This dangerous element does not lack for leaders as dangerous. Every king has his courtiers. The worse the despot the more despicable the sycophants who fawn upon him, and affect to reverence while they really direct his powers. The American demagogue is the courtier of American mobocracy; and never did baser courtier flatter and fawn upon more dangerous king.

2. If labor had no just cause of complaint we might look upon its organization, whether in peaceful or in revolutionary forms, without fear; for any cause which has the conscience of

* Of over 8000 population.

humanity for its ally is sure of victory. But labor has a cause of complaint, a serious cause of complaint. While the laborers in America have been organizing an army, the great body for defensive warfare, the vanguard for attack, a steady concentration of capital in the hands of a diminishing number of capitalists has been taking place. A youth starts in life as a deck-hand on a river steamer; in half a century he has amassed a fortune of seventy millions. Another begins life with a mouse-trap; in twenty-seven years he exhibits securities worth a hundred millions. Society is a joint stock concern. These are the profits which these two railroad kings have taken from it? Have they earned them? Do the seventy millions in the one case and the hundred millions in the other represent what they have added to the common stock?

We brought nothing into this world; that is very certain. What, then, any man possesses he has either produced by his industry or has taken from some one else who has produced it by industry. His fortune is either: first, the product of his industry; second, a gift; or third, a robbery. These are the only three ways by which any man can ever acquire property,—by industry, by gift, and by stealing. There will always be inequalities in condition because there will always be inequalities in character. The industrious man has a right to the fruits of his industry; the sagacious man has a right to the fruits of his sagacity; but no man has a right to take the fruits of his neighbor's industry or his neighbor's sagacity without giving an equivalent therefor. No man has a right to take out of the joint stock more than he puts in. And society is organized in the interest of robbery whenever it is so organized as to enable men by their sagacity to take out of the world wealth whose equivalent they have never put into the world. This is the complaint, and the just complaint, of the laboring classes,—not that some men get better pay than other men, but that some men get a wealth which does not belong to them, which does belong to their neighbors; that some forms of robbery are legalized; that some forms of robbery are encouraged and stimulated. That the railroad president should have ten or twenty thousand dollars a year for his service, and the brakeman but five hundred dollars a year for his, would arouse little complaint; but that the speculator in railroad stocks should realize four millions of dollars a year for his services and the brakeman five hundred dollars for his, does arouse a well-grounded complaint. And the bitterness of the complaint is increased because the brakeman sees, dimly if not clearly, that the inequality is due not to difference in intellectual qualifications, but to injustice in social organization. Grant that a certain capitalist has added every year of his life a million dollars to the wealth of the nation by his industry, his sagacity, his forecast, the other seventy-three million dollars which he has won in life's lottery are unearned; and unearned wealth is stolen wealth. Certain people in the United States are seventy-three million dollars poorer because he has seventy-three million dollars for which he has given society no equivalent. This is the brakeman's argument. If he is in error, his error must be shown him. An inequality of wealth is not wrong; but an inequality of wealth greater than the inequality of industry is wrong. Two "railway kings" have gone into partnership with Tom, Dick, and Harry to develop the mines and open the railroads of a great district of country. Tom, Dick, and Harry do not complain that the railway kings are better paid than they; they do complain that the railway kings have taken more than their share of the profits of the enterprise. And bitterness is added to their complaint because they see more or less clearly that society is responsible; that the terms of partnership are unfair; that legislation gives to capital every advantage and leaves labor to shift for itself. They see, more or less clearly, that this money has been made not by individual industry, but by gambling; and that this gambling has been made possible by means of great corporations.* These corporations are organizations created by society in the interest of capital, and for the avowed purpose of increasing its profits. They are a contrivance for the concentration of the wealth of many men in a few hands, in order to increase its power and enhance the facility of its administration. These corporations are already a power in the state greater than the state itself. They control the United States Senate if not the United States House of Representatives, and the legislatures of several of our States. They have autocratic powers bestowed upon them. They fix the rates of transportation of goods and passengers; they determine the conditions on which and the prices at which telegraphic communication may be carried on between different parts of the country; they are absolute masters both of the nerves and the arteries of the body politic. The combined wealth of the railroad corporations counts by billions; their annual income by hundred millions; their interests are combined in pools and syndicates. Against them private citizens are almost power-

* Washington Gladden has recently stated in the pages of THE CENTURY that the amount of wealth transferred by their gambling operations in a year in Wall Street is estimated to aggregate $800,000,000.

less; the workman must take what work they will furnish at what wages they will give; the shipper must pay what freights they charge. If any complaint is made, the complainant is recommended to go elsewhere; as if one syndicate should control the globe, and a complaining citizen should be told to try his fortunes on some other planet.

The stocks of these great corporations are turned into dice, by which gigantic gambling operations are carried on, operations in which fortunes are lost and made in a day, operations by which honest men are tempted from honest industry to their ruin; and other honester men who resist the temptation are involved in the ruin which a common wreck inflicts upon the community. As if this were not enough, the brakeman sees these great corporations the recipients not only of vast powers, but of gifts as vast. He sees the nation giving away to these railroad companies an area nearly equal to the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri; and three times the total area of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. He is told, indeed, that this has been given in alternate sections, and is urged to believe that the appreciation in value of what remains is an adequate equivalent for what has been given away. But he sees no definite and appreciable advantage accruing to himself; and he sees the recipients of the nation's landed wealth becoming by its means millionaires in a lifetime. If there be any advantage to him, it is remote, intangible, unseen. This great domain belonging in part to him he sees conferred by legislation on one class of capitalists; he sees other capitalists, less scrupulous, pushing their way into our Western territory, and taking its best estate without leave or license; he is told by official reports from Congress that millions of acres have been fenced in by domestic and foreign lords, and converted into feudal estates, defended alike against lawlessness and against representatives of the law by cow-boy retainers. In the grip of this great mercenary power the laborer is powerless; against its injustice when it is unjust he has no remedy; and for his constantly diminishing wages modern political economy suggests no better relief than a tax on all foreign importations, that the price of every article bought, every garment worn, every utensil used may be increased, and some small portion of the increase be added to his slender income. Thus far the rapid increase of property and wealth in a new country of almost illimitable resources makes light the burden of his life. But every year the burden grows greater and the danger of revolt more threatening. The low growl of the thunder is already to be heard in great cities; the lambent flame already runs along the clouds; the bitter cry of outcast London is faintly echoed from New York and Cincinnati, from Chicago and St. Louis, and from a hundred smaller manufacturing towns and mining villages. It grows not fainter but louder. Elisée Reclus tells us that the average mortality among the well-to-do is one to sixty; that in Europe it is three times as great; that every year ten million people die who, in a well-ordered social condition, should have lived. Think what that means, and wonder not, as wealth increases and poverty increases, and the rift between the poor and the rich grows wider, that many a thoughtful Curtius begins to ask where Rome shall find a jewel precious enough to be cast in and save the city from being swallowed up.

On the one side of a narrow valley capital is concentrating its forces, small in numbers but compact in organization, powerful in equipment, and not always either scrupulous in its means or generous in its spirit. On the other side, labor is concentrating its forces,—an increasing host, loose in organization, but with a discontent in its heart which a great disaster might easily convert into bitter wrath,—armed by modern science with fatally efficient equipment for destruction, and officered by leaders often both unscrupulous and daring. Every morning paper brings us the report of some strike or lockout, which is like the shot of a single picket along the line; and now and then we are startled by a riot such as that at Cincinnati, Chicago, or Cleveland, which is like a skirmish between the advance guards. Who can tell that the next skirmish may not bring on a battle?

So far I have written as a pessimist. I should be a pessimist if I were not a believer in Christianity. Let me briefly indicate the direction in which we are to look and labor for the protection of our industries, our homes, and our land from this danger ahead.

Certainly not by the remedy which Tocqueville suggested. One-quarter of the population of America lives in cities. The other three-quarters will not leave their peaceful vocations to serve as city police. The farmer will not leave his plow in the half-turned furrow to protect the palace of the city prince from pillage by the city mob. Repression is not remedy. We cannot suppress this growing discontent; we must remove its cause. We cannot maintain both a free republic and a standing army; therefore, we cannot maintain a free republic by a standing army. We cannot learn from the Old World how to repress the disorders which threaten both worlds. The ruins of the Louvre attest the monumental folly of the endeavor of imperialism — no matter how

disguised — to leave wrongs unrighted, and prevent revolution by an armed force. All that we can learn from Alexander III., Bismarck, and the two Napoleons is, how not to do it. Not by making America less democratic, but by making it more so, are we to perpetuate the republic.

Politically America is a democracy; industrially America is an aristocracy. The community which allows the laborer to determine the destinies of the nation, allows him no voice in determining the nature or the profits of his own industry. He *makes* political laws; he is *under* industrial laws. At the ballot box he is a king; in the factory he is a servant, sometimes a slave. Men who make legislators, governors, judges, presidents, are not allowed to determine how many hours a day they will work, and are able to determine what wages they shall receive only by organizing into an unarmed militia to preserve that right. The community at the same moment puts a ballot *into* the hand, and a manacle *upon* it. We must either take the ballot out or the manacle off. If humanity has a capacity such that it can carry on the affairs and direct the destinies of an empire, it has a capacity such that it can carry on the affairs and direct the destinies of a coöperative corporation. It is estimated by political economists that to carry on any large organized industry requires an average capital of $1000 for every working-man employed. This requires a large capital when it is furnished by a single man; but it is not a large capital when it is divided up among one thousand working-men. A healthy, thrifty, energetic, industrious, sober mechanic ought to be able to lay up $1000 before he is gray-haired; and this makes him a capitalist. A hundred such would have in their savings capital enough to inaugurate a successful industry, and ought to have brains enough to conduct it. Coöperation is the first step toward the redemption of labor from the oppression of capital. And coöperation has been proved pecuniarily practicable. At the annual meeting of the English Coöperative Congress, held at Derby last year, the statistics for 1882 were presented. Coöperative production has been a failure (perhaps I should say, rather, has not been a success; it still exists, though on a small scale), because the working-men have not yet the self-denial to hold themselves back from over-production and live on small profits when there is small demand for their labor. They require a "boss" to cut their wages down. But co-operative distribution has been a marvelous success. The figures are significantly eloquent: 1346 societies; a membership of 661,000; an aggregate capital of $38,000,000; a gross business for the year of $130,000,000; a profit of $10,500,000, or twenty-six per cent. on the investment,—these figures show what the democracy of labor can achieve under favorable conditions and wise direction. They indicate the direction in which humanity is to seek for safety from the danger ahead.

I wish I had the ear of the working-men's organizations. I would put these figures before them, and then I would address them in some such terms as the following:

Do you not see the fatal defect of all your organizations? You combine only that you may not work. In one summer's telegraphic strike you spent $400,000 for the right to be idle. Why did you not expend it for the right to be independent? Half a million dollars, plus all the best telegraphic talent in the United States, with the sympathies of the nation as a reserve, combined to establish postal telegraphy, might have given you success instead of failure. Strike, not for better wages in servitude, but for independence. Organize not to be idle, but to be busy. Combine not against your employers, but that you may employ yourselves. You battle not for the rights of labor, but for the right not to labor; it is a barren, fruitless right not worth fighting for. Victory is as bad as defeat. For combination put coöperation; for few hours and fair wages put independence; for a right to be idle put power to work. Make yourselves capitalists, combine your capital with your industry, and add to it by your credit, and so become your own masters.

The conflict between labor and capital can be and is ameliorated by every influence which tends to produce kindly feeling between the two. America is at least partly protected from the revolutions such as destroyed Rome and ravaged France; for America has what neither Rome nor France possessed — Protestant Christianity. But kindly feeling can only give a truce, not peace. Peace will come only with a completion of the progress of democracy — only with the final triumph of what I may call social and organic Christianity,— only when an industrial democracy is organized, identical in its principles and its spirit with the political and religious democracy which already characterizes our country, — only by processes which will convert the laborer himself into a capitalist and endow him with the power, the intelligence, and the virtue to be his own master. The first step in this process is coöperation. The first contribution to it is a broader, better, more universal, and more practical education.

The second step is a new conception of the functions of government and consequent en-

largement of its powers, and the sphere of its operations. The first governmental organizations are military, for protection of the community from enemies without. The organization is that of an army, the king is the commander-in-chief, the authority is despotic; for the authority of a military organization always must be despotic. The second step in the development of government makes it a great police force. The enemies which threaten it are no longer from without, but from within; its magistrates and its constabulary are its regular police, its militia is its *posse comitatus*. Rebellion is simply an enormous riot; and when the citizens have put it down, they disarm and go back to their peaceful vocations. This is the epoch in political history of *laissez faire*. This is Jeffersonian democracy. This is as far in history as Herbert Spencer and Professor Sumner have gone. The function, the sole function of government is thought to be protection; social classes owe nothing to one another, and each individual is left to make what he can out of the world or to be crushed by it, as may happen. Its motto is every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. It is organic selfishness. But there is a third epoch in the history of mankind; an epoch in which government is neither a military nor a police organization, but a great industrial corporation; in which it becomes a league of men combined not for the protection of the community from enemies without, nor for the protection of the individual from enemies within, but for the better development of its wealth, the better reward of its industry, the better promotion of its welfare. On this epoch we have entered. We shall not turn back; neither Herbert Spencer nor Professor Sumner can stay the forward march of humanity. Modern governments are already great industrial corporations. In Belgium government operates the railroads; in England it does the express and telegraph business; in America it is an enormous banker. The more democratic the government, the more enlarged are its functions. Free government establishes libraries, constructs and endows a magnificent school system; maintains sewage; compels unwilling parents to vaccinate their children; regulates the size and structure of houses; in short, does a hundred things which a mere state police has no right to do, but which a great coöperative industrial organization may fitly and wisely do for itself. What it thinks itself incompetent to do, it calls on others to do for it; and creates great corporations to furnish it with coal, with means of communication, with currency, corporations on whom it confers almost autocratic powers, to whom it gives enormous compensation, and whom, in judicial decisions recently announced, it is just beginning to recognize as public servants, deriving all their powers from the people, and to them amenable for the just exercise of their powers. In so far as what we call communism is a tendency toward the realization of this enlarged conception of government as a great industrial organism, it is a tendency to be carefully guided and directed, not to be condemned and repressed. I shall not attempt to enter upon this branch of the subject, except by way of suggestion,— partly because the topic is too large and the space too limited, partly because my object in this article is to start the reader to thinking rather than to think for him. I have no desire to do more than suggest the direction in which he may think to advantage. And this may best be done by reporting without note or comment three facts for his consideration:

1. Three or four years after the British Government had secured the ownership and control of the telegraph lines of Great Britain, the following results of its administration were ascertained: the number of offices for business had increased thirty per cent.; the number of messages fifty per cent.; the number of words sent two hundred per cent.; the cost of sending had been reduced forty per cent.; and it had actually cost the government nothing, for it borrowed the money for the enterprise at three per cent., and the profits of the business were four and three-tenths per cent. Government in England can conduct a great telegraphic enterprise for the people better than private enterprise. If government in America cannot, it is time that we found out the reason why.

2. The Erie Canal, the great highway of commerce before railroads were in operation, had cost this State a few years ago, in capital, in interest, in repairs, in administration, two hundred and thirty millions of dollars; it had brought into the State two hundred and twenty-one millions of dollars; and the people still own the canal. If we can own, administer, and control a great waterway, why not a great ironway?

3. A few years ago we wanted to build a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. We did not think we could undertake that work ourselves as a government. We asked some private capitalists to do it for us. They generously consented. We gave them for their generosity great gifts of land, and loaned them thirty-three millions of dollars in bonds, for which we stand responsible to-day. They borrowed seventeen millions elsewhere and built the road; it cost them fifty millions. Three-fifths of the cost of the Union Pacific we

paid out of our own pockets, and we do not own the road nor any share of it. A few years ago England wanted a railway in India. She invited capitalists to build it for her, and guaranteed the capitalists five per cent. on their money. They built the road; England has a representative in its direction; she receives an income of seven per cent., pays the capitalists the guaranteed five per cent., and the two per cent. profit has enabled her to abolish the income tax in India. If England can do this in India, why cannot we do it in America?

These three questions I leave the readers of this article to ponder and answer to themselves, at their leisure.

Lyman Abbott.

GIFTS.

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine-race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed Code.
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

Emma Lazarus.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

I.

IN THE BURNT WOODS.

THE western slope of the Park range, as it sinks into the valley of the Arkansas, is clothed to the timber-line with monotonous forests of pine and fir. In winter this dark zone of trees looks darker for the zone of snows above it; in spring the patches of sunlight on the mountain-side bring out a paler and more vivid green; the lower gulches, lined with aspens, in autumn show a streak of faded gold; but at all seasons, from the highest of the mountain's lights to the deepest of its shadows, the range of color is slight.

The deepest shadow on the mountains is one which does not change with the seasons or pass with the clouds. It covers an area of many acres. Within its limits the trees are still standing, but leafless and blackened from root to crown. They are the unburied dead which the forest fires have left on the field after one of their wild forays. In the course of years the wind will flay them and the snows will bleach them to the grayish whiteness of old bones. But in the summer of 187–, when the Eagle Bird and Uinta lode claims were first discovered, the burnt woods which covered them had but just met their fate. Each separate tree was an effigy of desolation, uplifting its charred and rigid limbs as if in mute attestation of its wrongs. The wind could get no more music out of them; the few birds which nested so far above the valley forsook their branches; the traveler missed their spicy shade. They could offer no longer either rest, shelter, or concealment to any living creature. But their neighborhood was as good as any other for the location of a mine.

Colonel Harkins, the owner of the Eagle Bird and the Uinta, did not trouble himself about his environment. He looked about him and saw that the dead trees were fit for fuel, if not for building and the timbering of shafts. He saw that the slope of the hill was sufficient for drainage, and for the future ore-dumps of unknown value to lean their cone-shaped mounds against. He reckoned the cost of a wagon-road to the nearest camp two miles away, which formed the nucleus of many lesser camps and outlying mines scattered far and near along the sides of the range or concealed in the folds of its forest garment.

An old hunter's and prospector's trail, starting in the valley, took its way deviously but always upwards in the direction of the pass. A short distance beyond the two claims it was joined by a trail from the camp. Thus the new mines, though lonely in their situation, were not inaccessible.

ONE afternoon, about four o'clock, a man came out of the Eagle Bird tunnel, extinguished his candle as its rays turned sickly in the daylight, and, mounting his horse, followed the trail which led onward into the forest. The sun stood nearly opposite across the valley, and he raised his hand to his hat-brim, as if blinded by the glare. He sat his horse easily, lounging a little forward after the manner of men who spend many hours in the saddle in solitary, uneventful journeyings. He was a youngish, slenderly made man, with a distinctly good bearing. Even as he jogged along on his bald-faced bay in the bleak, untempered light, you felt that he was one whom life had refined and sobered, if it had not distinguished him with any great measure of joy or of success. His thin, smooth cheeks were darkly tanned; the close-shorn, light-brown hair, without a trace of gold in it, showed by its difference of texture rather than color against his temples and neck. His hands were the slender, pointed hands which go with a supple, small-jointed frame. His beauty, in fact, what there was of it, consisted chiefly in this harmony of parts, uniting in a personality unique but singularly unaggressive. The rider's name was John Bodewin.

The trail, now turning away from the valley, gave him the benefit of his own shadow opposed to the sun. Its broad light streamed before him into the forest and shone full in the faces of two people at a little distance from him, who had turned at the sound of his horse's feet,— a middle-aged gentleman, seated in a rather disconsolate attitude on the smooth, barkless trunk of a fallen tree, and a young lady in a riding-habit, who stood near him and was speaking to him when Bodewin saw them first. The gentleman was of stout proportions and fresh complexion, intensified by a recent coat of sunburn. Bodewin recognized

Mr. Newbold at once; the dark-eyed girl beside him was presumably Mr. Newbold's daughter.

"Did you ever know anything so still as this place?" she had been saying. "I cannot hear a sound except that horse's tread. Some one is coming who is in no hurry, it seems."

A moment later Bodewin appeared at the turn of the trail.

"*He's* in no hurry," Mr. Newbold remarked, sulkily, eying the horseman's approach, "if he takes his own business as coolly as he does other people's."

"Do you know him, papa?" the girl asked in surprise. Bodewin had welcomed the sight of a fair woman in the forest, and involuntarily paid it the homage of a more erect seat in his saddle, and a hasty restoration of his hat from the angle of comfort on a hot afternoon with the sun on the back of one's neck, to the level of decorum under all circumstances. He passed the group at his horse's slowest walk.

"How d'you do, Bodewin? Still here, you see," Mr. Newbold said, touching his hat to him.

Bodewin made some civil though inaudible reply. He had a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Newbold, but he could hardly have been surprised to see him there or elsewhere, since that gentleman's system of movements was quite unknown to him.

Miss Newbold had been two weeks in the camp, and Bodewin had not sought to see her or be presented to her for reasons personal, referring to her father, and local, referring to the city of her father's adoption. He had a preconceived idea of what a Kansas City girl was likely to be. But who was he, John Bodewin, a native of one of the little Sound cities of Connecticut, that he should be setting up geographical standards and prejudging his countrywomen by them? And what was there about Newbold to make it incredible that he should be the father of a girl, too handsome not to be supposed to know it herself, who kept her quiet pose under the eyes of a stranger with an unconcern that had in it as little of bravado as of stolidity?

"So that is Mr. John Bodewin!" Miss Newbold said, with meditative emphasis.

"It's queer you should never have seen Bodewin," her father remarked.

"I think I did see him once, without knowing it was he, coming out of the Wiltsie House with Mr. Craig."

"Where were you?"

"I was looking out of our window, papa, hoping every next man on the street would be you. It was nearly eight o'clock, and I was simply perishing for my dinner."

"I suppose I must have come along after a while, as you didn't perish," said Mr. Newbold. "When was it you were so near dissolution?"

"It was on Saturday, the nineteenth of June. I remember the date, because that morning you first told me about the lawsuit, and the text on my calendar was 'Keep o' the windy side of the law'—'especially mining law,' I wrote underneath, and pinned it in the frame of your looking-glass. But you did not see it, because that afternoon our rooms were changed."

"You and Bodewin must consult the same oracle," said Mr. Newbold. "It was on that afternoon in Craig's office he positively refused to go on the case."

"Did he give you his reasons for declining, papa, or don't they give reasons?"

"They do as they choose, generally. Bodewin chose to keep his to himself."

"I suppose he thinks we are quite in the wrong, and is too polite to say so."

"What he thinks is not precisely what we are after." Mr. Newbold moved restlessly and felt in his pockets for a handkerchief with which he removed the marks of charred pine-wood from his fingers. "He is supposed to have in his possession the facts we need to complete our case. If he would consent to part with them on the witness-stand, he might keep his opinion and welcome."

"Are these facts Mr. Bodewin's property exclusively, papa?"

"So far as I know, they are."

"Why, how wretched of him! He might as well be a Uinta man and done with it! Is he, do you suppose?"

"I don't profess to know, my dear, what he is!"

"Would any other person who happened to have the facts Mr. Bodewin has be as desirable a witness as he?"

"More so, perhaps. I have told you it is not Bodewin we want, but his facts. He is an expert, but in this case he is not asked to give an expert's testimony."

"What does it imply, do you think?"

"What does what imply?" Mr. Newbold took his cross-examination with a half-bored, half-amused smile. He had a sharp eye in a mild, blunt-featured, smooth-shaven face.

"His refusing to testify, papa," his daughter patiently explained.

"It might imply, among other things, that Mr. Bodewin is not in want of money at present."

"Are witnesses paid much money for their testimony?"

"Depends on the witness, and the nature of the testimony, and on what you call much."

"Papa, you will have to hold me! You look so comfortable, and there is nowhere else

to sit." Miss Newbold pushed aside her father's cane and seated herself, with a smile half deprecating, half playful, on his knee.

"If I look comfortable my looks belie me," he sighed, adjusting himself to the weight of her slender figure. "Why *do* we sit? Why don't we move on?"

"Where shall we move to, if you please? Back to the Eagle Bird, and sit on the piazza with the sun in our eyes? *Look* at that valley!"

"Looks hot, don't it?"

"Papa? How — much — did you offer Mr. Bodewin?"

"How much what?" Mr. Newbold doggedly held out.

"Poor papa!" said his daughter, holding him by the shoulders and laughing, with her face close to his. "It's no use pretending you are not going to tell me. You know you are; — it's only a question of time."

"Come, get up, Josephine! You're too heavy; this log needs a saddle on it."

"I never was too heavy before."

"You never before found me reduced to such a painful extremity for a seat."

"How much, papa, and I'll let you up."

"Let me up first and then we'll see about it. What do you want to know for?"

"I want to know partly because you don't want to tell me. Come, papa! On compulsion, you know. A man may say anything under pressure. There's nothing yielding about you. Besides, it's only mines. It hasn't anything to do with your real business!"

Mr. Newbold relieved himself by a resolute push from the burden of his daughter's loveliness, and got himself stiffly upon his feet.

"By George, you *are* heavy!" he muttered reproachfully, as he limped a few steps along the trail.

"Now, papa, be a good boy. Be frank with me for once," Josephine pleaded, still laughing and dragging upon his arm with her hands locked within it. "You need never hope to look upon the Eagle Bird again unless you tell me how — much — money — you offered Mr. Bodewin."

"Well, to be frank with you," said Mr. Newbold, attempting to light a cigar under difficulties, "I never offered Mr. Bodewin a penny. But my lawyers offered him — five thousand dollars, and be hanged to him," he concluded, as he tossed his extinguished match into the dust. Josephine released his arm suddenly and confronted him in sober amazement.

"Papa, I wish I had some facts I could dispose of at that rate. Isn't that a good deal of money to offer a man for just telling the truth?"

"Would you expect a professional man to spend his time in court on another man's case for the witness-fees?" Mr. Newbold asked.

"How much of his time would he have to spend?"

"An hour, perhaps, actually on the stand." Mr. Newbold yielded the point carelessly.

"I should not have supposed, from Mr. Bodewin's appearance as he rode through the woods just now, that his time was worth five thousand dollars an hour."

"There are hours and hours of a man's time, my dear. This may not be one of Bodewin's five-thousand-dollar hours."

"Papa, you know perfectly well there is no man living who can earn five thousand dollars honestly in an hour."

"Do I?" said Mr. Newbold, unconcernedly; "I wish I knew by personal experience to the contrary."

"Well, I am glad he did not take it. I respect him for not taking it. At the same time ——"

"You would like to know whether he was offered more by the other side to keep quiet."

They were walking now along the trail, Josephine preceding her father. As he spoke and laughed his easy, unmirthful laugh, she looked back at him. The level sunbeams striking across her eyes turned the blackness of their thick, curved lashes to a reddish brown.

"Papa, do you believe that?"

"I'm not a man of many beliefs," Mr. Newbold replied, with the manner of one who is done with a subject.

Josephine wished her father would speak again, and rob those last words of their unpleasant significance, but he followed her in silence, striking off, with his aimlessly industrious cane, the brittle, charred twigs that came in his way. When they were nearly opposite the tunnel, the trail widened, and she walked at his side.

"Papa," she said, turning to him brightly, as if to make open amends for her tacit dissatisfaction with him, "why won't you take that Bird off the name of your mine. — Eagle *Bird!*" she repeated, mockingly.

"We'll wait and see who the mine belongs to. Mr. Harkins's taste in names may not be the same as yours."

"Well!" said Josephine, "the name is definite enough, if the ownership is vague."

II.

A COMMUNITY OF SPECIALISTS.

AN acre of the hill-side above the tunnel had been cleared of its scorched timber to

make room for the surface "plant" of the Eagle Bird. The ground was hard and verdureless. Each day's dust, before the next day came, was swept into windrows or whirled away altogether by intermittent gusts, charging up the slope from the valley. The "plant" consisted of the main shaft-house and a number of log-cabins, sheds, and board-houses, grouped irregularly round it. The dwelling of the superintendent was distinguished by its high porch, with an ornamental cornice supporting the eaves, and by the addition of shutters to its windows. Some feeble vines had been early baulked in an attempt to climb the loose warp of strings extending from the railing of the porch to a series of nails ruthlessly driven into the cornice above. Two or three saddle-horses, hitched to the posts which supported the gallery, were swinging their heads discontentedly, and a row of men stood with their backs against the side of the house near the lower entrance, each man with his chin elevated and his hat tilted forward over his eyes, as a defense from the rays of the low sun. Sammis, the temporary superintendent of the Eagle Bird, was holding forth on the subject of the lawsuit to a few friends who had ridden over from the new camp at Spearfish.

As they passed this group Josephine confided to her father in a little grimace her opinion of the gentlemen from Spearfish. She ran up the steps of the piazza, while her father remained below, joining in the talk of the men.

"Say, Mr. Newbold," Sammis appealed to his principal, "I been telling the boys that you bought this here Eagle Bird mine of Jim Keesner, and nobody but him. Is that so, or ain't it?"

"That is so, Sammis," said Mr. Newbold. "The mine was located in Keesner's name, and the transfer of titles was made between him and myself exclusively. Harkins's name wasn't even mentioned. I'm not a mining man, gentlemen," Mr. Newbold continued, smiling upon the company at large, "but I've heard of Colonel Billy Harkins. He's pretty well known in Kansas City."

"He's sold some mines there, may be," one of the delegation from Spearfish remarked.

"More than he will ever sell there again," said Mr. Newbold. "I never would have touched the property without an expert's report on it, if the colonel's name had been in any way connected with it. I didn't know even that he owned the Uinta."

"The boys here," said Sammis, "was remarkin' it seemed kind o' keerless in you to buy a mine on paper, as you might say. I told 'em you had a copy of the first location notice certified to by the recorder of this district."

"That ought to fix the *title* all right," one of the Spearfish men admitted; while another offered the amendment, "If mining records was ever kep' as they'd ought to be, and not sloshed round so public like."

"That's just where I drop on it," said Sammis. "That recorder must 'a' certified to a false copy, or else the record's been tampered with. There isn't a man in camp that don't believe Mr. Newbold owns this mine. Question is, how you goin' to prove it? Why — Lord, when I first got notice to quit work in the new shaft, I didn't pay no more *'tention* to it! I just walked into the court-house one day, and asked to have a look at the location notice of the Eagle Bird mine. And, by ——, there they'd got it all fixed."

"I'd hunt that recorder with a shot-gun!" one of Sammis's friends remarked.

"I wouldn't waste time on him — I'd hunt Jim Keesner," another one said.

"Yes, there'd be more huntin' than findin', I guess," said Sammis. "There's plenty of room between the Rockies and the Sierries for Jim Keesner to hide out; he might be guidin' parties in the mountains; he might be ranchin' it or teamin' it; he might be prospectin' round among the hills somewheres, or down on the reservation; he might 'a' joined them fool Mormons."

"What's Hark' say 's gone of him?" one of the group inquired.

"Harkins! Harkins is as innocent as the babe unborn. He don't know nothin' 'bout Keesner. He just p'ints to his records."

"When I first arrived in the camp," Mr. Newbold interposed, "I should say as many as twenty men came to me and offered to take their affidavit that the Eagle Bird monuments had been moved, and that the change had been made since our big strike here. But come to cross-examine them a little, they got all mixed up in their memories. Some remembered one thing and some one else contradicted it. You couldn't get a single witness who would be worth anything to us out of the whole lot of them."

"Course not," said Sammis. "*I* know them monuments has been moved, but I couldn't prove it to a jury. You don't want memories; you want facts. The facts in this case is — *you* know, Jim," Sammis appealed with a gesture of his thumb to the man who stood next him, "when they first org'nized the district, Shirley Ensign, he called himself, was recorder. P'lonius was the name he went by. Kep' his records in an old candle-box in a corner of The Gem. Then, *you* know, just after they made their big strike up here, The Gem took fire. Of course it was accidental! Harkins packed the records across the street

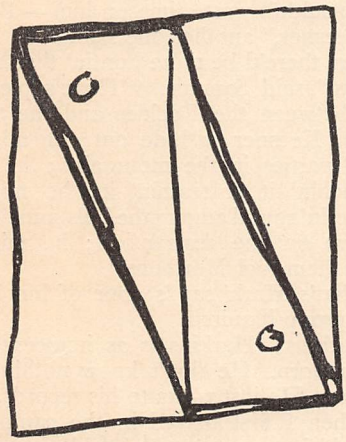
into The Oasis; but it took him a day and a half to get there ——"

"What business had he with the records?" Mr. Newbold interrupted.

"Much as anybody," Sammis briefly explained, absorbed in his statement of the situation.

"Where was the recorder?"

"Most likely he was drunk — but, as I was sayin', during the time Colonel Billy had them records, he prob'ly looked them over to his advantage. Now, you see," — Sammis sat down on the heels of his boots and drew in the dust with a bit of charred stick two parallelograms side by side, with their boundary-line in common,— "them two claims lay this way. Harkins's workin's was here, and the Eagle Bird had just made a strike right there"



— he made two small circles with the bit of stick in the opposite corners of each parallelogram. "The colonel knew them two holes were on the same vein. He just takes them records and floats the north end of his claim right bod'ly to the west'ard, and brings his side line down catercornerin' — that way; and some day when there ain't anybody round, he changes his stakes, and there he's got a first-class legal location right plumb onto your ground." Sammis turned the force of his peroration upon Mr. Newbold. "Oh, the colonel's always legal! He's got his affidavit men always handy. And there's another little peculiarity of his'n you want to keep in mind — he's uncommon lucky in his juries. Now, the man that surveyed them two claims for the location was John Bod'n, and problikely he's got the notes — and also problikely the colonel's got him coppered."

"Sammis, you are a little too figurative for me sometimes," Mr. Newbold mildly observed. "What do you mean by coppered?"

"Bet'n he won't turn up," several voices replied, and every man of the group turned a pitying eye on Mr. Newbold.

Sammis drew the sole of his boot across his diagram, spat upon the smoothed dust, and so rested the case according to the Eagle Bird. The gentlemen from Spearfish, remarking that they had "better be a-movin' on so as to git into camp before dark," mounted their horses and took the lower trail toward the valley.

Mr. Newbold was familiar with the Sammisian theory of the case between the mines, but each fresh exposition of it made him more restive, especially on the point of Bodewin's obduracy.

"Sammis, did you mean to convey by that figure of speech you used just now ——"

"That which, sir?"

"That expression you made use of in reference to Bodewin — that Harkins has bought him?"

"Well, sir, I should take Bode'n to be rayther of an expensive article to buy for a man of moderate means; but you can just bet your bottom dollar the colonel's got some holt on him, or he never'd 'a' started the scheme."

"I can force him with a subpœna, if there is no other way to fetch him."

"Well, now, Mr. Newbold, I don't want to give advice, but you don't want to send a sheriff huntin' Bode'n, if you mean to git him! He knows this country. He can find his hole and git into it *too* quick." As Sammis became excited, his tone grew more nasal and his speech more untrammeled. "You can't drive him and you can't buy him, in my opinion,— but if you can find Harkins's holt on him — well, I do' know! If you *did* ketch him and force him onto the stand, an unwillin' witness is worse than none."

Mr. Newbold and his daughter rode back to the camp in the splendor of a sunset that loomed red behind the skeleton pines. Josephine let her horse take his own way down the wagon-track, while she watched its dying changes. But she lost the last tints in her preoccupation with the dust and the strange meetings and passings on the broad and level road by which they approached the town. That quickening of the pulse which makes itself felt in every human community as day draws to a close had intensified the life of the camp. The sound of its voices and footsteps, the smoke of its fires, rose in the still, cool air. Cradled between two ranges of the mother mountains of the continent, the little colony could hardly have been more inland in its situation; it had nevertheless in many respects the character of a primitive seaport. It owed its existence to hazardous ventures from a distance. Its shops were filled, not with the fruits of its soil or the labor of its hands, but

with cargoes that had been rocked in the four-wheeled merchantmen of the plains. Bronzed-faced, hairy-throated men occupied more than their share of its sidewalks, spending carelessly in a few days and nights the price of months of hardship and isolation. Its hopes and its capital were largely bound up in the fate of adventurers into that unpeopled land which has no history except the records written in fire, in ice, and in water, on its rocks and river-beds; the voyagers across that inland sea where the smoke of lonely camp fires goes up from wagon roads that were once hunters' trails, and trails that were once the tracks of buffalo. There were men seen at intervals of many months in its streets, whom the desert and the mountains called, as the sea calls the men of the coast towns. It was a port of the wilderness.

The arrivals due that Saturday night were seeking their dusty moorings. Heavily loaded freighters were lurching in, every mule straining in his collar, every trace taut and quivering. Express-wagons of lighter tonnage took the dust of the freighters, until the width of the road gave their square-trotting draught-horses a chance to swing out and pass. In and out among the craft of heavier burden shuffled the small, tough bronchos. Their riders were for the most part light built, like their horses, with a bearing at once alert and impassive. They were young men, notwithstanding a prevailing look of care and stolid endurance, due in some cases, possibly, to the dust-laden hollows under the sun-wearied eyes, and to that haggardness of aspect which goes with a beard of a week's growth, a flannel shirt loosely buttoned about a sunburned throat, and a temporary estrangement from soap and water. These were the doughty privateersmen, returning with a convoy of pack-animals from the valley of the Gunnison or the Clearwater, or the tragic hunting-grounds of the Indian Reservation.

Taking the footpath way, beside his loaded donkey trudged the humble "grub-stake," or the haggard-eyed charcoal-burner from his smoking camp in the nearest timber, while far up on the mountain, distinct in the reflected glow of sunset, a puff of white dust appeared from moment to moment, following the curves of the road, where the passenger coach was making its best speed, with brakes hard down, on the home-grade from the summit of the pass.

Mr. Newbold and his daughter entered the town by a side street, and wheeled their horses, at a sharp trot, into the main avenue, a few blocks above the Wiltsie House. The avenue was straight and wide, as befits the avenue of the hopeful future; but the houses were the houses of the uncertain present. They were seldom more than two stories in height, miscellaneous in character, homogeneous in ugliness, crude in newness of paint or rawness of boards without paint. There were frequent breaks in the perspective of their roofs, where a vacant lot awaited its tenant or the tenant awaited his house. There were tents doing duty for houses; there were skeleton structures hastily clothing themselves with bricks and mortar that meantime impeded the sidewalk. One-half of the street was torn up for the laying of gas-pipes, and crossings were occasionally blockaded by the bulk of a house on rollers, which night had overtaken in its snail-like progress. The passing crowd was a crowd distinguished by a predominance of boots and hats — dusty or muddy boots, and hats with a look of preternatural age or of startling newness. There was a dearth of skirts; and these, when they appeared, were given a respectful, an almost humorously respectful, share of the sidewalk. The crowd went its way with none of that smart unanimity of movement which characterizes the up-town and down-town march of feet trained to the pavement. It slouched and straggled and stared, and stopped in the middle of the common way, and greeted its friends, and vociferated its sentiments, and exhibited its ore-specimens of fabulous promise, regardless of incommoded passers. It was invariably good-natured.

Two distinct groups were forming in the street: one, small and shifting, in front of the Wiltsie House, expecting the hourly arrival of the stage; and one larger, more persevering and disorderly, on the corner opposite the Variety Theater, where a band of music was playing airs of a rather belated popularity. Spanning the street, between the upper windows of the theater and the opposite roof, a tight rope was stretched against the fading flush of sunset, and a Mademoiselle Cordova (whose colors were also fading, but were capable of resuscitation for the evening's performance) was advertised to make her *début* in the camp upon this rope. Here the expectant evening stir reached a climax of excitement, and beyond it suddenly ceased. In fact, the town ceased. There was nothing more but the stage on which its shabby little drama was set. Its lights were lowered; the wind of evening, of coolness and vast space, drew through its lofty wings. Ranging down the valley, peak beyond peak, the mountains lifted their illumined heads.

"The sunset is gone!" Josephine exclaimed; "but what a night,— oh, what a night! Papa, do look at the mountains," she shouted, trying to catch his ear in the noise of the street.

"Never mind the mountains,—look out for that freighter!" her father replied. "You can't ride here as if you were on Wabash Avenue."

A little later she tried again, "Papa, where do you suppose they all come from?"

They had halted at the edge of the sidewalk, and Josephine was gazing around her at the moving mass of male humanity, while her father dismounted with circumspection.

"Oh, they are the superfluous people from everywhere."

"Why, of course! Just like us. I never felt more superfluous in my life!"

Laughing as she leaned from her saddle, with her hands on her father's shoulders, she dropped lightly to the ground, and the door inscribed "Ladies Entrance Wiltsie House" closed behind her.

The Newbolds usually dined late, on a theory that by so doing they escaped the greatest crowd, in the only dining-room of the hotel. Josephine had changed her dress and was moving about in the solitude of the ladies' parlor, looking at the desolate chromos on its walls, and sitting in unquiet attitudes on its blue velvet chairs, when her father entered. He was looking fatigued, and with the tired expression the lines of his face lapsed into a heaviness which emphasized the contrast between father and daughter as they stood opposite each other. Mr. Newbold's proportions were conspicuously inelegant, while Josephine stood lightly on her feet, her small dark head nearly as high as her father's. Her low-browed, round-cheeked face, with its long sweep of eye-brow, short, full mouth and rich coloring, would have been excessively pretty, wanting its candid brightness of expression and the dark eyes which gave it dignity. With these, it was quite enough to have convinced Bodewin of the fatuity of local prejudices where girls are concerned.

Mr. Newbold had entered the room preoccupied with an idea which had struck him as a good one from several points of view.

"Josephine," he began, in pursuance of this idea, "wouldn't it rather amuse you to *meet* Bodewin?"

Josephine stared at him.

"He is one of the types of the place, you know," he continued resolutely. "Not the red flannel shirt and revolver style, but something a little more subtle, as you would say. A kind of a Yankee lotus-eater."

Josephine was struck by a somewhat awkward deliberation in her father's manners. The word Yankee coming from him also displeased her in a way she felt to be childish. Her mother and her mother's people had been Yankees, so called. As she remained silent, her father added at random:

"You are a student of human nature, you know."

"I, papa?" Josephine laughed uncomfortably. "What put that into your head? All the human nature I ever tried to study was my own, which is certainly human. I am not looking for types; I shouldn't know one if I saw it. If you mean, would I like you to introduce Mr. Bodewin to me, no, papa, thank you, decidedly I would not. I hate to make acquaintances in that premeditated way."

"Well, well! It's hardly likely you would *know* Bodewin — I only thought he might help you to pass the time while we are here, and the chance of talking with a nice, bright girl in a place like this would be a boon to any fellow."

"He has not shown himself very eager for the chance," said Josephine. "Besides, papa, if he is going to be so disagreeable about your lawsuit, I don't know why we should be civil to him."

Mr. Newbold reflected that a little timely civility might go far to overcome Bodewin's disagreeableness, but he wisely kept this reflection to himself. Josephine was unsophisticated, as all men, however wise in their generation, like their women to be.

III.

MRS. CRAIG'S LITTLE DINNER.

"WHEN will you come up?" Mr. Craig asked of Mr. Newbold the next afternoon, as his client was leaving the office of Joseph Craig, counsel for the Eagle Bird against Lee and Harkins. "We want you to come before the Government Survey moves into its new quarters. The party are in camp now in the woods back of our cabin. There is no better company this side of the range than you'll get round their camp-fire of an evening. No ceremony — pot of beans or oatmeal or what not, boiling on the coals for to-morrow's breakfast — boys in their buckskins — not one of them but your daughter might dance with, or dine with, or gallop across country with, as she happened to find them. They're liable to turn up almost anywhere, those fellows — at the swell clubs in New York or London, or the President's receptions, or digging their way up some mountain-peak above snow-line."

"I hope I shall never meet any of them there!" Mr. Newbold interjected.

"No," laughed Mr. Craig, "it isn't likely you will — I never met any of them there myself. Well, when will you come? Thursday? Thursday then. We are only camping

within four walls ourselves. We can't ask you to *dine.*"

"We can hardly be said to dine at the Wiltsie House."

"No, it's a good time to take you, after a fortnight at the Wiltsie. You must have forgotten how the flesh-pots tasted. Tell Miss Newbold to put on a pair of stout boots, and after dinner we will go over to the Camp of the Geologists and get Hillbury talking, if we can."

"My daughter will be delighted. She gets restless these moonlight nights, because she cannot be out-of-doors. It is too bad to be shut up in a third-rate hotel with such a country as this around us. *I* don't know where to take her. I'm half tempted sometimes to give some of the young fellows round here a chance to amuse her. I'm not much of a rider or much of a climber, myself. She wants to get up on top of some of those peaks, and she wants to go down in a mine."

"Of course she does; and you can't find any better fellows to trust her with than Hillbury's crowd. If she wants a chaperon, my wife will go along with her any time you like to get up a party."

"It's very kind of you, Craig, I'm sure." Mr. Newbold had buttoned his coat and taken up his hat and cane. He stood, tapping the one against the other, while Mr. Craig spoke to a clerk who had stepped to the door of the private office. "How about Bodewin?" he said, as the door closed and Mr. Craig turned back to his desk.

"Bodewin? There's nothing new about Bodewin that I know of."

"Have we got to give him up?"

"Not at all. We can't give him up. There's the subpœna, when we're ready for it."

"I don't like that. I don't think we'll gain anything by it. Now, Sammis has an idea in his head once in a while. He says it's no use to try the subpœna on Bodewin. He'd manage to leak out; or, as he puts it, an unwilling witness is worse than none."

"This is not a question of verbal testimony," Mr. Craig rejoined. "Bodewin can be required to produce certain papers which he is pretty well understood to have had in his possession when Harkins first made his claim, and it was known you would resist it. Now, if he has the papers, that is all we want. If he has destroyed them since the dispute about the records came up, he must have had some reason for doing so. He can be required to give it. Don't you see? His unwillingness is a strong point in our favor — the more obvious the unwillingness, the stronger the point. He does not intend to appear against Harkins, that I'm tolerably sure of. Money won't fetch him. There is some personal hitch."

"I'd like to know what it is."

"So would I. But I don't think we ever will know — from Bodewin."

"Has Bodewin any 'pard,' as you say out here, or any intimate friend in the camp?"

"I don't think he has any intimate friends here, except Hillbury of the Survey. He was on the Survey himself, under Wheeler. As for a 'pard,' Bodewin is a gentleman, as you say back there."

"What I am getting at," said Mr. Newbold, "is whether Bodewin is among his friends here, where he would be likely to talk about his affairs now and then when he felt communicative, or whether he is shut up in himself. According to my small experience of men, I believe that almost every man, even the most reticent, once in a while, perhaps, will talk to some one. The shyer he is and the longer he has been locked up, the more likely he is to open out to the right one, if the right one happens to come along at the right time. Now, with Bodewin, if we could get at his scruple, whatever it is, it would be a great point gained. I don't like this subpœna. I don't like it at all — with a man like him. You don't know what turn he might take. It's too much like a Jack-in-the-box — you open the box, and the thing is out in spite of you. The right way is to get at his reasons, whatever they are, and meet them — talk him out of them. But you can't argue with a man when you don't know your premises."

"Mr. Newbold, I don't know what influence you may have with Bodewin, but I can't flatter myself, from what I know of him, that I'm the right one to induce him to unburden himself."

"Nor I either, my dear sir. Now, between us both, I shouldn't wonder if it were a case for a woman."

"D—— a woman!" Mr. Craig now turned from his desk and gave his fullest attention to his client's rambling remarks. "What woman do you propose to introduce into the case?"

"Well," said Mr. Newbold, disconcertedly, "I haven't any in view at this moment. But I suppose Bodewin is not the kind of man to be influenced by a woman who wasn't a — well — a lady."

"Oh! If it is a case for a lady's influence, you will hardly need any legal adviser."

Mr. Craig turned back to his desk and began to pull about his papers.

"My dear Craig,— hold on! You're taking me too seriously altogether, I assure you. It is of no consequence — only a suggestion. I hate to leave the camp with the thing in the shape it's in now."

"Leave the thing to me, Mr. Newbold,—

and leave the woman out of it, if you please. I think, myself, you'd much better stay and see it through. You'll be better satisfied, you know."

"I dare say you are right."

"I wish you *would* stay until after the trial. You'll see some fun. Mining law is peculiar," Mr. Craig called after his client. He had not taken the trouble to see him to the door.

Mr. Newbold had been advised, in his choice of counsel, to employ a man of local knowledge and reputation rather than one more widely known in the profession. Each State, each mining district even, had its own mining laws, and few busy lawyers, however well read, could keep informed of all these various "local regulations and customs."

Mr. Craig was a small man, too nervous and irritable for a lawyer, with a large head, a complexion of reddish fairness, and a peremptory, careless manner, cultivated in provincial Western circles. He had been educated at an Indiana college, and going East soon afterwards, on the usual pilgrimage which the complacent young West makes at least once in its life, to the old, sad, unprosperous homes of its conservative Eastern relatives,—critical, even in their decline,—had fallen in love with a second or third cousin, a surprisingly lively young person for the only girl left in a large, elderly, and peculiar family connection.

It still remained a wholesome mystery to him how he had managed to persuade this young woman to go West with him. She had seemed to him the cleverest girl he had ever met, and the most insensible to masculine attractions. She had laughed at his little egotisms and provincialisms, and at a later stage of their acquaintance had fiercely maintained the superiority of the most commonplace Eastern existence over the most triumphant career life could offer west of the Little Miami. And yet she had married him. Her friends considered that she had thrown herself away, both as to the man and his circumstances; for even in the most figurative sense Joseph Craig could hardly be regarded as a type of that vast material prosperity of the West his Eastern relatives found, in theory, so revolting. Mrs. Craig had expected that she would make a great change in her husband, if not in her husband's circumstances. She would make him wear darker clothes and smaller hats, and reform him of a habit of leaning on the hind legs of his chair, and of passing his hand over his hair in the pauses of conversation. She would make him see the logic of free trade, and persuade him to read Emerson and Herbert Spencer instead of so many newspapers. She would insist upon less prominence in his final r's. They had now been married nine years, but no change as yet was evident in Craig, except that he was growing stout and slightly bald. Mrs. Craig's complexion had lost its delicate New England bloom in the strong Western suns and winds; she had grown thin instead of stout, and her soft frail light locks were scarcely abundant enough to make the small low knot which was fashion's modest demand at that time. But she met all changes for the worse in her appearance with rather a defiant honesty, secure in the conviction that "Joe" liked her just as she was. She was as lively and inconsistent as ever, as vociferously opposed to her husband in theory, and as vehemently his partisan in practice. She was restless, merry, moody, wearing herself out over her work or her play; overestimating or underestimating her friends and her own circumstances; enthusiastic over her children's promise or in despair over their performance. Mr. Craig had that immense respect for his profession that an unknown Western lawyer with a decidedly unlegal turn of mind might be expected to have. This was one of his idiosyncrasies which his wife had never laughed at him about. Clever and keen as she was, she had never yet seen her husband quite as others saw him, and happily took as serious a view of him professionally as he did of himself.

Mr. Craig was absolutely, almost vindictively, honest. He had many, in fact most, of the paramount virtues, but he was one of those men who are elected to be poor, to be unpopular, and to be held at less than their actual worth. The Craig household, like many another on the frontier, was conducted on the theory of "catastrophism" rather than that of "uniform law." The dinner to the Newbolds happened to occur on one of its days of "convulsive upheaval." Mrs. Craig's butcher had betrayed her, her greengrocer had "gone back on her," her cook had stabbed her to the heart's core of her housewifely pride. Finally, her eldest boy, a three-year-old, had tumbled into the hydraulic ditch which flowed past the house,—at a temperature of melted snow,—had been dragged, dripping and gasping, into the house, about twenty minutes before the dinner-hour, stripped of his clothes, hastily scolded, and rubbed down with brandy and rough towels in front of a scorching fire in the dining, reception, and only living room of the house, and tucked into his bed as the guests arrived at the door. The maid of all work opened the door, while Mrs. Craig swept up the towels in one arm, and retreated to her bedroom, holding the boy's wet garments at arm's length. With scarlet

cheeks, a rather dubious smile of welcome, and with an irrepressible odor of brandy pervading her garments, she appeared before her guests a moment later, shutting out a burst of infant wrath and dolor, as she closed the door behind her. The soft-hearted Irish servant, who was putting the last touches to the table, was so distracted by these sounds that she could hardly be induced to remember she had other duties besides those of consolation. The nurse had been sent to the camp to inquire into the non-appearance of the fruit which had been ordered for dessert.

It was an inauspicious beginning to an extremely bad little dinner. Fitful bursts of gayety from the hostess alternated with sudden silences, during which her eyes wandered anxiously towards her husband's face. Coffee was served at last, and the company turned its chairs from the table to the fire. Mr. Craig went in search of a box of cigars, and the evening cleared up with a promise of cheerfulness if not of brilliancy.

There was still the visit to Mr. Hillbury's camp to redeem the failure of the dinner. Mrs. Craig perhaps overvalued the picturesque in the absence of the comfortable, but she had been moderately comfortable all her life and had only since her marriage begun to be even remotely picturesque.

IV.

THE CAMP-FIRE.

THE Craig cabin stood on a narrow peninsula of roughly cleared ground, with the pine woods behind it. It was characteristic of mining nomenclature that the stream of pure swift-running water, which formed this peninsula, taken from the infant Arkansas, should be called a "ditch." The path which ran beside it was called, in the same concise nomenclature, the "ditch walk." It was a favorite promenade of the camp. It commanded a view of the sunset behind the pine woods, of the camp in the gulch, and of the mountains which rose beyond, taking upon their worn, sphinx-like faces the sun's descending glow. Mrs. Craig had walked off more than one imperative fit of weeping there — nervous weeping, without assignable cause, unless it might be a dumb awe and terror of her surroundings, as if several layers of the earth's crust had been torn away, and she, with a modern woman's oversensitiveness and complicated needs, had been dropped upon one of the primeval strata, with huge dumb forms of unknown life around her. The mountains themselves had, to her morbid fancy, an oppressive individuality. They intruded upon her, in the midst of her small, subtle joys and pains of to-day, with their heart-breaking stolidity and their immense past. They took the meaning out of her efforts, and made them seem of no avail. When she tried to express these fancies to her husband, he received them into his masculine consciousness as a phase of her own idiosyncrasy, in spite of her assurance that every other woman in the camp probably had the same. That evening, as she kept the path beside Josephine in the moonlight, she had no fancies that were not cheerful. Perhaps it came of the contact with a younger, stronger, and simpler woman's nature. Perhaps she was healthfully tired from her domestic difficulties and enjoying that slumber of the nerves which comes with honest bodily fatigue. The mountains looked to her only solemn and beautiful, and were simply a noble range of peaks guarding a valley filled with moonlit haze. The moon, peering behind the pine trunks, had no expression beyond that of the full moon, half an hour risen. Under her sense of the beauty around her, was the happy thought of a wife who sees a remarkable proof of her husband's goodness in his least and most natural act. There was not another man in the world, she felt sure, who would not have been furious over such a grotesque failure as her dinner had been. She hurried Josephine gayly along, and now they stopped on the edge of the wood to wait for the men, who had followed more slowly. A sound of wind came from the gulch, distant at first, creeping from tree to tree, making a sudden hurry and shivering rush in the trees above their heads, and stealing away again down the dim slope towards the valley.

"Yes, that is the camp," she said, in reply to a question from Josephine. "Take care of those pine stubs — you cannot see them with the light in your eyes; won't you take hold of my hand?"

"Won't you take hold of mine?" laughed Josephine. "I am ever so much taller than you."

"Yes, but I know the ground. I walk here hours and hours by myself. There is no one in camp all day except the cook, who is generally asleep in one of the wagons; but the tents and the mules stamping and munching make it seem less lonely in the woods. That is Mr. Hillbury — the dark head against the tent-curtain; he is the chief of this party, you know. You must notice his buckskins. They are Indian-tanned, made by a London tailor. We have to amuse ourselves with these little contrasts — they are the spice of life out here."

Mr. Hillbury, hearing the footsteps and voices approaching, came out to meet his

guests, saying, "Who are these in bright array?" He looked extremely well in his suit of buckskin, which was of a light-gray color, toned by use, and set off his dark complexion as if chosen for that purpose alone. There was the usual indistinct mention of names as the group of young men around the fire rose to their feet. The camp lamented its deficiencies in the matter of seats. There was but one camp-stool, which, both ladies declining, was bestowed by acclamation on Mr. Newbold. "I'm the oldest and heaviest," he declared, and accepted it on that basis. The other seats were sections of pine logs with boards nailed across the top. Mrs. Craig, seeing Josephine balancing herself on one of these inverted pedestals, called to her to come and share with her a camp-blanket spread on the ground. A man reclining on one elbow near them, with his feet to the fire and his face in deep shadow, gathered himself into a sitting posture and gave them good-evening.

"Good-evening, Mr. Bodewin; were you here when we came?" asked Mrs. Craig, leaning forward and speaking across Josephine's lap.

"Yes, Mrs. Craig. I got up and made my bow with the rest, but the fire was between us."

"I did not see you," said Mrs. Craig — "Miss Newbold, this is Mr. Bodewin."

Bodewin moved nearer, first knocking the hot ashes out of a brier-wood pipe and thrusting it, bowl downward, into a breast-pocket of his coat. "Poor Mr. Bodewin!" said Mrs. Craig, noting the action sympathetically. "As the wife of a smoker I can feel for you. You had found such a nice place to finish your pipe in silence and in peace; now we have interrupted your pipe and broken your silence."

"There is always something to be thankful for, Mrs. Craig," Bodewin replied. "You might have interrupted the silence and broken the pipe."

"I knew you would say that," laughed Mrs. Craig.

Josephine was listening less to Bodewin's words than to his voice, low-pitched and rather languid, with an accent that was negligently pure. His face she could not see without turning, too evidently, to look at him.

Perceiving that she had a neighbor on her right, Mrs. Craig began talking to him, and the group thus divided itself.

"How you must enjoy this life!" said Josephine, filling the pause with the first words she could think of.

Before answering, Bodewin deliberately shifted his position so that it commanded a view of her face, one-half of its beauty revealed in the firelight, the other suggested in shadow.

"Do you mean the life of the Survey?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"It is a good life, no doubt, but it is not mine."

"I thought you were of this party."

Bodewin fancied that he had lost a degree of her interest by this admission. He could see her bright eyes exploring the circle of dimly seen faces around the camp-fire, and doubted not she was already idealizing their owners in true girl-fashion, and imparting to the life they led all the picturesqueness she found in its accidental surroundings.

"No," he repeated, with his lazy intonation, "I am not a mining geologist, nor a physical geologist, nor a geological physicist, nor even a supernumerary on board wages."

"That is what I should like to be — that last."

"Why, if you please?"

"It must be so easy to earn board wages, —— especially ——"

"When the board is rather bad?"

"They are *not* wildly luxurious, are they?" she whispered.

"No; the pursuit of science under government is not a luxurious calling. However, it is but fair to the government to say that this is a temporary arrangement. The Survey goes under cover next week, and I dare say they will have a few chairs."

"Mr. Bodewin, haven't *you* some capital letters after your name?"

"After my name, Miss Newbold? When had my name the honor to be seen by you?"

"I think it was — about two weeks ago — in a letter to you from my father," she hesitated, conscious of a somewhat awkward reason for the question she had asked — "and the letters were M. E."

"I believe I am entitled to C. E. after my name, but the M. E. must have been a friendly flight of imagination on your father's part."

"Are you not a mining expert?"

"I have been so called. But I believe there is no such title in the back of the dictionary."

"Who is talking about dictionaries by the light of a camp-fire?" Mrs. Craig exclaimed, adding her profuse treble to the duet. "Are you beginning at the fountain-head of conversation in the English language? If Miss Newbold were a Boston girl, I should be sure she had a dictionary — a German dictionary — in her trunk, even if it crowded out her best bonnet."

"I'm sure there's no best bonnet in my trunk," said Josephine. "Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say I brought but two books with me, and those I can read without the aid of a dictionary — even an English one."

Mrs. Craig thought the contents of a traveler's trunk were next to a biography of its owner. "It represents his necessities, the things he cannot leave behind. If we knew those two books Miss Newbold chooses out of all those she leaves at home, we should know Miss Newbold."

"Suppose she makes a good choice but doesn't read the books after she has brought them," Josephine said.

"Then we should know her aspirations. They are as much a part of us as our necessities, surely."

"The part a biographer usually leaves out," Bodewin said. "How about the traveler who has'nt necessities enough to fill a trunk? How would you write his biography, Mrs. Craig?"

"Oh, a man who has no trunk cannot expect to have a biography. Practically, he doesn't exist."

Following the silence Mrs. Craig's peremptory little speech had made, Josephine asked:

"Will you tell me, Mr. Bodewin, what a mining expert *is*, granting that M. E. doesn't stand for him, and that he isn't in the back of the dictionary?"

"He is, usually, a gentleman who asks a good deal of money to tell you how little he knows, or perhaps, I might add, how much less some other man knows."

"That is a rather unsatisfactory description."

"A mining expert is frequently a rather unsatisfactory person. But there is a difference in experts, as in other people, and perhaps it is but fair to remember that in forming their conclusions they have to deal with Nature in some of her most unaccountable and fantastic moods. The experience gained in examining ninety-nine different formations may be of no use in the one-hundredth. It is a business no man can say he has learned absolutely."

"Then why do they charge so much for knowledge which is not knowledge? Is it because of the risk to their reputations in saying a thing is true, while they really take the chance of its being otherwise?"

"Hardly that, I should say," said Bodewin, a little bored by the effort to give conscientious answers to questions that did not fit his mood, but willing to humor a pretty girl's thirst for information. "An honest expert charges for the responsibility he takes in giving such opinions as he is able to form from his experience and study. If the responsibility is great he charges accordingly."

Josephine was mentally referring Bodewin's words to her father's case,—a case where facts alone were called for, not experience or responsibility or study; and the five thousand dollars her father had offered, and Bodewin had refused, would suggest, in spite of herself, a very ugly word.

Mr. Hillbury, from the other side of the fire, leaned forward and threw on it another log. The wind veered and carried the smoke of the augmented flame into their faces. They scrambled, laughing, to their feet, and retreated, Bodewin dragging the blanket after him. He spread it down again on the windward side of the fire, but Josephine did not seem disposed to resume her seat.

They were hovering about in that fascinating borderland between firelight and moonlight. The moon had risen high enough to fill the thin woods with its light; but it was a pale, suffused radiance by contrast with the red fire-glow. The wind in the tree-tops over their heads, like a circle of unseen whisperers, closed around the lightly joined thread of their talk.

"Do people ever get used to this?" Josephine asked.

"I am afraid they do. But they enjoy it over again, as I do to-night, seeing your fresh eyes take it all in for the first time."

"How do you know that I like it? I have not said so, have I?"

"I can see that you do."

"I do, I do!" she said, in her full, cordial tones. "But not all of it."

"No; there is too much of it to be all good." After a pause he asked: "Your father is making a longer stay in the camp than he intended, is he not?"

"Yes; we were to have gone this week. He will wait now until after the trial."

"I hope he will gain his suit," Bodewin said civilly.

"Do you?" came involuntarily from Josephine.

"Why are you surprised, Miss Newbold, to find my sympathies on the side of justice?"

"I did not know you thought that was our side," Josephine replied coldly.

"I do think so."

"Then if you care about justice, why don't you go into court and say so?"

Josephine looked at him, hardly less astonished than he at her own words. It was undeniably careless of Bodewin to have assumed that Miss Newbold knew nothing of his connection with her father's lawsuit. And Josephine, under the pressure of her own misgivings, had allowed herself to be goaded by his cool allusion into an extraordinary liberty. So she instantly felt it to be, and so she knew that he also regarded it. He looked at her keenly and gravely.

"You must not answer that question," she said. "I had no right to ask it."

"Perhaps you had not," he assented. "You will pardon me if I do not answer it."

"You will only humiliate me if you do."

Neither found it easy to go on talking as they had talked before. By a common impulse they moved back towards the camp, and when they rejoined the circle around the fire, Josephine contrived that her seat should be as far away as possible from Bodewin. Her evening was spoiled — and more than that. She did not ask herself what more, but miserably she felt what a fire is the tongue that is not disciplined. It had not occurred to her before whether she was likely or not to meet Bodewin again, but now she found herself earnestly hoping that she might. She longed to retrieve herself, for the sake of her own self-respect. Mr. Hillbury was telling a story in his low, pleasant tones and matter-of-fact manner that heightened the effect of his climaxes. She tried to fix her attention upon it, and sat with a strained half-smile on her face and her eyes on the speaker, never looking at or speaking to Bodewin again, except to say good-evening to him in her quietest manner when the company broke up.

Bodewin lingered after the other guests had gone and smoked another pipe with Hillbury. The latter remarked upon Miss Newbold's beauty. It was too obvious to call for discussion, though Hillbury invited one by saying that she was too unconscious to be thoroughly graceful, and that to him she seemed like a preposterously handsome boy.

"Oh, come!" said Bodewin. "If she were a *coquette* with that face and figure, where should we be? Heaven is merciful, after all!"

When the pipe was finished Bodewin took his way along the ditch walk alone. The Craig cabin was dark as he passed it. He stopped on the foot-bridge and leaned upon the rail, watching the current slide under the shadow of the bridge and out again into the light. A reflection of the moon, now high overhead, floated in the black water of the ditch. It wavered and widened and shrunk, as the water shifted its levels under the golden gleam. It struck Bodewin as a rather dreary thing that he should have been so startled by a girl's impulsive question. It showed how seldom girls had taken the trouble to ask him questions, even uncomplimentary ones, about himself. Absolutely, out of the processions of fair, unapproachable women, to whom all his life he had been a stranger, not one had ever stepped aside to challenge his slightest individual action, seriously and from an ethical point of view. He had had the usual temptations which come to men through women. A fair one now and then had smiled at him, or so he had fancied, from the virgin ranks, and her blithe glances had made riot in his breast for a brief space, though he had not greatly admired the generosity or greatly coveted the giver. But this was a departure of a different sort. He half distrusted it,— as a man with a conscience inevitably distrusts his neighbor who reminds him of it,— but he could not distrust the girl herself. Newbold's daughter! What precious unknown quantity had gone to complete that equation! Well, it wasn't so disagreeable for a first experience of the kind. Its novelty was not its only charm. He half wished, now that it was too late, that he had tried to answer her question, and so admitted in some sort her right to ask it. It might have ended in a rather piquant flirtation on high moral grounds, since they were to be so much longer together in the camp; but now there was small likelihood of any concession on her part. She had without doubt the true woman's art to punish a man for her own offense against him.

V.

AN OFFSET TO THE DINNER.

Miss Newbold's opportunity to retrieve herself came, not many days later, through the innocent machinations of Mrs. Craig. Mrs. Craig also wished to retrieve herself. She had given the Newbolds a bad dinner. Atonement was out of the question where Mr. Newbold was concerned, unless it might be through making Mr. Newbold's daughter happy. Her head had not touched her pillow, the night after the dinner, before it began comparing rides and walks and excursions in various directions, with a view to Miss Newbold's amusement. Chance, after all, decided her choice. Mr. Hillbury offered a professional errand of his own as an excuse for a ride half-way to the top of one of the famed peaks of the neighboring range. A party was quickly made up. Mr. Newbold at the outset declined to attempt a twenty-mile ride on horseback including a good deal of mountain work; but he was obviously pleased with the plan, for his daughter's sake. Bodewin was invited, Mrs. Craig informing him that he was expected to supply those minor passages without which a pleasure party, like dance music, is flat.

"We are all monotonously major, every one of us,— Mr. Hillbury, Miss Newbold, Joe, and myself. You must come along and change the key."

The riders made an early start from the Wiltsie House. Mr. Newbold stood on the curbstone and watched them out of sight, Josephine taking the lead, with Mr. Craig on

her right and Hillbury on her left, followed by Mrs. Craig with Bodewin beside her, on his bald-faced bay. Half a mile beyond the camp they left the stage-road for one of the many stony trails which climbed the sides of the gulch, branching in various directions towards as many different mines. Always ascending northward, they crossed the belt of burned timber and entered the dark and fragrant spruce woods, the last and toughest growth on the mountain-side. Here they rode singly in a green twilight chinked with golden lights. The trail was barely distinguishable; the horses' hoofs fell with a soft thud on the thick-sifted layers of spruce needles, or struck, with a hollow ring, the trunk of a fallen tree in stepping over it. No bird-calls broke the stillness; no sounds of any kind betrayed the small furtive activities of forest habitants. It was late, even for the season of wild flowers fed from the cold-bosomed snows of the range. A few patches of the inextinguishable fire-weed lighted the dim slopes; and occasionally, beside the trail, there bloomed in its weird beauty a poppy-shaped flower on a long hair-like stem with petals colored like the wings of a lunar moth.

From time to time Josephine, riding ahead, tried the silence shyly with her voice. It was a voice with one or two exquisite notes in it beside the note, ever welcome, of youth. It was like a human response to the dumb litany of the forest. Josephine was happy to be on horseback in a new and singularly interesting, if not always beautiful region. The keen edge had passed from her mortification with regard to Bodewin. She was content to let him keep his impressions of her, however unfortunate they might be, without any effort on her part to correct them, so long as a morning as perfect as this found her still in tune. So healthy and so honest a girl could not keep her head low because of a single slip, which hurt her through her delicacy rather than her conscience, and merely affected her passing relations with a stranger. In forgiving herself, she forgave Bodewin and was at peace with the world. Nevertheless, stranger as he was, she wished, before he drifted out of her life altogether, that he could be cleared of the reproach which still clung to him in her thoughts. Was it through listlessness merely and vain obliviousness that he kept silent when the truth was demanded of him? Was it likely that in the past his life-threads had become entangled with those of Harkins — a man whom common report called an unscrupulous rogue, though a merry one, and generous enough with his spoils when won? What could there be in common between them? Yet she constantly heard it said that Bodewin would not appear against Harkins. Why not? Well, let it go! She was sure to do some one, perhaps more than one, some horrible injustice in her thoughts, if she let them dwell on this subject, which had already proved a pitfall to her discretion.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

ON NEARING WASHINGTON.

CITY of homes and in my heart my home,
Though other streets exact a grudging fee: —
How leap my pulses when afar I see
The dawn creep whitening down thy solemn dome!
For now my care-restricted steps may roam
Thy urban groves — a forest soon to be —
Where, like thy shining river, placid, free,
Contentment dwells and beckons me to come.

Ah, city dear to lovers! — that dost keep
For their delight what Mays and what Novembers! —
Kindling the flame, and if it ever sleep,
New-lighting it within the breathing embers;
Dear even in their sorrow! for when they weep
'Tis for rare joys, scarce known till Love remembers.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

THE UNITED CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THEIR EXISTING AGREEMENT IN DOCTRINE, POLITY, AND WORSHIP.

THE associative tendency of the Christian masses has shown itself wherever they could act freely together. In our own country for more than a hundred years there has been a steady effort after religious unity, following the political movement through the successive stages of the colonization, the confederation, the constitution, and the recent consolidation of the United States. During the colonial period the few mission churches scattered along the Atlantic coast were temporarily fused together by the evangelistic labors of Whitefield and Wesley. In the revolutionary war they were simply massed and compacted in the common struggle for civil as well as religious freedom. Since the declaration of independence we have seen them at first separately organizing themselves, and then spontaneously combining in great common causes, such as the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the American Sunday School Union, the American Boards of Domestic and Foreign Missions, as well as the various moral reforms in which they became leagued against vice and infidelity on the platform of their common Christianity. In the late civil war they appeared as one holy phalanx of charity and mercy in the Sanitary and Christian commissions; and at the present time they are interlaced by a network of Young Men's Christian Associations, Inter-Denominational Alliances and Church Congresses, designed to combine them practically in Christian work and intercourse, to say nothing of inter-ecclesiastical councils, based upon organic bonds of unity between kindred churches.

It is true that all such compacts, being temporary expedients, as fast as they serve their purposes must decay and disappear; and it is also true that in some cases the dissolution of a league of churches has been followed by their seeming recoil and reassertion of sectarian peculiarities in more pronounced form than ever, as may now be seen in the various boards of charity and missions maintained by the different denominations. But it will be found at the same time that another set of causes has been tending, if not to bring them together again in closer bonds and on a more enduring basis, yet at least to reveal to them, more and more clearly, the ultimate grounds of a true organic unity.

By the organic unity of churches is here meant such unity as inheres in their internal organization, and is traceable in their forms of doctrine, government, and worship, as well as in their whole historic life and development; and is not, therefore, due to any mere artificial arrangement or conscious effort. Institutions are not made, but grow; and sometimes they grow so slowly that one generation rejects as irrational and visionary what the next generation accepts as the logic of events. Whole churches, as well as states, have thus been reasoned out of the divine right of English monarchy and American slavery; and it is safe to assume that any scheme of ecclesiastical union which could now be devised, even though the true one, would be repudiated, perhaps by all existing denominations, as involving the suppression of some essential truth or the sacrifice of some valuable principle. We are not yet ready for such schemes, and it would only be a waste of time to discuss them. The first lesson to be learned is that the unification of the American churches, if it is ever to come at all, cannot be precipitated by platforms, coalitions, compromises, in short by any mere external association of the different denominations, which leaves them still without internal modification and vital connection, as true and living branches of the Vine of Christ.

How then is such organic unity or union ever to be reached? Perhaps we can trace a rough likeness between the case of the American churches at the present time and that of the American states at the close of the revolution. The articles of confederation had proved a rope of sand. The colonies, in becoming independent of the British crown, had also become independent of one another, and with their diverse creeds, institutions, races, and climates, seemed on the verge of anarchy. It was not until they had surrendered some of their sovereign attributes and readjusted their whole domestic polity, that they could come into the more perfect union of the constitution; and ever since then they have been racked with internal conflicts, until at last welded together by the fiery blows of civil war. In like manner the different denominations, after having been loosely confederated in various compacts and alliances, are falling apart in fresh estrangement, wasting their resources in

mere propagandism, and often wrangling over time-worn theological issues in the face of their common foes. And now, it is thought by some, they can only be driven together again by the rod of persecution. The peace of Westphalia, they will tell us, was but a truce, and the warfare once waged between the Catholic and Protestant powers of Europe is yet to be decided by some terrible intestine struggle within our own borders, fulfilling the great Armageddon of the Apocalypse. With the sects thus cast into the furnace of affliction, to be purged of their errors, and melted and molded to one likeness, the church militant is at length to come forth from the ordeal united and triumphant.

We need not, however, push a mere political analogy so far. Rather may we hope that the age of religious wars is past, and that any remaining issues between religious parties are to be fought out, not with carnal weapons, but with spiritual. Certainly the American churches have at least gained all the freedom that they need. Free of the state and free of one another, they may now peacefully work out their respective missions without let or hindrance. But whilst thus left to the combined action of providential events and spiritual causes, it is inevitable that in the long future they will undergo much modification, perhaps gradual assimilation to each other, or to some one divine model towards which they are tending. Despite their present divided and distracted appearance, if we will survey them from a high outside point of view, in a Christian, philosophical mood, we shall discern amongst them vast unifying tendencies which have been operating quietly through successive generations, and which can only be measured by comparing one period of their history with another. We can no more control such tendencies than we can control the winds of heaven. It is the part of wisdom to recognize them and shape our course by means of them. We need not forsake our respective positions; we cannot force an immediate harmony of views; but at least we may profitably engage in a study of the existing germs or grounds of organic unity in the American churches.

In entering upon this study, whatever theories of the Church we may severally hold, we should lay aside even just prejudices, so far as to take into view impartially the various Christian bodies claiming an ecclesiastical title and jurisdiction, which are coextensive with the nation, or which may be otherwise due them in courtesy, such as the "Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America," the "Methodist Episcopal Church of America" (Northern and Southern), the "Presbyterian Church in the United States" (Northern and Southern), the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States," the "Reformed Church in America" (Dutch), the "Reformed Church in the United States" (German), the "Roman Catholic Church," the "United Brethren" (German and Moravian), the "United Presbyterian Church of America," the "Universalist Church in the United States," the "Baptist Churches" (Calvinistic and Arminian), the "Congregational Churches" (Trinitarian), the "Disciples of Christ" (Campbellite), the "Society of Friends," the "Unitarian Churches." Some of these bodies, and others which might have been named, are inconsiderable in numbers and influence, and not likely to play any chief part in the development of American Christianity. Confining our attention to the great Christian denominations of the country, we may fairly concede to them the possession of ecclesiastical elements more or less perfectly organized; and our task will be to look into their respective forms of doctrine, of polity, and of worship, in search of the three corresponding grounds of unity which are afforded by their *dogmatic agreement*, their *ecclesiastical* or *political likeness*, and their *liturgical culture*.

The first of these three grounds of unity is the least hopeful. Perfect consent in theological views, were it attained between the different denominations, might indeed issue in their perfect union, if not in one and the same organization, since among other doctrines it would include the same doctrine of church polity; but it may be doubted if such consent is in the nature of the case attainable. Doctrinal distinctions are largely due to the paradoxical relations of essential truths which are alike derived from Holy Scripture, as well as to original diversities in human nature which are alike legitimate. Accordingly they appeared among the Apostles themselves in the two schools of St. Paul and St. Peter; they were renewed among the church-fathers by Augustine and Pelagius; they were reaffirmed among the schoolmen by Thomas Aquinas and Dun Scotus; they were emphasized among the reformers by Calvin and Arminius; they were early transferred to our own churches by Whitefield and Wesley, and have since spread with enormous growth over the whole continent; and they are likely to continue in some form until the end of the world.

If history teaches anything plainly, it shows that the attempt to organize churches on the basis of mere dogmatic distinctions will always tend to schism rather than to unity. They often exclude more true Christians than they include, and sooner or later go to pieces in some fresh dissension. And even more difficult would it be to connect together conflicting

churches on such a basis. It is certain that none of the leading Protestant confessions, not the Augsburg, not the Belgic or Heidelburg, not the Westminster, not the Thirty-nine Articles would now be generally accepted by the American churches. It is doubtful if any of the great Catholic creeds, the Athanasian, the Nicene, or even the Apostles' Creed, would afford a platform broad enough to embrace all the denominations calling themselves Christian. And still less could they be marshalled together by any of the new-made creeds of our own time and country.

Nor can it be said that such attempts as have hitherto been made at a dogmatic confederation of churches have been very successful or promising. The Evangelical Alliance of Protestant churches, though based upon a partial consent in doctrine, takes a polemical attitude by its very name against the Roman Catholic Church. The proposed league of the Protestant Episcopal and Russian Greek churches would have excluded all the other Protestant churches, besides covertly involving the gravest doctrinal differences. Even the Presbyterian churches in their late general council could not reach a consensus of their own kindred standards. The Congregational churches, discarding all the old creeds, are engaged in framing a new one. And other large family groups of churches, such as the Baptist and the Methodist, show but few signs of either agreeing among themselves or seeking agreement with the rest of the American churches.

To see how complex is the problem before us, we should need only to bring together the various creeds and confessions for comparison and contrast and arrange them in their degrees of difference between the extremes of Catholicism and Protestantism. It would be found, at the first view, that the points of variance are simply endless, embracing a variety of opinions upon numerous questions in every department of sacred science, theology, anthropology, christology, soteriology, ecclesiology, eschatology. On closer examination we would see that the two extremes of Unitarianism and Romanism, in their latest outcome, would utterly refuse to coalesce, consenting in nothing but the few articles of natural religion which Christianity has in common with Judaism and Paganism. Next, we would find that between these extremes the chief evangelical confessions, whilst agreeing with the Roman Catholic creeds in some essential doctrines, such as the trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, disagree with them in others no less essential, and still further disagree among themselves by all the differences known to Lutheranism, Calvinism, Arminianism. Then, we would discover that the Lutheran, Calvinistic, and Arminian confessions, though largely consentient as to the chief essential doctrines termed evangelical, are most widely dissentient as to some relatively non-essential doctrines, such as are held by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. And, lastly, we would see that it is precisely some one of these non-essential doctrines which each denomination puts in the front as its standard, claims as the source of its life and the only reason for its existence, and often cherishes as an inherited faith, hallowed by the blood of martyrs and endeared by all the associations of home and kindred. In a word, the concords of American creeds would be so drowned and lost in their discords as to leave us hopeless of anything like a true doctrinal harmony.

From this showing of the case, it is plain that the utmost we can hope for is some ultimate consensus which cannot now be formulated into a common creed of the churches, but must be largely matter of surmise and speculation. We may assume, not unreasonably, that it will exhibit the essential faith in distinction from the non-essential, and exalt the great things in which Christians agree above the small things in which they differ; and we may expect, on good grounds, that in the course of its evolution some dogmas will be sloughed off as erroneous, others reduced to a relative importance, and still others left indifferent. But we cannot hope to see it start forth at one blow as a feat of logic by some ambitious peace-maker, or even carefully wrought out as a piece of legislative wisdom by some advanced body of divines met to adjust the disputes of Christendom. Rather must we look forward to it as to a coming survival of truth over error, to be slowly evolved from the present conflict of opinion, in the general progress of Christian knowledge, and through a growing spirit of Christian freedom, charity, tolerance and catholicity.

It is a cheering remark of Dr. Schaff, at the close of his survey of the creeds of Christendom, "that the age of separation and division is passing away, and the age of the reunion of divided Christendom is beginning to dawn." Glance at some of the grounds of this inspiring hope here in our country. In the first place, we should not overlook the doctrinal agreement already known and expressed, such as the consent of the Roman Catholic and some Protestant churches in the Athanasian, Nicene, and Apostles' creeds; the consent of the Lutheran and Moravian churches in the Augsburg confession; the consent of the various Episcopal churches, the Protestant, the Meth-

odist, the Reformed, in the Thirty-Nine Articles; the consent of the Congregational, the Baptist, and the various Presbyterian churches in the Westminster Standards, together with the indorsement by the reunited Presbyterian Church of the Heidelberg catechism of the Dutch and German Reformed churches. In the second place, we may find some tendencies to a doctrinal agreement between these different groups of churches,— in their American revisions of these various standards which show, now and then, a slight though unsought mutual approximation; in their fraternal intercourse, which always brings into view a large latent consent in the great evangelical doctrines of our common Christianity; in their very controversies, which often serve only to show how trifling is their dissensus as compared with their fundamental consensus; and even in their heretical departures, which sometimes express that consensus with a primitive simplicity free from the scholastic technicality of the old creeds, whilst their pulpit expositions of it are ever setting it forth with scriptural freedom, freshness, and power. And lastly, we may everywhere discern the signs of a waning interest in the mere dogmatic distinctions, which have long hindered the growth and assertion of a true doctrinal agreement,— such as the decline of theological controversy in the New England churches; the disappearance of the old and new schools in the reunited Presbyterian Church; the comprehension of doctrinal differences within the Episcopal Church, and the rise of Broad church parties in other churches; the spread of open communion in the Baptist churches; the liberty of preaching in the Methodist Church; the allowance of heretical departures in many churches up to the point of scandal; the searching revision of creeds in the light of modern thought and science; the disuse of the old scholastic catechisms, the decay of polemic preaching, and the growing preference for evangelical themes of a moral and practical purport. Through the silent action of such causes, it may yet happen in some distant future, not indeed that all dogmas shall be obliterated, but subordinated and graduated in harmony with the one universal faith. Even now, could the American churches, leaving their existing standards unchanged, be simply confederated in a formal profession of the Nicene or Apostles' creed, in which most of them might readily join, their denominational dogmas would at once sink towards a proper relative value, their essential consensus would begin to emerge into view, and so far forth they would appear to the world as the *United Churches of the United States.*

The second and more hopeful ground of unity is that of ecclesiastical likeness or affinity in church government. The problem is no longer to produce agreement as to the whole mass of dogmas, but only a single doctrine or set of doctrines of minor importance except when made by some extreme view to involve other more essential doctrines. And it would seem easier to secure external attachment to an ecclesiastical polity than internal unanimity in all the endless points of theological science. Experience has shown that Christians who agree in scarcely anything else may hold the same views of church government and even dwell together in the same organization. The church has often included different schools of theology, but no school of theology ever yet included the whole church. Indeed, it is a common reproach of Protestantism that in its grand effort for freedom and progress, it has given birth to a medley of jarring sects, by exaggerating doctrinal differences which had been allowed and adjusted within the pale of the church from the Apostles' time until the Reformation. And that such outward ecclesiastical unity may be more than the mere enforced uniformity or feigned conformity, so often charged against state-churches, might be proved by examples in free churches where no political restraints have been imposed. Even conflicting churches, the most unlike in their dogmatic standards, Lutheran, Calvinistic, Arminian, Socinian, may be found substantially alike in their ecclesiastical organization.

In order to bring into view these latent affinities of the American churches, we may conveniently group them in three great classes according to their structural likeness: First, Congregational, those which make each local congregation self-governed and independent, such as the Baptist, the Unitarian, and the Orthodox churches; Second, Presbyterial, those which unite congregations under presbyteries composed of representative clergymen and laymen, such as the Lutheran, the Dutch and German Reformed, and the various Presbyterian churches; Third, Episcopal, those which subordinate both congregations and presbyteries to bishops as a higher order of clergymen, such as the Methodist, the Protestant, and the Reformed Episcopal, the Moravian, and the Roman Catholic churches. It will be seen at a glance that these three classes, when viewed together, present a scale rising from the simplest to the most complex forms of polity, and on closer inspection it would be found that each higher class includes the lower with more or less modification, Presbyterian churches being not without Congregational elements and Episcopal churches being not without Presbyterial elements.

Nor can it be said that some organic union of these more or less kindred organizations would be wholly beyond analogy and precedent. In less than two hundred years the world has seen a medley of incongruous polities, theocratic, monarchic, democratic, aristocratic, grow up into that cluster of homogeneous republics known as the United States, by a series of transforming events,— first by the ascendancy of the Protestant over the Catholic powers in North America, then by the revolutionary destruction of the royal and proprietary charters in the colonies, and at last by a vindicated constitution forever guaranteeing the freedom of states, classes, and races. And so complete a political metamorphosis could not but affect the religious bodies which have been more or less involved in it. Freed thereby from the papal supremacy, from a foreign establishment, and from all connection with our own government, they were at the same time freed from the causes which once drove them asunder, and brought under the causes which have since drawn them together. Not only has each group of kindred churches been fraternizing and coalescing, Congregational with Congregational, Presbyterial with Presbyterial, Episcopal with Episcopal, but the different groups have been growing like each other in their structure as well as in their aim and spirit. Congregational churches, no longer in conflict with a Presbyterian parliament and monarchy, have themselves been becoming Presbyterial with their series of representative associations, consociations, conferences, and councils, and their facile combination with Presbyterian bodies in fit emergencies. Presbyterial churches, delivered from a prelatical peerage as well as from state patronage, have been allowing Congregational freedom in their parishes and adopting Episcopal elements in their overseeing boards, agencies, and secretaryships, as well as becoming pervaded with church tendencies. Episcopal churches, freed from royal control and left wholly self-dependent, have been admitting Presbyterial deputies, clerical and lay, into their diocesan conventions and standing committees, and otherwise curtailing the extraneous powers of the episcopate; whilst some churchmen have almost stript it of doctrinal significance and left it with a mere expediential or political value, as a sort of Episcopal Presbyterianism or so-called Congregationalism tinctured with Episcopacy. Reformed Episcopalians interpret the Ordinal in the sense of the early Presbyterian school of Archbishop Usher. Methodist Episcopalians also hold to an Episcopacy without apostolic succession, and have adopted lay-representation as well as lay-preaching in their administrative policy. The Moravians practically tend to a kind of Presbyterian Episcopacy. Even the Roman Catholics, at the late Plenary Council, seem to have taken the first step towards bringing their Episcopal system into formative contact with republican institutions. At the same time the average American layman has a growing dislike of hierarchical orders and exclusive pretensions. With the exception of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churchmen who claim a divine right and special grace in their own ministry, the chief Christian bodies have been fast becoming congruous in polity as well as consentient in doctrine. It is conceivable that these assimilative changes may go on, together with lessening dogmatic differences, until all existing ecclesiastical distinctions shall have become more superficial than fundamental, more nominal than real, if not themselves be merged in some comprehensive polity which shall be at once Congregational, Presbyterial, and Episcopal, and wherein Protestant freedom and intelligence shall appear reconciled with Catholic order and authority. Already, indeed, were it possible for the leading denominations to give visible expression to their own hidden structural unity by acts of mutual recognition, organic connection, and coöperative charity, like the scattered bones which Ezekiel saw coming together into a great army they would at once start into new life and activity as the *United Churches of the United States.*

Hitherto we may seem to have been investigating grounds of unity which are obscure and only lead out into a visionary future; but the one still to be considered — liturgical culture — belongs to our own time, and calls for practical thought and action.

It would seem that the first step towards true church unity must be liturgical rather than doctrinal or strictly ecclesiastical. Christians who differ cannot begin to agree until they come together in the region of devout feeling and are thus predisposed to brotherly concord. Hence it was amid the Pentecostal fervors in the early church that all divisions of race, language, lineage, sect and party become for the time effaced; and ever since then it has been found that in the fire of true devotion the sternest sectarian feuds melt away and are forgotten. People of all creeds, Calvinists, Arminians, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, can and do unite in performing the same acts of worship, in observing the same sacraments, and in commemorating the same religious events. And such devotions are not confined to times and scenes of revival excitement. When they have become expressed liturgically in time-hallowed hymns and prayers which breathe the common

Christian heart of all ages, in significant rites and emblems which set forth the essential Christian faith in all churches, and in annual festivals which thrill the whole Christian world with the consciousness of great Christian facts and doctrines, there is then afforded a permanent practical communion of saints between different denominations.

It is such a liturgical fusion that has long been going on amongst us, hidden and unnoticed. The great historical churches, whose doctrinal standards have remained fixed for generations and whose ecclesiastical bounds are still jealously guarded, have meanwhile been so modifying their service-books and insensibly so interchanging their modes of worship that now, with scarce a thought of any incongruity, Catholic creeds are recited in Protestant assemblies, Anglican rites are couched in Lutheran forms, Presbyterian prayers are intoned by Episcopalian priests, Wesleyan hymns are sung after Calvinistic sermons, portions of High Mass are chanted by Covenanter choirs, and Puritan cathedrals are decked with Christmas evergreens and Easter flowers. It is in fact no longer possible to ignore a deep and wide-spread liturgical movement pervading the leading denominations like a ground-swell and threatening some day to upheave and bury out of sight the sectarian differences in which the popular mind has ceased to take interest. The general demand, as we are often told by the secular press, is for more of Christian life and worship and less of a mere metaphysical and polemical theology. The people, not content with having the choicest literature and oratory in the sermon, are calling for the aids of music and architecture in the service and secretly revolting from a mode of worship in which a theological lecture is the one all-absorbing feature and by which feeling has been divorced from expression, devotion from art, and doctrine from every-day life. In some denominations, as in the Lutheran, the Dutch and German Reformed, the Presbyterian and the Methodist, their own defunct liturgies have been restored or republished and brought into discussion; whilst in others attempts are made to construct new formularies, without regard to antiquity, catholicity or authority. At the same time, the Protestant Episcopal Church has been reaping a harvest of conversions not likely to have been made upon strictly dogmatic grounds, and is itself already engaged in the timely work of enriching the prayer-book and adapting it to American life and institutions.

It would be a great mistake to think this whole movement due to the clergy alone or even confined to the educated and fashionable classes. In some churches the people have been acquiring the liturgical culture which once belonged only to the priest and choir, and can say or sing in English the *Gloria*, *Te Deum*, etc., whose Latin titles show their origin. Where such culture is not found, the plainest and rudest, gathered in slums or in the backwoods, seem glad to become active worshipers instead of mere passive listeners, and to have their devotion enkindled through the senses and the imagination as well as the intellect and conscience. And as if to insure such a culture in the future, the whole rising generation in our Sunday-schools is being trained into a liturgical habit by a crude lectionary, responsive psalter, recited prayers, and often all the appliances of a dramatic ritual.

Even those who do not sympathize with the movement have ceased to deride it, and exchanging indifference for grave astonishment at its portentous bearing are casting about for means of explanation and resistance. By many of them it will no doubt be summarily set down to the account of our original depravity, as due to a general decline of vital religion, or to the increase of wealth, luxury, and fashion, or to the demoralizing influences of a civil war, or to some merely temporary excess or aberration of modern civilization. After duly allowing for such causes, however, we may still accept the new development as a necessary and in the main a sound reaction of the Protestant mind from an extreme into which it was driven under the impulse of the Reformation,—an extreme which was unavoidable in so great a religious revolution and which was needed at the time for the purification of European Christianity and for the colonization of the American churches, but which, now that those great ends have been attained, may well give place to some more moderate and reasonable course. In other words, it would seem the true policy neither to ignore nor to oppose this reactionary tendency, but to candidly recognize what is true and valuable in it, to indicate its needed checks and safeguards and to provide for its legitimate gratification. We need not renounce existing Protestantism as a failure; we cannot accept existing Catholicism as a success; but surely we may look somewhere between these extremes for the path of wisdom and safety.

On surveying the present state of religious culture we shall find two conflicting theories of worship, in neither of which exclusively is the great body of Christian people likely to abide. The one, for want of a better word, has been called revivalism; the other is known as ritualism. The one would take exalted religious sentiment amounting to rapture as the normal state of every worshiping con-

gregation; the other aims at the outward expression of religious sentiment in a ceremonial and artistic form, with the view of impressing the mind through the imagination and the senses. The most perfect example of revivalism, the one to which it constantly appeals for its warrant, was the rapt assembly at Pentecost, with its many-tongued psalmists and inspired prophets, its transports and fervors and miraculous conversions. The typical illustration of ritualism, and that to which it naturally reverts for its model, was the mediæval cathedral, with its supposed reënactment of the great tragedy of the Cross, amid all the æsthetical influences of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and eloquence. Whilst the affinities of revivalism are with new and rude populations, which have neither the means nor the taste for literary and artistic modes of worship, the tendencies to ritualism are found in older and richer communities, whose culture and art must sooner or later permeate their religious as well as domestic and social life.

Now, it is enough thus to fairly state the two theories in order to see that neither can hope to exterminate its opposite, or arrogate to itself the whole truth in respect to the vital matter of Christian worship. Too often their respective advocates have proceeded upon such an assumption, until they have simply become incapable of appreciating each other. The mere revivalist has ended in decrying all artistic culture as essentially irreligious, and conceiving it to be impossible for refined and fashionable people to be as good Christians as himself, whilst the mere ritualist has at length reduced his whole religion to a fine art, and learned to look upon all other manifestations of religious feeling as vulgar rant and hypocrisy. But the history of Christianity shows that neither tendency can be safely pushed to an extreme. Even in the primitive church the revival spirit, with all the advantage of miraculous gifts, gave rise to so shocking abuses that the Apostles enjoined a more decorous and formal mode of worship, and often since then, when not wisely checked and guided, it has fostered a spasmodic type of piety, consisting of nervous exaltations, followed by dreary collapses, destructive of all normal church growth and healthy Christian activity. In like manner the ritualistic spirit very soon began to harden the simple usages of primitive worship into an elaborate ceremonial to which all the arts contributed, until the church became a temple of the Christian Muses; and in our day even that earnest expression of a once living belief has sometimes given place to a mere scenic symbolism akin in effect to the spectacular drama.

At the same time, notwithstanding these extremes, the essential good that is in each tendency is still apparent. It would be folly to treat as mere morbid excitement such a great religious awakening as that which attended the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley when like new apostles they traversed the American colonies, kindling them into a flame of devotion; and on the other hand it would be almost an insult to argue that liturgies foster a low type of Christian faith and practice, in view of so illustrious examples as Bernard, Herbert, Taylor, and Keble. In our own time much of the earnest working Christianity of the Church of England has gone into the ritualistic party, and in our own country a high order of liturgical service may be found associated not only with faithful pulpits, but with city charities and frontier missions. Even the evangelists, Moody and Sankey, resort to a kind of crude ritualism in their revival meetings, whilst the ritualist Fathers Maturin and Knox-Little tincture their ritual with a kind of mild revivalism. The simple truth is that both tendencies are legitimate and valuable within the limits which they impose upon each other. There are churches, especially those still doing pioneer work, in which revival methods must long prevail; and there may be times in the history of all churches when such methods will be needed to refresh their languid faith, and quicken them into new life; but for the ordinary sound states of feeling in churches becoming replenished with learning and culture, the need of a more or less literary and artistic form of worship presents itself as a foregone conclusion for which due provision should be made.

It will be easy at this point to sneer at literary and artistic tastes as weak and trivial compared with religious interests. That is not the question: that may be granted. Nevertheless, the faculties used in the cultivation of letters and the fine arts, small as they may be, are an original part of human nature and essential to a fully developed manhood. Unless they be simply obliterated they must somehow share in the regenerative power of the Christian faith, and find their due place in any symmetrical scheme of Christian nurture. Neglect them or train them apart from religious ideas and influences, and sooner or later they will ally themselves with vice and superstition, and at length appear in some terrible Nemesis of faith like that which avenged the Puritan rigor with the licentious reign of Charles II. Moreover, it has become a practical question how to deal with them. The culture which has invaded our homes cannot be kept out of our churches. In fact it has already come into

them, and come to stay. If we will not go back to the Puritan meeting-house, the Covenanter psalm-singing, the Methodist camp-meeting, the Quaker silence, we must go forward to some new adjustment of the advanced civilization and Christianity of our day.

Precisely what that adjustment should be, how far the contemporaneous literature and art of a community can be wisely admitted within the sphere of Christian worship, it might not be easy to decide as an abstract question. Practically, however, as we have seen, it is being settled for us by the course of providential events, by the spontaneous working and interaction of the two interests. The much-dreaded corruption of religion by science, of piety by art, of devotion by taste, has not come to pass. Allowing for exceptions, we may fearlessly claim just the opposite result. Pulpits as orthodox and steadfast as any of the last generation are to-day reënforced with all the stores of modern literature, and applying Scripture doctrine, as never before, to current questions in trade, morals, politics, and philosophy. Congregations, as devout and earnest as any once gathered in the barn-like chapel or imitated Greek temple, are now worshiping in Christian buildings amid Christian emblems and legends, and with the aid of choir and organ offering up the glorias and canticles of a Christian ritual. In short, churches which have been longest on the soil and most fairly express our national life and social growth, without any loss of their early purity and zeal, and without the least compromise of their distinctive orthodoxy, are adopting all the elements of liturgical worship.

Leaving it to appear hereafter how much of this movement is crude and rash and likely to pass away, we come at once to the practical questions, How is it to be met and satisfied? Whereto does it tend? And to the former question the answer is plain, that it can not be met and satisfied by new-made liturgies or patchwork services. Such expedients proceed upon a misconception of the true liturgic ideal as an historical growth and flower of the piety of the whole church in all lands and ages. In distinction from extemporaneous worship, a liturgy is a system for both minister and people of fixed forms of prayer and praise, of administering rites and ceremonies, of methodically reading the Holy Scriptures, of commemorating Christian events and doctrines, together with any literary and artistic aids which may be afforded by the existing state of religious culture. Such a system cannot be made by one man, in a day. To attempt it would be to set at nought the wisdom of eighteen centuries of Christian worship. It would be the absurdity of composing new hymns as well as prayers, of framing new creeds, of celebrating the Lord's Supper, baptism, matrimony and burial with new ceremonies, of constructing tables of Scripture lessons which have never been tested, and of instituting Christian festivals of which the church has never heard. It is something like this absurdity which is perpetrated whenever a liturgy-maker sits down in his study to write out an original and complete formulary for the use of his people or of his denomination, in ignorance, and sometimes in contempt of the devotional treasures which have been accumulating for ages.

And scarcely any better is the incongruous mixture sometimes made of liturgical with extemporaneous worship. Each is good in its own place, and either in place is better than the other out of place. In social prayer-meetings, especially during times of revival, the prayers, hymns, and exhortations will be free and spontaneous, and anything like a liturgy would be felt as an intolerable bondage; but in large assemblies on public occasions there must be more of method and formality, and it would seem a strange impropriety, when we think of it, to improvise stated, ordinary acts of divine service, to extemporize the administration of solemn rites, to express the moods and wants of but one individual out of a thousand people and often leave their most essential devotions to his chance impulse. And yet something very much like this will be endured by intelligent congregations who have taken steps to formulize their worship in some respects but not in others; who will come together for impromptu services in a cathedral-like structure adapted to ritual uses; who will insist upon a carefully written sermon, but sit listless through long desultory prayers; who will let their children read the same appointed Scripture lesson with all the Sunday-schools in Christendom, but have their own public reading of God's word arranged, if arranged at all, on some occult principle known to the minister alone; who will grope after him through a service supposed to be introductory to the unknown theme of his sermon; who will only join him intelligently in saying a Psalter which was meant to be sung, or have his unpremeditated effusions mixed with a few liturgical forms, such as the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Commandments, the Glorias, torn piecemeal from their only proper liturgical connection; who will keep anniversary days and weeks of prayer by human appointment, but discard the observance of Lent as without divine warrant, or perhaps celebrate Christmas, Good Friday and Easter as mere public or social incidents, without regard to the Christian

year in which they find their true significance; in a word, who will seek to blend fragments of the ancient liturgy with an otherwise informal service. The wonder is that the two can live together, and it would seem certain that sooner or later one or the other will have to be abandoned.

This brings us to the other practical question as to the issue of the liturgical movement, and the answer is already at hand,—it must have its logical conclusion in the English prayer-book as the only Christian liturgy worthy of the name. I do not forget the Lutheran, Dutch and German Reformed and early Presbyterian formularies, each admirable in its own day and for its own purpose; and were it at all likely that any of them could now come into general use among our churches, it might be well to pause and estimate their claims. But on their face it will be seen that, being of foreign origin and modern translation, they are wanting in the quaint classical English of the age of Shakspere, as well as in that solemn Scriptural style which is so desirable in order to separate the phrase of public worship from that of ordinary literature and conversation. Moreover, in their structure it will be found that they break more entirely with Christian antiquity than would now be deemed desirable, whilst their own contents, as we shall see, have been largely included in the prayer-book compilation, together with other forms of still greater liturgical value.

Let it be here premised that by the English prayer-book in this essay is meant the liturgy of the Church of England as it has existed substantially for more than three hundred years, long before any of the American churches had come into being, and that liturgy chiefly in distinction from the Articles and the Ordinal, with neither of which is it indissolubly connected, as is shown, not only by their separate origin and use, but also by the existence of other versions representing other views of doctrine and polity, Calvinistic, Arminian, Socinian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational. For the main purpose of this argument the Protestant Episcopal edition, with which we are happily so familiar, need not be taken specially into account, but our attention simply fixed upon that ancient service, whose structure and contents have remained essentially the same through all the revisions to which it has been subjected and amid all the varieties in which it is still extant.

The English liturgy, next to the English Bible, is the most wonderful product of the Reformation. The very fortunes of the book are the romance of history. As we trace its development, its rubrics seem dyed in the blood of martyrs; its offices echo with polemic phrases; its canticles mingle with the battle-cries of armed sects and factions; and its successive revisions mark the career of dynasties, states, and churches. Cavalier, covenanter, and puritan have crossed their swords over it; scholars and soldiers, statesmen and churchmen, kings and commoners, have united in defending it. England, Germany, Geneva, Scotland, America, have by turns been the scene of its conflicts. Far beyond the little island which was its birthplace, its influence has been silently spreading in connection with great political and religious changes, generation after generation, from land to land, even where its name was never heard.

At first sight, indeed, the importance which this book has acquired may seem quite beyond its merits, as the Bible itself might appear to a superficial observer a mere idol of bigotry and prejudice. But the explanation is in both cases somewhat the same. It is to be found in the fact that the prayer-book, like the sacred canon, is no merely individual production, nor even purely human work, but an accumulation of choice writings, partly divine, partly human, expressing the religious mind of the whole ancient and modern world, as enunciated by prophets and apostles, saints and martyrs, and formulated by councils, synods, and conferences, all seeking heavenly light and guidance. Judaism has given to it its lessons and psalter; Christianity has added its epistles and gospels; Catholicism has followed with its canticles, creeds, and collects; and Protestantism has completed it with its exhortations, confessions, and thanksgivings. At the same time each leading phase of the reformation has been impressed upon its composite materials. Lutheranism has molded its ritual; Calvinism has framed its doctrine; Episcopalianism has dominated both ritual and doctrine; whilst Presbyterianism has subjected each to thorough revision. And the whole has been rendered into the pure English and with the sacred fervor peculiar to the earnest age in which it arose; has been wrought into a system adapted to all classes of men through all the vicissitudes of life; and has been tested and hallowed by three centuries of trial in every quarter of the globe.

It would be strange if a work which thus has its roots in the whole Church of the past should not be sending forth its branches into the whole Church of the future; and any one who will take the pains to study its present adaptations, whatever may have been his prejudices, must admit that there is no other extant formulary which is so well fitted to become the rallying-point and standard of modern Christendom. In it are to be found the means, possibly the germs, of a

just reorganization of Protestantism as well as an ultimate reconciliation with true Catholicism, such a catholicism as shall have shed everything sectarian and national, and retained only what is common to the whole Church of Christ in all ages and countries. Whilst to the true Protestant it offers evangelical doctrine, worship, and unity on the terms of the Reformation, it still preserves for the true Catholic the choicest formulas of antiquity, and to all Christians of every name opens a liturgical system at once Scriptural and reasonable, doctrinal and devotional, learned and vernacular, artistic and spiritual. It is not too much to say that were the problem given, to frame out of the imperfectly organized and sectarian Christianity of our times a liturgical model for the communion of saints in the one universal church, the result might be expressed in some such compilation as the English Book of Common Prayer.

This ideal fitness of the work to serve as the nucleus of a reunited Christianity will especially appear in the American churches, if we view it in connection with their historical origin and their present condition. In the first place, it sustains historical relations to those churches, which, though forgotten or obscured, are vital and enduring. Owing to the mode of its compilation from other liturgies, the very materials out of which it was at first formed have an organic affinity for the various ecclesiastical elements which now lie around it in this country as *disjecta membra*, as yet unassimilated and discordant. Whilst its Catholic or ancient portions, derived from the Greek and Latin churches, may be regarded as the common heritage of all Christians, its Protestant portions can be traced back to their sources in those Reformed churches of Germany, Geneva, Holland, Scotland and England in which the American churches have severally originated; and were they now disposed to any formal correspondence or union, they would only have to come together in the light of their common history in order to see that the English prayer-book, next to the Holy Scriptures, affords the closest visible bonds between them. The Evangelical Lutheran church, besides recognizing in it some of the ancient Catholic formulas which she has also retained, could find in the offices of baptism, matrimony, and burial large portions of the liturgies of Luther, Melancthon, and Bucer. The Reformed churches (Dutch and German) could refer important parts of the daily prayer and communion service to a common origin with their own liturgies in the formularies of Calvin, Lasco, and Pollanus. The Presbyterian church, whose standards were framed mainly by presbyters of the Church of England in the Westminster Assembly, could not only discern in the articles of religion the original skeleton of her confession of faith, but trace through the entire liturgy her revising hand, and might regain a living embodiment of her directory of worship in that amended prayer-book which some of her own founders strove to establish two centuries ago. The Protestant Episcopal church, the only church that has faithfully kept and honored the whole book among us, after guarding her connection with the Anglican, Latin, and Greek churches, might also acknowledge her large indebtedness to other Protestant churches, now in a position, as never before, to recognize and respect their mutual relationship. The Methodist Episcopal church, which herself originated in an Oxford movement, besides deriving the model of her polity from the Ordinal, still retains the prayer-book as edited and authorized by Wesley. Even the Congregational churches (Trinitarian, Unitarian, Baptist), though without the same historical continuity, might look for broken links in the Westminster catechisms and King's Chapel prayer-book, as well as in the early Puritan revisions before the rise of Independency. In fact nearly all the leading denominations, were they to retrace their history, would come back to the English liturgy as a work which their ecclesiastical forefathers did not so much aim to destroy as to amend; which they finally abandoned only in the larger interest of civil and religious freedom; and which they might now, in the changed circumstances of another age and country, easily resume and modify without the least sacrifice of denominational pride or logical consistency.

If this picture seem strange and visionary, let it be observed, in the second place, that the American churches for some time past have been steadily, though unconsciously, drifting back toward the midway position held by the English prayer-book between the extremes of Catholic and Protestant Christianity. Whilst the European churches, Roman, Anglican, Scotch, Dutch, German, have for several centuries remained fixed in their original seats as state religions, with but little intercourse and mutual modification, the American churches meanwhile, escaping from these narrow confines, have migrated to another hemisphere, become compacted together under a republican form of government, made free and equal before the law, and left to their own spontaneous development. The result is that they have been slowly rebounding from the rash extremes into which they were driven by sectarian warfare in the Old World, and, no longer held apart by political restraints, are

now under common impulses tending towards substantial unity in the midst of trivial diversity. In matters of order and worship, here and there, they have actually exchanged positions in their recoil, and come nearer to each other than to their respective mother churches on the other side of the Atlantic. Presbyterians have been adopting the liturgical usages which once kindled the wrath of Jenny Geddes into a revolution of the three kingdoms, whilst Episcopalians have been admitting the lay elements which brought Archbishop Laud to the scaffold. Congregationalists are reproducing the church buildings which their ancestors defaced as Popish chapels, whilst American churchmen are proposing to make the old Puritan Thanksgiving a holy day in the Church year. Baptist ministers have begun to borrow from a prayer-book which John Bunyan renounced for the Elstow jail, whilst neighboring rectors have engaged in prayer-meetings which the bishops of that day would have legally suppressed as a crime. Methodist congregations, founded by John Wesley, have costly churches, service-books, and written sermons, whilst the Oxford reformers of to-day have surpliced lay-readers, clerical exhorters, and ritual missions. Not long since an association of city ministers devised a "non-Episcopal observance of Lent," whilst Lenten revivals were being conducted by a Protestant order of priests. The whole Christian world is alive with such changes, and becoming visibly marshaled for the issue. On the one side are the various Protestant churches, already beginning to resume those portions of the prayer-book which were once falsely associated with tyranny and superstition, and in spite of inherited prejudices, exploring anew the whole field of Catholic antiquity; and it would be strange indeed if these enlightened Christian bodies, thus moving in the line of great historical causes, should pause in the midst of so inevitable reactions. On the other side are the Roman and Anglican churches, no longer able to bind up the Catholic portions of the prayer-book with hierarchy and social caste, but themselves permeated as never before with the influences of Protestant freedom and culture; and it remains to be seen whether even these least pliable types of organized Christianity must not yet yield to the pressure of democratic institutions and the plastic force of American society. Be that as it may, so long as the religious, political, and social influences by which the different denominations are being sifted and fused together continue to operate amongst them, they will in various degrees unitedly approximate a Catholicism which shall be truly Protestant, as well as a Protestantism which shall be truly Catholic. In a word, if we are ever to have anything answering to the grand conception of the *United Churches of the United States*, it must come through that spirit of Protestant Catholicism of which the English liturgy, properly amended and enriched, would be the best conceivable embodiment.

And now the very process of such a liturgical concretion of different denominations about the nucleus of the prayer-book has reached a point where it only waits accomplishment. Bring together the fragments of that ancient liturgy as preserved by some churches, or coming into use in others, and recombine them as they may be found in its various offices; restore more fully the links of the Christian year, which are already socially and legally recognized among us, and let them be illustrated by the epistles and gospels which have marked their circuit for centuries past; arrange the present random lessons so that the whole Scriptures may be publicly read in their inspired connection; reduce the rambling "long prayer" to the lucid order and fullness of the Litany, and add a few well-chosen collects from the best liturgies; purge existing hymnals of their copious doggerel and enrich them only with hymns which have become classical; at the same time scrupulously retain a learned pulpit and the liberty of extemporaneous worship for fit times and occasions; — and the result would be an American liturgy expressing the essential common faith of Catholic and Protestant Christianity.

The general conclusion of our study is now before us: a doctrinal compact of the American churches can only be looked for in the distant future; their ecclesiastical confederation may be nearer at hand; but their liturgical fusion is passing before our eyes towards its only logical issue in the prayer-book. How such a fusion is likely to affect the relations existing between the Protestant Episcopal Church and other American churches; whether it will leave those relations unchanged or at length lead to more mutual recognition and organic connection; — are interesting questions which may here force themselves into some minds; but they are not the most urgent questions growing out of the investigation; they belong, as we have seen, to the future rather than to the present; and they are quite aside from the main object of this essay. I have simply aimed to present certain facts and truths to those who are deeply interested in knowing them.

Charles W. Shields.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXXIV.

"I PRESUME you are the only person in this country who feels as you do," she remarked at last.

"Not the only person who feels so, but very possibly the only person who thinks so. I have an idea that my convictions exist in a vague, unformulated state in the minds of a great many of my fellow-citizens. If I should succeed some day in giving them adequate expression I should simply put into shape the slumbering instincts of an important minority."

"I am glad you admit it's a minority!" Verena exclaimed. "That's fortunate for us poor creatures. And what do you call adequate expression? I presume you would like to be President of the United States?"

"And breathe forth my views in glowing messages to a palpitating Senate? That is exactly what I should like to be; you read my aspirations wonderfully well."

"Well, do you consider that you have advanced far in that direction, as yet?" Verena asked.

This question, with the tone in which it happened to be uttered, seemed to the young man to project rather an ironical light upon his present beggarly condition, so that for a moment he said nothing; a moment during which, if his neighbor had glanced round at his face, she would have seen it ornamented by an incipient blush. Her words had for him the effect of a sudden, though, on the part of a young woman who had of course every right to defend herself, a perfectly legitimate taunt. They appeared only to repeat in another form (so at least his exaggerated Southern pride, his hot sensibility, interpreted the matter) the idea that a gentleman so dreadfully backward in the path of fortune had no right to take up the time of a brilliant, successful girl, even for the purpose of satisfying himself that he renounced her. But the reminder only sharpened his wish to make her feel that if he had renounced, it was simply on account of that same ugly, accidental, outside backwardness; and if he had not, he went so far as to flatter himself, he might triumph over the whole accumulation of her prejudices — over all the bribes of her notoriety. The deepest feeling in Ransom's bosom in relation to her was the conviction that she was made for love, as he had said to himself while he listened to her at Mrs. Burrage's. She was profoundly unconscious of it, and another ideal, crude and thin and artificial, had interposed itself; but in the presence of a man she should really care for, this false, flimsy structure would rattle to her feet, and the emancipation of Olive Chancellor's sex (what sex was it, great heaven? he used profanely to ask himself) would be relegated to the land of vapors, of dead phrases. The reader may imagine whether such an impression as this made it any more agreeable to Basil to have to believe it would be indelicate in him to try to woo her. He would have resented immensely the imputation that he had done anything of that sort yet. "Ah! Miss Tarrant, my success in life is one thing — my ambition is another!" he exclaimed, presently, in answer to her inquiry. "Nothing is more possible than that I may be poor and unheard of all my days; and in that case no one but myself will know the visions of greatness I have stifled and buried."

"Why do you talk of being poor and unheard of? Aren't you getting on quite well in this city?"

This question of Verena's left him no time, or at least no coolness, to remember that to Mrs. Luna and to Olive he had put a fine face on his prospects, and that any impression the girl might have about them was but the natural echo of what these ladies believed. It had to his ear such a subtly mocking, defiant, unconsciously injurious quality, that the only answer he could make to it seemed to him for the moment to be an outstretched arm, which, passing round her waist, should draw her so close to him as to enable him to give her a concise account of his situation in the form of a deliberate kiss. If the moment I speak of had lasted a few seconds longer I know not what monstrous proceeding of this kind it would have been my difficult duty to describe; it was fortunately arrested by the arrival of a nursery-maid pushing a perambulator and accompanied by an infant who toddled in her wake. Both the nurse and her companion gazed fixedly, and it seemed to

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Ransom even sternly, at the striking couple on the bench; and meanwhile Verena, looking with a quickened eye at the children (she adored children), went on —

"It sounds too flat for you to talk about your remaining unheard of. Of course you are ambitious; any one can see that, to look at you. And once your ambition is excited in any particular direction, people had better look out. With your will!" she added, with a curious mocking candor.

"What do you know about my will?" he asked, laughing a little awkwardly, as if he had really attempted to kiss her — in the course of the second independent interview he had ever had with her — and been rebuffed.

"I know it's stronger than mine. It made me come out, when I thought I had much better not, and it keeps me sitting here long after I should have started for home."

"Give me the day, dear Miss Tarrant, give me the day," Basil Ransom murmured; and as she turned her face upon him, moved by the expression of his voice, he added, — "Come and dine with me, since you wouldn't lunch. Are you really not faint and weak?"

"I am faint and weak at all the horrible things you have said; I have lunched on abominations. And now you want me to dine with you? Thank you; I think you're cool!" Verena cried, with a laugh which her chronicler knows to have been expressive of some embarrassment, though Basil Ransom did not.

"You must remember that I have, on two different occasions, listened to you for an hour, in speechless, submissive attention, and that I shall probably do it a great many times more."

"Why should you ever listen to me again, when you loathe my ideas?"

"I don't listen to your ideas; I listen to your voice."

"Ah, I told Olive!" said Verena, quickly, as if his words had confirmed an old fear; which was general, however, and did not relate particularly to him.

Ransom still had an impression that he was not making love to her, especially when he could observe, with all the superiority of a man — "*I* wonder whether you have understood ten words I have said to you?"

"I should think you had made it clear enough — you had rubbed it in!"

"What have you understood, then?"

"Why, that you want to put us back further than we have been at any period."

'I have been joking; I have been piling it up," Ransom said, making that concession unexpectedly to the girl. Every now and then he had an air of relaxing himself, becoming absent, ceasing to care to discuss.

She was capable of noticing this, and in a moment she asked — "Why don't you write out your ideas?"

This touched again upon the matter of his failure; it was curious how she couldn't keep off it, hit it every time. "Do you mean for the public? I have written many things, but I can't get them printed."

"Then it would seem that there are not so many people — so many as you said just now — who agree with you."

"Well," said Basil Ransom, "editors are a mean, timorous lot, always saying they want something original, but deadly afraid of it when it comes."

"Is it for papers, magazines?" As it sunk into Verena's mind more deeply that the contributions of this remarkable young man had been rejected — contributions in which, apparently, everything she held dear was riddled with scorn — she felt a strange pity and sadness, a sense of injustice. "I am very sorry you can't get published," she said, so simply that he looked up at her, from the figure he was scratching on the asphalt with his stick, to see whether such a tone as that, in relation to such a fact, were not "put on." But it was evidently genuine, and Verena added that she supposed getting published was very difficult always; she remembered, though she didn't mention, how little success her father had, when he tried. She hoped Mr. Ransom would keep on; he would be sure to succeed at last. Then she continued, smiling, with more irony: "You may denounce me by name if you like. Only please don't say anything about Olive Chancellor."

"How little you understand what I want to achieve!" Basil Ransom exclaimed. "There you are — you women — all over; always meaning yourselves, something personal, and always thinking it is meant by others!"

"Yes, that's the charge they make," said Verena, gayly.

"I don't want to touch you, or Miss Chancellor, or Mrs. Farrinder, or Miss Birdseye, or the shade of Eliza P. Moseley, or any other gifted and celebrated being on earth — or in heaven."

"Oh, I suppose you want to destroy us by neglect, by silence!" Verena exclaimed, with the same brightness.

"No, I don't want to destroy you, any more than I want to save you. There has been far too much talk about you, and I want to leave you alone altogether. My interest is in my own sex; yours evidently can look after itself. That's what I want to save."

Verena saw that he was more serious now than he had been before, that he was not piling it up satirically, but saying really and

a trifle wearily, as if suddenly he were tired of much talk, what he meant. "To save it from what?" she asked.

"From the most damnable feminization! I am so far from thinking, as you set forth the other night, that there is not enough woman in our general life, that it has long been pressed home to me that there is a great deal too much. The whole generation is womanized; the masculine tone is passing out of the world; it's a feminine, a nervous, hysterical, chattering, canting age, an age of hollow phrases and false delicacy and exaggerated solicitudes and coddled sensibilities, which, if we don't soon look out, will usher in the reign of mediocrity, of the feeblest and flattest and the most pretentious that has ever been. The masculine character, the ability to dare and endure, to know and yet not fear reality, to look the world in the face and take it for what it is,—a very queer and partly very base mixture,—that is what I want to preserve, or rather, as I may say, to recover; and I must tell you that I don't in the least care what becomes of you ladies while I make the attempt!"

The poor fellow delivered himself of these narrow notions (the rejection of which by leading periodicals was certainly not a matter for surprise) with low, soft earnestness, bending towards her so as to give out his whole idea, yet apparently forgetting for the moment how offensive it must be to her now that it was articulated in that calm, severe way, in which no allowance was to be made for hyperbole. Verena didn't remind herself of this; she was too much impressed by his manner and by the novelty of a man taking that sort of religious tone about such a cause. It told her on the spot, from one minute to the other and once for all, that the man who could give her that impression would never come round. She felt cold, slightly sick, though she replied that now he summed up his creed in such a distinct, sober way, it was much more comfortable — she knew with what one was dealing; a declaration much at variance with the fact, for Verena had never felt less gratified in her life. The ugliness of her companion's profession of faith made her shiver; it would have been difficult to her to imagine anything more crudely cynical. She was determined, however, not to betray any shudder that could suggest weakness, and the best way she could think of to disguise her emotion was to remark in a tone which, although not assumed for that purpose, was really the most effective revenge, inasmuch as it always produced on Ransom's part (it was not peculiar, among women, to Verena) an angry helplessness — "Mr. Ransom, I assure you this is an age of conscience."

"That's a part of your cant. It's an age of unspeakable shams, as Carlyle says."

"Well," returned Verena, "it's all very comfortable for you to say that you wish to leave us alone. But you can't leave us alone. We are here, and we have got to be disposed of. You have got to put us somewhere. It's a remarkable social system that has no place for *us!*" the girl went on, with her most charming laugh.

"No place in public. My plan is to keep you at home, and have a better time with you there than ever."

"I'm glad it's to be better; there's room for it. Woe to American womanhood when you start a movement for being more — what you like to be — at home!"

"Dear me! how you're perverted; you, the very genius!" Basil Ransom murmured, looking at her with the kindest eyes.

She paid no attention to this, she went on, "And those who have got no home (there are millions, you know), what are you going to do with *them?* You must remember that women marry — are given in marriage — less and less; that isn't their career, as a matter of course, any more. You can't tell them to go and mind their husband and children, when they have no husband and children to mind."

"Oh," said Ransom, "that's a detail! And for myself, I confess, I have such a boundless appreciation of your sex in private life that I am perfectly ready to advocate a man's having a half a dozen wives."

"The civilization of the Turks, then, strikes you as the highest?"

"The Turks have a second-rate religion; they are fatalists, and that keeps them down. Besides, their women are not nearly so charming as ours — or as ours would be if this modern pestilence were eradicated. Think what a confession you make when you say that women are less and less sought in marriage; what a testimony that is to the pernicious effect on their manners, their person, their nature, of this ridiculous agitation."

"That's very complimentary to me!" Verena broke in, lightly.

But Ransom was carried over her interruption by the current of his argument. "There are a thousand ways in which any woman, all women, married or single, may find occupation. They may find it in making society ageeable."

"Agreeable to men, of course."

"To whom else, pray? Dear Miss Tarrant, what is most agreeable to women is to be agreeable to men! That is a truth as old as the human race, and don't let Olive Chancellor persuade you that she and Mrs. Farrinder have invented any that can take its place, or that is more profound, more durable."

Verena waived this point of the discussion; she only said: "Well, I am glad to hear you are prepared to see the place all choked up with old maids!"

"I don't object to the *old* old maids; they were delightful; they had always plenty to do, and didn't wander about the world crying out for a vocation. It is the new old maid that you have invented from whom I pray to be delivered." He didn't say he meant Olive Chancellor, but Verena looked at him as if she suspected him of doing so; and to put her off that scent he went on, taking up what she had said a moment before: "As for its not being complimentary to you, my remark about the effect on the women themselves of this pernicious craze, my dear Miss Tarrant, you may be quite at your ease. You stand apart, you are unique, extraordinary; you constitute a category by yourself. In you the elements have been mixed in a manner so felicitous that I regard you as quite incorruptible. I don't know where you come from nor how you come to be what you are, but you are outside and above all vulgarizing influences. Besides, you ought to know," the young man proceeded, in the same cool, mild, deliberate tone, as if he were demonstrating a mathematical solution, "you ought to know that your connection with all these rantings and ravings is the most unreal, accidental, illusory thing in the world. You think you care about them, but you don't at all. They were imposed upon you by circumstances, by unfortunate associations, and you accepted them as you would have accepted any other burden, on account of the sweetness of your nature. You always want to please some one, and now you go lecturing about the country, and trying to provoke demonstrations, in order to please Miss Chancellor, just as you did it before to please your father and mother. It isn't *you*, the least in the world, but an inflated little figure (very remarkable in its way too) whom you have invented and set on its feet, pulling strings, behind it, to make it move and speak, while you try to conceal and efface yourself there. Ah, Miss Tarrant, if it's a question of pleasing, how much you might please some one else by tipping your preposterous puppet over and standing forth in your freedom as well as in your loveliness!"

While Basil Ransom spoke — and he had not spoken just that way yet — Verena sat there deeply attentive, with her eyes on the ground; but as soon as he ceased she sprang to her feet — something made her feel that their association had already lasted quite too long. She turned away from him as if she wished to leave him, and indeed were about to attempt to do so. She didn't desire to look at him now, or even to have much more conversation with him. "Something," I say, made her feel so, but it was partly his curious manner — so serene and explicit, as if he knew the whole thing to an absolute certainty — which partly scared her and partly made her feel angry. She began to move along the path to one of the gates, as if it were settled that they should immediately leave the place. He laid it all out so clearly; if he had had a revelation he couldn't speak otherwise. That description of herself as something different from what she was trying to be, the charge of want of reality, made her heart beat with pain; she was sure, at any rate, it was her real self that was there with him now, where she oughtn't to be. In a moment he was at her side again, going with her; and as they walked it came over her that some of the things he had said to her were far beyond what Olive could have imagined as the very worst possible. What would be her state now, poor forsaken friend, if some of them had been borne to her in the voices of the air? Verena had been affected by her companion's speech (his manner had changed so; it seemed to express something quite different) in a way that pushed her to throw up the discussion, and determine that as soon as they should get out of the park she would go off by herself; but she still had her wits about her sufficiently to think it important she should give no sign of discomposure, of confessing that she was driven from the field. She appeared to herself to notice and reply to his extraordinary observations enough, without taking them up too much, when she said, tossing the words over her shoulder at Ransom, while she moved quickly: "I presume, from what you say, that you don't think I have much ability."

He hesitated before answering, while his long legs easily kept pace with her rapid step — her charming, touching, hurrying step, which expressed all the trepidation she was anxious to conceal. "Immense ability, but not in the line in which you most try to have it. In a very different line, Miss Tarrant! Ability is no word for it; it's genius!"

She felt his eyes on her face — ever so close and fixed there — after he had chosen to reply to her question that way. She was beginning to blush; if he had kept them longer, and on the part of any one else, she would have called such a stare impertinent. Verena had been commended of old by Olive for her serenity "while exposed to the gaze of hundreds"; but a change had taken place, and she was now unable to endure the contemplation of an individual. She wished to detach him, to lead him off again into the general; and for

this purpose, at the end of a moment, she made another inquiry: "I am to understand, then, as your last word that you regard us as quite inferior?"

"For public, civic uses, absolutely — perfectly weak and second-rate. I know nothing more indicative of the muddled sentiment of the time than that any number of men should be found to pretend that they regard you in any other light. But privately, personally, it's another affair. In the realm of family life and the domestic affections ——"

At this Verena broke in, with a nervous laugh: "Don't say that; it's only a phrase!"

"Well, it's a better one than any of yours," said Basil Ransom, turning with her out of one of the smaller gates of the park, the first they had come to. They emerged into the species of *plaza* formed by the numbered street which constitutes the southern extremity of the park and the termination of the Sixth Avenue. The glow of the splendid afternoon was over everything, and the day seemed to Ransom still in its youth. The bowers and boscages stretched behind them, the artificial lakes and cockneyfied landscapes making all the region bright with the sense of air and space, and raw natural tints, and vegetation too diminutive to overshadow. The chocolate-colored houses, in tall, new rows, surveyed the expanse; the street-cars rattled in the foreground, changing horses and absorbing and emitting passengers; and the beer-saloons, with exposed shoulders and sides, which in New York do a good deal towards representing the picturesque, the "bit" appreciated by painters, announced themselves in signs of large lettering to the sky. Groups of the unemployed, the children of disappointment from beyond the seas, propped themselves against the low, sunny wall of the park; and on the other side the commercial vista of the Sixth Avenue stretched away with a remarkable absence of aerial perspective.

"I must go home; good-bye," Verena said, abruptly, to her companion.

"Go home? You won't come and dine, then?"

Verena knew people who dined at midday and others who dined in the evening, and others still who never dined at all; but she knew no one who dined at half-past three. Ransom's attachment to this idea therefore struck her as queer and infelicitous, and she supposed it betrayed the habits of Mississippi. But that couldn't make it any more acceptable to her, in spite of his looking so disappointed — with his dimly glowing eyes — that he was heedless for the moment that the main fact connected with her return to Tenth street was that she wished to go alone.

"I must leave you, right away," she said. "Please don't ask me to stay; you wouldn't if you knew how little I want to!" Her manner was different now, and her face as well, and though she smiled more than ever she had never seemed to him more serious.

"Alone, do you mean? Really I can't let you do that," Ransom replied, extremely shocked at this sacrifice being asked of him. "I have brought you this immense distance, I am responsible for you, and I must place you where I found you."

"Mr. Ransom, I must; I will!" she exclaimed, in a tone he had not yet heard her use; so that, a good deal amazed, puzzled, and pained, he saw that he should make a mistake if he were to insist. He had known that their expedition must end in a separation which couldn't be sweet, but he had counted on making some of the terms of it himself. When he expressed the hope that she would at least allow him to put her into a car, she replied that she wished no car; she wanted to walk. This image of her "streaking off" by herself, as he figured it, did not mend the matter; but in the presence of her sudden nervous impatience he felt that here was a feminine mystery which must be allowed to take its course.

"It costs me more than you probably suspect, but I submit. Heaven guard you and bless you, Miss Tarrant!"

She turned her face away from him as if she were straining at a leash; then she rejoined, in the most unexpected manner: "I hope very much you *will* get printed."

"Get my articles published?" He stared, and broke out: "Oh, you delightful being!"

"Good-bye," she repeated; and now she gave him her hand. As he held it a moment, and asked her if she were really leaving the city so soon that she mightn't see him again, she answered: "If I stay it will be at a place to which you mustn't come. They wouldn't let you see me."

He had not intended to put that question to her; he had set himself a limit. But the limit had suddenly moved on. "Do you mean at that house where I heard you speak?"

"I may go there for a few days."

"If it's forbidden to me to go and see you there, why did you send me a card?"

"Because I wanted to convert you then."

"And now you give me up?"

"No, no; I want you to remain as you are!"

She looked strange, with her more mechanical smile, as she said this, and he didn't know what idea was in her head. She had already left him, but he called after her, "If you do stay, I will come!" She neither turned nor made an answer, and all that was left to him

was to watch her till she passed out of sight. Her back, with its charming young form, seemed to repeat that last puzzle, which was almost a challenge.

For this, however, Verena Tarrant had not meant it. She wanted, in spite of the greater delay and the way Olive would wonder, to walk home, because it gave her time to think, and think again, how glad she was (really, positively, *now*) that Mr. Ransom was on the wrong side. If he had been on the right — ! She didn't finish this proposition. She found Olive waiting for her in exactly the manner she had foreseen; she turned to her, as she came in, a sufficiently terrible face. Verena instantly explained herself, related exactly what she had been doing; then went on, without giving her friend time for question or comment: "And you — you paid your visit to Mrs. Burrage?"

"Yes, I went through that."

"And did she press the question of my coming there?"

"Very much indeed."

"And what did you say?"

"I said very little, but she gave me such assurances ——"

"That you thought I ought to go?"

Olive was silent a moment, then she said: "She declares they are devoted to the cause, and that New York will be at your feet."

Verena took Miss Chancellor's shoulders in each of her hands, and gave her back, for an instant, her gaze, her silence. Then she broke out, with a kind of passion: "I don't care for her assurances — I don't care for New York! I won't go to them — I won't — do you understand?" Suddenly her voice changed, she passed her arms round her friend and buried her face in her neck. "Olive Chancellor, take me away, take me away!" she went on. In a moment Olive felt that she was sobbing, and that the question was settled, the question she herself had debated in anguish a couple of hours before.

XXXV.

THE August night had gathered by the time Basil Ransom, having finished his supper, stepped out upon the piazza of the little hotel. It was a very little hotel and of a very slight and loose construction; the tread of a tall Mississippian made the staircase groan and the windows rattle in their frames. He was very hungry when he arrived, having not had a moment, in Boston, on his way through, to eat even the frugal morsel with which he was accustomed to sustain nature between a breakfast that consisted of a cup of coffee and a dinner that consisted of a cup of tea. He had had his cup of tea now, and very bad it was, brought him by a pale, round-backed young lady, with auburn ringlets, a fancy belt, and an expression of limited tolerance for a gentleman who could not choose quickly between fried fish, fried steak, and baked beans. The train for Marmion left Boston at four o'clock in the afternoon, and rambled fitfully toward the southern cape, while the shadows grew long in the stony pastures, and the slanting light gilded the straggling, shabby woods, and painted the ponds and marshes with yellow gleams. The ripeness of summer lay upon the land, and yet there was nothing in the country Basil Ransom traversed that seemed susceptible of maturity; nothing but the apples in the little tough, dense orchards, which gave a suggestion of sour fruition here and there, and the tall, bright golden-rod at the bottom of the bare stone dykes. There were no fields of yellow grain; only here and there a crop of brown hay. But there was a kind of soft scrubbiness in the landscape, and a sweetness begotten of low horizons, of mild air, with a possibility of summer haze, of unregarded inlets where on August mornings the water must be brightly blue. Ransom had heard that the Cape was the Italy, so to speak, of Massachusetts; it had been described to him as the drowsy Cape, the languid Cape, the Cape not of storms, but of eternal peace. He knew that the two ladies from Charles street had been drawn thither, for the hot weeks, by its sedative influence, by the conviction that its toneless air would minister to perfect rest. In a career in which there was so much nervous excitement as theirs, they had no wish to be wound up when they went out of town; they were sufficiently wound up at all times by the sense of all their sex had been through. They wanted to live idly, to unbend and lie in hammocks, and also to keep out of the crowd, the rush of the watering-place. Ransom could see there was no crowd at Marmion, as soon as he got there, though indeed there was a rush, which directed itself to the only vehicle in waiting outside of the small, lonely, hut-like station, so distant from the village that, as far as one looked along the sandy, sketchy road which was supposed to lead to it, one saw only an empty land on either side. Six or eight men, in "dusters," carrying parcels and handbags, projected themselves upon the solitary, ricketty carry-all, so that Ransom could read his own fate, while the ruminating conductor of the vehicle, a lean, shambling citizen, with a long neck and a tuft on his chin, guessed that if he wanted to get to the hotel before dusk he would have to strike out. His valise was attached in a precarious manner to the rear of the carry-all. "Well, I'll

chance it," the driver remarked, sadly, when Ransom protested against its insecure position. He recognized the southern quality of that picturesque fatalism — judged that Miss Chancellor and Verena Tarrant must be pretty thoroughly relaxed if they had given themselves up to the genius of the place. This was what he hoped for and counted on, as he took his way, the sole pedestrian in the group that had quitted the train, in the wake of the overladen carry-all. It helped him to enjoy the first country walk he had had for many months, for more than months, for years, that the reflection was forced upon him as he went (the mild, vague scenery, just beginning to be dim with twilight, suggested it at every step) that the two young women who constituted, at Marmion, his whole prefigurement of a social circle, must, in such a locality as that, be taking a regular holiday. The sense of all the wrongs they had still to redress must be lighter there than it was in Boston; the ardent young man had, for the hour, an ingenuous hope that they had left their opinions in the city. He liked the very smell of the soil as he wandered along; cool, soft whiffs of evening met him at bends of the road which disclosed very little more — unless it might be a band of straight-stemmed woodland, keeping, a little, the red glow from the west, or (as he went farther) an old house, shingled all over, gray and slightly collapsing, which looked down at him from a steep bank, at the top of wooden steps. He was already refreshed; he had tasted the breath of nature, measured his long grind in New York, without a vacation, with the repetition of the daily movement up and down the long, straight city, like a bucket in a well or a shuttle in a loom.

He lit his cigar in the office of the hotel — a small room on the right of the door, where a "register," meagerly inscribed, led a terribly public life on the little bare desk, and got its pages dogs'-eared before they were covered. Local worthies, of a vague identity, used to lounge there, as Ransom perceived the next day, by the hour. They tipped back their chairs against the wall, seldom spoke, and might have been supposed, with their converging vision, to be watching something out of the window, if there had been anything at Marmion to watch. Sometimes one of them got up and went to the desk, on which he leaned his elbows, hunching a pair of sloping shoulders to an uncollared neck. For the fiftieth time he perused the fly-blown page of the recording volume, where the names followed each other with such jumps of date. The others watched him while he did so — or contemplated in silence some "guest" of the hostelry, when such a personage entered the place with an air of appealing from the general irresponsibility of the establishment and found no one but the village philosophers to address himself to. It was an establishment conducted by invisible, elusive agencies; they had a kind of stronghold in the dining-room, which was kept locked at all but sacramental hours. There was a tradition that a "boy" exercised some tutelary function as regards the crumpled register; but when he was inquired about, it was usually elicited from the impartial circle in the office either that he was somewhere round or that he had gone a-fishing. Except the haughty waitress who has just been mentioned as giving Ransom his supper, and who only emerged at meal-times from her mystic seclusion, this impalpable youth was the single person on the premises who represented domestic service. Anxious lady-boarders, wrapped in shawls, were seen waiting for him, as if he had been the doctor, on horse-hair rocking-chairs, in the little public parlor; others peered vaguely out of back doors and windows, thinking that if he were somewhere round they might see him. Sometimes people went to the door of the dining-room and tried it, shaking it a little, timidly, to see if it would yield; then, finding it fast, came away, looking, if they had been observed, shy and snubbed, at their fellows. Some of them went so far as to say that they didn't think it was a very good hotel.

Ransom, however, didn't much care whether it was good or not; he hadn't come to Marmion for the love of the hotel. Now that he had got there, however, he didn't know exactly what to do; his course seemed rather less easy than it had done when, suddenly, the night before, tired, sick of the city air, and hungry for a holiday, he decided to take the next morning's train to Boston, and there take another to the shores of Buzzard's Bay. The little hotel itself offered few resources; the inmates were not numerous; they moved about a little outside on the small piazza and in the rough yard which interposed between the house and the road, and then they dropped off into the unmitigated dusk. This element, touched only in two or three places by a far-away dim glimmer, presented itself to Ransom as his sole entertainment. Though it was pervaded by that curious, pure, earthy smell which in New England, in summer, hangs in the nocturnal air, Ransom bethought himself that the place might be a little dull for persons who had not come to it as he had to take possession of Verena Tarrant. The unfriendly inn, which suggested dreadfully to Ransom (he hated the practice) an early bed-time, seemed to have no relation to anything, not even to itself; but a fellow-tenant of whom he made an inquiry told him the

village was sprinkled round. Basil presently walked along the road in search of it under the stars, smoking one of the good cigars which constituted his only tribute to luxury. He reflected that it would hardly do to begin his attack that night; he ought to give the Bostonians a certain amount of notice of his appearance on the scene. He thought it very possible, indeed, that they might be addicted to the vile habit of "retiring" with the cocks and hens. He was sure that was one of the things Olive Chancellor would do so long as he should stay — on purpose to spite him; she would make Verena Tarrant go to bed at unnatural hours, just to deprive him of his evenings. He walked some distance without encountering a creature or discerning an habitation; but he enjoyed the splendid starlight, the stillness, the shrill melancholy of the crickets, which seemed to make all the vague forms of the country pulsate around him; the whole impression was a bath of freshness after the long strain of the preceding two years, and his recent sweltering weeks in New York. At the end of ten minutes (his stroll had been slow) a figure drew near him, at first indistinct, but presently defining itself as that of a woman. She was walking apparently without purpose, like himself, or without other purpose than that of looking at the stars, when she paused for an instant, throwing back her head, to contemplate as he drew nearer to her. In a moment he was very close; he saw her look at him, through the clear gloom, as they passed each other. She was small and slim; he made out her head and face, saw that her hair was cropped; had an impression of having seen her before. He noticed that as she went by she turned as well as himself, and that there was a sort of recognition in her movement. Then he felt sure that he had seen her elsewhere, and before she had added to the distance that separated them, he stopped short, looking after her. She noticed his halt, paused equally, and for a moment they stood there face to face, at a certain interval, in the darkness.

"I beg your pardon — is it Doctor Prance?" he found himself demanding.

For a minute there was no answer; then came the voice of the little lady.

"Yes, sir; I am Doctor Prance. Any one sick at the hotel?"

"I hope not; I don't know," Ransom said, laughing.

Then he took a few steps, mentioned his name, recalled his having met her at Miss Birdseye's, ever so long before (nearly two years), and expressed the hope that she had not forgotten that.

She thought it over a little — she was evidently addicted neither to empty phrases nor to unconsidered assertions. "I presume you mean that night Miss Tarrant launched out so."

"That very night. We had a very interesting conversation."

"Well, I remember I lost a good deal," said Doctor Prance.

"Well, I don't know; I have an idea you made it up in other ways," Ransom returned, laughing still.

He saw her bright little eyes engage with his own. Staying, apparently, in the village, she had come out, bareheaded, for an evening walk, and if it had been possible to imagine Doctor Prance bored and in want of recreation, the way she lingered there as if she were quite willing to have another talk might have suggested to Basil Ransom this condition. "Why, don't you consider her career very remarkable?"

"Oh, yes; everything is remarkable nowadays; we live in an age of wonders!" the young man replied, much amused to find himself discussing the object of his adoration in this casual way, in the dark, on a lonely country road, with a short-haired female physician. It was astonishing how quickly Doctor Prance and he had made friends again. "I suppose, by the way, you know Miss Tarrant and Miss Chancellor are staying down here?" he went on.

"Well, yes, I suppose I know it. I am visiting Miss Chancellor," the dry little woman added.

"Oh, indeed? I am delighted to hear it!" Ranson exclaimed, feeling that he might have a friend in the camp. "Then you can inform me where those ladies have their house?"

"Yes, I guess I can tell it in the dark. I will show you round now, if you like."

"I shall be glad to see it, though I am not sure I shall go in immediately. I must reconnoiter a little first. That makes me so very happy to have met you. I think it's very wonderful — your knowing me."

Doctor Prance did not repudiate this compliment, but she presently remarked: "You didn't pass out of my mind entirely, because I have heard about you since, from Miss Birdseye."

"Ah, yes, I saw her in the spring. I hope she is in health and happiness."

"She is always in happiness, but she can't be said to be in health. She is very weak; she is failing."

"I am very sorry for that."

"She is also visiting Miss Chancellor," Doctor Prance observed, after a pause which was an illustration of an appearance she had of thinking that certain things didn't at all imply others.

"Why, my cousin has got all the distinguished women!" Basil Ransom exclaimed.

"Is Miss Chancellor your cousin? There isn't much family resemblance. Miss Birdseye came down for the benefit of the country air, and I am down to see if I could help her to get some good from it. She wouldn't much, if she were left to herself. Miss Birdseye has a very fine character, but she hasn't much idea of hygiene." Doctor Prance was evidently more and more disposed to be chatty. Ransom appreciated this fact, and said he hoped she, too, was getting some good from the country air,— he was afraid she was very much confined to her profession, in Boston; to which she replied,— "Well, I was just taking a little exercise along the road. I presume you don't realize what it is to be one of four ladies grouped together in a small frame house."

Ransom remembered how he had liked her before, and he felt that, as the phrase was, he was going to like her again. He wanted to express his good-will to her, and would greatly have enjoyed being at liberty to offer her a cigar. He didn't know what to offer her or what to do, unless he should invite her to sit with him on a fence. He did realize perfectly what the situation in the small frame house must be, and entered with instant sympathy into the feelings which had led Doctor Prance to detach herself from the circle and wander forth under the constellations, all of which he was sure she knew. He asked her permission to accompany her on her walk, but she said she was not going much farther in that direction; she was going to turn round. He turned round with her, and they went back together to the village, in which he at last began to discover a certain consistency, signs of habitation, houses disposed with a rough resemblance to a plan. The road wandered among them with a kind of accommodating sinuosity, and there were even cross-streets, and an oil-lamp on a corner, and here and there the small sign of a closed shop with an indistinctly countrified lettering. There were lights now in the windows of some of the houses, and Doctor Prance mentioned to her companion several of the inhabitants of the little town, who appeared all to rejoice in the prefix of captain. They were retired ship-masters; there was quite a little nest of these worthies, two or three of whom might be seen lingering in their dim doorways, as if they were conscious of a want of encouragement to sit up, and yet remembered the nights in far-away waters when they wouldn't have thought of turning in at all. Marmion called itself a town, but it was a good deal shrunken since the decline in the ship-building interest; it turned out a good many vessels every year, in the palmy days, before the war. There were ship-yards still, where you could almost pick up the old shavings, the old nails and rivets, but they were grass-grown now, and the water lapped them without anything to interfere. There was a kind of arm of the sea put in; it went up some way, it wasn't the real sea, but very quiet like a river; that was more attractive to some. Doctor Prance didn't say the place was picturesque, or quaint, or weird; but he could see that was what she meant when she said it was moldering away. Even under the mantle of night he himself gathered the impression that it had had a larger life, seen better days. Doctor Prance made no remark designed to elicit from him an account of his motives in coming to Marmion; she asked him neither when he had arrived nor how long he intended to stay. His allusion to his cousinship with Miss Chancellor might have served to her mind as a reason; yet, on the other hand, it would have been open to her to wonder why, if he had come to see the young ladies from Charles street, he was not in more of a hurry to present himself. It was plain Doctor Prance didn't go into that kind of analysis. If Ransom had complained to her of a sore throat, she would have inquired with precision, about his symptoms; but she was incapable of asking him any questions with a social bearing. Sociably enough, however, they continued to wander through the principal street of the little town, darkened in places by immense old elms, which made a blackness overhead. There was a salt smell in the air, as if they were nearer the water; Doctor Prance said that Olive's house was at the other end.

"I shall take it as a kindness if, for this evening, you don't mention that you have happened to meet me," Ransom remarked after a little. He had changed his mind about giving notice.

"Well, I wouldn't," his companion replied; as if she didn't need any caution in regard to making vain statements.

"I want to keep my arrival a little surprise for to-morrow. It will be a great pleasure to me to see Miss Birdseye," he went on, rather hypocritically, as if that at bottom had been to his mind the main attraction of Marmion.

Doctor Prance did not reveal her private comment, whatever it was, on this intimation; she only said, after some hesitation,—"Well, I presume the old lady will take quite an interest in your being here."

"I have no doubt she is capable even of that degree of philanthropy."

"Well, she has charity for all, but she does — even she — prefer her own side. She regards you as quite an acquisition."

Ransom could not but feel flattered at the idea that he had been a subject of conversation — as this implied — in the little circle at Miss Chancellor's; but he was at a loss, for the moment, to perceive what he had done up to this time to gratify the senior member of the group. "I hope she will find me an acquisition after I have been here a few days," he said, laughing.

"Well, she thinks you are one of the most important converts yet," Doctor Prance replied in a colorless way, as if she wouldn't have pretended to explain why.

"A convert — me? Do you mean of Miss Tarrant's?" It had come over him that Miss Birdseye, in fact, when he was parting with her after their meeting in Boston, had assented to his request for secrecy (which at first had struck her as somewhat unholy), on the ground that Verena would bring him into the fold. He wondered whether that young lady had been telling her old friend that she had succeeded with him. He thought this improbable; but it didn't matter, and he said, gayly, "Well, I can easily let her suppose so!"

It was evident that it would be no easier for Doctor Prance to subscribe to a deception than it had been for her venerable patient; but she went so far as to reply, "Well, I hope you won't let her suppose you are where you were that time I conversed with you. I could see where you were then!"

"It was in about the same place you were, wasn't it?"

"Well," said Doctor Prance, with a small sigh, "I am afraid I have moved back, if anything!" Her sigh told him a good deal; it seemed a dry, self-controlled protest against the tone of Miss Chancellor's interior, of which it was her present fortune to form a part: and the way she hovered round, indistinct in the gloom, as if she were rather loath to resume her place there, completed his impression that the little doctress had a line of her own.

"That, at least, must distress Miss Birdseye," he said, reproachfully.

"Not much, because I am not of importance. They think women the equals of men; but they are a great deal more pleased when a man joins than when a woman does."

Ransom complimented Doctor Prance on the lucidity of her mind, and then he said, "Is Miss Birdseye really sick? Is her condition very precarious?"

"Well, she is very old, and very — very gentle," Doctor Prance answered, hesitating a moment for her adjective. "Under those circumstances a person may flicker out."

"We must trim the lamp," said Ransom; "I will take my turn, with pleasure, in watching the sacred flame."

"It will be a pity if she doesn't live to hear Miss Tarrant's great effort," his companion went on.

"Miss Tarrant's? What's that?"

"Well, it's the principal interest, in there." And Doctor Prance now vaguely indicated, with a movement of her head, a small white house, much detached from its neighbors, which stood on their left, with its back to the water, at a little distance from the road. It exhibited more signs of animation than any of its fellows; several windows, notably those of the ground floor, were open to the warm evening, and a large shaft of light was projected upon the grassy wayside in front of it. Ransom, in his determination to be discreet, checked the advance of his companion, who added presently, with a short, suppressed laugh,— "You can see it is, from that!" He listened to ascertain what she meant, and after an instant a sound came to his ear — a sound he knew already well, which carried the accents of Verena Tarrant in ample periods and cadences out into the stillness of the August night.

"Murder, what a lovely voice!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

Doctor Prance's eye gleamed towards him a moment, and she exclaimed, humorously (she was relaxing immensely), "Perhaps Miss Birdseye is right!" Then, as he made no rejoinder, only listening to the vocal inflections that floated out of the house, she went on — "She's practicing her speech."

"Her speech? Is she going to deliver one here?"

"No, as soon as they go back to town — at the Music Hall."

Ransom's attention was now transferred to his companion. "Is that why you call it her great effort?"

"Well, so they think it, I believe. She practices that way every night; she reads portions of it aloud to Miss Chancellor and Miss Birdseye."

"And that's the time you choose for your walk?" Ransom said, smiling.

"Well, it's the time my old lady has least need of me; she's too absorbed."

Doctor Prance dealt in facts; Ransom had already discovered that; and some of her facts were very interesting.

"The Music Hall — isn't that your great building?" he asked.

"Well, it's the biggest we've got; it's pretty big, but it isn't so big as Miss Chancellor's ideas," added Doctor Prance. "She has taken it to bring out Miss Tarrant before the general public — she has never appeared that way in Boston — on a great scale. She expects her to make a big sensation. It will be

a great night, and they are preparing for it. They consider it her real beginning."

"And this is the preparation?" Basil Ransom said.

"Yes; as I say, it's their principal interest."

Ransom listened, and while he listened he meditated. He had thought it possible Verena's principles might have been shaken by the profession of faith to which he treated her in New York; but this hardly looked like it. For some moments Doctor Prance and he stood together in silence.

"You don't hear the words," the doctor remarked, with a smile which, in the dark, looked Mephistophelian.

"Oh, I know the words!" the young man exclaimed, with rather a groan, as he offered her his hand for good-night.

XXXVI.

A CERTAIN prudence had determined him to put off his visit till the morning; he thought it more probable that at that time he should be able to see Verena alone; whereas, in the evening, the two young women would be sure to be sitting together. When the morrow dawned, however, Basil Ransom felt none of the trepidation of the procrastinator; he knew nothing of the reception that awaited him, but he took his way to the cottage designated to him overnight by Doctor Prance, with the step of a man much more conscious of his own purpose than of possible obstacles. He made the reflection, as he went, that to see a place for the first time at night is like reading a foreign author in a translation. At the present hour—it was getting towards eleven o'clock—he felt that he was dealing with an original. The little straggling, loosely clustered town lay along the edge of a blue inlet, on the other side of which was a low, wooded shore, with a gleam of white sand where it touched the water. The narrow bay carried the vision outward to a picture that seemed at once bright and dim—a shining, slumbering summer sea, and a far-off, circling line of coast, which, under the August sun, was hazy and delicate. Ransom regarded the place as a town because Doctor Prance had called it one; but it was a town where you smelt the breath of the hay in the streets, and you might gather blackberries in the principal square. The houses looked at each other across the grass—low, rusty, crooked, distended houses, with dry, cracked faces, and the dim eyes of small-paned, stiffly sliding windows. Their little door-yards bristled with rank, old-fashioned flowers, mostly yellow; and on the quarter that stood back from the sea the fields sloped upward, and the woods in which they presently lost themselves looked down over the roofs. Bolts and bars were not a part of the domestic machinery of Marmion, and the responsive menial, receiving the visitor on the threshold, was a creature rather desired than definitely possessed; so that Basil Ransom found Miss Chancellor's house-door gaping wide (as he had seen it the night before), and destitute even of a knocker or a bell-handle. From where he stood in the porch he could see the whole of the little sitting-room on the left of the hall—see that it stretched straight through to the back windows; that it was garnished with photographs of foreign works of art, pinned upon the walls, and enriched with a piano and other little extemporized embellishments, such as ingenious women lavish upon the houses they hire for a few weeks. Verena told him afterwards that Olive had taken her cottage furnished, but that the paucity of chairs and tables and bedsteads was such that their little party used almost to sit down, to lie down, in turn. On the other hand they had all George Eliot's writings, and two photographs of the Sistine Madonna. Ransom rapped with his stick on the lintel of the door, but no one came to receive him; so he made his way into the parlor, where he observed that his cousin Olive had as many German books as ever lying about. He dipped into this literature, momentarily, according to his wont, and then remembered that this was not what he had come for, and that as he had waited at the door he had seen, through another door, opening at the opposite end of the hall, signs of a small veranda attached to the other face of the house. Thinking the ladies might be assembled there in the shade, he pushed aside the muslin curtain of the back window, and saw that the advantages of Miss Chancellor's summer residence were in this quarter. There was a veranda, in fact, to which a wide, horizontal trellis, covered with an ancient vine, formed a kind of extension. Beyond the trellis was a small, lonely garden; beyond the garden was a large, vague, woody space, where a few piles of old timber were disposed, and which he afterwards learned to be a relic of the ship-building era described to him by Doctor Prance; and still beyond this again was the charming, lake-like estuary he had already admired. His eyes did not rest upon the distance; they were attracted by a figure seated under the trellis, where the chequers of sun, in the interstices of the vine-leaves fell upon a bright-colored rug spread out on the ground. The floor of the roughly constructed veranda was so low that there was virtually no difference in the level. It took Ransom only a moment to recognize Miss Birdseye, though

her back was turned to the house. She was alone; she sat there motionless (she had a newspaper in her lap, but her attitude was not that of a reader), looking at the shimmering bay. She might be asleep; that was why Ransom moderated the process of his long legs as he came round through the house to join her. This precaution represented his only scruple. He stepped across the veranda and stood close to her, but she did not appear to notice him. Visibly, she was dozing, or presumably, rather, for her head was enveloped in an old faded straw hat, which concealed the upper part of her face. There were two or three other chairs near her, and a table on which were half a dozen books and periodicals, together with a glass containing a colorless liquid, on the top of which a spoon was laid. Ransom desired only to respect her repose, so he sat down in one of the chairs and waited till she should become aware of his presence. He thought Miss Chancellor's back garden a delightful spot, and his jaded senses tasted the breeze — the idle, wandering summer wind — that stirred the vine-leaves over his head. The hazy shores on the other side of the water, which had tints more delicate than the street vistas of New York (they seemed powdered with silver, a sort of midsummer light), suggested to him a land of dreams, a country in a picture. Basil Ransom had seen very few pictures; there were none in Mississippi; but he had a vision at times of something that would be more refined than the real world, and the situation in which he now found himself pleased him almost as much as if it had been a striking work of art. He was unable to see, as I have said, whether Miss Birdseye were taking in the prospect through open or only, imagination aiding (she had plenty of that), through closed, tired, dazzled eyes. She appeared to him, as the minutes elapsed and he sat beside her, the incarnation of well-earned rest, of patient, submissive superannuation. At the end of her long day's work she might have been placed there to enjoy this dim prevision of the peaceful river, the gleaming shores, of the paradise her unselfish life had certainly qualified her to enter, and which, apparently, would so soon be opened to her. After a while she said, placidly, without turning:

"I suppose it's about time I should take my remedy again. It does seem as if she had found the right thing; don't you think so?"

"Do you mean the contents of that tumbler? I shall be delighted to give it to you, and you must tell me how much you take." And Basil Ransom, getting up, possessed himself of the glass on the table.

At the sound of his voice Miss Birdseye pushed back her straw hat by a movement that was familiar to her, and twisting about her muffled figure a little (even in August she felt the cold, and had to be much covered up to sit out), bent upon him a speculative unastonished gaze.

"One spoonful — two?" Ransom asked, stirring the dose and smiling.

"Well, I guess I'll take two this time."

"Certainly, Doctor Prance couldn't help finding the right thing," Ransom said, as he administered the medicine; while the movement with which she extended her face to take it made her seem doubly childlike.

He put down the glass, and she relapsed into her position; she seemed to be considering. "It's homeopathic," she remarked, in a moment.

"Oh, I have no doubt of that; I presume you wouldn't take anything else."

"Well, it's generally admitted now to be the true system."

Ransom moved closer to her, placed himself where she could see him better. "It's a great thing to have the true system," he said, bending towards her in a friendly way; "I'm sure you have it in everything." He was not often hypocritical; but when he was he went all lengths.

"Well, I don't know that any one has a right to say that. I thought you were Verena," she added in a moment, taking him in again with her mild, deliberate vision.

"I have been waiting for you to recognize me; of course you didn't know I was here — I only arrived last night."

"Well, I'm glad you have come to see Olive now."

"You remember that I wouldn't do that when I met you last?"

"You asked me not to mention to her that I had met you; that's what I principally recall."

"And don't you remember what I told you I wanted to do? I wanted to go out to Cambridge and see Miss Tarrant. Thanks to the information that you were so good as to give me, I was able to do so."

"Yes, she gave me quite a little description of your visit," said Miss Birdseye, with a smile, and a vague sound in her throat — a sort of pensive reference to the idea of laughter — of which Ransom never learned the exact significance, though he retained for a long time afterwards a kindly memory of the old lady's manner at the moment.

"I don't know how much she enjoyed it, but it was an immense pleasure to me; so great a one that, as you see, I have come to call upon her again."

"Then, I presume, she *has* shaken you?"

"She has shaken me tremendously!" said Ransom, laughing.

"Well, you'll be a great addition," Miss Birdseye returned. "And this time, your visit is also for Miss Chancellor?"

"That depends on whether she will receive me."

"Well, if she knows you are shaken, that will go a great way," said Miss Birdseye, a little musingly, as if even to her unsophisticated mind it had been manifested that one's relations with Miss Chancellor might be ticklish. "But she can't receive you now — can she? — because she's out. She has gone to the post-office for the Boston letters, and they get so many every day that she had to take Verena with her to help her carry them home. One of them wanted to stay with me, because Doctor Prance has gone fishing, but I said I presumed I could be left alone for about seven minutes. I know how they love to be together; it seems as if one *couldn't* go out without the other. That's what they came down here for, because it's quiet, and it didn't look as if there was any one else they would be much drawn to. So it would be a pity for me to come down after them just to spoil it!"

"I am afraid I shall spoil it, Miss Birdseye."

"Oh, well, a gentleman," murmured the ancient woman.

"Yes, what can you expect of a gentleman? I certainly shall spoil it if I can."

"You had better go fishing with Doctor Prance," said Miss Birdseye, with a serenity which showed that she was far from measuring the sinister quality of the announcement he had just made.

"I sha'n't object to that at all. The days here must be very long — very full of hours. Have you got the doctor with you?" Ransom inquired, as if he knew nothing at all about her.

"Yes, Miss Chancellor invited us both; she is very thoughtful. She is not merely a theoretic philanthropist — she goes into details," said Miss Birdseye, presenting her large person, in her chair, as if she herself were only an item. "It seems as if we were not so much wanted in Boston, just in August."

"And here you sit and enjoy the breeze, and admire the view," the young man remarked, wondering when the two messengers, whose seven minutes must long since have expired, would return from the post-office.

"Yes, I enjoy everything in this little Old-World place; I didn't suppose I should be satisfied to be so passive. It's a great contrast to my former exertions. But somehow it doesn't seem as if there were any trouble or any wrong round here; and if there should be, there are Miss Chancellor and Miss Tarrant to look after it. They seem to think I had better fold my hands. Besides, when helpful, generous minds begin to flock in from *your* part of the country," Miss Birdseye continued, looking at him from under the distorted and discolored canopy of her hat with a benignity which completed the idea in any cheerful sense he chose.

He felt by this time that he was committed to rather a dishonest part; he was pledged not to give a shock to her optimism. This might cost him, in the coming days, a good deal of dissimulation, but he was now saved from any further expenditure of ingenuity by certain warning sounds which admonished him that he must keep his wits about him for a purpose more urgent. There were voices in the hall of the house, voices he knew, which came nearer, quickly; so that before he had time to rise one of the speakers had come out with the exclamation —"Dear Miss Birdseye, here are seven letters for you!" The words fell to the ground, indeed, before they were fairly spoken, and when Ransom got up, turning, he saw Olive Chancellor standing there, with the parcel from the post-office in her hand. She stared at him in sudden horror; for the moment her self-possession completely deserted her. There was so little of any greeting in her face save the greeting of dismay, that he felt there was nothing for him to say to her, nothing that could mitigate the odious fact of his being there. He could only let her take it in, let her divine that, this time, he was not to be got rid of. In an instant — to ease off the situation — he held out his hand for Miss Birdseye's letters, and it was a proof of Olive's having turned rather faint and weak that she gave them up to him. He delivered the packet to the old lady, and now Verena had appeared in the doorway of the house. As soon as she saw him, she blushed crimson; but she didn't, like Olive, stand voiceless.

"Why, Mr. Ransom," she cried out, "Where in the world were *you* washed ashore?" Miss Birdseye, meanwhile taking her letters, had no appearance of observing that the encounter between Olive and her visitor was a kind of concussion.

It was Verena who eased off the situation. She had colored violently, as I say, as soon as her eyes rested on Ransom; but her gay challenge rose to her lips as promptly as if she had had no cause for embarrassment. She was not confused even when she blushed, and her alertness may perhaps be explained by the habit of public speaking. Ransom smiled at her while she came forward, but he spoke first to Olive, who had already turned her eyes away from him, and gazed at the blue

sea-view as if she were wondering what was going to happen to her at last.

"Of course you are very much surprised to see me; but I hope to be able to induce you to regard me not absolutely in the light of an intruder. I found your door open, and I walked in, and Miss Birdseye seemed to think I might stay. Miss Birdseye, I put myself under your protection; I invoke you; I appeal to you," the young man went on. "Adopt me, answer for me, cover me with the mantle of your charity!"

Miss Birdseye looked up from her letters, as if at first she had only faintly heard his appeal. She turned her eyes from Olive to Verena; then she said, "Doesn't it seem as if we had room for all? When I remember what I have seen in the South, Mr. Ransom's being here strikes me as a great triumph."

Olive evidently didn't understand, and Verena broke in with eagerness, "It was by my letter, of course, that you knew we were here. The one I wrote just before we came, Olive," she went on. "Don't you remember I showed it to you?"

At the mention of this act of submission on her friend's part Olive started, flashing her a strange look; then she said to Basil that she didn't see why he should explain so much about his coming; every one had a right to come. It was a very charming place; it ought to do any one good. "But it will have one defect for you," she added; "three-quarters of the summer-residents are women!"

This attempted pleasantry on Miss Chancellor's part, so unexpected, so incongruous, uttered with white lips and cold eyes, struck Ransom to that degree by its oddity that he could not resist exchanging a glance of wonder with Verena, who, if she had had the opportunity, could probably have explained to him the phenomenon. Olive had recovered herself, reminded herself that she was safe, that her companion in New York had repudiated, denounced her pursuer; and, as a proof to her own sense of her security, as well as a touching mark to Verena that now, after what had passed, she had no fear, she felt that a certain light mockery would be effective.

"Ah, Miss Olive, don't pretend to think I love your sex so little, when you know that what you really object to in me is that I love it too much!" Ransom was not brazen; he was not impudent; he was really a very modest man. But he was aware that whatever he said or did he was condemned to seem impudent now, and he argued within himself that if he was to have the dishonor of being thought brazen he might as well have the comfort. He didn't care a straw, in truth, how he was judged or how he might offend; he had a purpose which swallowed up such inanities as that, and he was so full of it that it kept him firm, balanced him, gave him an assurance that might easily have been confounded with ironical coolness. "This place will do me good," he pursued; "I haven't had a holiday for more than two years, I couldn't have gone another day; I was finished. I would have written to you beforehand that I was coming, but I only started at a few hours' notice. It occurred to me that this would be just what I wanted; I remembered what Miss Tarrant had said in her note, that it was a place where people could lie on the ground and wear their old clothes. I delight to lie on the ground, and all my clothes are old. I hope to be able to stay three or four weeks."

Olive listened till he had done speaking; she stood a single moment longer, and then, without a word, a glance, she went into the house. Ransom saw that Miss Birdseye was immersed in her letters; so he went straight to Verena and stood before her, looking far into her eyes. He was not smiling now, as he had been in speaking to Olive. "Will you come somewhere apart, where I can speak to you alone?"

"Why have you done this? It was not right in you to come!" Verena looked still as if she were blushing, but Ransom perceived he must allow for her having been delicately scorched by the sun.

"I have come because it is necessary,— because I have something very important to say to you. A great number of things."

"The same things you said in New York? I don't want to hear them again,— they were horrible!"

"No, not the same — different ones. I want you to come out with me, away from here."

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

A STORY OF SEVEN DEVILS.

THE negro church which stood in the pine woods near the little village of Oxford Cross Roads, in one of the lower counties of Virginia, was presided over by an elderly individual, known to the community in general as Uncle Pete; but on Sundays the members of his congregation addressed him as Brudder Peter. He was an earnest and energetic man, and, although he could neither read nor write, he had for many years expounded the Scriptures to the satisfaction of his hearers. His memory was good, and those portions of the Bible which from time to time he had heard read were used by him, and frequently with powerful effect, in his sermons. His interpretations of the Scriptures were generally entirely original, and were made to suit the needs, or what he supposed to be the needs, of his congregation.

Whether as "Uncle Pete" in the garden and corn-field or "Brudder Peter" in the church, he enjoyed the good opinion of everybody excepting one person, and that was his wife. She was a high-tempered and somewhat dissatisfied person, who had conceived the idea that her husband was in the habit of giving too much time to the church, and too little to the acquisition of corn-bread and pork. On a certain Saturday she gave him a most tremendous scolding, which so affected the spirits of the good man that it influenced his decision in regard to the selection of the subject for his sermon the next day.

His congregation was accustomed to being astonished, and rather liked it, but never before had their minds received such a shock as when the preacher announced the subject of his discourse. He did not take any particular text, for this was not his custom, but he boldly stated that the Bible declared that every woman in this world was possessed by seven devils; and the evils which this state of things had brought upon the world he showed forth with much warmth and feeling. Subject-matter, principally from his own experience, crowded in upon his mind, and he served it out to his audience hot and strong. If his deductions could have been proved to be correct, all women were creatures who, by reason of their seven-fold diabolic possession, were not capable of independent thought or action, and who should in tears and humility place themselves absolutely under the direction and authority of the other sex.

When he approached the conclusion of his sermon, Brother Peter closed with a bang the Bible, which, although he could not read a word of it, always lay open before him while he preached, and delivered the concluding exhortation of his sermon:

"Now, my dear brev'ren ob dis congregation," he said, "I want you to understan' dat dar's nuffin in dis yer sarmon wot you've jus' heerd ter make you think yousefs angels. By no means, brev'ren; you was all brung up by wimmen, an' you've got ter lib wid 'em, an' ef anythin' in dis yer worl' is ketchin', my dear brev'ren, it's habin debbils, an' from wot I've seen ob some ob de men ob dis worl' I 'spect dey is persest ob 'bout all de debbils dey got room fur. But de Bible don' say nuffin p'intedly on de subjec' ob de number ob debbils in man, an' I 'spec' dose dat's got 'em—an' we ought ter feel pow'ful thankful, my der brev'ren, dat de Bible don' say we all's got 'em—has 'em 'cordin to sarcumstances. But wid de wimmin it's dif'rent; dey's got jus' sebin, an' bless my soul, brev'ren, I think dat's 'nuff.

"While I was a-turnin' ober in my min' de subjec' ob dis sarmon, dere come ter me a bit ob Scripter wot I heerd at a big preachin' an' baptizin' at Kyarter's Mills, 'bout ten year' ago. One ob de preachers was a-tellin' about ole mudder Ebe a-eatin' de apple, and says he: De sarpint fus' come along wid a red apple, an', says he: You gib dis yer to your husban', an' he think it so mighty good dat when he done eat it he gib you anything you ax him fur, ef you tell him whar de tree is. Ebe, she took one bite, an' den she frew dat apple away. Wot you mean, you triflin' sarpint, says she, a fotchin' me dat apple wot ain't good fur nuffin but ter make cider wid. Den de sarpint he go fotch her a yaller apple, an' she took one bite an' den says she: Go 'long wid ye, you fool sarpint, wot you fotch me dat June apple wot ain't got no taste to it? Den de sarpint he think she like sumpin' sharp, an' he fotch her a green apple. She takes one bite ob it, an' den she frows it at his head, an' sings out: Is you 'spectin me to gib dat apple to yer Uncle Adam an' gib him de colic? Den de debbil he fotch her a lady-apple, but she say she won't take no sich triflin' nubbins as dat to her husban', an' she took one bite ob it, an' frew it away. Den he go fotch her two udder kin' ob apples, one yaller wid red stripes, an' de udder one red on one side an' green on de udder,—mighty good lookin'

apples, too — de kin' you git two dollars a bar'l fur at the store. But Ebe, she wouldn't hab neider ob 'em, an' when she done took one bite out ob each one, she frew it away. Den de ole debbil-sarpint, he scratch he head, an' he say to hese'f: Dis yer Ebe, she pow'-ful 'ticklar 'bout her apples. Reckin I'll have ter wait till after fros', an' fotch her a real good one. An' he done wait till after fros', and den he fotch her a' Albemarle pippin, an' when she took one bite ob dat, she jus' go 'long an' eat it all up, core, seeds, and all. Look h'yar, sarpint, says she, hab you got anudder ob dem apples in your pocket? An' den he tuk one out, an' gib it to her. ''Cuse me,' says she, 'I's gwine ter look up Adam, an' ef he don' want ter know war de tree is wot dese apples grow on, you kin hab him fur a cawn-fiel' han'.'

"An' now, my dear brev'ren," said Brother Peter, "while I was a-turnin' dis subjec' ober in my min', an' wonderin' how de wimmin come ter hab jus' seben debbils apiece, I done reckerleck dat bit ob Scripter wot I heerd at Kyarter's Mills, an' I reckin dat 'splains how de debbils got inter woman. De sarpint he done fotch mudder Ebe seben apples, an' ebery one she take a bite out of gib her a debbil."

As might have been expected, this sermon produced a great sensation, and made a deep impression on the congregation. As a rule the men were tolerably well satisfied with it; and when the services were over many of them made it the occasion of shy but very plainly pointed remarks to their female friends and relatives.

But the women did not like it at all. Some of them became angry, and talked very forcibly, and feelings of indignation soon spread among all the sisters of the church. If their minister had seen fit to stay at home and preach a sermon like this to his own wife (who, it may be remarked, was not present on this occasion), it would have been well enough, provided he had made no allusions to outsiders; but to come there and preach such things to them was entirely too much for their endurance. Each one of the women knew she had not seven devils, and only a few of them would admit of the possibility of any of the others being possessed by quite so many.

Their preacher's explanation of the manner in which every woman came to be possessed of just so many devils appeared to them of little importance. What they objected to was the fundamental doctrine of his sermon, which was based on his assertion that the Bible declared every woman had seven devils. They were not willing to believe that the Bible said any such thing. Some of them went so far as to state it was their opinion that Uncle Pete had got this fool notion from some of the lawyers at the court-house when he was on a jury a month or so before. It was quite noticeable that, although Sunday afternoon had scarcely begun, the majority of the women of the congregation called their minister Uncle Pete. This was very strong evidence of a sudden decline in his popularity.

Some of the more vigorous-minded women, not seeing their minister among the other people in the clearing in front of the log church, went to look for him, but he was not to be found. His wife had ordered him to be home early, and soon after the congregation had been dismissed he departed by a short cut through the woods. That afternoon an irate committee, composed principally of women, but including also a few men who had expressed disbelief in the new doctrine, arrived at the cabin of their preacher, but found there only his wife, cross-grained old Aunt Rebecca. She informed them that her husband was not at home.

"He's done 'gaged hisse'f," she said, "ter cut an' haul wood fur Kunnel Martin ober on Little Mount'n fur de whole ob nex' week. It's fourteen or thirteen mile' from h'yar, an' ef he'd started ter-morrer mawnin', he'd los' a'mos' a whole day. 'Sides dat, I done tole him dat ef he git dar ter-night he'd have his supper frowed in. Wot you all want wid him? Gwine ter pay him fur preachin'?"

Any such intention as this was instantaneously denied, and Aunt Rebecca was informed of the subject upon which her visitors had come to have a very plain talk with her husband.

Strange to say, the announcement of the new and startling dogma had apparently no disturbing effect upon Aunt Rebecca. On the contrary, the old woman seemed rather to enjoy the news.

"Reckin he oughter know all 'bout dat," she said. "He's done had free wives, an' he ain't got rid o' dis one yit."

Judging from her chuckles and waggings of the head when she made this remark, it might be imagined that Aunt Rebecca was rather proud of the fact that her husband thought her capable of exhibiting a different kind of diabolism every day in the week.

The leader of the indignant church members was Susan Henry, a mulatto woman of a very independent turn of mind. She prided herself that she never worked in anybody's house but her own, and this immunity from outside service gave her a certain preëminence among her sisters. Not only did Susan share the general resentment with which the startling statement of old Peter had been received,

but she felt that its promulgation had affected her position in the community. If every woman was possessed by seven devils, then, in this respect, she was no better nor worse than any of the others; and at this her proud heart rebelled. If the preacher had said some women had eight devils and others six, it would have been better. She might then have made a mental arrangement in regard to her relative position, which would have somewhat consoled her. But now there was no chance for that. The words of the preacher had equally debased all women.

A meeting of the disaffected church members was held the next night at Susan Henry's cabin, or rather in the little yard about it, for the house was not large enough to hold the people who attended it. The meeting was not regularly organized, but everybody said what he or she had to say, and the result was a great deal of clamor, and a general increase of indignation against Uncle Pete.

"Look h'yar!" cried Susan, at the end of some energetic remarks, "is dar enny pusson h'yar who kin count up figgers?"

Inquiries on the subject ran through the crowd, and in a few moments a black boy, about fourteen, was pushed forward as an expert in arithmetic.

"Now, you Jim," said Susan, "you's been to school, an' you kin count up figgers. 'Cordin' ter de chu'ch books dars forty-seben women b'longin' to our meetin', an' ef each one ob dem dar has got seben debbils in her, I jus' wants you ter tell me how many debbils come to chu'ch ebery cl'ar Sunday ter hear dat ole Uncle Pete preach."

This view of the case created a sensation, and much interest was shown in the result of Jim's calculations, which were made by the aid of a back of an old letter and a piece of pencil furnished by Susan. The result was at last announced as three hundred and nineteen, which, although not precisely correct, was near enough to satisfy the company.

"Now, you jus' turn dat ober in you all's minds," said Susan. "More'n free hunderd debbils in chu'ch ebery Sunday, an' we women fotchin 'em. Does anybody s'pose Ise gwine ter b'lieve dat fool talk?"

A middle-aged man now lifted up his voice and said: "Ise been thinkin' ober dis h'yar matter, and Ise 'cluded dat p'r'aps de words ob de preacher was used in a figgeratous form o' sense. P'r'aps de seben debbils meant chillun."

These remarks were received with no favor by the assemblage.

"Oh, you git out!" cried Susan. "Your ole woman's got seben chillun, shore 'nuf, an' I s'pec' dey's all debbils. But dem sent'ments don' apply ter all de udder women h'yar, 'tic'larly ter dem dar young uns wot ain't married yit."

This was good logic, but the feeling on the subject proved to be even stronger, for the mothers in the company became so angry at their children being considered devils that for a time there seemed to be danger of an Amazonian attack on the unfortunate speaker. This was averted, but a great deal of uproar now ensued, and it was the general feeling that something ought to be done to show the deep-seated resentment with which the horrible charge against the mothers and sisters of the congregation had been met. Many violent propositions were made, some of the younger men going so far as to offer to burn down the church. It was finally agreed, quite unanimously, that old Peter should be unceremoniously ousted from his place in the pulpit which he had filled so many years.

As the week passed on, some of the older men of the congregation who had friendly feelings towards their old companion and preacher talked the matter over among themselves, and afterwards, with many of their fellow-members, succeeded at last in gaining the general consent that Uncle Pete should be allowed a chance to explain himself, and give his grounds and reasons for his astounding statement in regard to womankind. If he could show biblical authority for this, of course nothing more could be said. But if he could not, then he must get down from the pulpit, and sit for the rest of his life on a back seat of the church. This proposition met with the more favor, because even those who were most indignant had an earnest curiosity to know what the old man would say for himself.

During all this time of angry discussion, good old Peter was quietly and calmly cutting and hauling wood on the Little Mountain. His mind was in a condition of great comfort and peace, for not only had he been able to rid himself, in his last sermon, of many of the hard thoughts concerning women that had been gathering themselves together for years, but his absence from home had given him a holiday from the harassments of Aunt Rebecca's tongue, so that no new notions of woman's culpability had risen within him. He had dismissed the subject altogether, and had been thinking over a sermon regarding baptism, which he thought he could make convincing to certain of the younger members of his congregation.

He arrived at home very late on Saturday night, and retired to his simple couch without knowing anything of the terrible storm which had been gathering through the week, and which was to burst upon him on the morrow. But the next morning, long before church time, he received warning enough of

what was going to happen. Individuals and deputations gathered in and about his cabin,—some to tell him all that had been said and done; some to inform him what was expected of him; some to stand about and look at him; some to scold; some to denounce; but, alas! not one to encourage; nor one to call him "Brudder Peter," that Sunday appellation dear to his ears. But the old man possessed a stubborn soul, not easily to be frightened.

"Wot I says in de pulpit," he remarked, "I'll 'splain in de pulpit, an' you all ud better git 'long to de chu'ch, an' when de time fur de sarvice come, I'll be dar."

This advice was not promptly acted upon, but in the course of half an hour nearly all the villagers and loungers had gone off to the church in the woods; and when Uncle Peter had put on his high black hat, somewhat battered, but still sufficiently clerical-looking for that congregation, and had given something of a polish to his cowhide shoes, he betook himself by the accustomed path to the log building where he had so often held forth to his people. As soon as he entered the church he was formally instructed by a committee of the leading members that before he began to open the services, he must make it plain to the congregation that what he had said on the preceding Sunday about every woman being possessed by seven devils was Scripture truth, and not mere wicked nonsense out of his own brain. If he could not do that, they wanted no more praying or preaching from him.

Uncle Peter made no answer, but ascending the little pulpit, he put his hat on the bench behind him where it was used to repose, took out his red cotton handkerchief and blew his nose in his accustomed way, and looked about him. The house was crowded. Even Aunt Rebecca was there.

After a deliberate survey of his audience the preacher spoke: "Brev'eren an' sisters, I see afore me Brudder Bill Hines, who kin read de Bible, an' has got one. Ain't dat so, Brudder?"

Bill Hines having nodded and modestly grunted assent, the preacher continued. "An' dar's Aun' Priscilla's boy, Jake, who ain't a brudder yit, though he's plenty old 'nuf, min', I tell ye; an' he kin read de Bible, fus' rate, an' has read it ter me ober an' ober ag'in. Ain't dat so, Jake?"

Jake grinned, nodded, and hung his head, very uncomfortable at being thus publicly pointed out.

"An' dar's good ole Aun' Patty, who knows more Scripter' dan ennybuddy h'yar, havin' been teached by de little gals from Kunnel Jasper's, an' by dere mudders afore 'em. I reckin she know' de hull Bible straight froo, from de Garden of Eden to de New Jerus'-lum. An' dar are udders h'yar who knows de Scripters, some one part an' some anudder. Now I axes ebery one ob you all wot know de Scripters ef he don' 'member how de Bible tells how our Lor' when he was on dis yearth cas' seben debbils out o' Mary Magdalum?"

A murmur of assent came from the congregation. Most of them remembered that.

"But did enny ob you ebber read, or hab read to you, dat he ebber cas' 'em out o' enny udder woman?"

Negative grunts and shakes of the head signified that nobody had ever heard of this.

"Well, den," said the preacher, gazing blandly around, "all de udder women got 'em yit."

A deep silence fell upon the assembly, and in a few moments an elderly member arose. "Brudder Peter," he said, "I reckin you mought as well gib out de hymed."

Frank R. Stockton.

SONGS OF BATTLE.*

OLD as the world — no other things so old;
Nay, older than the world, else, how had sprung
Such lusty strength in them when earth was young?—
Stand valor and its passion hot and bold,
Insatiate of battle. How, else, told
Blind men, born blind, that red was fitting tongue
Mute, eloquent, to show how trumpets rung
When armies charged and battle-flags unrolled?
Who sings of valor speaks for life, for death,
Beyond all death, and long as life is life,
In rippled waves the eternal air his breath
Eternal bears to stir all noble strife.
Dead Homer from his lost and vanished grave
Keeps battle glorious still and soldiers brave.

Helen Jackson. (H. H.)

* Suggested by La Farge's "Battle" window for Memorial Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

THE MYSTERY OF WILHELM RÜTTER.

IT was long past dusk of an August evening. Farmer Weitbreck stood leaning on the big gate of his barn-yard, looking first up and then down the road. He was chewing a straw, and his face wore an expression of deep perplexity. These were troúblous times in Lancaster County. Never before had the farmers been so put to it for farm service; harvest-time had come, and instead of the stream of laborers seeking employment, which usually at this season set in as regularly as river freshets in spring, it was this year almost impossible to hire any one.

The explanation of this nobody knew or could divine; but the fact was indisputable, and the farmers were in dismay,—nobody more so than Farmer Weitbreck, who had miles of bottom-lands, in grain of one sort and another, all yellow and nodding, and ready for the sickle, and nobody but himself and his son John to swing scythe, sickle, or flail on the place.

"Never I am caught this way anoder year," thought he, as he gazed wearily up and down the dark, silent road; "but that does to me no goot this time that is now."

Gustavus Weitbreck had lived so long on his Pennsylvania farm that he even thought in English instead of in German, and, strangely enough, in English much less broken and idiomatic than that which he spoke. But his phraseology was the only thing about him that had changed. In modes of feeling, habits of life, he was the same he had been forty years ago, when he farmed a little plot of land, half wheat, half vineyard, in the Mayence meadows in the fatherland: slow, methodical, saving, stupid, upright, obstinate. All these traits "Old Weitbreck," as he was called all through the country, possessed to a degree much out of the ordinary; and it was a combination of two of them—the obstinacy and the savingness—which had brought him into his present predicament.

In June he had had a good laborer: one of the best, known and eagerly sought by every farmer in the county; a man who had never yet been beaten in a mowing match or a reaping. By his help the haying had been done in not much more than two-thirds the usual time; but when John Weitbreck, like a sensible fellow, said, "Now, we would better keep Alf on till harvest. There is plenty of odds-and-ends work about the farm he can help at, and we won't get his like again in a hurry," his father had cried out:

"Mein Gott! It is that you tink I must be made out of money! I vill not keep dis man on so big wages to do vat you call odd-and-end vork. We do odd-and-end work ourself."

There was no discussion of the point. John Weitbreck knew better than ever to waste his time and breath or temper in trying to change a purpose of his father's, or convince him of a mistake. But he bided his time, and he would not have been human if he had not now taken secret satisfaction, seeing his father's anxiety daily increase as the August sun grew hotter and hotter, and the grain rattled in the husks waiting to be reaped, while they two, straining their arms to the útmost, and in long days' work, seemed to produce small impression on the great fields.

"The women shall come work in field to-morrow," thought the old man, as he continued his anxious reverie. "It is not that they sit idle all day in house, when the wheat grows to rattle like the peas in pod. They can help, the mütter and Carlen; that will be much help; they can do." And hearing John's steps behind him, the old man turned and said:

"Johan, dere comes yet no man to reap; to-morrow must go in the field Carlen and the mütter; it must; the wheat get fast too dry; it is more as two men can do."

John bit his lips. He was aghast. Never had he seen his mother and sister at work in the fields. John had been born in America, and he was American, not German, in his feeling about this. Without due consideration he answered:

"I would rather work day and night, father, than see my mother and sister in the fields. I will do it, too, if only you will not make them go!"

The old man, irritated by the secret knowledge that he had nobody but himself to blame for the present dilemma, still more irritated, also, by this proof of what was always exceedingly displeasing to him, his son's having adopted American standards and opinions, broke out furiously with a wrath wholly disproportionate to the occasion.

"You be tam, Johan Weitbreck. You tink we are fine gentlemen and ladies, like dese Americans dat is too proud to vork vid hands. I say tam dis country, vere day say all is alike, an' vork all; and ven you come here, it is dat nobody vill vork, if he can help, and vimmins ish shame to be seen vork. It is not shame to be seen vork; I vork, mein vife vork too, an' my childrens vork, too, py tam!"

John walked away, his only resource when his father was in a passion. John occupied that hardest of all positions,—the position of a full-grown, mature man in a father's home, where he is regarded as nothing more than a boy.

As he entered the kitchen and saw his pretty sister Carlen at the high spinning-wheel, walking back and forth drawing the fine yarn between her chubby fingers, all the while humming a low song to which the whirring of the wheel made harmonious accompaniment, he thought to himself bitterly: "Work, indeed! As if they did not work now longer than we do, and quite as hard! She's been spinning ever since daylight, I believe."

"Is it hard work spinning, Liebchen?" he asked.

Carlen turned her round blue eyes on him with astonishment. There was something in his tone that smote vaguely on her consciousness. What could he mean, asking such a question as that?

"No," she said, "it is not hard exactly. But when you do it very long it does make the arms ache, holding them so long in the same position; and it tires one to stand all day!"

"Ay," said John, "that is the way it tires one to reap; my back is near broke with it to-day."

"Has no one come to help yet?" she said.

"No!" said John angrily, "and that is what I told father when he let Alf go. It is good enough for him for being so stingy and short-sighted; but the brunt of it comes on me; that's the worst of it. I don't see what's got all the men. There have always been plenty round every year till now."

"Alf said he shouldn't be here next year," said Carlen, each cheek showing a little signal of pink as she spoke; but it was a dim light the one candle gave, and John did not see the flush; "he was going to the west to farm; in Oregon, he said."

"Ay, that's it!" replied John. "That's where everybody can go but me! I'll be going too some day, Carlen. I can't stand things here. If it weren't for you I'd have been gone long ago."

"I wouldn't leave mother and father for all the world, John," cried Carlen warmly, "and I don't think it would be right for you to! What would father do with the farm without you?"

"Well, why doesn't he see that, then, and treat me as a man ought to be treated?" exclaimed John; "he thinks I'm no older than when he used to beat me with the strap."

"I think fathers and mothers are always that way," said the gentle, cheery Carlen, with a low laugh. "The mother tells me each time how to wind the warp, as she did when I was little; and she will always look into the churn for herself. I think it is the way we are made. We will do the same when we are old, John, and our children will be wondering at us!"

John laughed. This was always the way with Carlen. She could put a man in good humor in a few minutes, however cross he felt in the beginning.

"I won't, then!" he exclaimed. "I know I won't. If ever I have a son grown, I'll treat him like a son grown, not like a baby."

"May I be there to see," said Carlen merrily,

"And you remember free
The words I said to thee.

Hold the candle here for me, will you, that's a good boy. While we have talked, my yarn has tangled."

As they stood close together, John holding the candle high over Carlen's head, she bending over the tangled yarn, the kitchen door opened suddenly and their father came in, bringing with him a stranger,—a young man seemingly about twenty-five years of age, tall, well made, handsome, but with a face so melancholy that both John and Carlen felt a shiver as they looked upon it.

"Here now comes de hand, at last of de time, Johan," cried the old man. "It vill be that all can vell be done now. And it is goot that he is from mine own country. He cannot English speak, many vords; but dat is nothing; he can vork. I tolt you dere vould be mans come!"

John looked scrutinizingly at the new-comer. The man's eyes fell.

"What is your name?" said John.

"Wilhelm Rütter," he answered.

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Ten days."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haf none."

"None?"

"None."

These replies were given in a tone as melancholy as the expression of the face.

Carlen stood still, her wheel arrested, the yarn between her thumb and finger, her eyes fastened on the stranger's face. A thrill of unspeakable pity stirred her. So young, so sad, thus alone in the world; who ever heard of such a fate?

"But there were people who came with you in the ship?" said John. "There is some one who knows who you are, I suppose."

"No, no von dat knows," replied the new-comer.

"Haf done vid too much questions," interrupted Farmer Weitbreck. "I haf him asked all. He stays till harvest be done. He can vork. It is to be easy see he can vork."

John did not like the appearance of things. "Too much mystery here," he thought. "However, it is not long he will be here; and he will be in the fields all the time; there cannot be much danger; but who ever heard of a man whom no human being knew?"

As they sat at supper, Farmer Weitbreck and his wife plied Wilhelm with questions about their old friends in Mayence. He was evidently familiar with all the localities and names which they mentioned. His replies, however, were given as far as possible in monosyllables, and he spoke no word voluntarily. Sitting with his head bent slightly forward, his eyes fixed on the floor, he had the expression of one lost in thoughts of the gloomiest kind.

"Make yourself to be more happy, mein lad," said the farmer, as he bade him good-night and clapped him on the shoulder. "You haf cum to house vere is German be speaked, and is Germany in hearts; dat vill be to you as friends."

A strange look of even keener pain passed over the young man's face, and he left the room hastily, without a word of good-night.

"He's a surly brute!" cried John; "nice company he'll be in the field! I believe I'd sooner have nobody!"

"I think he has seen some dreadful trouble," said Carlen; "I wish we could do something for him; perhaps his friends are all dead. I think that must be it; don't you think so, mütter?"

Frau Weitbreck was incarnate silence and reticence. These traits were native in her, and had been intensified to an abnormal extent by thirty years of life with a husband whose temper and peculiarities were such as to make silence and reticence the sole conditions of peace and comfort. To so great a degree had this second nature of the good frau's been developed, that she herself did not now know that it was a second nature; therefore it stood her in hand as well as if she had been originally born to it, and it would have been hard to find in Lancaster County a more placid and contented wife than she. She never dreamed that her custom of silent acquiescence in all that Gustavus said, of waiting in all cases, small and great, for his decision had in the outset been born of radical and uncomfortable disagreements with him. And as for Gustavus himself, if anybody had hinted to him that his frau could think, or ever had thought, any word or deed of his other than right, he would have chuckled complacently at that person's blind ignorance of the truth.

"Mein frau, she is goot," he said; "goot frau, goot mütter — American fraus not goot so she; all the time talk and no vork; American fraus, American mans, are sheep in dere house."

But in regard to this young stranger, Frau Weitbreck seemed strangely stirred from her usual phlegmatic silence. Carlen's appeal to her had barely been spoken, when, rising in her place at the head of the table, the old woman said, solemnly, in German:

"Yes, Liebchen, he goes with the eyes like eyes of a man that saw always the dead. It must be as you say that all whom he loves are in the grave. Poor boy! Poor boy. It is now that one must be to him mother and father and brother."

"And sister too," said Carlen, warmly. "I will be his sister."

"And I not his brother, till he gets a civiler tongue in his head," said John.

"It is not to be brother I haf him brought," interrupted the old man. "Alvays you wimmen are too soon; it may be he are goot, it may be he are pad; I do not know. It is to vork I haf him brought."

"Yes," echoed Frau Weitbreck, "we do not know."

It was not so easy as Carlen and her mother had thought, to be like mother and sister to Wilhelm. The days went by, and still he was as much a stranger as on the evening of his arrival. He never voluntarily addressed any one. To all remarks or even questions he replied in the fewest words and curtest phrases possible. A smile was never seen on his face. He sat at the table like a mute at a funeral, ate without lifting his eyes, and silently rose as soon as his own meal was finished. He had soon selected his favorite seat in the kitchen. It was on the right-hand side of the big fireplace, in a corner. Here he sat all through the evenings, carving out of cows' horns or wood, boxes and small figures such as are made by the peasants in the German Tyrol. In this work he had a surprising skill. What he did with the carvings when finished no one knew. One night John said to him:

"I do not see, Wilhelm, how you can have so steady a hand after holding the sickle all day. My arm aches, and my hand trembles so that I can but just carry my cup to my lips."

Wilhelm made no reply, but held his right hand straight out at arm's length, with the delicate figure he was carving poised on his forefinger. It stood as steady as on the firm ground.

Carlen looked at him admiringly. "It is good to be so steady-handed," she said. "You must be strong, Wilhelm." "Yes," he said, "I haf strong," and went on carving.

Nothing more like conversation than this was ever drawn from him. Yet he seemed not averse to seeing people. He never left the kitchen till the time came for bed; but when that came he slipped away silent, taking no part in the general good-night, unless he was forced to do so. Sometimes Carlen, having said jokingly to John, "Now, I will make Wilhelm say good-night, to-night," succeeded in surprising him before he could leave the room; but often, even when she had thus planned, he contrived to evade her, and was gone before she knew it.

He slept in a small chamber in the barn, a dreary enough little place, but he seemed to find it all sufficient. He had no possessions except the leather pack he had brought on his back. This lay on the floor unlocked; and when the good Frau Weitbreck, persuading herself that she was actuated solely by a righteous motherly interest in the young man, opened it, she found nothing whatever there, except a few garments of the commonest description; no book, no paper, no name on any article. It would not appear possible that a man of so decent a seeming as Wilhelm could have come from Germany to America with so few personal belongings. Frau Weitbreck felt less at ease in her mind about him after she examined this pack.

He had come straight from the ship to their house, he had said, when he arrived; had walked on day after day, going he knew not whither, asking mile by mile for work. He did not even know one state's name from another. He simply chose to go south rather than north, always south he said.

"Why?"

He did not know.

He was indeed strong. The sickle was in his hand a plaything, so swift-swung that he seemed to be doing little more than simply striding up and down the field, the grain falling to right and left at his steps. From sunrise to sunset he worked tirelessly. The famous Alf had never done so much in a day. Farmer Weitbreck chuckled as he looked on.

"Vat now you say of dat Alf?" he said triumphantly to John. "Vork he as dis man? Oh, but he make swing de hook!"

John assented unqualifiedly to this praise of Wilhelm's strength and skill. But nevertheless he shook his head.

"Ay, ay," he said, "I never saw his equal. But I like him not. What carries he in his heart to be so sour. He is like a man bewitched; I know not if there be such a thing as to be sold to the devil, as the stories say, but if there be, on my word I think Wilhelm has made some such bargain. A man could not look worse if he had signed himself away."

"I see not that he haf fear in his face," replied the old man.

"No," said John, "neither do I see fear. It is worse than fear. I would like to see his face come alive with a fear. He gives me cold shivers like a grave under foot. I shall be glad when he is gone."

Farmer Weitbreck laughed. He and his son were likely to be again at odds on the subject of a laborer.

"But he vill not go. I haf said to him to stay till Christmas, may be always."

John's surprise was unbounded.

"To stay! Till Christmas!" he cried. "What for? What do we need of a man in the winter?"

"It is not that to feed him is much, and all that he make vid de knife is mine. It is home he vants, no oder ting; he vork not for money."

"Father," said John earnestly, "there must be something wrong about that man. I have thought so from the first. Why should he work for nothing but his board, a great strong fellow like that, that could make good day's wages anywhere? Don't keep him after the harvest is over! I can't bear the sight of him."

"Den you can turn de eyes to your head, von oder way," retorted his father. "I find him goot to see, and," after a pause, "so do Carlen."

John started. "Good heavens, father!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, you need not speak by de heavens, mein son," rejoined the old man, in a taunting tone, "I tink I can mine own vay, vidout you to be help. I was not yesterday born!"

John was gone. Flight was his usual refuge when he felt his temper becoming too much for him; but now his steps were quickened by an impulse of terrible fear. Between him and his sister had always been a bond closer than is wont to link brother and sister. Only one year apart in age, they had grown up together in an intimacy like that of twins; from their cradles till now they had had their sports, tastes, joys, sorrows in common, not a secret from each other since they could remember; at least this was true of John; was he to find it no longer true of Carlen? He would know and that right speedily. As by a flash of lightning he thought he saw his father's scheme: if Carlen were to wed this man, this strong and tireless worker, this unknown, mysterious worker, who wanted only shelter and home, and cared not for money, what an invaluable hand would be gained on the farm! John groaned as he thought to himself how little anything, any doubt, any misgiving, perhaps even an actual danger, would in his father's mind outweigh the one fact that the

man did not "vork for money." As he walked toward the house, revolving these disquieting conjectures, all his first suspicion and antagonism toward Wilhelm revived in full force, and he was in a mood well calculated to distort the simplest acts, when he suddenly saw sitting in the square stoop at the door the two persons who filled his thoughts,—Wilhelm and Carlen, Wilhelm steadily at work as usual at his carving, his eyes closely fixed on it, his figure, as was its wont, rigidly still; and Carlen,— ah, it was an unlucky moment John had taken to search out the state of Carlen's feeling toward Wilhelm,— Carlen sitting in a posture of dreamy reverie, one hand lying idle in her lap holding her knitting, the ball rolling away unnoticed on the ground; her other arm thrown carelessly over the railing of the stoop, her eyes fixed on Wilhelm's bowed head.

John stood still and watched her, watched her long. She did not move. She was almost as rigidly still as Wilhelm himself. Her eyes did not leave his face. One might safely sit in that way by the hour and gaze undetected at Wilhelm. He rarely looked up except when he was addressed.

After standing thus a few moments John turned away, bitter and sick at heart. What had he been about, that he had not seen this? He, the loving comrade brother, to be slower of sight than the hard, grasping parent!

"I will ask mother," he thought. "I can't ask Carlen now! It is too late."

He found his mother in the kitchen, busy getting the bountiful supper which was a daily ordinance in the Weitbreck religion. To John's sharpened perceptions the fact that Carlen was not as usual helping in this labor loomed up into significance.

"Why does not Carlen help you, mütter," he said hastily. "What is she doing there idling with Wilhelm in the stoop?"

Frau Weitbreck smiled. "It is not alvays to vork, ven one is young," she said. "I haf not forget!" and she nodded her head meaningly.

John clenched his hands. Where had he been? Who had blinded him? How had all this come about, so soon, and without his knowledge? Were his father and his mother mad? He thought they must be. "It is a shame for that Wilhelm to so much as put his eyes on Carlen's face," he cried. "I think we are fools; what know we about him? I doubt him in and out. I wish he had never darkened our doors."

Frau Weitbreck glanced cautiously at the open door. She was frying sweet cakes in the boiling lard. Forgetting everything, in her fear of being overheard, she went softly with the dripping skimmer in her hand across the kitchen, the fat falling on her shining floor at every step, and closed the door. Then she came close to her son, and said in a whisper, "The fader think it is goot." At John's angry exclamation she raised her hand in warning.

"Do not loud spraken," she whispered. "Carlen will hear."

"Well, then, she shall hear!" cried John half beside himself. "It is high time she did hear from somebody besides you and father! I reckon I've got something to say about this thing too, if I'm her brother. By ——, no tramp like that is going to marry my sister without I know more about him!" and before the terrified old woman could stop him, he had gone at long strides across the kitchen, through the best room, and reached the stoop, saying in a loud tone: "Carlen! I want to see you."

Carlen started as one roused from sleep. Seeing her ball lying at a distance on the ground she ran to pick it up, and with scarlet cheeks and uneasy eyes turned to her brother.

"Yes, John," she said, "I am coming."

Wilhelm did not raise his eyes or betray by any change of feature that he had heard the sound or perceived the motion. As Carlen passed him her eyes involuntarily rested on his bowed head, a world of pity, perplexity in the glance. John saw it and frowned.

"Come with me," he said sternly. "Come down in the pasture; I want to speak to you."

Carlen looked up apprehensively into his face; never had she seen there so stern a look.

"I must help mütter with the supper," she said, hesitating.

John laughed scornfully. "You were helping with the supper, I suppose, sitting out with yon tramp!" and he pointed to the stoop.

Carlen had, with all her sunny cheerfulness, a vein of her father's temper. Her face hardened and her blue eyes grew darker.

"Why do you call Wilhelm a tramp?" she said coldly.

"What is he then, if he is not a tramp?" retorted John.

"He is no tramp," she replied, still more doggedly.

"What do you know about him?" said John.

Carlen made no reply. Her silence irritated John more than any words could have done; and losing self-control, losing sight of prudence, he poured out on her a torrent of angry accusation and scornful reproach.

She stood still, her eyes fixed on the ground. Even in his hot wrath John noticed this un-

wonted downcast look, and taunted her with it.

"You have even caught his miserable hang-dog trick of not looking anybody in the face," he cried. "Look up now! look me in the eye, and say what you mean by all this."

Thus roughly bidden, Carlen raised her blue eyes and confronted her brother with a look hardly less angry than his own.

"It is you who have to say to me what all this means that you have been saying," she cried; "I think you are out of your senses. I do not know what has happened to you," and she turned to walk back to the house.

John seized her shoulders in his brawny hands and whirled her round till she faced him again.

"Tell me the truth!" he said fiercely. "Do you love this Wilhelm?"

Carlen opened her lips to reply. At that second a step was heard, and looking up they saw Wilhelm himself coming toward them; walking at his usual slow pace, his head sunk on his breast, his eyes on the ground; great waves of blushes ran in tumultuous flood up Carlen's neck, cheeks, forehead. John took his hands from her shoulders and stepped back with a look of disgust and a smothered ejaculation. Wilhelm, hearing the sound, looked up, regarded them with a cold, unchanged eye, and turned in another direction.

The color deepened on Carlen's face. In a hard and bitter tone she said, pointing with a swift gesture to Wilhelm's retreating form:

"You can see for yourself that there is nothing between us. I do not know what craze has got into your head," and she walked away, this time unchecked by her brother. He needed no further replies in words. Tokens stronger than any speech had answered him. Muttering angrily to himself he went on down to the pasture after the cows. It was a beautiful field, more like New England than Pennsylvania; a brook ran zigzagging through it, and here and there in the land were sharp lifts where rocks cropped out, making miniature cliffs overhanging some portions of the brook's course. Gray lichens and green mosses grew on these rocks, and belts of wild flag and sedges surrounded their base. The cows, in a warm day, used to stand knee-deep in there in shade of the rocks.

It was a favorite place of Wilhelm's. He sometimes lay on the top of one of these rocks the greater part of the night, looking down into the gliding water or up into the sky. Carlen from her window had more than once seen him thus, and passionately longed to go down and comfort his lonely sorrow.

It was indeed true, as she had said to her brother, that there was "nothing between" her and Wilhelm. Never a word had passed; never a look or tone to betray that he knew whether she were fair or not; whether she lived or not. She came and went in his presence, as did all others, with no more apparent relation to the currents of his strange veiled existence than if they, or he, belonged to a phantom world. But it was also true that never since the first day of his mysterious coming had Wilhelm been long absent from Carlen's thoughts; and she did indeed find him, as her father's keen eyes, sharpened by greed, had observed, good to look upon. That most insidious of love's allies, pity, had stormed the fortress of Carlen's heart, and carried it by a single charge. What could a girl give, do, or be, that would be too much for one so stricken, so lonely as was Wilhelm!" The melancholy beauty of his face, his lithe figure, his great strength, all combined to heighten this impression, and to fan the flames of the passion in Carlen's virgin soul. It was indeed, as John had sorrowfully said to himself, "too late" to speak to Carlen.

As John stood now at the pasture bars, waiting for the herd of cows, slow winding up the slope from the brook, he saw Wilhelm on the rocks below. He had thrown himself down on his back, and lay there with his arms crossed on his breast. Presently he clasped both hands over his eyes as if to shut out a sight that he could no longer bear. Something akin to pity stirred even in John's angry heart as he watched him.

"What can it be," he said, "that makes him hate even the sky? It may be it is a sweetheart he has lost, and he is one of that strange kind of men who can love but once; and it is loving the dead that makes him so like one dead himself. Poor Carlen! I think myself he never so much as sees her."

A strange reverie, surely, for the brother who had so few short moments ago been angrily reproaching his sister for the disgrace and shame of caring for this tramp. But the pity was short-lived in John's bosom. His inborn distrust and antagonism to the man were too strong for any gentler sentiment toward him to live long by their side. And when the family gathered at the supper table he fixed upon Wilhelm so suspicious and hostile a gaze that even Wilhelm's absent mind perceived it, and he in turn looked inquiringly at John, a sudden bewilderment apparent in his manner. It disappeared, however, almost immediately, dying away in his usual melancholy absorption. It had produced scarce a ripple on the monotonous surface of his habitual gloom. But Carlen had perceived all, both the look on John's face and the bewilderment on Wilhelm's; and it roused in

her a resentment so fierce toward John, she could not forbear showing it. "How cruel!" she thought. "As if the poor fellow had not all he could bear already without being treated unkindly by us," and she redoubled her efforts to win Wilhelm's attention and divert his thoughts, all in vain; kindness and unkindness glanced off alike, powerless, from the veil in which he was wrapped.

John sat by with roused attention, sharpened perception, noting all. Had it been all along like this? Where had his eyes been for the past month? Had he too been under a spell? It looked like it. He groaned in spirit as he sat silently playing with his food, not eating; and when his father said: "Why haf you not appetite, Johan?" he rose abruptly, pushed back his chair, and, leaving the table without a word, went out and down again into the pasture, where the dewy grass and the quivering stars in the brook shimmered in the pale light of a young moon. To John, also, the mossy rocks in this pasture were a favorite spot for rest and meditation. Since the days when he and Carlen had fished from their edges, with bent pins and yarn, for minnows, he had loved the place; they had spent happy hours enough there to count up into days, and not the least among the innumerable annoyances and irritations of which he had been anxious in regard to Wilhelm was the fact that he too had perceived the charm of the field, and chosen it for his own melancholy retreat.

As he seated himself on one of the rocks, he saw a figure gliding swiftly down the hill. It was Carlen.

"She thinks it is Wilhelm," he said, and again hot anger stirred in him.

As she drew near he looked at her without speaking, but the loving girl was not repelled. Springing lightly to the rock, she threw her arms around his neck, and, kissing him, said:

"I saw you coming down here, John, and I ran after you. Do not be angry with me, brother. It breaks my heart."

A sudden revulsion of shame for his unjust suspicion filled John with tenderness.

"*Mein Schwester*," he said, fondly,— they had always the habit of using the German tongue for fond epithets,—"*Mein Schwester klein*, I love you so much I cannot help being wretched when I see you in danger, but I am not angry."

Nestling herself close by his side, Carlen looked over into the water.

"This is the very rock I fell off of that day; do you remember?" she said, "and how wet you got fishing me out! And oh, what an awful beating father gave you, and I always thought it was wicked, for if you had not pulled me out I should have drowned."

"It was for letting you fall in he beat me," laughed John, and they both grew tender and merry recalling the babyhood times.

"How long, long ago!" cried Carlen.

"It seems only a day," said John.

"I think time goes faster for a man than for a woman," sighed Carlen. "It is a shorter day in the fields than in the house."

"Are you not content, my sister?" said John.

Carlen was silent.

"You have always seemed so," he said reproachfully.

"It is always the same, John," she murmured. "Each day like every other day. I would like it to be some days different."

John sighed. He knew of what this new unrest was born. He longed to begin to speak of Wilhelm, and yet he knew not how. Now that, after longer reflection, he had become sure in his own mind that Wilhelm cared nothing for his sister, he felt an instinctive shrinking from recognizing to himself, or letting it be recognized between them, that she unwooed had learned to love. His heart ached with dread of the suffering which might be in store for her.

Carlen herself cut the gordian knot.

"Brother," she whispered, "why do you think Wilhelm is not good?"

"I said not that, Carlen" he replied evasively. "I only say we know nothing; and it is dangerous to trust where one knows nothing."

"It would not be trust if we knew," answered the loyal girl. "I believe he is good; but, John, John, what misery in his eyes; saw you ever anything like it?"

"No," he replied; "never. Has he never told you anything about himself, Carlen?"

"Once," she answered, "I took courage to ask him if he had relatives in Germany; and he said no, and I exclaimed then, 'What, all dead!' 'All dead,' he answered, in such a voice I hardly dared speak again, but I did. I said: 'Well, one might have the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relatives. It needs only that three should die, my father and mother and my brother,— only three, and two are already old, and I should have no relatives myself; but if one is left without relatives, there are always friends, thank God!' and he looked at me — he never looks at one, you know; but he looked at me then as if I had done a sin to speak the word, and he said,' I have no friends. They are all dead too,' and then went away! Oh, brother, why cannot we win him out of this grief? We can be good friends to him; can you not find out for me what it is?"

It was a cruel weapon to use, but on the

instant John made up his mind to use it. It might spare Carlen grief, in the end.

"I have thought," he said, "that it might be for a dead sweetheart he mourned thus. There are men, you know, who love that way and never smile again."

Short-sighted John, to have dreamed that he could forestall any conjecture in the girl's heart!

"I have thought of that," she answered meekly; "it would seem as if it could be nothing else. But, John, if she be really dead——" Carlen did not finish the sentence. It was not necessary.

After a silence she spoke again:

"Dear John, if you could be more friendly with him I think it might be different. He is your age. Father and mother are too old, and to me he will not speak." She sighed deeply as she spoke these last words, and went on: "Of course, if it is for a dead sweetheart that he is grieving thus, it is only natural that the sight of women should be to him worse than the sight of men. But it is very seldom, John, that a man will mourn his whole life for a sweetheart; is it not, John? Why, men marry again, almost always, even when it is a wife that they have lost; and a sweetheart is not so much as a wife."

"I have heard," said the pitiless John, "that a man is quicker healed of grief for a wife than for one he had thought to wed, but lost."

"You are a man," said Carlen. "You can tell if that would be true?"

"No, I cannot," he answered, "for I have loved no woman but you, my sister; and on my word I think I will be in no haste to, either. It brings misery, it seems to me."

If Carlen had spoken her thought at these words, she would have said, "Yes, it brings misery; but even so it is better than joy." But Carlen was ashamed; afraid also; she had passed now into a new life, whither her brother, she perceived, could not follow. She could barely reach his hand across the boundary line which parted them.

"I hope you will love some one, John," she said. "You would be happy with a wife. You are old enough to have a home of your own."

"Only a year older than you, my sister," he rejoined.

"I too am old enough to have a home of my own," she said, with a gentle dignity of tone, which more impressed John with a sense of the change in Carlen than all else which had been said.

It was time to return to the house. As he had done when he was ten, and she nine, John stood at the bottom of the steepest rock, with upstretched arms, by the help of which Carlen leaped lightly down.

"We are not children any more," she said, with a little laugh.

"More's the pity!" said John, half lightly, half sadly, as they went on hand in hand.

When they reached the bars, Carlen paused. Withdrawing her hand from John's and laying it on his shoulder, she said:

"Brother, will you not try to find out what is Wilhelm's grief? Can you not try to be friends with him?"

John made no answer. It was a hard thing to promise.

"For my sake, brother," said the girl. "I have spoken to no one else but you. I would die before any one else should know; even my mother."

John could not resist this.

"Yes," he said, "I will try. It will be hard; but I will try my best, Carlen. I will have a talk with Wilhelm to-morrow." And the brother and sister parted, he only the sadder, she far happier, for their talk. "To-morrow," she thought, "I will know! To-morrow! oh, to-morrow!" and she fell asleep more peacefully than had been her wont for many nights.

On the morrow it chanced that John and Wilhelm went separate ways to work and did not meet until noon. In the afternoon Wilhelm was sent on an errand to a farm some five miles away, and thus the day passed without John's having found any opportunity for the promised talk. Carlen perceived with keen disappointment this frustration of his purpose, but comforted herself, thinking, with the swift forerunning trust of youth, "To-morrow he will surely get a chance. To-morrow he will have something to tell me. To-morrow!"

When Wilhelm returned from this errand, he came singing up the road. Carlen heard the voice and looked out of the window in amazement. Never before had a note of singing been heard from Wilhelm's voice. She could not believe her ears; neither her eyes, when she saw him walking swiftly, almost running, erect, his head held straight, his eyes gazing free and confident before him.

What had happened? What could have happened! Now, for the first time, Carlen saw the full beauty of his face; it wore an exultant look as of one set free, triumphant. He leaped lightly over the bars, he stooped and fondled the dog, speaking to him in a merry tone; then he whistled, then broke again into singing a gay German song. Carlen was stupefied with wonder. Who was this new man in the body of Wilhelm? Where had disappeared the man of slow-moving figure, bent head, downcast eyes, gloom-stricken face, whom until that hour she had known? Carlen clasped her hands in an agony of bewilderment.

"If he has found his sweetheart I shall die," she thought. "How could it be? A letter, perhaps? A message?" She dreaded to see him. She lingered in her room till it was past the supper hour, dreading what she knew not, yet knew. When she went down the four were seated at supper. As she opened the door, roars of laughter greeted her, and the first sight she saw was Wilhelm's face, full of vivacity, excitement. He was telling a jesting story, at which even her mother was heartily laughing. Her father had laughed till the tears were rolling down his cheeks. John was holding his sides. Wilhelm was a mimic, it appeared. He was imitating the ridiculous speech, gait, gestures, of a man he had seen in the village that afternoon.

"I sent you to village sooner as dis, if I haf known vat you are like ven you come back," said farmer Weitbreck, wiping his eyes.

And John echoed his father. "Upon my word, Wilhelm, you are a good actor. Why have you kept your light under a bushel so long?" and John looked at him with a new interest and liking. If this were the true Wilhelm, he might welcome him indeed as a brother.

Carlen alone looked grave, anxious, unhappy. She could not laugh. Tale after tale, jest after jest, fell from Wilhelm's lips. Such a story-teller never before sat at the Weitbreck board. The old kitchen never echoed with such laughter.

Finally John exclaimed: "Man alive, where have you kept yourself all this time? Have you been ill till now, that you hid your tongue? What has cured you in a day?"

Wilhelm laughed a laugh so ringing, it made him seem like a boy.

"Yes, I have been ill till to-day," he said, "and now I am well," and he rattled on again with his merry talk.

Carlen grew cold with fear; surely this meant but one thing. Nothing else, nothing less could have thus in an hour rolled away the burden of his sadness.

Later in the evening she said timidly, "Did you hear any news in the village this afternoon, Wilhelm?"

"No; no news," he said. "I had heard no news."

As he said this a strange look flitted swiftly across his face; was gone before any eye but a loving woman's had noted it. It did not escape Carlen's, and she fell into a reverie of wondering what possible double meaning could have underlain his words.

"Did you know Mr. Dietman in Germany?" she asked. This was the name of the farmer to whose house he had been sent on an errand. They were new-comers into the town, since spring.

"No!" replied Wilhelm, with another strange, sharp glance at Carlen. "I saw him not before."

"Have they children?" she continued. "Are they old?"

"No, young," he answered. "They haf one child, little baby."

Carlen could not contrive any other questions to ask.

"It must have been a letter," she thought, and her face grew sadder.

It was a late bed-time when the family parted for the night. The astonishing change in Wilhelm's manner was now even more apparent than it had yet been. Instead of slipping off, as was his usual habit, without exchanging a good-night with any one, he insisted on shaking hands with each, still talking and laughing with gay and affectionate words, and repeating, over and again, "Good-night, good-night." Farmer Weitbreck was carried out of himself with pleasure at all this, and holding Wilhelm's hand fast in his, shaking it heartily, and clapping him on the shoulder, he exclaimed, in fatherly familiarity: "Dis is goot, mein son! Dis is goot. Now are you von of us," and he glanced meaningly at John, who smiled back in secret intelligence. As he did so there went like a flash through his mind the question, "Can Carlen have spoken with him to-day? Can that be it?" But a look at Carlen's pale, perplexed face quickly dissipated this idea. "She looks frightened," thought John. "I do not much wonder. I will get a word with her." But Carlen had gone before he missed her. Running swiftly upstairs, she locked the door of her room, and threw herself on her knees at her open window. Presently she saw Wilhelm going down to the brook. She watched his every motion. First he walked slowly up and down the entire length of the field, following the brook's course closely, stopping often and bending over, picking flowers. A curious little white flower, called "Ladies'-Tress," grew there in great abundance, and he often brought bunches of it to her.

"Perhaps it is not for me this time," thought Carlen, and the tears came into her eyes. After a time Wilhelm ceased gathering the flowers, and seated himself on his favorite rock; the same one where John and Carlen had sat the night before. "Will he stay there all night?" thought the unhappy girl as she watched him. "He is so full of joy he does not want to sleep. What will become of me! What will become of me!"

At last Wilhelm arose and came toward the house, bringing the bunch of flowers in his hand. At the pasture bars he paused, and looked back over the scene. It was a

beautiful picture, the moon making it light as day; even from Carlen's window could be seen the sparkle of the brook.

As he turned to go to the barn his head sank on his breast, his steps lagged. He wore again the expression of gloomy thought. A new fear arose in Carlen's breast. Was he mad? Had the wild hilarity of his speech and demeanor in the evening been merely a new phase of disorder in an unsettled brain? Even in this was a strange sad comfort to Carlen. She would rather have him mad, with alternations of insane joy and gloom, than know that he belonged to another. Long after he had disappeared in the doorway at the foot of the stairs which led to his sleeping place in the barn loft, she remained kneeling at the window watching to see if he came out again. Then she crept into bed and lay tossing, wakeful, and anxious till near dawn. She had but just fallen asleep when she was aroused by cries. It was John's voice. He was calling loudly at the window of their mother's bedroom beneath her own.

"Father! Father! Get up, quick! Come out to the barn!"

Then followed confused words she could not understand. Leaning from her window she called, "What is it, John? What has happened?" But he was already too far on his way back to the barn to hear her.

A terrible presentiment shot into her mind of some ill to Wilhelm. Vainly she wrestled with it. Why need she think everything that happened must be connected with him! It was not yet light; she could not have slept many minutes. With trembling hands she dressed, and running swiftly down the stairs was at the door just as her father appeared there.

"What is it? What is it, father?" she cried. "What has happened?"

"Go back!" he said, in an unsteady voice. "It is nothing. Go back to bed. It is not for vimmins!"

Then Carlen was sure it was some ill to Wilhelm, and with a loud cry she darted to the barn, and flew up the stairway leading to his room.

John, hearing her steps, confronted her at the head of the stairs.

"Good God, Carlen," he cried, "go back! You must not come here. Where is father?"

"I will come in!" she answered wildly, trying to force her way past him. "I will come in. You shall not keep me out. What has happened to him? Let me by," and she wrestled in her brother's strong arms with strength almost equal to his.

"Carlen! You shall not come in! You shall not see!" he cried.

"Shall not see!" she shrieked. "Is he dead?"

"Yes, my sister, he is dead," answered John solemnly. In the next instant he held Carlen's unconscious form in his arms; and when Farmer Weitbreck, half dazed, reached the foot of the stairs, the first sight which met his eyes was his daughter held in her brother's arms, apparently lifeless, her head hanging over his shoulder.

"Haf she seen him?" he whispered.

"No!" said John. "I only told her he was dead to keep her from going in, and she fainted dead away."

"*Ach*," groaned the old man, "dis is hard on her."

"Yes," sighed the brother; "it is a cruel shame."

Swiftly they carried her to the house and laid her on her mother's bed, then returned to their dreadful task in Wilhelm's chamber.

Hung by a stout leathern strap from the roof-tree beam, there swung the dead body of Wilhelm Rütter, cold, stiff; he had been dead for hours; he must have done the deed soon after bidding them good-night.

"He vas mad, Johan; it must be he vas mad, ven he laugh like dat last night. Dat vas de beginning, Johan," said the old man, shaking from head to foot with horror, as he helped his son lift down the body.

"Yes!" answered John. "That must be it. I expect he has been mad all along. I do not believe last night was the beginning. It was not like any sane man to be so gloomy as he was, and never speak to a living soul. But I never once thought of his being crazy. Look, father!" he continued, his voice breaking into a sob. "He has left these flowers here for Carlen! That does not look as if he was crazy! What can it all mean?"

On the top of a small chest lay the bunch of white "Ladies'-Tress," with a paper beneath it on which was written, "For Carlen Weitbreck, these, and the carvings in the box, all in memory of Wilhelm."

"He meant to do it, den," said the old man.

"Yes," said John.

"May be Carlen vould not haf him, you tink?"

"No," said John, hastily. "That is not possible."

"I tought she luf him, an' he vould stay an' be her mann," sighed the disappointed father. "Now all dat is no more."

"It will kill her," cried John.

"No!" said the father. "Vimmins does not die so as dat. She feel pad may be von year, may be two. Dat is all. He vas great for vork. Dat Alf vas not goot as he."

The body was laid once more on the narrow pallet where it had slept for its last few weeks on earth, and the two men stood by its side, discussing what should next be done, how the necessary steps could be taken with least possible publicity, when suddenly they heard the sound of horses' feet and wheels, and looking out they saw Hans Dietman and his wife driving rapidly into the yard.

"Mein Gott! Vat bring dem here dis time in day," exclaimed Farmer Weitbreck. "If dey ask for Wilhelm dey must all know!"

"Yes," replied John. "That makes no difference. Everybody will have to know," and he ran swiftly down to meet the strangely arrived neighbors.

His first glance at their faces showed him that they had come on no common errand. They were pale and full of excitement, and Hans's first word was:

"Vere is dot man you sent to mine place yesterday?"

"Wilhelm?" stammered Farmer Weitbreck.

"Wilhelm!" repeated Hans, scornfully. "His name is not 'Wilhelm.' His name is Carl; Carl Lepmann; and he is murderer; he killed von man—shepherd, in our town—last spring; and dey never get trail of him; so soon he came in our kitchen yesterday my vife she knew him; she wait till I get home. Ve came ven it vas yet dark to let you know vot man vas in your house."

Farmer Weitbreck and his son exchanged glances; each was too shocked to speak. Mr. and Mrs. Dietman looked from one to the other in bewilderment. "May pe you tink ve speak not truth," Hans continued. "Just let him come here, to our face, and you will see."

"No!" said John, in a low, awe-stricken voice, "we do not think you are not speaking truth." He paused; glanced again at his father. "We'd better take them up!" he said.

The old man nodded silently. Even his hard and phlegmatic nature was shaken to the depths.

John led the way up the stairs, saying briefly: "Come." The Dietmans followed in bewilderment.

"There he is," said John, pointing to the tall figure, rigid, under the close-drawn white folds; "we found him here only an hour ago, hung from the beam."

A horror-stricken silence fell on the group.

Hans spoke first. "He know dat we know; so he kill himself to save that de hangman have trouble."

John resented the flippant tone. He understood now the whole mystery of Wilhelm's life in this house.

"He has never known a happy minute since he was here," he said. "He never smiled; nor spoke, if he could help it. Only last night, after he came back from your place, he laughed and sang, and was merry, and looked like another man; and he bade us all good-night over and over, and shook hands with every one. He had made up his mind, you see, that the end had come, and it was nothing but a relief to him. He was glad to die. He had not courage before. But now he knew he would be arrested he had courage to kill himself. Poor fellow, I pity him!" and John smoothed out the white folds over the clasped hands on the quiet-stricken breast, resting at last. "He has been worse punished than if he had been hung in the beginning," he said, and turned from the bed, facing the Dietmans as if he constituted himself the dead man's protector.

"I think no one but ourselves need know," he continued, thinking in his heart of Carlen. "It is enough that he is dead. There is no good to be gained for any one, that I see, by telling what he had done."

"No," said Mrs. Dietman tearfully; but her husband exclaimed, in a vindictive tone:

"I see not why it is to be covered in secret. He is murderer. It is to be sent vord to Mayence he vas found."

"Yes, they ought to know there," said John slowly, "but there is no need for it to be known here. He has injured no one here."

"No," exclaimed Farmer Weitbreck. "He haf harm nobody here; he vas goot. I haf ask him to stay and haf home in my house."

It was a strange story. Early in the spring, it seemed, about six weeks before Hans Dietman and his wife Gretchen were married, a shepherd on the farm adjoining Gretchen's father's had been murdered by a fellow-laborer on the same farm. They had had high words about a dog, and had come to blows, but were parted by some of the other hands, and had separated and gone their ways to their work with their respective flocks.

This was in the morning. At night neither they nor their flocks returned, and search being made, the dead body of the younger shepherd was found lying at the foot of a precipice, mutilated and wounded, far more than it would have been by any accidental fall. The other shepherd, Carl Lepmann, had disappeared, and was never again seen by any one who knew him, until this previous day, when he had entered the Dietmans' door bearing his message from the Weitbreck farm. At the first sight of his face, Gretchen Dietman had recognized him, thrown up her arms involuntarily, and cried out in German, "My God! the man that killed the shepherd!" Carl had halted on the threshold at hearing these words, and his countenance had changed; but it was only for a second. He regained his composure in-

stantly, entered as if he had heard nothing, delivered his message, and afterward remained for some time on the farm chatting with the laborers, and seeming in excellent spirits.

"And so vas he ven he come home," said Farmer Weitbreck; "he make that ve all laugh and laugh, like notings ever vas before, never before he open his mouth to speak; he vas like at funeral all times, night and day. But now he seem full of joy. It is de most strange ting as I haf seen in my life."

"I do not think so, father," said John. "I do not wonder he was glad to be rid of his burden."

It proved of no use to try to induce Hans Dietman to keep poor Carl's secret. He saw no reason why a murderer should be sheltered from disgrace. To have his name held up for the deserved execration seemed to Hans the only punishment left for one who had thus evaded the hangman; and he proceeded to inflict this punishment to the extent of his ability.

Finding that the tale could not be kept secret, John nerved himself to tell it to Carlen. She heard it in silence from beginning to end, asked a few searching questions, and then to John's unutterable astonishment said, "Wilhelm never killed that man. You have none of you stopped to see if there was proof."

"But why did he fly, *Liebchen?*" asked John.

"Because he knew he would be accused of the murder," she replied. "They might have been fighting at the edge of the precipice, and the shepherd fell over, or the shepherd might have been killed by some one else, and Wilhelm have found the body. He never killed him, John, never."

There was something in Carlen's confident belief which communicated itself to John's mind, and coupled with the fact that there was certainly only circumstantial evidence against Wilhelm, slowly brought him to sharing her belief and tender sorrow. But they were alone in this belief and alone in their sorrow. The verdict of the community was unhesitatingly, unqualifiedly against Wilhelm.

"Would a man hang himself if he knew he were innocent?" said everybody.

"All the more if he knew he could never prove himself innocent," said John and Carlen. But no one else thought so. And how could the truth ever be known in this world?

Wilhelm was buried in a corner of the meadow field he had so loved. Before two years had passed, wild blackberry vines had covered the grave with a tangled mat of glossy leaves, green in summer, blood-red in the autumn. And before three more had passed there was no one in the place who knew the secret of the grave. Farmer Weitbreck and his wife were both dead, and the estate had passed into the hands of strangers who had heard the story of Wilhelm, and knew that his body was buried somewhere on the farm; but in which field they neither asked nor cared, and there was no mourner to tell the story. John Weitbreck had realized his dream of going west, a free man at last, and by no means a poor one; he looked out over scores of broad fields of his own, one of the most fertile of the Oregon valleys.

Alf was with him, and Carlen; and Carlen was Alf's wife: placid, contented wife, and fond and happy mother,— so small ripples did there remain from the tempestuous waves beneath which Carl Lepmann's life had gone down. Some deftly carved boxes and figures of chamois and their hunters stood on Carlen's best room mantel, much admired by her neighbors, and longed for by her toddling girl,— these, and a bunch of dried and crumbling Ladies'-Tress blossoms, were all that had survived the storm. The dried flowers were in the largest of the boxes. They lay there side by side with a bit of carved abalone shell Alf had got from a Nez Percé Indian, and some curious seaweeds he had picked up at the mouth of the Columbia River. Carlen's one gilt brooch was kept in the same box, and when she took it out of a Sunday, the sight of the withered flowers always reminded her of Wilhelm. She could not have told why she kept them; it certainly was not because they woke in her breast any thoughts which Alf might not have read without being disquieted. She sometimes sighed, as she saw them, "Poor Wilhelm!" That was all.

But there came one day a letter to John that awoke even in Carlen's motherly and contented heart strange echoes from that past which she had thought forever left behind. It was a letter from Hans Dietman, who still lived on the Pennsylvania farm, and who had been recently joined there by a younger brother from Germany.

This brother had brought news which, too late, vindicated the memory of Wilhelm. Carlen had been right. He was no murderer.

It was with struggling emotions that Carlen heard the tale; pride, joy, passionate regret, old affection revived; John was half afraid to go on, as he saw her face flushing, her eyes filling with tears, kindling and shining with a light he had not seen in them since her youth.

"Go on! Go on!" she cried. "Why do you stop? Did I not tell you so? And you never half believed me! Now you see I was right! I told you Wilhelm never harmed a human being!"

It was indeed a heart-rending story, to come so late, so bootless now, to the poor boy who had slept all these years in the nameless grave, even its place forgotten.

It seemed that a man, sentenced in Mayence to be executed for murder, had confessed, the day before his execution, that it was he who had killed the shepherd of whose death Carl Lepmann had so long been held guilty. They had quarreled about a girl, a faithless creature, forsworn to both of them, and worth no man's love or desire; but jealous anger got the better of their sense, and they grappled in fight, each determined to kill the other.

The shepherd had the worst of it, and just as he fell, mortally hurt, Carl Lepmann had come up, had come up in time to see the murderer leap on his horse to ride away.

In a voice which the man said had haunted him ever since, Carl had cried out:

"My God! You ride away and leave him dead! and it will be I who have killed him, for this morning we fought, so they had to tear us apart!"

Smitten with remorse the man had with Carl's help lifted the body and thrown it over the precipice, at the foot of which it was afterward found. He then endeavored to persuade the lad that it would never be discovered, and he might safely return to his employer's farm. But Carl's terror was too great, and he had finally been so wrought upon by his entreaties that he had taken him two days' journey, by lonely ways, the two riding sometimes in turn, sometimes together,— two days' and two nights' journey,— till they reached the sea, where Carl had taken ship for America.

"He was a good lad, a tender-hearted lad," said the murderer. "He might have accused me in many a village, and stood as good chance to be believed as I, if he had told where the shepherd's body was thrown; but he could be frightened as easily as a woman, and all he thought of was to fly where he would never be heard of more. And it was the thought of him, from that day till now, has given me more misery than the thought of the dead man!"

Carlen was crying bitterly; the letter was just ended, when Alf came into the room asking bewilderedly what it was all about.

The name Wilhelm meant nothing to him. It was the summer before Wilhelm came that he had begun this Oregon farm, which he, from the first, had fondly dedicated to Carlen in his thoughts; and when he went back to Pennsylvania after her he found her the same as when he went away, only comelier and sweeter. It would not be easy to give Alf an uncomfortable thought about his Carlen. But he did not like to see her cry.

Neither when he had heard the whole story did he see why her tears need have flowed so freely. It was sad, no doubt, and a bitter shame too, for one man to suffer and go to his grave that way for the sin of another. But it was long past and gone; no use in crying over it now.

"What a tender-hearted, foolish wife it is!" he said in gruff fondness, laying his hand on Carlen's shoulder, "crying over a man dead and buried these seven years, and none of our kith or kin, either. Poor fellow. It was a shame!"

But Carlen said nothing.

Helen Jackson (H. H.)

MIGRATION.

THE caged bird that all the autumn day
In quiet dwells, when falls the autumn eve
Seeks how its liberty it may achieve,—
Beats at the wires and its poor wings doth fray:
For now desire of migrant change holds sway;
This summer-vacant land it longs to leave,
While its free peers on tireless pinions cleave
The haunted twilight, speeding south their way.
Not otherwise than as the prisoned bird
We here dwell careless of our captive state
Until light dwindles, and the year grows late,
And answering note to note no more is heard:
Then, our loved fellows flown, the soul is stirred
To follow them where summer has no date.

Edith M. Thomas.

TYPICAL DOGS.—SETTERS.

FIELD ETHICS AND TRAINING.

TO those who are strangers to the peculiar fascination of field sports, the quality of a day's pleasure with dog and gun seems measurable by the quantity of game the sportsman may bring to bag; but the true sportsman is proud of the title which distinguishes him from a mere "pot hunter," and the merit of his methods is the outgrowth of a knowledge and practical application of the ethics of his guild. To him the fullness of the game-bag is but an incident of the day's sport, and when his brace of highly bred and thoroughly trained pointers or setters dash away over the stubble-field in the morning, no thought occurs of shooting into the bevy on the ground, even though the sun should go down upon an empty game-bag. Rather than kill a half dozen from the huddled bevy, he takes the chance of missing one bird, which he has singled out of the whirring bunch on the wing. The more difficult the shot, the greater the satisfaction when it is successfully made, and bringing down a bird with each barrel carries with it a double measure of joys; and if perchance one bird rises in front of him, and at the same time he catches the sound of another going away in an opposite direction, the blood leaps all the more quickly in his veins when a clean kill is scored on each.

But greater even than the pleasure of stopping his birds well on the wing is the satisfaction he feels in the excellent performances of his dogs. As they gallop back and forth across the stubble a short distance ahead of him, with their heads well up, feeling the air for the faintest taint of game, lashing their sides or hocks at every leap with their merry tail-action, the inspiration which makes their faces beam in anticipation of the pleasure the coveted odor promises, lights up the sportsman's countenance, and dogs and master take deep draughts from the same cup of joy, which is now overflowing with anticipation, and anon with reality. One dog fairly leaps into a "point," and, like a flash, his brace mate stops to a "back," perhaps fifty yards away.

Sluggish indeed must be the man's blood who could look upon such a picture unmoved. Even the most stoical philosopher would find himself lost in admiration at least of the marvelous exhibition of instinct and culture. Not five yards ahead of the pointing dog lie the bevy of quails, and the high-mettled dog, which a moment before went racing over the field, stands motionless, save that there is a gentle tremor of the muscles, and an occasional champing of the jaws. The other dog seems a statue of exquisite pattern, standing simply in honor of his companion's point, which the ethics provide he must not interfere with.

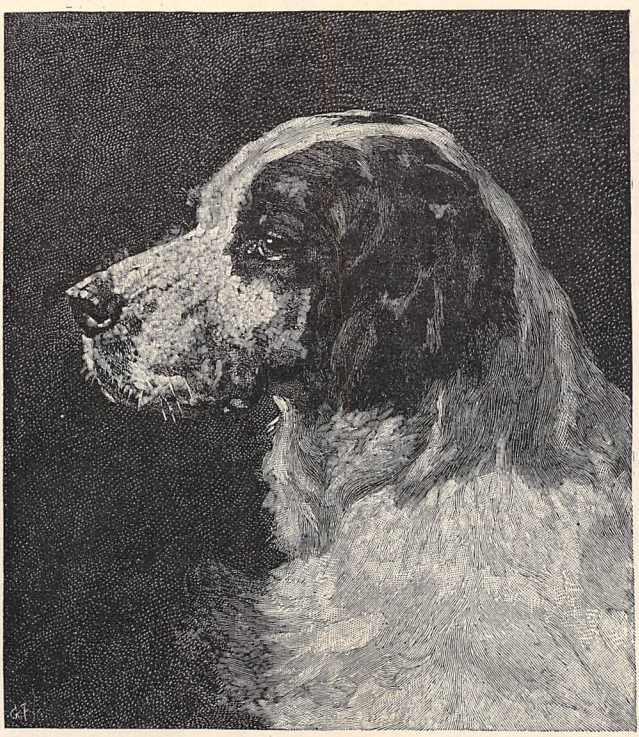
After enjoying to the full the picture his dogs present, the sportsman advances slowly to the birds, and as they rise he selects one for each barrel. At the crack of the gun down go the dogs in their very tracks, as if shot; and although expressions of eagerness dance in their faces as they watch their master slowly reload his gun, neither dog moves until he hears his name, when he bounds away to the dead bird, which he had already marked down, and, lifting it carefully, he gleefully gallops back to his master.

The birds have been marked down not far away, perhaps, but they have scattered, and, lying close in the cover, are more difficult to find than when they were all together, moving about for food. A word of caution checks the pace of the dogs, and they move about now at a trot, feeling for the scent with the utmost care, all anxious for the pleasure of another point. Throughout the day good work continues, spiced with a little poor work, which tends to increased caution, unless it is the result of willfulness instead of carelessness. In such cases a stern look, or at most a few gentle taps from the sportsman's whip, serves to correct the fault.

So to handle his dogs that they may have the opportunity to display their talents is the sportsman's delight, for upon his own conduct depends largely the quality of the work his dogs may do, and it is their performances which furnish him the chief pleasure of the day. But the "pot hunter" not cultured in the sportsman's ethics can have no higher aim than a large bag of game.

To train a dog up to the standard of excellence now demanded, a man must not only be possessed of endless patience and perseverance, but he must have a keen sense of the effect of different conditions upon the highly organized nervous system of the dog, and have tact so to change the conditions that the desired effect on the organism will follow.

The training of pointers and setters is not, as might be supposed, the mere teaching of



AMERICAN SETTER "LARK." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.)

a series of tricks; it consists rather in developing such natural qualities as it is desirable to preserve, and in eradicating or checking those that are undesirable. Many good and bad characteristics are inherited alike, and they assert themselves without regard to their usefulness; these the trainer must mold to suit his taste. Sometimes certain desirable qualities lie dormant, but the trainer must rouse them. In addition to those qualities which are fashioned from the instincts, certain accomplishments must be taught, but they must be so blended with those which are the outgrowth of special inheritance, that the dog shall not only know what he is required to do, and how to do it, but that when properly done he as well as the sportsman will be pleased. Thus proper performance becomes simply an expression of his new nature.

C. B. Whitford.

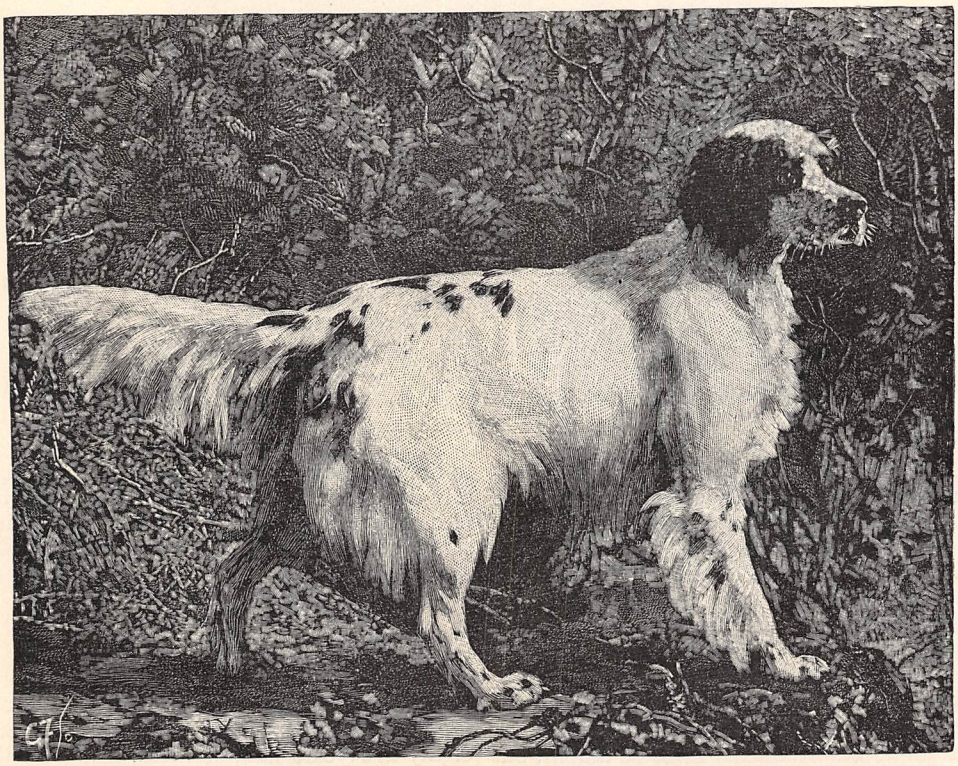


GORDON SETTER "GROUSE." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY.)

THE GORDON SETTER.

THE origin of the Gordon setter is obscure. He first became prominent as a field-dog eighty-five years ago, or more, at the castle of the Duke of Gordon, from whom he derives his name. But for this nobleman we should probably never have known nor perpetuated this *ne plus ultra* of setters. The color of the Gordon setter, as seen at Gordon Castle, was undoubtedly black-and-tan, and black, white, and tan. Many of the best-bred dogs throw in their litters pups with white toes — one or two — and frills. A litter without some white is rare. Many black-and-tan setters we see have not a drop of Gordon blood in their veins; nevertheless they are erroneously given the name of this famous strain. A pure Gordon can be told by a well-authenticated pedigree. To quote from a well-recognized authority, the Gordon setter should trace back to "Duke of Gordon's 'Regent,' old 'Bang,' old 'Dan,' or to Mr.

Coke's 'Fan,' for the latter [Mr. Coke] and the Duke bred from the same stock. This is ample warrant for purity of lineage." In many respects the Gordon should resemble the English setter. The head of the former, however, should be a shade heavier and wider; nose moderately long and wide; no fullness under the eyes; nose should be wide and large in the openings, end of the nose to be a good black; ears, longer than those of the English setter, must be set low and lie close to the cheeks. The eyes must be full of animation, sportsman. The coat should be soft, flat, and straight, not so long as that of the English setter, in color a rich plum-black, and very glossy. The tan markings should be a rich sienna, and should show on lips, cheeks, throat, over the eyes, under side of ear, on fore-legs nearly to the elbows, on the hind-legs to the stifles, and on under side of flag, but not running into his long hair. The Gordon setter should not stand at the shoulder higher than twenty-four, or twenty-four and a half, inches. I prefer even under the former size for



AMERICAN SETTER "GROUSEDALE." (FROM A PAINTING BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.)

of a rich color, between brown and gold; the neck must be clean and racy. He should have deep, sloping shoulder-blades, a narrow deep chest with racy front. Beware of stooping hind-quarters; they show weakness and want of pace; they must be as strong as or stronger than the fore-quarters. He should have moderately well-bent stifles. I prefer a cat-foot, well filled in with hair between the pads. The stern should be carried very nearly straight. The flag should be shorter than that of the English setter, of graceful form; flat and scanty, tapering to nothing at the end. The Gordon setter should display much character. His outline must be good and taking at a glance to the eye of the my shooting. In weight he should not exceed forty-five or fifty-five pounds. I prefer one rather under than over forty-five. Nothing is gained by breeding him up to the immense size seen at the bench shows. Such dogs as I describe will be with you afield for a week, with all the hard work you can give them. The Gordon setter is of the most affectionate disposition, easy to teach, of excellent memory, as steady at his work in the early autumn as at the last of the season. In natural qualities I know of no setter or pointer surpassing him. When well broken he is the pride of his master. I have bred, broken, and shot over this breed in all parts of America, on snipe, woodcock, prairie-chicken, and the best of them all—the

quail. After many years of hard hunting I know whereof I speak. In nose, endurance, stanchness, obedience, and speed — I have tried all — I know of none better. At work he is naturally a high-headed dog, seeking for the body-scent. When the weather is such as to require it, he is able to take the foot-scent as well. His instinct leads him to know where to look for game, without racing over every foot of ground, as is the habit of many other breeds of setters. He does his work in a business-like manner, not as if he were racing here and tearing there in quest of the spirit of some departed bird. Such a Gordon setter is rarely seen at the shows; but many such are owned by prominent sportsmen in this country, who, like myself, keep them for their own shooting, and care naught for public exhibitions.

Harry Malcolm.

THE AMERICAN SETTER.

WHILE a fondness for the dog has always characterized our people, a kind of odium attached to dog-fanciers until a few years ago. The austere Puritan of New England, stern in the practice as well as the precepts of his religion, forswore even the most innocent of amusements. No hunting was permitted for the simple pleasure it afforded. As a help to a lean larder the chase might be indulged in, but the moment it became a thing of pleasure or enjoyment, that instant it was to be discouraged. If perchance a man allowed his love for dog and gun to overcome the repressive ideas of his earlier training, he became as it were a "cast-off," a good-for-nothing "ne'er-do-well," to whom was ascribed a repugnance to honest labor in order to account for the vagabondage of his desires.

As population grew, the native New Englander migrated to other States, and carried with him all the peculiar convictions and beliefs in which he had been reared. Chief among them was the dislike, I may even say hatred, with which he regarded field sports and the time wasted in their pursuit; and the feeling, though misplaced, was at least an honest one. It served for years, however, to cast an aspersion upon those who loved the sports of the field, and who found intense enjoyment in following a well-trained hunting dog, whether setter or pointer. Under such a state of public feeling, the history of the setter of this country is, at best, but little better than a remembrance.

It is true, a few families of setter blood have been carefully bred, and by judicious crossing and selection have obtained somewhat of notoriety; but these representatives have been few in number — scarce a half dozen; and probably not two of this half dozen can give a recorded family history of a quarter of a century. Among the best known breeders I would refer to Theo. Morford of Newton, William Grummon of Lyons Farms, and Justus von Lengerke of Hoboken, all in New Jersey; the Harrises of Providence, R. I., the late Paul Mead of Brooklyn, N. Y., E. H. Lathrop of Springfield, Mass., and Samuel Scranton, of Rhode Island.

Despite the repression I have mentioned, the love of hunting always existed and importations of good dogs were continually being made from the older countries. As a matter of course, the chief source from which these importations came was England. Communication with the different seaports of Great Britain was slow, but easy, through the different lines of packet-ships. Although travel was then difficult, it was much indulged in; and if the travelers happened to be fond of dog and gun, or had left friends at home who were, it followed as a natural sequence that a brace of setters was the most acceptable thing that could be brought back either as a remembrance of the trip or as a gift to those at home. Owing to the reasons I have spoken of, this constant refreshing of our setter blood was but little heard of beyond those directly interested. Upon arrival this blood was crossed upon what was now by acclimation native blood, and the result was a few familiar families of natives which soon stood preëminent in the sportsmen's world. Probably the best known and most widely heralded of all these dogs was the brace of black-and-tans presented to Daniel Webster by Lord Ashburton, and which were well known to all visitors at Marshfield. These dogs passed afterward into the possession of that most genial of New Yorkers, the late N. B. Blunt, and from them came some of the best setters of our vicinity.

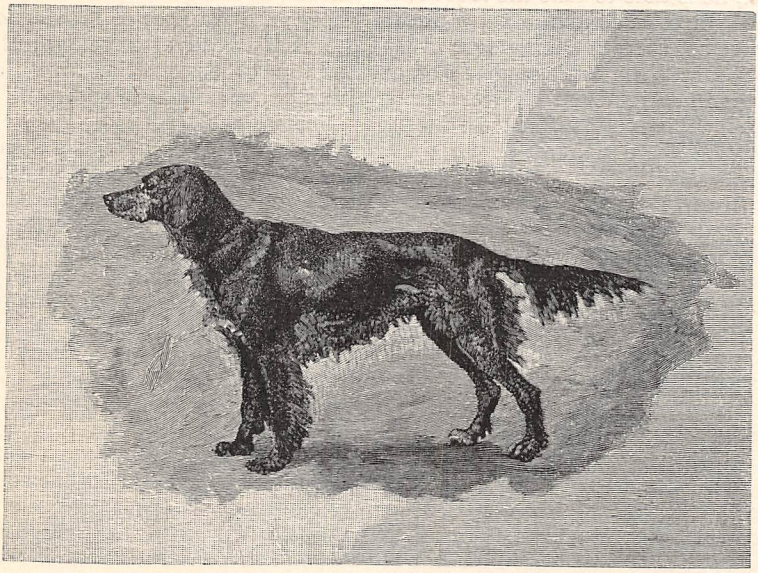
The late N. C. Harris, of Providence, Rhode Island, captain of one of our finest packet-ships plying between New York and Liverpool, seldom made a trip without bringing home one or more dogs of undoubted worth. Coming of a family the members of which were ardently devoted to field sports, with the means and leisure to gratify the taste, no wonder the desire was followed to the full. Those I name are but a few among the many, and are mentioned merely to impress the fact that good dogs have been a favorite importation for many years, although that importation was but tame and insignificant in comparison with the number of good, bad, and indifferent, in the last decade.

The natural outcome of this continued

crossing was the breeding of many magnificent field-dogs, that achieved but little more than local renown, since there were in those days no journals willing to herald the achievements of a hunting dog.

Chief among the great setters of the day is Grousedale (see illustration, page 118). In his veins the tides of native and foreign blood meet. He is from Waters's Grouse, and Daisy Dale, and is a little over the medium size; in color orange and white, the latter color predominating. In shape Grousedale is about all that can be desired, his every action denoting speed and power. His head is a pleasant one, while his eyes, dark and lustrous, show the wonderful intelligence for which the animal is noted. He first became well known to sportsmen at the inaugural meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Robins Island, Peconic Bay, December, 1879. His numerous victories since that time are a matter of record. I doubt if a better field-dog has ever been seen in this country, or a better broken and more intelligent setter.

Jacob Pentz.



IRISH SETTER "LOU." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY.)

THE IRISH SETTER.

THE Irish setter is without doubt one of the oldest of the setter breeds, and a descendant of the brown or liver-colored setting spaniel of four centuries ago.

He has been zealously guarded in certain Irish families for generations, and there is today no breed with stronger characteristics, or that preserves its characteristics better when transported to other countries. An Irish setter is an Irish setter the world over, and for speed, endurance, pluck, intelligence, and nose has no superior. He is ever ready for his work, free and open-hearted in his ways, and has the faculty of adapting himself to every climate and all kinds of game, while his rich-colored coat and affectionate nature make him a pleasing companion when not required in the field. He is free from lumber, but has plenty of bone and muscle, and that energy which is his greatest fault in the minds of some, who seem to forget that without it there is never superiority. He stands a little higher than either the English or the Gordon setter, and is very bloodlike in appearance. His head is long, lean, narrow, high over the forehead and prominent at the occiput; the muzzle of good length, the lips deep, but not heavy like the hound's.

His ears, set low and lightly feathered, extend nearly to the nose, which may be a dark flesh in color, though a dark brown is preferable. His eyes, a hazel or deep brown, are soft and gentle in expression.

His neck is long, lean, clearly defined where it joins the head, and set well into a pair of sloping shoulders; the elbows well let down, the front legs straight, the feet firm and well clothed with hair to protect the soles. His chest is deep, loin arched and powerful; his stifles are well bent, and thighs broad and muscular. His hips are rather ragged, but they denote great power. His tail is nearly straight, gayly carried, and provided with a comb-like

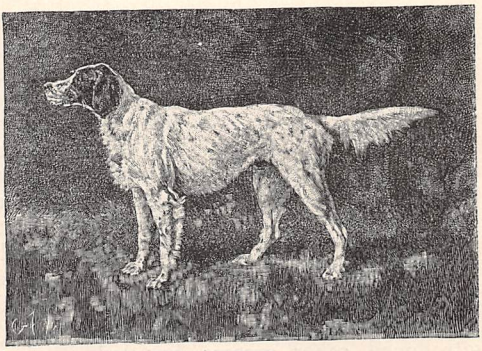
fringe tapering to a pointed tip. His coat is short, flat, soft to the touch, and, where it extends into what is technically known as feathering, is like spun silk in quality.

His color is like the red of polished mahogany, or

> "In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
> Divides threefold to show the fruit within,"

but only appears after the shedding of the tawny coat of puppyhood. This red, which may vary from a light shade to the deep, rich hue, belongs by right of a long inheritance to the Irish setter, and, except a little white which appears on the head and chest of many specimens, is the only legitimate color. The strains which show a black tip to the coat, or occasionally a black specimen, are beyond dispute impure.

William Jarvis.

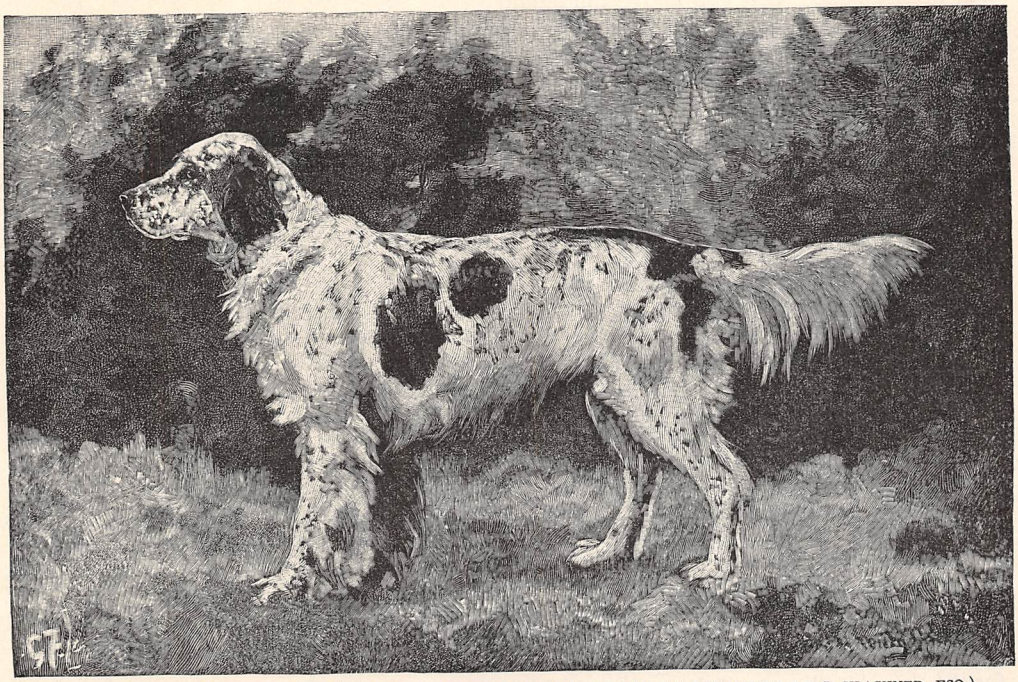


LLEWELLIN SETTER "GLADSTONE." (FROM A PICTURE BY J. M. TRACY.)

THE LLEWELLIN SETTERS.

THE dogs from which those now bearing the above name are descended made their first appearance at English field trials in 1871, when Dan and Dick, litter brothers, were brought out by Mr. Thomas Statter, of Stand Hall, Manchester, and won at Shrewsbury. In saying this I do not mean that Dan and Dick were of unknown pedigree, for this was not the case, as will presently appear, but only that these two, with their sister Dora, are accepted as the first specimens of this now celebrated strain.

To Mr. Statter and Mr. Barclay Field the honor of founding this strain belongs. It originated in the union of Field's Duke and Statter's Rhœbe. Duke, a noted trial winner, was descended from Sir F. Graham's celebrated kennel, and Rhœbe was a nearly pure Gordon. Later Mr. Statter bred Rhœbe to dogs of Mr. Laverack's breed, producing progeny of blood similar to Dan, Dick, and Dora, as the Laveracks were originally from the same strain as Sir F. Graham's dogs, and had also a cross of Gordon from Lord Lovat's kennel, to which it has been proved Mr. Laverack resorted, notwithstanding repeated assertions that his breed was free from all crosses.



LAVERACK SETTER "EMPEROR FRED." (FROM A PAINTING BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER, ESQ.)

Shortly after the Shrewsbury meeting of 1871, Mr. Llewellin bought Dan, Dick, and Dora from Mr. Statter. It is proper to remark in this place that Mr. Llewellin has never claimed any credit as being even in part an originator of the breed; but he does claim that he has developed and improved his branch of it into dogs of greater excellence than any others, and has given to them the fixed attributes which distinguish a true breed. Recognition of this, and also because he alone has preserved the strain in its original lines, both Mr. Statter and Mr. Field having introduced other crosses, has led all fair-minded men to concede Mr. Llewellin's right to consider the breed now his own.

From its first introduction to the public this strain rapidly rose to be sensational. Its representatives swept the field trials of their prizes, and from this fact soon came to be known as the "field-trial breed." The honor thus gained was, however, coveted by other breeders for their dogs, and this name was unscrupulously appropriated for all such as were even in part of the same blood. This led to a definition of the field-trial strain, which was declared to be "the blood of Duke and Rhœbe, or of one or both of these crossed with the Laveracks." As illustrations of these various combinations I will cite Dan, who was of the Duke-Rhœbe blood alone; Rob Roy, by the Laverack Fred. out of Rhœbe; and Druid, by the Laverack Prince out of Dora, sister to Dan. It has been claimed that the above limitation will not hold good, as it includes three different combinations, and such variety is not admissible in any breed. This theory would be tenable but for the kindred origin of the Duke and Laverack blood; but this kinship being recognized (as it is by those who have investigated the Laverack history without prejudice, and who are not imposed upon by Mr. Laverack's preposterous table of pedigrees), it is evident there is no blood in any one of these combinations not present in the others, and consequently there is no inconsistency in claiming that all belong to the same breed.

The first field-trial setter brought to this country was Dart, by Prince out of Dora, imported in 1874 by Mr. L. H. Smith of Strathroy, Ontario, she being quickly followed by her dam Dora, imported by Mr. Luther Adams of Boston, who also brought out Rock, by Mr. Smith's Leicester, and by the writer's Rob Roy and Queen Mab. The success of Mr. Smith's pups in their first field trial, backed by the reputation of the breed abroad, at once established it in the esteem of our sportsmen, and led to further importations by the above gentlemen and others, and to a great demand for the dogs in all parts of the country.

These dogs continued to be known as "field-trial setters" till early in 1878, when Mr. Smith wrote to myself and others prominently engaged in breeding them, and proposed to change the name to Llewellin setters, in recognition of what that gentleman had done for their improvement. So far as I know all promptly concurred; in any event, the name was adopted not only by breeders but by the public, and its propriety was unquestioned till of late, when attempts were made to show it was misapplied and Mr. Llewellin not entitled to the honor it implied. I do not propose to discuss this matter, but I do not go too far in asserting that most American sportsmen still use the name and refuse to recognize the dogs by any other.

The characteristics of the Llewellin setters are great beauty of physical form, joined to courage, intelligence, and field qualities of higher order than those possessed by any other breed. Their colors are blue and lemon beltons, black and white, dark lemon and white (called orange and white), black, white, and tan, and a few, liver and white, or liver, white, and tan. The above claim to superiority over other breeds is no outgrowth of the writer's partiality, but has been demonstrated in both England and this country by the fact that these dogs have won more prizes at field trials than the representatives of all other breeds combined. This is a matter of record.

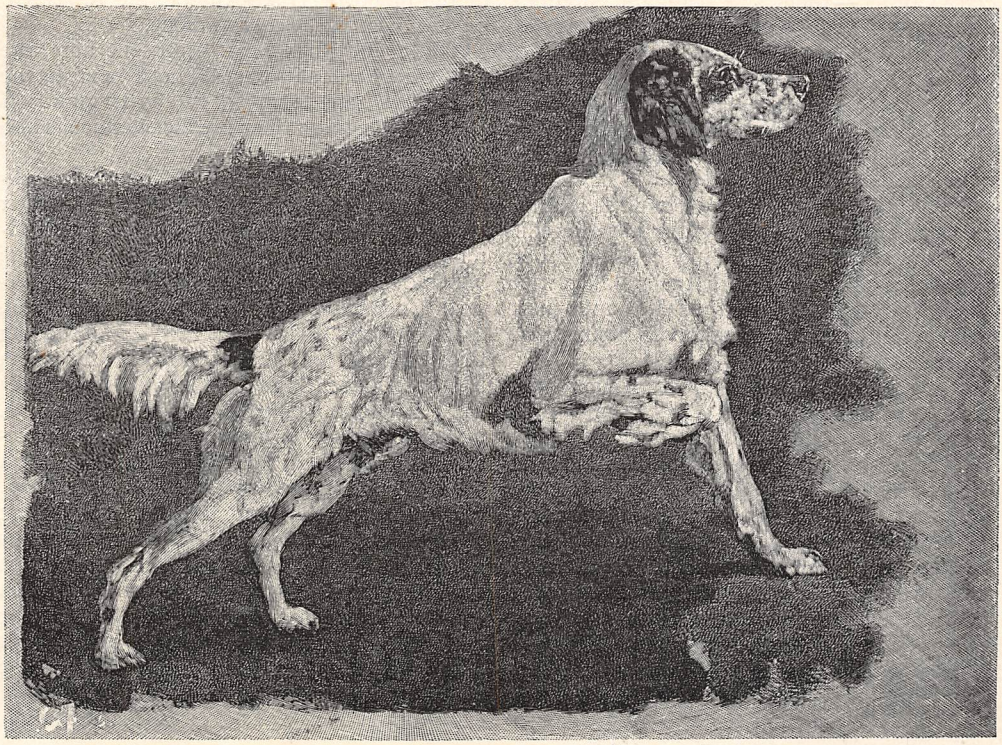
Arnold Burges.

THE MODERN ENGLISH SETTER.

WHILE the pointer is known to have come originally from Spain, the setter cannot be proved other than of English origin. "Stonehenge" speaks of it as the most national of British dogs and as having certainly existed four centuries.

Edward Laverack, while claiming general deterioration through careless and injudicious breeding, in 1872 named a few kennels of choice blood that had been carefully guarded. Three of the sorts he commended have contributed to the blood of the recent importations—the "Gordon," the "Southesk," and his own, the "Laverack." He did not mention Sir Frederic Graham's, but it has proved one of the most useful of them all.

American sportsmen had imported English dogs as opportunity offered; but this was not often; and such as came had only the prestige of foreign birth, or perhaps of being from the kennel of a nobleman. Nearly all were without pedigrees with lines of noted ancestry. Without such, breeding is experimental — a slow, tentative process which few men have either interest or patience to de-



ENGLISH SETTER "HARRISON'S LONDON." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY.)

velop. The change from an era of carelessness to one of such intense interest that it has often been styled a "dog craze," may be sketched as follows:

"Bench shows" and "field trials" in England, and the formation of the English Kennel Club, which published a book describing winning dogs and their breeding, were the means by which competition was developed and the results registered.

Correspondents gave in detail every item that could instruct the readers of our journals devoted to field sports.

Mr. Edward Laverack's breed became known through the bench winnings of his old Blue Dash and Fred. IV., and by the field-trial winnings of "Countess," "Nellie," and "Daisy" — full sisters.

Countess and Nellie belonged to R. Llewellen Purcell Llewellen, Esquire.

Daisy belonged to Richard Garth, Esquire, Q. C., now Chief Justice of India.

The possession of such dogs by Mr. Llewellen, and the ability with which they were handled by his coadjutor, Mr. G. T. Teasdale Buckell, at the trials, disclosed a purpose and readiness to strike for the leadership of English setter-breeders. These gentlemen have for thirteen years bred the dogs that have been most largely exported to this country — now known as the Llewellin setter.

Mr. Laverack sent over Pride of the Border, Fairy, Fairy II., and others. Mr. Statter, of Manchester, gave us Rob Roy. Mr. Macdona contributed Ranger II. and Kirby. But while all these and others have been most usefully employed by American breeders, the Llewellin setter probably outnumbers all others ten to one. Besides Countess and Nellie, Mr. Llewellin had Prince and Lill II., both pure Laveracks. From them he bred Phantom, Petrel, Princess, and Puzzle, all bench-show champions.

With this array of the best Laveracks Mr. Llewellin mated Dan, and the offspring are what "Stonehenge" calls the "Dan-Laveracks."

Dan, black, white, and tan, bred by Mr. Statter, was a son of Duke and Rhœbe. He came of noted ancestry, and won the Stafford field trials of 1871, in such brilliant manner that Mr. Llewellin at once bought him for one hundred and fifty pounds, a great price at that time. He was an imperial-looking dog, with every desirable setter quality. The sire of Dan was Mr. Barclay Field's Duke, black and white. Duke had won four field trials, and his sister Kate was also a dog of note. Duke and Kate were bred by Sir Vin-

cent Corbet — their sire being Sir Frederic Graham's Duke. Their dam was a cross between Sir Frederic Graham's sort and that of the Earl of Beaudesert.

The dam of Dan was owned by Mr. Statter; she was a cross of Gordon with Southesk. Seven of her immediate offspring won at field trials.

From Dan and Lill 2d, Countess, Nellie, Phantom, and Petrel have come the Llewellin setters of greatest note and in largest number. "Stonehenge" admitted that they had carried all before them at field trials; and these winning animals now number six consecutive generations.

Kate, the sister to Duke (sire of Dan), was also crossed with the Laverack, and from them we have Dash II., to which dog Mr. Llewellin resorted for an intercross. He is the ancestor of the dogs whose names have the prefix "Dashing," as "Dashing Bondhu," "Dashing Berwyn." He also used Dora, sister to Dan, as a reverse cross with the Laverack, and this, the "Prince-Dora," sort came to America among the earliest and best.

The "Llewellin setter' has been defined to be dogs or their descendants bred by the gentleman whose name they bear, from a union of the blood of Duke-Rhœbe, the Laverack or of either two of these breeds.

While fine dogs have been sent here, the best were kept at home. Those next to the best came here to avoid use in England (if sold there) against their breeders' interests and wishes.

But the slight shades of difference in individual dogs are not always observable in their offspring. Like not only begets like, but almost as often the likeness of an ancestor; hence our stock of imported dogs was practically not inferior to the best in England. Many persons in America have been breeding this setter for ten years. Only Mr. Llewellin has bred it in England, but his is probably the best single kennel of setters in the world.

The dogs of to-day are intelligent, affectionate, beautiful, and highly endowed with the field qualities of speed, style, stanchness, and delicacy of olfactory to detect the lurking quarry. Dog and gun are helping to make us a nation of good shots, of hearty, stalwart manhood, never more at home than when camping upon an open prairie or walking with steady stride from morning until night over valleys and wooded hills, where grouse and quail abound.

J. C. Higgins.



AT ST. OSWALD'S.

WITHIN the church I knelt, where many a year
Wordsworth had worshiped, while his musing eye
Wandered o'er mountain, fell, and scar, and sky,
That rimmed the silver circle of Grasmere,
Whose crystal held an under-world as clear
As that which girt it round; — and questioned why
The place was sacred for *his* lifted sigh
More than the humble dalesman's kneeling near.

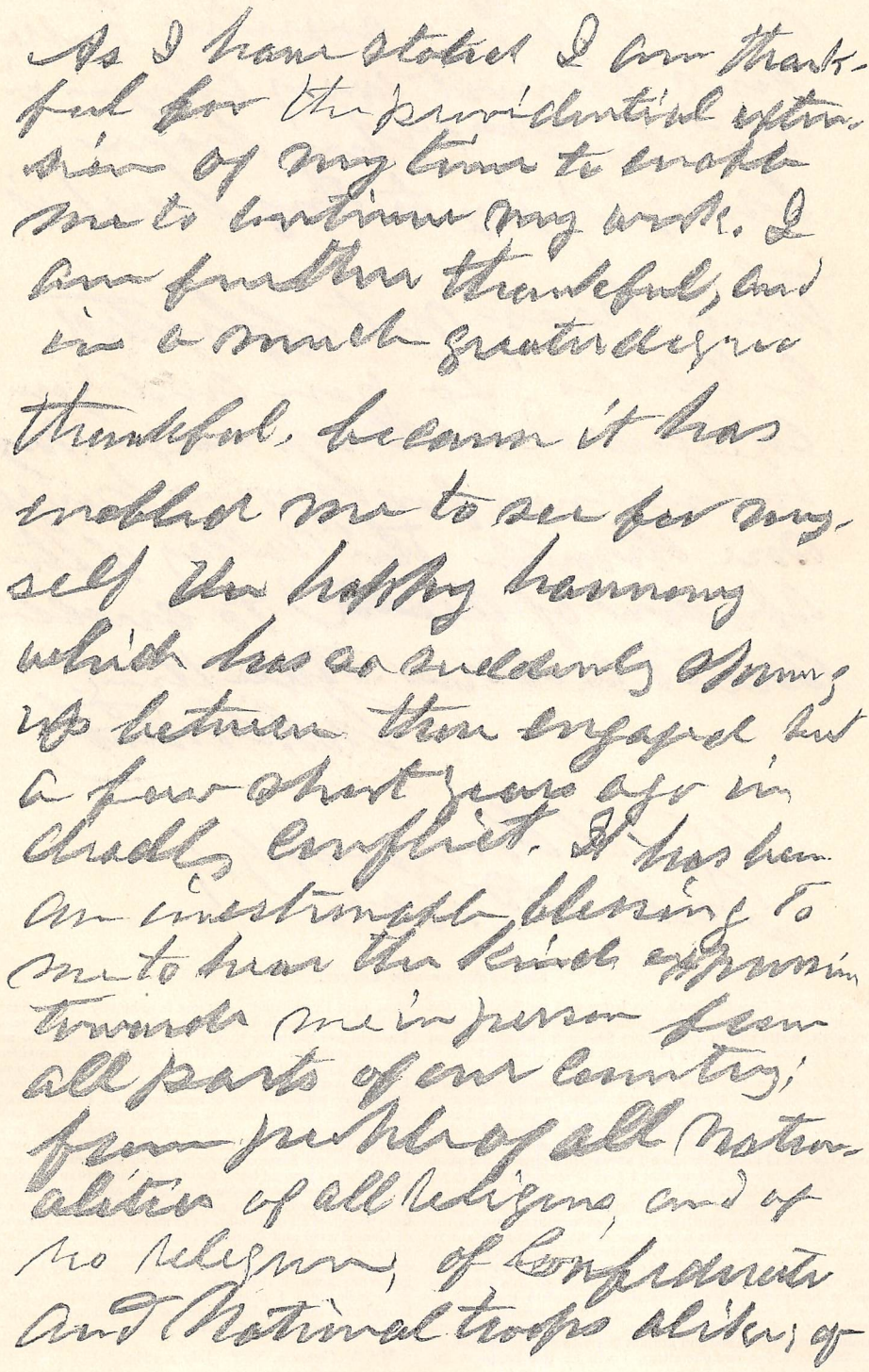
Strange spell of Genius! — that can melt the soul
To reverence tenderer than o'er it falls
Beneath the marvelous heavens which God hath made,
And sway it with such human-sweet control,
That holier henceforth seem these simple walls,
Because within them once a poet prayed!

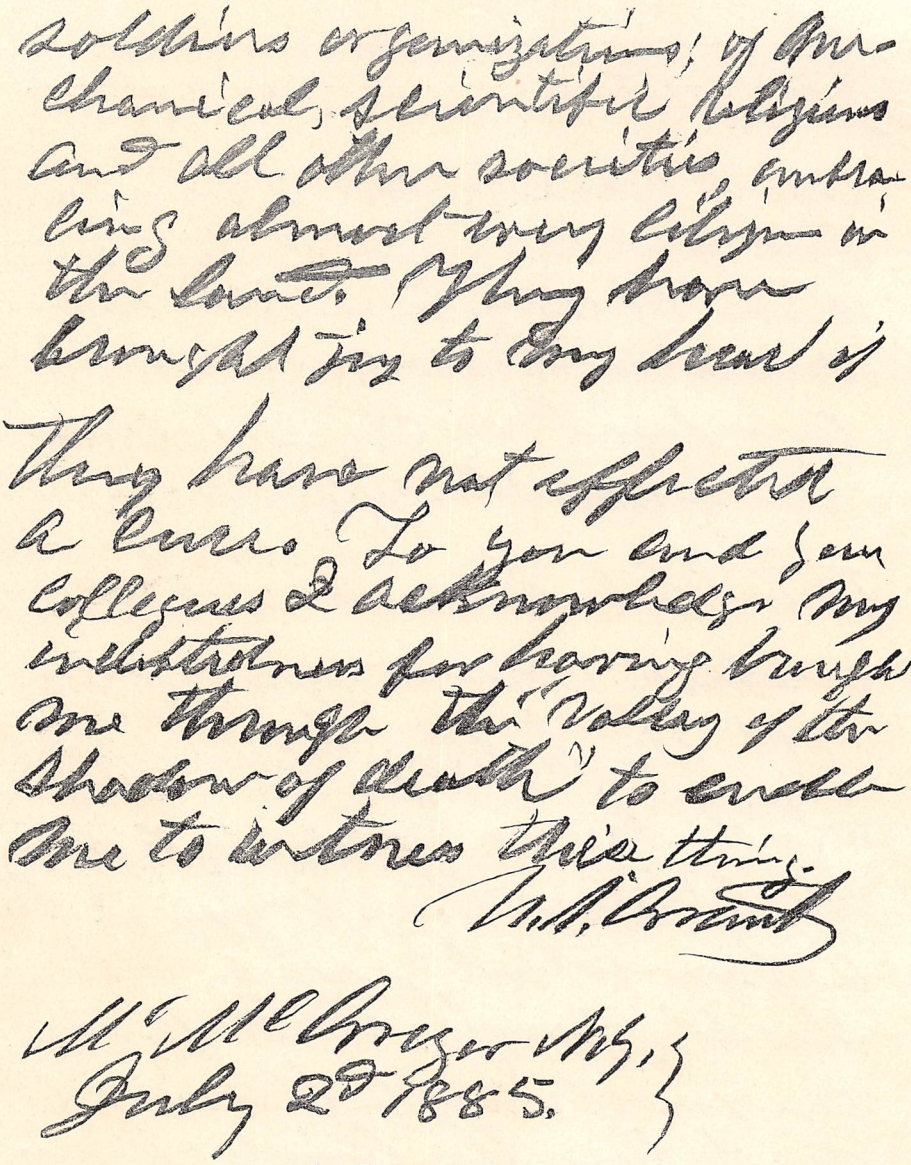
Margaret J. Preston.

GRASMERE, October, 1884.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT TO HIS PHYSICIAN.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF THE LETTER OF JULY 2, 1885, ADDRESSED TO DR. JOHN H. DOUGLAS.


As I have stated I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am grateful and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has succeeded among us between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an unstinted blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities of all religions and of no religion, of Confederate and National troops alike, of



Mt. McGregor N.Y.
July 2d 1885.

FULL TEXT OF THE LETTER.

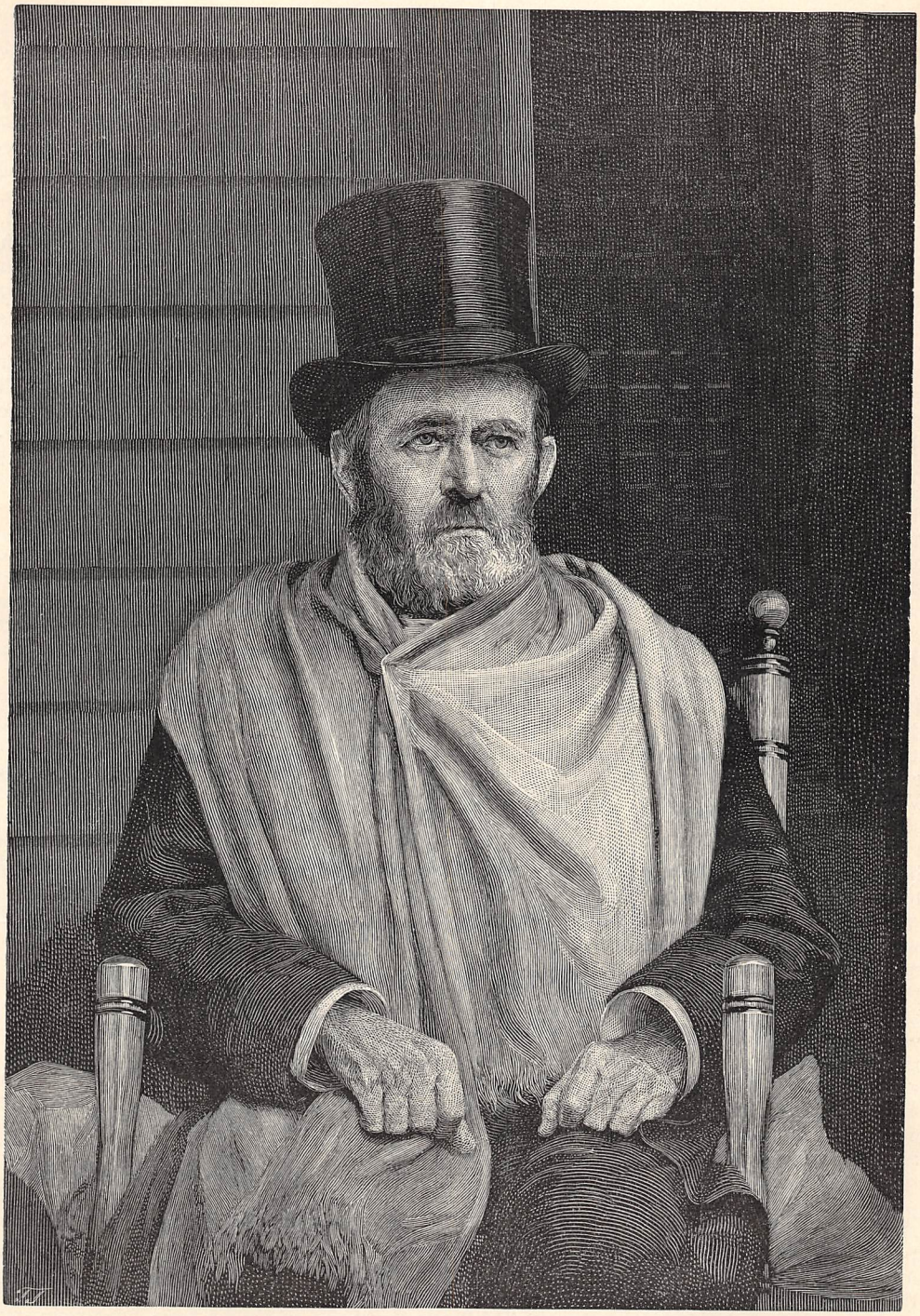
After General Grant's death, this letter was published in the newspapers. It is written in lead pencil on yellow memorandum paper of the width shown in the above fac-simile, which has been engraved for the magazine by permission of Dr. Douglas:

Dr. I ask you not to show this to any one, unless physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it and they will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex, would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain in strength some days, but when I do go back, it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather, towards the winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under these circumstances life is not worth living. I am very thankful to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and substractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to to any one else.

Under the above circumstances, I will be the happiest the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say therefore to you and your colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country; from people of all nationalities; of all religions and of no religion; of Confederate and National troops alike; of soldiers' organizations; of mechanical, scientific, religious, and all other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. To you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the "valley of the shadow of death" to enable me to witness these things.

U. S. GRANT.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y. July 2, 1885.



GENERAL GRANT AT MT. McGREGOR.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY, JUNE 19, 1885, BY RECORD & EPLER, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.)

CHATTANOOGA.

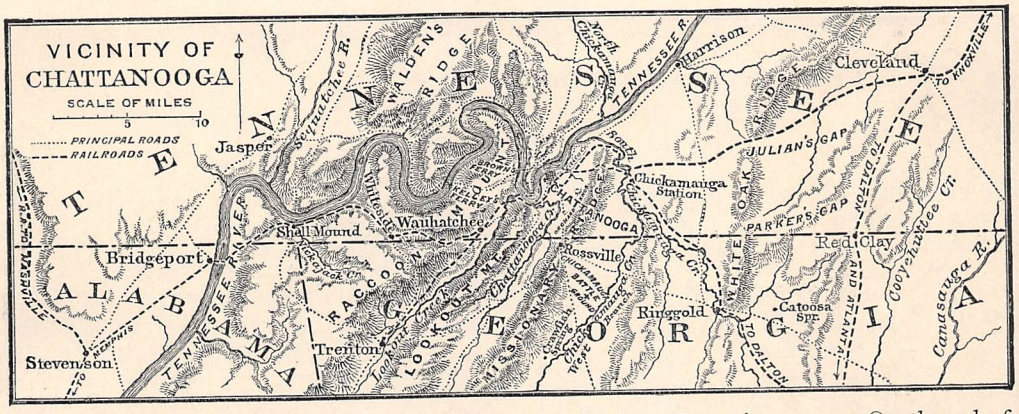
AFTER the fall of Vicksburg I urged strongly upon the Government the propriety of a movement against Mobile. General Rosecrans had been at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, with a large and well-equipped army from early in the year 1863, with Bragg confronting him, with a force quite equal to his own at first, considering it was on the defensive. But after the investment of Vicksburg, Bragg's army was largely depleted to strengthen Johnston, in Mississippi, who was being reënforced to raise the siege. I frequently wrote to General Halleck suggesting that Rosecrans should move against Bragg. By so doing he would either detain the latter's troops, or lay Chattanooga open to capture. General Halleck strongly approved the suggestion, and finally wrote me that he had repeatedly ordered Rosecrans to advance, but that the latter had constantly failed to comply with the order, and at last, after having held a council of war, replied, in effect, that it was a military maxim "not to fight two decisive battles at the same time." If true, the maxim was not applicable in this case. It would be bad to be defeated in two decisive battles fought the same day, but it would not be bad to win them. I, however, was fighting no battle, and the siege of Vicksburg had drawn from Rosecrans's front so many of the enemy that his chances of victory were much greater than they would be if he waited until the siege was over, when these troops could be returned. Rosecrans was ordered to move against the army that was detaching troops to raise the siege. Finally he did move on the 24th of June, but ten days afterward Vicksburg surrendered, and the troops sent from Bragg were free to return. It was at this time that I recommended to the general-in-chief the movement against Mobile. I knew the peril the Army of the Cumberland was in, being depleted continually not only by ordinary casualties, but also by having to detach troops to hold its constantly extending line over which to draw supplies, while the enemy in front was as constantly being strengthened. Mobile was important to the enemy, and, in the absence of a threatening force, was guarded by little else than artillery. If threatened by land and from the water at the same time, the prize would fall easily, or troops would have to be sent to its defense. Those troops would necessarily come from Bragg.

My judgment was overruled, however, and the troops under my command were dissipated over other parts of the country where it was thought they could render the most service. Four thousand were sent to Banks, at New Orleans; five thousand to Schofield, to use against Price, in Arkansas; the Ninth Corps back to East Tennessee; and finally, in August, the whole of the Thirteenth Corps to Banks. I also sent Ransom's brigade to Natchez, to occupy that point, and to relieve Banks from guarding any part of the river above what he had guarded before the fall of Port Hudson. Ransom captured a large amount of ammunition and about five thousand beef cattle that were crossing the river going east for the rebel armies.

At this time the country was full of deserters from Pemberton's army, and it was reported that many had also left Johnston. These avowed they would never go back to fight against us again. Many whose homes were west of the river went there, and others went North to remain until they could return with security.

Soon it was discovered in Washington that Rosecrans was in trouble and required assistance. The emergency was now too immediate to allow us to give this assistance by making an attack in the rear of Bragg upon Mobile. It was therefore necessary to reënforce directly, and troops were sent from every available point. On the 13th of September Halleck telegraphed me to send all available forces to Memphis, and thence east along the Memphis and Charleston railroad to coöperate with Rosecrans. This instruction was repeated two days later, but I did not get even the first until the 23d of the month. As fast as transports could be provided all the troops except a portion of the Seventeenth Corps were forwarded under Sherman, whose services up to this time demonstrated his superior fitness for a separate command. I also moved McPherson, with most of the troops still about Vicksburg, eastward, to compel the enemy to keep back a force to meet him. Meanwhile Rosecrans had very skillfully manœuvred Bragg south of the Tennessee River, and through and beyond Chattanooga. If he had stopped and intrenched, and made himself strong there, all would have been right, and the mistake of not moving earlier partially compensated. But he pushed on, with his forces very much scattered, until Bragg's

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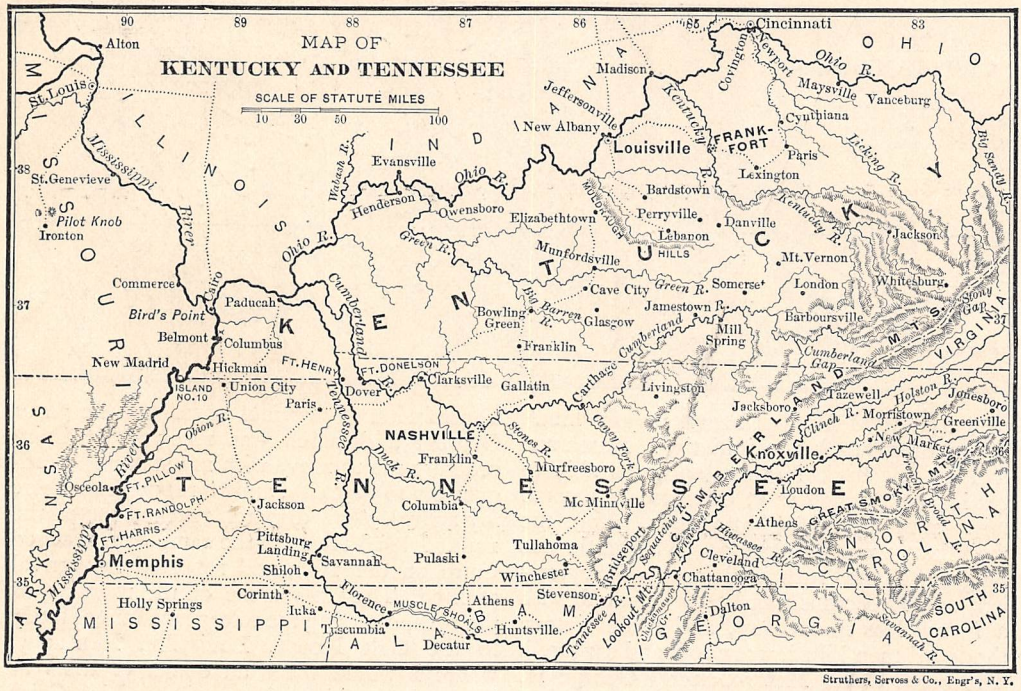


troops from Mississippi began to join him.* Then Bragg took the initiative. Rosecrans had to fall back in turn, and was able to get his army together at Chickamauga, some miles south-east of Chattanooga, before the main battle was brought on. The battle was fought on the 19th and 20th of September, and Rosecrans was badly defeated, with a heavy loss in artillery, and some sixteen thousand men killed, wounded, and captured. The corps under Major-General George H. Thomas stood its ground, while Rosecrans, with Crittenden and McCook, returned to Chattanooga. Thomas returned also, but later, and with his troops in good order. Bragg followed and took possession of Missionary Ridge, overlooking Chattanooga. He also occupied Lookout Mountain, west of the town, which Rosecrans had abandoned, and with it his control of the river and river road as far back as Bridgeport. The National troops were now strongly intrenched in Chattanooga Valley, with the Tennessee River behind them, and the enemy occupying commanding heights to the east and west, with a strong line across the valley, from mountain to mountain, and Chattanooga Creek for a large part of the way in front of their line.

On the 29th of September Halleck telegraphed me the above results, and directed all the forces that could be spared from my department to be sent to Rosecrans, suggesting that a good commander like Sherman or McPherson should go with the troops; also that I should go in person to Nashville to superintend the movement. Sherman was already on his way and McPherson also was moving east with most of the garrison of Vicksburg long before this dispatch was received. I at once sent a staff-officer to Cairo, to communicate, in my name, directly with the Government, and to forward me any and all important dispatches without the delays that had attended the transmission of previous ones. On the 3d of October a dispatch was received at Cairo ordering me to move with my staff and headquarters to that city, and to report from there my arrival. This dispatch reached me on the 10th. I left Vicksburg the same day, reached Cairo on the 16th, and reported my arrival at once. The reply came on the morning of the 17th, directing me to proceed immediately to the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, where I would meet an officer of the War Department with my instructions. I left Cairo within an hour after the receipt of this dispatch, going by rail by the way of Indianapolis, Indiana. Just as the train I was on was starting out of the depot at Indianapolis, a messenger came running up to stop it, saying the Secretary of War was coming into the station and wanted to see me. I had never met Mr. Stanton up to that time, though we had held frequent conversations over the wires, the year before, when I was in Tennessee. Occasionally, at night, he would order the wires freed from the War Department to my headquarters, and we would hold a conversation for an hour or two. On this occasion the Secretary was accompanied by Governor Brough, of Ohio, whom I had never met, though he and my father were old acquaintances. Mr. Stanton dismissed the special train that had brought him to Indianapolis and accompanied me to Louisville.

Up to this time no hint had been given me of what was wanted after I left Vicksburg, except the suggestion in one of Halleck's dispatches that I had better go to Nashville and superintend the operation of the troops sent to relieve Rosecrans. Soon after we had started, the Secretary handed me two orders, saying that I might take my choice of them. The two were identical in all but one particular. Both created the Military Division of the Mississippi, giving me the command, composed of

* Bragg was also reënforced by Longstreet, from the Army of Northern Virginia.—EDITOR.



Struthers, Servoss & Co., Engr's, N. Y.

the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, and all the territory from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi River, north of Banks's command in the south-west. One order left the department commanders as they were, while the other relieved Rosecrans and assigned Thomas to his place. I accepted the latter. We reached Louisville after night, and, if I remember rightly, in a cold, drizzling rain. The Secretary of War told me afterwards that he caught a cold on that occasion from which he never expected to recover. He never did recover.

A day was spent in Louisville, the Secretary giving me the military news at the capital, and talking about the disappointment at the results of some of the campaigns. By evening of the day after our arrival all matters of discussion seemed exhausted, and I left the hotel to spend the evening away, both Mrs. Grant and myself having relations living in Louisville. In the course of the evening Mr. Stanton received a dispatch from Mr. C. A. Dana, then in Chattanooga, informing him that unless prevented Rosecrans would retreat, and advising peremptory orders against his doing so.

A retreat at that time would have been a terrible disaster. It would not only have been the loss of a most important strategic position to us, but it would have been attended with the loss of all the artillery still left with the Army of the Cumberland, and the annihilation of that army itself, either by capture or demoralization.

All supplies for Rosecrans had to be brought from Nashville. The railroad between this base and the army was in possession of the Government up to Bridgeport, the point at which the road crosses to the south side of the Tennessee River; but Bragg, holding Lookout and Raccoon mountains west of Chattanooga, commanded the railroad, the river, and the shortest and best wagon roads both south and north of the Tennessee, between Chattanooga and Bridgeport. The distance between these two places is but twenty-six miles by rail; but owing to this position of Bragg all supplies for Rosecrans had to be hauled by a circuitous route, north of the river, and over a mountainous country, increasing the distance to over sixty miles. This country afforded but little food for his animals, near ten thousand of which had already starved, and none were left to draw a single piece of artillery or even the ambulances to convey the sick. The men had been on half rations of hard bread for a considerable time, with but few other supplies, except beef driven from Nashville across the country. The region along the road became so exhausted of food for the cattle that by the time they reached Chattanooga they were much in the condition of the few animals left alive there, "on the lift." Indeed, the beef was so poor that the soldiers were in the habit of saying, with a faint facetiousness, that they

were living on half rations of hard bread and "beef dried on the hoof." Nothing could be transported but food, and the troops were without sufficient shoes or other clothing suitable for the advancing season. What they had was well worn. The fuel within the Federal lines was exhausted, even to the stumps of trees. There were no teams to draw it from the opposite bank, where it was abundant. The only means for supplying fuel, for some time before my arrival, had been to cut trees from the north bank of the river, at a considerable distance up the stream, form rafts of it, and float it down with the current, effecting a landing on the south side, within our lines, by the use of paddles or poles. It would then be carried on the shoulders of the men to their camps.

If a retreat had been ordered at this time it is not probable that any of the army would have reached the railroad as an organization, if followed by the enemy.

On the receipt of Mr. Dana's dispatch Mr. Stanton sent for me. Finding that I was out, he became nervous and excited, inquiring of every person he met, including guests of the house, whether they knew where I was, and bidding them find me and send me to him at once. About eleven o'clock I returned to the hotel, and on my way, when near the house, every person met was a messenger from the Secretary, apparently partaking of his impatience to see me. I hastened to the room of the Secretary and found him pacing the floor rapidly, in a dressing-gown. Saying that the retreat must be prevented, he showed me the dispatch. I immediately wrote an order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and telegraphed it to General Rosecrans. I then telegraphed to him the order from Washington assigning Thomas to the command of the Army of the Cumberland; and to Thomas that he must hold Chattanooga at all hazards, informing him at the same time that I would be at the front as soon as possible. A prompt reply was received from Thomas, saying, "We will hold the town till we starve." I appreciated the force of this dispatch later when I witnessed the condition of affairs which prompted it. It looked, indeed, as if but two courses were open: one to starve, the other to surrender, or be captured.

On the morning of the 20th of October I started by train with my staff, and proceeded as far as Nashville. It was not prudent to travel beyond that point at that time by night, so I remained in Nashville until the next morning. Here I met for the first time Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee. He delivered a speech of welcome. His composure showed that it was by no means his maiden effort. It was long, and I was in torture while he was delivering it, fearing something would be expected from me in response. I was relieved, however, the people assembled having apparently heard enough. At all events they commenced a general hand-shaking which, although trying where there is so much of it, was a great relief to me in this emergency.

From Nashville I telegraphed to Burnside, who was then at Knoxville, that important points in his department ought to be fortified so that they could be held with the least number of men; to Admiral Porter at Cairo, that Sherman's advance had passed Eastport, Mississippi, and that rations were probably on their way from St. Louis, by boat, for supplying his army, and requesting him to send a gun-boat to convoy them; to Thomas, suggesting that large parties should be put at work on the wagon road then in use back to Bridgeport.

On the morning of the 21st we took the train for the front, reaching Stevenson, Alabama, after dark. Rosecrans was there on his way north. He came into my car, and we held a brief interview in which he described very clearly the situation at Chattanooga, and made some excellent suggestions as to what should be done. My only wonder was that he had not carried them out. We proceeded to Bridgeport, where we stopped for the night. From here we took horses and made our way by Jasper and over Waldron's Ridge to Chattanooga. There had been much rain and the roads were almost impassable from mud, knee-deep in places, and from washouts on the mountain-sides. I was on crutches at the time, and had to be carried over places where it was not safe to cross on horseback. The roads were strewn with the débris of broken wagons and the carcasses of thousands of starved mules and horses. At Jasper, some ten or twelve miles from Bridgeport, there was a halt. General O. O. Howard had his headquarters there. From this point I telegraphed Burnside to make every effort to secure five hundred rounds of ammunition for his artillery and small arms. We stopped for the night at a little hamlet some ten or twelve miles farther on. The next day we reached Chattanooga, a little before dark. I went directly to General Thomas's headquarters, and remained there a few days until I could establish my own.

During the evening most of the general officers called in to pay their respects and to talk about the condition of affairs. They pointed out on the maps the line marked with



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a red or blue pencil which Rosecrans had contemplated falling back upon. If any of them had approved the move, they did not say so to me. I found General W. F. Smith occupying the position of chief-of-staff and chief engineer with the Army of the Cumberland. I had known Smith as a cadet at West Point, but had no recollection of having met him after my graduation, in 1843, up to this time. He explained the situation of the two armies, and the topography of the country so plainly that I thought I could see it without an inspection. I found that he had established a saw-mill on the banks of the river, by utilizing an old engine found in the neighborhood; and by rafting logs from the north side of the river above had got out the lumber, and completed pontoons and roadway plank for a second bridge, one flying bridge being there already. He was also rapidly getting

out the materials for a third bridge. In addition to this he had far under way a steamer for plying between Chattanooga and Bridgeport whenever we might get possession of the river. This boat consisted of a scow made of the plank sawed out at the mill, housed in, and a stern-wheel attached which was propelled by a second engine taken from some shop or factory.

I telegraphed to Washington this night, notifying General Halleck of my arrival, and asking to have General Sherman assigned to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, headquarters in the field. The request was at once complied with.

The next day, the 24th, I started out to make a personal inspection, taking Thomas and Smith with me, besides most of the members of my personal staff. We crossed to the north side of the river, and moving to the north of detached spurs of hills, reached the Tennessee, at Brown's Ferry, some three miles below Lookout Mountain, unobserved by the enemy. Here we left our horses back from the river and approached the water on foot. There was a picket station of the enemy, on the opposite side, of about twenty men, in full view, and we within easy range. They did not fire upon us, nor seem to be disturbed by our presence. They must have seen that we were all commissioned officers. But I suppose they looked upon the garrison of Chattanooga as prisoners of war, feeding — or starving — themselves, and thought it would be inhuman to kill any of them except in self-defense. That night I issued orders for opening the route to Bridgeport — a cracker line, as the soldiers appropriately termed it. They had been so long on short rations that their first thought was the establishment of a line over which food might reach them.

Chattanooga is on the south bank of the Tennessee, where that river runs nearly due west. It is at the northern end of a valley five or six miles in width through which Chattanooga Creek runs. To the east of the valley is Missionary Ridge, rising from five to eight hundred feet above the creek, and terminating somewhat abruptly a half mile or more before reaching the Tennessee. On the west of the valley is Lookout Mountain, twenty-two hundred feet above tide-water. Just below the town, the Tennessee makes a turn to the south and runs to the base of Lookout Mountain, leaving no level ground between the mountain and river. The Memphis and Charleston railroad passes under this point, where the mountain stands nearly perpendicular. East of Missionary Ridge flows the South Chickamauga River; west of Lookout Mountain is Lookout Creek; and west of that, Raccoon Mountain. Lookout Mountain, at its northern end, rises almost perpendicularly for some distance, then breaks off in a gentle slope of cultivated fields to near the summit, where it ends in a palisade thirty or more feet in height. On the gently sloping ground, between the upper and lower palisades, there is a single farm-house, which is reached by a wagon road from the valley east.

The intrenched line of the enemy commenced on the north end of Missionary Ridge and extended along the crest for some distance south, thence across Chattanooga valley to Lookout Mountain. Lookout Mountain was also fortified and held by the enemy, who also kept troops in Lookout valley west, and on Raccoon Mountain, with pickets extending down the river so as to command the road on the north bank and render it useless to us. In addition to this there was an intrenched line in Chattanooga valley extending from the river east of the town to Lookout Mountain, to make the investment complete. Besides the fortifications on Missionary Ridge there was a line at the base of the hill, with occasional spurs of rifle-pits half-way up the front. The enemy's pickets extended out into the valley towards the town, so that the pickets of the two armies could converse. At one point they were separated only by the narrow creek which gives its name to the valley and town, and from which both sides drew water. The Union lines were shorter than those of the enemy.

Thus the enemy, with a vastly superior force, was strongly fortified to the east, south, and west, and commanded the river below. Practically the Army of the Cumberland was besieged. The enemy had stopped, with his cavalry north of the river, the passing of a train loaded with ammunition and medical supplies. The Union army was short of both, not having ammunition enough for a day's fighting.

General Halleck had, long before my coming into this new field, ordered parts of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, commanded respectively by Generals Howard and Slocum, Hooker in command of the whole, from the Army of the Potomac, to reënforce Rosecrans. It would have been folly to have sent them to Chattanooga to help eat up the few rations left there. They were consequently left on the railroad, where supplies could be brought them. Before my arrival Thomas ordered their concentration at Bridgeport.

General W. F. Smith had been so instrumental in preparing for the move which I was now about to make, and so clear in his judgment about the manner of making it, that I deemed it but just to him that he should have command of the troops detailed to execute the design, although he was then acting as a staff-officer, and was not in command of troops.

On the 24th of October after my return to Chattanooga, the following details were made: General Hooker, who was now at Bridgeport, was ordered to cross to the south side of the Tennessee and march up by Whiteside's, and Wauhatchie to Brown's Ferry. General Palmer, with a division of the Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, was ordered to move down the river on the north side, by a back road until opposite Whiteside's, then cross, and hold the road in Hooker's rear after he had passed. Four thousand men were at the same time detailed to act under General Smith directly from Chattanooga. Eighteen hundred of them, under General Hazen, were to take sixty pontoon-boats and, under cover of night, float by the pickets of the enemy at the north base of Lookout, down to Brown's Ferry, then land on the south side and capture or drive away the pickets at that point. Smith was to march with the rest of the detail, also under cover of night, by the north bank of the river, to Brown's Ferry, taking with with him all the material for laying the bridge, as soon as the crossing was secured.

On the 26th Hooker crossed the river at Bridgeport and commenced his eastward march. At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th Hazen moved into the stream with his sixty pontoons and eighteen hundred brave and well-equipped men. Smith started enough in advance to be near the river when Hazen should arrive. There are a number of detached spurs of hills north of the river at Chattanooga, back of which is a good road parallel to the stream, sheltered from view from the top of Lookout. It was over this road Smith marched. At five o'clock Hazen landed at Brown's Ferry, surprised the picket-guard and captured most of it. By seven o'clock the whole of Smith's force was ferried over and in possession of a height commanding the ferry. This was speedily fortified while a detail was laying the pontoon bridge. By ten o'clock the bridge was laid, and our extreme right, now in Lookout valley, was fortified and connected with the rest of the army. The two bridges over the Tennessee River,— a flying one at Chattanooga, and the new one at Brown's Ferry,— with the road north of the river, covered from both the fire and the view of the enemy, made the connection complete. Hooker found but slight obstacles in his way, and on the afternoon of the 28th emerged into Lookout valley at Wauhatchie. Howard marched on to Brown's Ferry, while Geary, who commanded a division in the Twelfth Corps, stopped three miles south. The pickets of the enemy on the river below were now cut off and soon came in and surrendered.

The river was now open to us from Lookout valley to Bridgeport. Between Brown's Ferry and Kelley's Ferry the Tennessee runs through a narrow gorge in the mountains, which contracts the stream so much as to increase the current beyond the capacity of an ordinary steamer to stem. To get up this rapid, steamers must be cordelled, that is, pulled up by ropes from the shore. But there is no difficulty in navigating the stream from Bridgeport to Kelley's Ferry. The latter point is only eight miles from Chattanooga, and connected with it by a good wagon-road, which runs through a low pass in the Raccoon Mountains on the south side of the river to Brown's Ferry, thence on the north side to the bank of the river opposite Chattanooga. There were several steamers at Bridgeport, and abundance of forage, clothing, and provisions.

On the way to Chattanooga I had telegraphed back to Nashville for a good supply of vegetables and small rations, which the troops had been so long deprived of. Hooker had brought with him from the east a full supply of land transportation. His animals had not been subjected to hard work on bad roads without forage, but were in good condition. In five days from my arrival at Chattanooga the way was open to Bridgeport, and with the aid of steamers and Hooker's teams, in a week the troops were receiving full rations. It is hard for any one not an eye-witness to realize the relief this brought. The men were soon reclothed as well as fed, an abundance of ammunition was brought up, and a cheerfulness prevailed not before enjoyed in many weeks. Neither officers nor men looked upon themselves any longer as doomed. The weak and languid appearance of the troops, so visible before, disappeared at once. I do not know what the effect was on the other side, but assume it must have been correspondingly depressing. Mr. Davis had visited Bragg but a short time before, and must have perceived our condition to be about as Bragg described it in his subsequent report. "These dispositions," he said, "faithfully sustained, insured the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga, for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest route to his depot and the one by which reënforcements must reach him, we held him at our mercy, and his destruction was only a question of time." But the dispositions were not "faithfully sustained," and I doubt not but thousands of men engaged in trying to "sustain" them, now rejoice that they were not.

There was no time during the rebellion when I did not think, and often say, that the South was more to be benefited by defeat than the North. The latter had the people, the institutions and the territory to make a great

and prosperous nation. The former was burdened with an institution abhorrent to all civilized peoples not brought up under it, and one which degraded labor, kept it in ignorance, and enervated the governing class. With the outside world at war with this institution, they could not have extended their territory. The labor of the country was not skilled, nor allowed to become so. The whites could not toil without becoming degraded, and those who did were denominated "poor white trash." The system of labor would have soon exhausted the soil and left the people poor. The non-slaveholders would have left the country, and the small slaveholder must have sold out to his more fortunate neighbors. Soon the slaves would have outnumbered the masters, and not being in sympathy with them, would have risen in their might and exterminated them. The war was expensive to the South as well as to the North, both in blood and treasure; but it was worth all it cost.

The enemy was surprised by the movement which secured to us a line of supplies, and appreciated its importance, and hastened to try to recover the line from us. His strength on Lookout Mountain was not equal to Hooker's command in the valley below. From Missionary Ridge he had to march twice the distance we had from Chattanooga, in order to reach Lookout valley. But on the night of the 28th–29th an attack was made on Geary at Wauhatchie, by Longstreet's corps. When the battle commenced Hooker ordered Howard up from Brown's Ferry. He had three miles to march to reach Geary. On his way he was fired upon by rebel troops from a foothill to the left of the road, and from which the road was commanded. Howard turned to the left and charged up the hill, and captured it before the enemy had time to intrench, taking many prisoners. Leaving sufficient men to hold this height, he pushed on to reënforce Geary. Before he got up, Geary had been engaged for about three hours, against a vastly superior force. The night was so dark that the men could not distinguish one another except by the light of the flashes of their muskets. In the darkness and uproar Hooker's teamsters became frightened, and deserted their teams. The mules also became frightened, and breaking loose from their fastenings, stampeded directly toward the enemy. The latter no doubt took this for a charge, and stampeded in turn. By four o'clock in the morning the battle had entirely ceased, and our "cracker line" was never afterwards disturbed.

In securing possession of Lookout valley, Smith lost one man killed, and four or five wounded. The enemy lost most of his pickets at the ferry, captured. In the night engagement of the 28th–29th Hooker lost four hundred and sixteen killed and wounded. I never knew the loss of the enemy, but our troops buried over one hundred and fifty of his dead, and captured more than a hundred.

Having got the Army of the Cumberland in a comfortable position, I now began to look after the remainder of my new command. Burnside was in about as desperate a condition as the Army of the Cumberland had been, only he was not yet besieged. He was a hundred miles from the nearest possible base, Big South Fork of the Cumberland River, and much farther from any railroad we had possession of. The roads back were over mountains, and all supplies along the line had long since been exhausted. His animals, too, had been starved, and their carcasses lined the road from Cumberland Gap, and far towards Lexington, Kentucky. East Tennessee still furnished supplies of beef, bread, and forage, but it did not supply ammunition, clothing, medical supplies, or small rations, such as coffee, sugar, salt, and rice.

As already stated, Sherman had been ordered from Vicksburg to Memphis before my assignment to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi; at Memphis he was directed by the general-in-chief to organize as large a force as could be spared by Hurlbut, who was in command there, and to move with that and his own corps along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad to the relief of Chattanooga. He left Vicksburg on the 27th of September and was in Memphis on the 2d of October. Stopping to organize his new command, he started for Corinth on the 11th. His directions required him to repair the road in his rear in order to bring up supplies. The distance was about three hundred and thirty miles through a hostile country. His entire command could not have maintained the road if it had been completed. The bridges had all been destroyed by the enemy and much other damage done; a hostile community lived along the road; guerilla bands infested the country, and more or less of the cavalry of the enemy was still in the west. Often Sherman's work was destroyed as soon as completed, and he only a short distance away.

The Memphis and Charleston road strikes the Tennessee River at Eastport, Mississippi. Knowing the difficulty Sherman would have to supply himself from Memphis, I had previously ordered supplies sent from St. Louis on small steamers, to be convoyed by the navy, to meet him at Eastport. These he got. I now ordered him to discontinue his work of repairing roads, and to move on with his whole force to Stevenson, Alabama, without

delay. This order was borne to Sherman by a messenger who paddled down the Tennessee in a canoe, and floated over Muscle Shoals; it was delivered at Iuka on the 27th. In this Sherman was notified that the rebels were moving a force towards Cleveland, East Tennessee, and might be going to Nashville, in which event his troops were in the best position to beat them there. Sherman, with his characteristic promptitude, abandoned the work he was at, and pushed on at once. On the 1st of November he crossed the Tennessee at Eastport, and that day was in Florence, Alabama, with the head of column, while his troops were still crossing at Eastport, with Blair bringing up the rear.

Sherman's force made an additional army, with cavalry, artillery, and trains, all to be supplied by the single-track road from Nashville. All indications pointed also to the probable necessity of supplying Burnside's command, in East Tennessee, twenty-five thousand more, by the same road. A single track could not do this. I gave, therefore, an order to Sherman to halt General G. M. Dodge's command of eight thousand men at Athens, and subsequently directed the latter to arrange his troops along the railroad from Decatur, north towards Nashville, and to rebuilt that road. The road from Nashville to Decatur passes over a broken country, cut up with innumerable streams, many of them of considerable width, and with valleys far below the road-bed. All the bridges over these had been destroyed by the enemy, and the rails taken up and twisted. All the locomotives and cars not carried off had been destroyed as effectually as they knew how. All bridges and culverts had been destroyed between Nashville and Decatur, and thence to Stevenson, where the Memphis and Charleston and the Nashville and Chattanooga roads unite, The rebuilding of this road would give us two roads as far as Stevenson over which to supply the army. From Bridgeport, a short distance further east, the river supplements the road.

General Dodge, besides being a most capable soldier, was an experienced railroad builder. He had no tools to work with but those of the pioneers — axes, picks, and spades. With these he was able to intrench his men, and protect them against surprises by small parties of the enemy. As he had no base of supplies until the road could be completed back to Nashville, the first matter to consider, after protecting his men, was the getting in of food and forage from the surrounding country. He had his men and teams bring in all the grain they could find, or all they needed, and all the cattle for beef, and such other food as could be found. Millers were detailed from the ranks to run the mills along the line of the army; when these were not near enough to the troops for protection, they were taken down and moved up to the line of the road. Blacksmith shops, with all the iron and steel found in them, were moved up in like manner. Blacksmiths were detailed and set to work making the tools necessary in railroad and bridge building. Axemen were put to work getting out timber for bridges, and cutting fuel for the locomotives when the road was completed; car-builders were set to work repairing the locomotives and cars. Thus every branch of railroad building, making tools to work with, and supplying the workmen with food, was all going on at once, and without the aid of a mechanic or laborer except what the command itself furnished. But rails and cars the men could not make without material, and there was not enough rolling stock to keep the road we already had worked to its full capacity. There were no rails except those in use. To supply these deficiences I ordered eight of the ten engines General McPherson had at Vicksburg to be sent to Nashville, and all the cars he had, except ten. I also ordered the troops in West Tennessee to points on the river and the Memphis and Charleston road, and the cars, locomotives, and rails from other railroads to be sent to the same destination. The military manager of railroads also was directed to furnish more rolling stock, and as far as he could, bridge material. General Dodge had the work assigned him finished within forty days after receiving his order. The number of bridges to rebuild was one hundred and eighty-two, many of them over deep and wide chasms. The length of road repaired was one hundred and two miles.

The enemy's troops, which it was thought were either moving against Burnside, or were going to Nashville, went no farther than Cleveland. Their presence there, however, alarmed the authorities at Washington, and on account of our helpless condition at Chattanooga, caused me much uneasiness. Dispatches were constantly coming, urging me to do something for Burnside's relief; calling attention to the importance of holding East Tennessee; saying the President was much concerned for the protection of the loyal people in that section, etc., etc. We had not at Chattanooga animals to pull a single piece of artillery, much less a supply train. Reënforcements could not help Burnside, because he had neither supplies nor ammunition sufficient for them; hardly indeed bread and meat for the men he had. There was no relief possible for him, except by expelling the enemy from Missionary Ridge and about Chattanooga.

On the 4th of November, Longstreet left our front with about fifteen thousand troops, besides Wheeler's cavalry, five thousand more, to go against Burnside.* The situation seemed desperate, and was more aggravating because nothing could be done until Sherman should get up. The authorities at Washington were now more than ever anxious for the safety of Burnside's army, and plied me with dispatches faster than ever, urging that something should be done for his relief. On the 7th, before Longstreet could possibly have reached Knoxville, I ordered Thomas peremptorily to attack the enemy's right so as to force the return of the troops that had gone up the valley. I directed him to take mules, officers' horses, or animals wherever he could get them, to move the necessary artillery. But he persisted in the declaration that he could not move a single piece of artillery, and could not see how he could possibly comply with the order. Nothing was left to be done but to answer Washington dispatches as best I could, urge Sherman forward, although he was making every effort to get forward, and encourage Burnside to hold on, assuring him that in a short time he would be relieved. All of Burnside's dispatches showed the greatest confidence in his ability to hold his position as long as his ammunition held out. He even suggested the propriety of abandoning the territory he held south and west of Knoxville, so as to draw the enemy farther from his base, and to make it more difficult for them to get back to Chattanooga when the battle should begin. Longstreet had a railroad as far as Loudon; but from there to Knoxville he had to rely on wagon trains. The suggestion, therefore, was a good one, and it was adopted. On the 14th I telegraphed Burnside:

"Sherman's advance has reached Bridgeport. His whole force will be ready to move from there by Tuesday at furthest. If you can hold Longstreet in check until he gets up, or, by skirmishing and falling back, can avoid serious loss to yourself, and gain time, I will be able to force the enemy back from here, and place a force between Longstreet and Bragg that must inevitably make the former take to the mountain-passes by every available road, to get to his supplies."

Longstreet, for some reason or other, stopped at Loudon until the 13th. That being the terminus of his railroad communications, it is probable he was directed to remain there awaiting orders. He was in a position threatening Knoxville, and at the same time where he could be brought back speedily to Chattanooga. The day after Longstreet left Loudon, Sherman reached Bridgeport in person, and proceeded on to see me that evening, the 14th, and reached Chattanooga the next day.

My orders for battle were all prepared in advance of Sherman's arrival, except the dates, which could not be fixed while troops to be engaged were so far away. The possession of Lookout Mountain was of no special advantage to us now. Hooker was instructed to send Howard's corps to the north side of the Tennessee, thence up behind the hills on the north side, and to go into camp opposite Chattanooga; with the remainder of the command Hooker was, at a time to be afterward appointed, to ascend the western slope between the upper and lower palisades, and so get into Chattanooga valley.*

The plan of battle was, for Sherman to attack the enemy's right flank, form a line across it, extend our left over South Chickamauga Creek, so as to threaten or hold the railroad in Bragg's rear,† and thus force him

* In the course of the preparation of this paper we asked General Grant, whether the detachment of Longstreet for the attack on Knoxville was not a great mistake on the part of Bragg. He replied in the affirmative; and when it was further presumed that Bragg doubtless thought his position impregnable, the Victor of Chattanooga answered, with a shrewd look that accented the humor of his words: "Well, it *was* impregnable."—EDITOR.

* Hooker's position in Lookout valley was absolutely essential to us so long as Chattanooga was besieged. It was the key to our line for supplying the army. But it was not essential after the enemy was dispersed from our front, or even after the battle for this purpose was begun. Hooker's orders, therefore, were designed to get his force past Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga valley, and up to Missionary Ridge. By crossing the north face of Lookout the troops would come into Chattanooga valley in rear of the line held by the enemy across the valley, and would necessarily force its evacuation. Orders were accordingly given to Hooker to march by this route. But days before the battle began the advantages as well as the disadvantages of this plan of action were all considered. The passage over the mountain was a difficult one to make in the face of an enemy. It might consume so much time as to lose us the use of the troops engaged in it at other points where they were more wanted. After reaching Chattanooga valley, the creek of the same name, quite a formidable stream to get an army over, had to be crossed. I was perfectly willing that the enemy should keep Lookout Mountain until we got through with the troops on Missionary Ridge. By marching Hooker to the north side of the river, thence up the stream and recrossing at the town, they could be got in position at any named time; when in this new position they would have Chattanooga Creek behind them; and the attack on Missionary Ridge would unquestionably have caused the evacuation by the enemy of their line across the valley and on Lookout Mountain. Hooker's orders were changed accordingly. As explained elsewhere, the original order had to be reverted to because of a flood in the river rendering the bridge at Brown's Ferry unsafe for the passage of troops at the exact juncture when it was wanted to bring all the troops together against Missionary Ridge. — U. S. G.

† A bridge was thrown across the South Chickamauga at its mouth and a brigade of cavalry was sent across it. That brigade caused the bridge across the Holston River to be burned by the enemy and thus cut off Longstreet from coming back to Bragg.—EDITOR.

either to weaken his lines elsewhere or lose his connection with his base at Chickamauga Station. Hooker was to perform like service on our right. His problem was to get from Lookout valley to Chattanooga valley in the most expeditious way possible; cross the latter valley rapidly to Rossville, south of Bragg's line on Missionary Ridge, form line there across the ridge, facing north, with his right flank extended to Chickamauga valley east of the ridge, thus threatening the enemy's rear on that flank and compelling him to reënforce this also. Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, occupied the center, and was to assault while the enemy was engaged with most of his forces on his two flanks.

To carry out this plan, Sherman was to cross the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, and move east of Chattanooga to a point opposite the north end of Missionary Ridge, and to place his command back of the foot-hills out of sight of the enemy on the ridge. There are two streams called Chickamauga emptying into the Tennessee River east of Chattanooga: North Chickamauga, taking its rise in Tennessee, flowing south and emptying into the river some seven or eight miles east; while the South Chickamauga, taking its rise in Georgia, flows northward, and empties into the Tennessee some four miles above the town. There were now one hundred and sixteen pontoons in the North Chickamauga River, their presence there unknown to the enemy. At night a division was to be marched up to that point, and at two o'clock in the morning to move down with the current, thirty men in each boat. A few were to land east of the mouth of the South Chickamauga, capture the pickets there, and then lay a bridge connecting the two banks of the river. The rest were to land on the south side of the Tennessee, where Missionary Ridge would strike it if prolonged, and a sufficient number of men to man the boats were to push to the north side to ferry over the main body of Sherman's command, while those left on the south side intrenched themselves.* Thomas was to move out from his lines facing the ridge, leaving enough of Palmer's corps to guard against an attack down the valley. Lookout valley being of no present value to us, and being untenable by the enemy if we should secure Missionary Ridge, Hooker's orders were changed. His revised orders brought him to Chattanooga by the established route north of the Tennessee. He was then to move out to the right to Rossville.

The next day after Sherman's arrival I took him, with Generals Thomas and Smith, and other officers, to the north side of the river and showed them the ground over which Sherman had to march and pointed out generally what he was expected to do. I, as well as the authorities in Washington, was still in a great state of anxiety for Burnside's safety. Burnside himself, I believe, was the only one who did not share in this anxiety. Nothing could be done for him, however, until Sherman's troops were up. As soon, therefore, as the inspection was over, Sherman started for Bridgeport to hasten matters, rowing a boat himself, I believe, from Kelley's Ferry. Sherman had left Bridgeport the night of the 14th, reached Chattanooga the evening of the 15th, made the above inspection the morning of the 16th, and started back the same evening to hurry up his command, fully appreciating the importance of time.

His march was conducted with as much expedition as the roads and season would admit of. By the 20th he was himself at Brown's Ferry with head of column, but many of his troops were far behind, and one division, Ewing's, was at Trenton, sent that way to create the impression that Lookout was to be taken from the south. Sherman received his orders at the ferry, and was asked if he could not be ready for the assault the following morning. News had been received that the battle had been commenced at Knoxville. Burnside had been cut off from telegraphic communication. The President, the Secretary of War, and General Halleck were in an agony of suspense. Mine was also great, but more endurable, because I was where I could soon do something to relieve the situation. It was, however, impossible to get Sherman's troops up for the next day. I then asked him if they could not be got up to make the assault on the morning of the 22d, and ordered Thomas to move on that date. But the elements were against us. It rained all the 20th and 21st. The river rose so rapidly that it was difficult to keep the pontoons in place.

General Orlando B. Willcox, a division commander with Burnside, was at this time occupying a position farther up the valley than Knoxville,—about Maynardsville,—and was still in telegraphic communication with the North. A dispatch was received from him, saying that he was threatened from the east. The following was sent in reply: "If you can communicate with General Burnside, say to him that our attack on Bragg will commence in the morning. If successful, such a move will be made as, I think, will relieve East Tennessee, if he can hold out."

Meantime Sherman continued his crossing without intermission, as fast as his troops could be got up. The crossing had to be

* Not the original plan to which Sherman assented, which was to march at once for the north end of the ridge.—EDITOR.

effected in full view of the enemy on the top of Lookout Mountain. Once over, the troops soon disappeared behind the detached hills on the north side, and would not come to view again, either to watchmen on Lookout or Missionary Ridge, until they emerged between the hills to strike the banks of the river. But when Sherman's advance reached a point opposite the town of Chattanooga, Howard, who, it will be remembered, had been concealed behind the hills on the north side, took up his line of march to join the troops on the south side. His crossing was in full view both from Missionary Ridge and the top of Lookout, and the enemy, of course, supposed these troops to be Sherman's, who was thus enabled to get to his assigned position without discovery.

On the 20th, when so much was occurring to discourage, rains falling so heavily as to delay the passage of troops over the river at Brown's Ferry, and threatening the entire breaking of the bridge; news coming of a battle raging at Knoxville; of Willcox being threatened by a force from the east,— a letter was received from Bragg which contained these words: "As there may still be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal." Of course I understood that this was a device intended to deceive; but I did not know what the intended deception was. On the 22d, however, a deserter came in who informed me that Bragg was leaving our front, and on that day Buckner's division was sent to reënforce Longstreet, at Knoxville, and another division started to follow, but was recalled. The object of Bragg's letter no doubt was in some way to detain me until Knoxville could be captured, and his troops there be returned to Chattanooga.

During the night of the 21st the rest of the pontoon-boats, completed, one hundred and sixteen in all, were carried up and placed in North Chickamauga. The material for the roadway over these was deposited out of view of the enemy within a few hundred yards of the bank of the Tennessee where the north end of the bridge was to rest.

Hearing nothing from Burnside, and hearing much of the distress in Washington on his account, I could no longer defer beginning operations for his relief. I determined therefore to do on the 23d, with the Army of the Cumberland, what had been intended to be done on the 24th.

The position occupied by the Army of the Cumberland had been made very strong for defense during the months it had been besieged. The line was about a mile from the town, and extended from Citico Creek, a small stream running near the base of Missionary Ridge and emptying into the Tennessee about two miles below the mouth of the South Chickamauga, on the left, to Chattanooga Creek on the right. All commanding points on the line were well fortified and well equipped with artillery. The important elevations within the line had all been carefully fortified and supplied with a proper armament. Among the elevations so fortified was one to the east of the town, named Fort Wood. It owed its importance chiefly to the fact that it lay between the town and Missionary Ridge, where most of the strength of the enemy was. Fort Wood had on it twenty-two pieces of artillery, most of which would reach the nearer points of the enemy's line. On the morning of the 23d Thomas, according to instructions, moved Granger's corps of two divisions, Sheridan and T. J. Wood commanding them, to the foot of Fort Wood, and formed them into line as if going on parade,— Sheridan on the right, Wood on the left, extending to or near Citico Creek. Palmer, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, held that part of our line facing south and south-west. He supported Sheridan with one division, Baird's, while his other division, under Johnson, remained in the trenches, under arms, ready to be moved to any point. Howard's corps was moved in rear of the center. The picket lines were within a few hundred yards of each other. At two o'clock in the afternoon all were ready to advance. By this time the clouds had lifted so that the enemy could see from his elevated position all that was going on. The signal for advance was given by a booming of cannon from Fort Wood and other points on the line. The rebel pickets were soon driven back upon the main guards, which occupied minor and detached heights between the main ridge and our lines. These too were carried before halting, and before the enemy had time to reënforce their advance guards. But it was not without loss on both sides. This movement secured to us a line fully a mile in advance of the one we occupied in the morning, and one the enemy had occupied up to this time. The fortifications were rapidly turned to face the other way. During the following night they were made strong. We lost in this preliminary action about eleven hundred killed and wounded, while the enemy probably lost quite as heavily, including the prisoners that were captured. With the exception of the firing of artillery, kept up from Missionary Ridge and Fort Wood until night closed in, this ended the fighting for the day.

The advantage was greatly on our side now, and if I could only have been assured that Burnside could hold out ten days longer I should have rested more easily. But we were doing the best we could for him and the cause.

By the night of the 23d Sherman's command was in a position to move, though one division, Osterhaus's, had not yet crossed the river at Brown's Ferry. The continuous rise in the Tennessee had rendered it impossible to keep the bridge at that point in condition for troops to cross; but I was determined to move that night, even without this division. Orders were sent to Osterhaus accordingly to report to Hooker, if he could not cross by eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th. Because of the break in the bridge, Hooker's orders were again changed, but this time only back to those first given to him.

General W. F. Smith had been assigned to duty as chief engineer of the military division. To him was given the general direction of moving troops by the boats from North Chickamauga, laying the bridge after they reached their position, and generally, all the duties pertaining to his office of chief engineer. During the night General Morgan L. Smith's division was marched to the point where the pontoons were, and the brigade of Giles A. Smith was selected for the delicate duty of manning the boats, and surprising the enemy's pickets on the south bank of the river. During this night, also, General J. M. Brannan, chief of artillery, moved forty pieces of artillery belonging to the Army of the Cumberland, and placed them on the north side of the river so as to command the ground opposite, to aid in protecting the approach to the point where the south end of the bridge was to rest. He had to use Sherman's artillery horses for this purpose, Thomas having none.

At two o'clock in the morning, November 24th, Giles A. Smith pushed out from the North Chickamauga with his one hundred and sixteen boats, each loaded with thirty brave and well-armed men. The boats, with their precious freight, dropped down quietly with the current to avoid attracting the attention of any one who could convey information to the enemy, until arriving near the mouth of South Chickamauga. Here a few boats were landed, the troops debarked, and a rush was made upon the picket guard known to be at that point. The guard was surprised, and twenty of their number captured. The remainder of the troops effected a landing at the point where the bridge was to start, with equally good results. The work of ferrying over Sherman's command from the north side of the Tennessee was at once commenced, the pontoons being used for that purpose. A steamer was also brought up from the town to assist. The rest of M. L. Smith's division came first, then the division of J. E. Smith. The troops as they landed were put to work intrenching their position. By daylight the two entire divisions were over, and well covered by the works they had built.

The work of laying the bridge on which to cross the artillery and cavalry was now begun. The ferrying over the infantry was continued with the steamer and the pontoons, the latter being taken, however, as fast as they were wanted to put in their place in the bridge. By a little past noon the bridge was complete, as well as one over the South Chickamauga, connecting the troops left on that side with their comrades below, and all the infantry and artillery were on the south bank of the Tennessee.

Sherman at once formed his troops for assault on Missionary Ridge. By one o'clock he started, with M. L. Smith on his left, keeping nearly the course of Chickamauga River; J. E. Smith next, to the right and a little in the rear; then Ewing, still farther to the right, and also a little to the rear of J. E. Smith's command, in column ready to deploy to the right if an enemy should come from that direction. A good skirmish line preceded each of these columns. Soon the foot of the hill was reached; the skirmishers pushed directly up, followed closely by their supports. By half-past three Sherman was in possession of the height, without having sustained much loss. A brigade from each division was now brought up, and artillery was dragged to the top of the hill by hand. The enemy did not seem to have been aware of this movement until the top of the hill was gained. There had been a drizzling rain during the day, and the clouds were so low that Lookout Mountain and the top of Missionary Ridge were obscured from the view of persons in the valley. But now the enemy opened fire upon their assailants, and made several attempts with their skirmishers to drive them away, but without avail. Later in the day a more determined attack was made, but it too failed, and Sherman was left to fortify what he had gained. Sherman's cavalry took up its line of march soon after the bridge was completed, and by half-past three the whole of it was over both bridges, and on its way to strike the enemy's communications at Chickamauga station. All of Sherman's command was now south of the Tennessee.

Thomas having done on the 23d what was expected of him on the 24th, there was nothing for him to do this day, except to strengthen his position. Howard, however, effected a crossing of Citico Creek and a junction with Sherman, and was directed to report to him. With two or three regiments of his command, he moved in the morning along the banks of the Tennessee and reached the point where the bridge was being laid. He went out on

the bridge as far as it was completed from the south end, and saw Sherman superintending the work from the north side, moving himself south as fast as an additional boat was put in and the roadway put upon it. Howard reported to his new chief across the chasm between them, which was now narrow, and in a few minutes was closed.

While these operations were going on to the east of Chattanooga, Hooker was engaged on the west. He had three divisions: Osterhaus's, of the Fifteenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee; Geary's, Twelfth Corps, Army of the Potomac; and Cruft's, Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland. Geary was on the right at Wauhatchie, Cruft at the center, and Osterhaus near Brown's Ferry. These troops were all west of Lookout Creek. The enemy had the east bank of the creek strongly picketed and intrenched, and three brigades of troops in the rear to reënforce them if attacked. These brigades occupied the summit of the mountain. General Carter L. Stevenson was in command of the whole. Why any troops except artillery, with a small infantry guard, were kept on the mountain-top, I do not see. A hundred men could have held the summit — a palisade for more than forty feet down — against the assault of any number of men from the position Hooker occupied.

The side of Lookout Mountain confronting Hooker's command was rugged, heavily timbered, and full of chasms, making it difficult to advance with troops, even in the absence of an opposing force. Farther up the ground becomes more even and level, and was in cultivation. On the east side the slope is much more gradual, and a good wagon-road, zigzagging up it, connects the town of Chattanooga with the summit.

Early in the morning of the 24th Hooker moved Geary's division, supported by a brigade of Cruft's, up Lookout Creek to effect a crossing. The remainder of Cruft's division was to seize the bridge over the creek, near the crossing of the railroad. Osterhaus was to move up to the bridge and cross it. The bridge was seized by Grose's brigade after a slight skirmish with the picket guarding it. This attracted the enemy so that Geary's movement farther up was not observed. A heavy mist obscured him from the view of the troops on the top of the mountain. He crossed the creek almost unobserved, and captured the picket of over forty men on guard near by. He then commenced ascending the mountain directly in his front. By this time the enemy was seen coming down from their camp on the mountain slope, and filing into their rifle-pits to contest the crossing of the bridge. By eleven o'clock the bridge was complete; Osterhaus was up; and after some sharp skirmishing the enemy was driven away, with considerable loss in killed and captured.

While the operations at the bridge were progressing, Geary was pushing up the hill, over great obstacles, resisted by the enemy directly in his front, and in face of the guns on top of the mountain. The enemy, seeing their left flank and rear menaced, gave way and were followed by Cruft and Osterhaus. Soon these were up abreast of Geary, and the whole command pushed up the hill, driving the enemy in advance. By noon Geary had gained the open ground on the north slope of the mountain with his right close up to the base of the upper palisade, but there were strong fortifications in his front. The rest of the command coming up, a line was formed from the base of the upper palisade to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek.

Thomas and I were in person on the top of Orchard Knob. Hooker's advance now made our line a continuous one. It was in full view, extending from the Tennessee River, where Sherman had crossed, up Chickamauga River to the base of Missionary Ridge, over the top of the north end of the ridge, to Chattanooga valley; then along parallel to the ridge a mile or more; across the valley to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek; thence up the slope of Lookout Mountain to the foot of the upper palisade. The day was hazy, so that Hooker's operations were not visible to us except at moments when the clouds would rise. But the sound of his artillery and musketry was heard incessantly. The enemy on his front was partially fortified, but was soon driven out of his works. At two o'clock the clouds, which had so obscured the top of Lookout all day as to hide whatever was going on from the view of those below, settled down and made it so dark where Hooker was as to stop operations for the time. At four o'clock Hooker reported his position as impregnable.

By a little after five, direct communication was established, and a brigade of troops was sent from Chattanooga to reënforce him. These troops had to cross Chattanooga Creek, and met with some opposition, but soon overcame it, and by night the commander, General Carlin, reported to Hooker and was assigned to his left. I now telegraphed to Washington: "The fight to-day progressed favorably. Sherman carried the end of Missionary Ridge, and his right is now at the tunnel, and his left at Chickamauga Creek. Troops from Lookout valley carried the point of the mountain, and now held the eastern slope and point, high up. Hooper reports two

thousand prisoners taken, beside which, a small number have fallen into our hands, from Missionary Ridge." The next day the President replied: "Your dispatches as to fighting on Monday and Tuesday are here. Well done. Many thanks to all. Remember Burnside." And Halleck also telegraphed: "I congratulate you on the success thus far of your plans. I fear that Burnside is hard pushed, and that any further delay may prove fatal. I know you will do all in your power to relieve him."

The division of Jefferson C. Davis, Army of the Cumberland, had been sent to the North Chickamauga to guard the pontoons as they were deposited in the river, and to prevent all ingress or egress by citizens. On the night of the 24th his division, having crossed with Sherman, occupied our extreme left, from the upper bridge over the plain to the north base of Missionary Ridge. Firing continued to a late hour in the night, but it was not connected with an assault at any point.

At twelve o'clock at night, when all was quiet, I began to give orders for the next day, and sent a dispatch to Willcox to encourage Burnside. Sherman was directed to attack at daylight; Hooker was ordered to move at the same hour, and endeavor to intercept the enemy's retreat, if he still remained; if he had gone, then to move directly to Rossville and operate against the left and rear of the force on Missionary Ridge. Thomas was not to move until Hooker had reached Missionary Ridge. As I was with him on Orchard Knob he would not move without further orders from me.

The morning of the 25th opened clear and bright, and the whole field was in full view from the top of Orchard Knob. It remained so all day. Bragg's headquarters were in full view, and officers — presumably staff-officers — could be seen coming and going constantly.

The point of ground which Sherman had carried on the 24th was almost disconnected from the main ridge occupied by the enemy. A low pass, over which there is a wagon-road crossing the hill, and near which there is a railroad tunnel, intervenes between the two hills. The problem now was to get to the latter. The enemy was fortified on the point, and back farther, where the ground was still higher, was a second fortification commanding the first. Sherman was out as soon as it was light enough to see, and by sunrise his command was in motion. Three brigades held the hill already gained. Morgan L. Smith moved along the east base of Missionary Ridge; Loomis along the west base, supported by two brigades of John E. Smith's division; and Corse with his brigade was between the two, moving directly towards the hill to be captured. The ridge is steep and heavily wooded on the east side, where M. L. Smith's troops were advancing, but cleared and with a more gentle slope on the west side. The troops advanced rapidly and carried the extreme end of the rebel work. Morgan L. Smith advanced to a point which cut the enemy off from the railroad bridge, and the means of bringing up supplies by rail from Chickamauga station, where the main depot was located. The enemy made brave and strenuous efforts to drive our troops from the position we had gained, but without success. The contest lasted for two hours. Corse, a brave and efficient commander, was badly wounded in this assault. Sherman now threatened both Bragg's flank and his stores, and made it necessary for him to weaken other points of his line to strengthen his right. From the position I occupied I could see column after column of Bragg's forces moving against Sherman; every rebel gun that could be brought to bear upon the Union forces was concentrated upon him. J. E. Smith, with two brigades, charged up the west side of the ridge to the support of Corse's command, over open ground, and in the face of a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry, and reached the very parapet of the enemy. He lay here for a time, but the enemy coming with a heavy force upon his right flank, he was compelled to fall back, followed by the foe. A few hundred yards brought Smith's troops into a wood, where they were speedily re-formed; when they charged and drove the attacking party back to his intrenchments.

Seeing the advance, repulse, and second advance of J. E. Smith from the position I occupied, I directed Thomas to send a division to reënforce him. One was sent from the right of Orchard Knob — Baird's — which had to march a considerable distance, directly under the eyes of the enemy, to reach its position.* Bragg at once commenced massing in the same direction. This was what I wanted. But it had now got to be late in the afternoon, and I had expected before this to see Hooker crossing the ridge in the neighborhood of Rossville, and compelling Bragg to mass in that direction also.

The enemy had evacuated Lookout Moun-

* Concerning this movement General Baird writes as follows: "I was ordered to report to General Sherman to reënforce his command. I marched the distance about two miles to the rear of his position, and sent an officer to report to him, but I immediately received orders to return and form on the left of the line which was to assault Missionary Ridge. I reached there, got my troops in position, just as the gun was fired directing the assault. A. BAIRD,
"Brevet Major-General U. S. A." — [EDITOR.

tain during the night, as I expected he would. In crossing the valley he burned the bridges over Chattanooga Creek, and did all he could to obstruct the roads behind him. Hooker was off bright and early, with no obstructions in his front but distance and the destruction above named. He was detained four hours in crossing Chattanooga Creek; and thus was lost the immediate advantages expected from his forces. His reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas's assault of the ridge, but Sherman's condition was getting so critical that the assault for his relief could not be delayed any longer.

Sheridan's and Wood's divisions had been lying under arms from early in the morning, ready to move the instant the signal was given. I directed Thomas to order the charge at once. I watched eagerly to see the effect, and became impatient, at last, that there was no indication of any charge being made. The center of the line which was to make the charge was near where Thomas and I stood together, but concealed from our view by the intervening forest. Turning to Thomas to inquire what caused the delay, I was surprised to see General Thomas J. Wood, one of the division commanders who was to make the charge, standing talking to him. I spoke to General Wood, asking him why he had not charged, as ordered an hour before. He replied very promptly that this was the first he had heard of it, but that he had been ready all day to move at a moment's notice. I told him to make the charge at once. He was off in a moment; and in an incredibly short time loud cheering was heard, and he and Sheridan were driving the enemy's advance before them toward Missionary Ridge.

The enemy was strongly intrenched on the crest of the ridge in front of us, and had a second line half-way down, and another at the base. Our men drove the troops in front of the lower line of rifle-pits so rapidly, and followed them so closely, that rebel and Union troops went over the first line of works almost at the same time. Many rebels were captured and sent to the rear under the fire of their own friends higher up the hill. Those that were not captured retreated, and were pursued. The retreating hordes being between friends and pursuers, made the fire of the enemy high, to avoid killing their own men. In fact, on that occasion the Union soldier nearest the enemy was in the safest position. Without awaiting further orders or stopping to re-form, on our troops went to the second line of works; over that, and on for the crest, thus effectually carrying out my orders of the 18th for the battle and the 24th for this charge. I watched their progress with intense interest. The fire along the rebel line was terrific. Cannon and musket balls filled the air; but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used. The pursuit continued until the crest was reached, and soon our men were seen climbing over the Confederate barrier at different points in front of both Sheridan's and Wood's divisions. The retreat of the enemy along most of his line was precipitate, and the panic so great that Bragg and his officers lost all control over their men. Many were captured and thousands threw away their arms in their retreat.

Sheridan pushed forward until he reached the Chickamauga River at a point above where the enemy crossed. He met some resistance from troops occupying a second hill in rear of Missionary Ridge, probably to cover the retreat of the main body, and of the artillery and trains. It was now getting dark, but Sheridan, without halting on that account, pushed his men forward up this second hill slowly, and without attracting the attention of the men placed to defend it, while he detached to the right and left to surround the position. The enemy discovered the movement before these dispositions were complete, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving artillery, wagon trains, and many prisoners in our hands. To Sheridan's prompt movement the Army of the Cumberland and the nation are indebted for the bulk of the capture of prisoners, artillery, and small arms that day. But for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished.

While the advance up Missionary Ridge was going forward, General Thomas, with his staff, General Gordon Granger, commander of the corps making the assault, and myself and staff, occupied Orchard Knob, from which the entire field could be observed. The moment the troops were seen going over the last line of rebel defenses, I ordered Granger to join his command, and mounting my horse I rode to the front. General Thomas left about the same time. Sheridan, on the extreme right, was already in pursuit of the enemy east of the ridge. Wood, who commanded the division to the left of Sheridan, accompanied his men on horseback, but did not join Sheridan in the pursuit. To the left, in Baird's front, where Bragg's troops had massed against Sherman, the resistance was more stubborn, and the contest lasted longer. I ordered Granger to follow the enemy with Wood's division, but he was so much excited, and kept up such a roar of musketry, in the direction the enemy had taken, that by the time I could stop the firing the enemy had got well out of the way. The enemy confronting

Sherman, now seeing everything to their left giving away, fled also. Sherman, however, was not aware of the extent of our success until after nightfall, when he received orders to pursue at daylight in the morning.

Hooker, as stated, was detained at Chattanooga Creek by the destruction of the bridges at that point. He got his troops over, with the exception of the artillery, by fording the stream, at a little after three o'clock. Leaving his artillery to follow when the bridges should be completed, he pushed on with the remainder of his command. At Rossville he came upon the flank of a division of the enemy, which soon commenced a retreat along the ridge. This threw them on Palmer. They could make but little resistance in the position they were caught in, and as many of them as could, escaped. Many, however, were captured. Hooker's position during the night of the 25th was near Rossville, extending east of the ridge. Palmer was on his left, on the road to Graysville.

During the night I telegraphed to Willcox that Bragg had been defeated, and that immediate relief would be sent to Burnside if he could hold out; to Halleck I sent an announcement of our victory, and informed him that forces would be sent up the valley to relieve Burnside.

Before the battle of Chattanooga opened I had taken measures for the relief of Burnside the moment the way should be clear. Thomas was directed to have the little steamer that had been built at Chattanooga loaded to its capacity with rations and ammunition. Granger's corps was to move by the south bank of the Tennessee River to the mouth of the Holston, and up that to Knoxville, accompanied by the boat. In addition to the supplies transported by boat, the men were to carry forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, and four days' rations in haversacks.

In the battle of Chattanooga troops from the Army of the Potomac, from the Army of the Tennessee, and from the Army of the Cumberland participated. In fact the accidents growing out of the heavy rains and the sudden rise in the Tennessee River so mingled the troops that the organizations were not kept together under their respective commanders during the battle. Hooker, on the right, had Geary's division of the Army of the Potomac; Osterhaus's, of the Army of the Tennessee; and Cruft's, of the Army of the Cumberland. Sherman had three divisions of his own army, Howard's corps, from the Army of the Potomac, and Jeff. C. Davis's division of the Army of the Cumberland. There was no jealousy, hardly rivalry. Indeed I doubt whether officers or men took any note at the time of this intermingling of commands. All saw a defiant foe surrounding them, and took it for granted that every move was intended to dislodge him, and it made no difference where the troops came from so this end was accomplished.

The victory at Chattanooga was won against great odds, considering the advantage the enemy had of position; and was accomplished more easily than was expected by reason of Bragg's making several grave mistakes,—first, in sending away his ablest corps commander, with over twenty thousand troops; second, in sending away a division of troops on the eve of battle; third, in placing so much of a force on the plain in front of his impregnable position.

It was known that Mr. Davis had visited Bragg on Missionary Ridge, a short time before my reaching Chattanooga. It was reported and believed that he had come out to reconcile a serious difference between Bragg and Longstreet, and finding this difficult to do planned the campaign against Knoxville, to be conducted by the latter general. I had known both Bragg and Longstreet before the war, the latter very well. We had been three years at West Point together, and, after my graduation, for a time in the same regiment. Then we served together in the Mexican war. I knew Bragg in Mexico, and met him occasionally subsequently. I could well understand how there might be an irreconcilable difference between them. Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was also thoroughly upright. But he was possessed of an irascible temper, and was naturally disputatious. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet in the old army he was in frequent trouble. As a subordinate he was always on the lookout to catch his commanding officer infringing upon his prerogatives; as a post commander he was equally vigilant to detect the slightest infringement of the most trivial order. I have heard in the old army an anecdote told characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field-officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies and at the same time acting post quartermaster and commissary. He was a first lieutenant at the time; but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and indorsed on the back of it his reason for so doing. As company commander he responded to this,

urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. The quartermaster still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself."

Longstreet was an entirely different man. He was brave, honest, intelligent, a very capable soldier, subordinate to his superiors, just and kind to his subordinates, but jealous of his own rights, and with the courage to maintain them. He was never on the lookout to detect a slight, but saw one as quickly as anybody when intentionally given.

It may be that Longstreet was not sent to Knoxville for the reason stated, but because Mr. Davis had an exalted opinion of his own military genius, and thought he saw a chance of "killing two birds with one stone." On several occasions during the war he came to the relief of the Union army by means of his *superior military genius*.

I speak advisedly when I say Mr. Davis prided himself on his military capacity. He says so himself virtually, in his answer to the notice of his nomination to the Confederate Presidency. Some of his generals have said so in their writings since the downfall of the Confederacy. Whatever the cause or whoever is to blame, grave mistakes were made at Chattanooga, which enabled us, with the undaunted courage of the troops engaged, to gain a great victory, under the most trying circumstances presented during the war, much more easily than could otherwise have been attained. If Chattanooga had been captured, East Tennessee would have followed without a struggle. It would have been a victory to have got the army away from Chattanooga safely. It was manifold greater to defeat, and nearly destroy, the besieging army.

In this battle the Union army numbered in round figures about sixty thousand men; we lost a little over seven hundred killed, and four thousand eight hundred and fifty wounded and missing. The rebel loss was much greater in the aggregate, as we captured, and sent North to be rationed there, over six thousand one hundred prisoners. Forty pieces of artillery, over seven thousand stand of small arms, and many caissons, artillery wagons, and baggage wagons fell into our hands. The probabilities are that our loss in killed was the heavier, as we were the attacking party. The enemy reported his loss in killed at three hundred and sixty-one; but as he reported his missing at four thousand one hundred and forty-six, while we held over six thousand of them as prisoners, and there must have been hundreds, if not thousands, who deserted, but little reliance can be placed in this report. There was certainly great dissatisfaction with Bragg, on the part of the soldiers, for his harsh treatment of them, and a disposition to get away if they could. Then, too, Chattanooga following in the same half-year with Gettysburg in the East, and Vicksburg in the West, there was much the same feeling in the South at this time that there had been in the North the fall and winter before. If the same license had been allowed the people and the press in the South that was allowed in the North, Chattanooga would probably have been the last battle fought for the preservation of the Union.

Bragg's army now being in full retreat, the relief of Burnside's position at Knoxville was a matter for immediate consideration. Sherman marched with a portion of the Army of the Tennessee, and one corps of the Army of the Cumberland, towards Knoxville; but his approach caused Longstreet to abandon the siege long before these troops reached their destination. Knoxville was now relieved; the anxiety of the President was relieved, and the loyal portion of the North rejoiced over the double victory: the raising of the siege of Knoxville and the victory at Chattanooga.

U. S. Grant.



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Was Chattanooga Fought as Planned?

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

From the article entitled "General Grant," in your very interesting May edition, I make the following extracts having reference to the battle of Chattanooga:

"Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. . . . This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. . . . And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,— for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,— it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools."

Holding, at the time of the battle of Chattanooga, the position of chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland under General Thomas, and being at the same time chief engineer of the Military Division of the Mississippi under General Grant, it was absolutely necessary that I should know the plan to be able to direct the engineering operations. I desire to give to your readers the original plan as "laid down in advance" and a sketch of the battle as fought, for comparison with the statements which I have quoted.

The original plan of the battle of Chattanooga was to turn Bragg's right flank on Missionary Ridge, thereby throwing his army away from its base and natural line of retreat. This, the first thing to be done, was confided to Sherman, *and the plan was not adopted* till after Sherman had carefully examined the situation and asserted that he could do the work assigned to him. Thomas was to hold the center and right of our front, to coöperate with Sherman, and attack when the proper time arrived.

The preliminary movements were simple and can be given in few words. Sherman was to effect a lodgment on the left bank of the Tennessee River, just below the mouth of the South Chickamauga Creek. This was to be done by landing a brigade of troops from the boats, which were to be used in the bridge to be thrown at that point across the Tennessee for the crossing of Sherman's army. One division of Sherman's army was to march up the Lookout valley, on the extreme right of our operations, and threaten a pass in Lookout Mountain, ostensibly to turn Bragg's *left* flank. The march was to be made in daylight, in sight of the enemy, and after dark the division was to retrace its steps, cross the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, and join the main body of Sherman's force, which was to be massed during the night preceding the intended attack at the point where the bridge was to be laid. Hooker with his small force was to hold Lookout valley and threaten Lookout Mountain at the point where it strikes the Tennessee. This general plan was filled in with all necessary details, embracing all the initial movements of the whole force under Grant. At the very outset began the changes in this plan. The division which made the threat against Bragg's left flank on returning found the bridge at Brown's Ferry impassable; and as it could not join Sherman, it was turned over to Hooker, who was ordered, with his command thus strengthened, to assault the works on his front on Lookout Mountain. This was a most decided change from the plan "laid down in advance."

On the evening of the first day the results could be summed up as follows: Sherman had crossed the Tennessee River at the point selected, but had not turned Bragg's right flank. Thomas had drawn out the Army of the Cumberland facing Missionary Ridge, had connected with Sherman, but had had no fighting other than skirmishing varied by some artillery practice. Hooker had carried Lookout Mountain after a fight which has been celebrated in song as "The battle above the clouds." This victory of Hooker's compelled Bragg to withdraw his troops from the Chattanooga Valley, and retreat or concentrate for a battle on Missionary Ridge. On the morning of the second day Hooker was ordered by Thomas to march for and *carry* the Rossville Gap in Missionary Ridge, and as soon as that was done to send an aide or courier to him, in order that he might then make the assault of the "Ridge" with the Army of the Cumberland. Sherman with severe fighting continued his efforts to reach the crest of Missionary Ridge. As the day wore on, and without news from Hooker, Thomas became anxious, but could give no order to assault the works on his front till one at least of the enemy's flanks had been turned.

Finally, in the afternoon General Grant sent orders directly to the division commanders of the Army of the Cumberland to move forward and carry the rifle-pits in their front at the base of Missionary Ridge. This was very easily done, and after capturing the rifle-pits the soldiers, seeing that they could not remain there under the fire from the crest of the ridge, and having no intention of giving up any ground won by them, demanded to be led up the hill to storm the works on the crest, which was successfully done, and Bragg's headquarters were in their possession just before the sun went down on the second day of the battle. This assault was, of course, the crisis of the whole battle, and the successful carrying of Missionary Ridge was doubtless due in a measure to the position of Sherman and the threatening movement of Hooker.

The battle was then ended and nothing left but a retreat by one and a pursuit by the other opposing general. A condensed statement of the history of the original plan and the battle of Chattanooga as fought is this: The original plan contemplated the turning of Bragg's right flank, which *was not done*. The secondary plan of Thomas looked toward following up the success of Hooker at Lookout Mountain by turning the left flank of Bragg, and then an attack by Thomas along his entire front. The Rossville Gap was not carried in time to be of more than secondary importance in the battle.

The assault on the center before either flank was turned was never seriously contemplated, and was done without plan, without orders, and as above stated.

General Grant won a great victory at Chattanooga which was of incalculable benefit to the country, and it is worse than useless to attempt to cover his reputation with pinchbeck by such statements as "Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan," "It still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plans laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools," and "This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war"; for, like plaster ornaments on a fine façade, they are easily knocked off, and are liable to mar the real beauty of the front in their fall.

There were, however, during our great war some battles which, so far as my information and knowledge go, were fought strictly in accordance with the original plans, and these should not have escaped the notice of one who desires to write history.

June 1, 1885. *Wm. Farrar Smith.*

TRANSFORMATION.

"GIVE me the wine of happiness," I cried,
"The bread of life!—Oh ye benign, unknown,
Immortal powers!—I crave them for my own,
I am athirst, I will not be denied
Though Hell were up in arms!"—No sound replied,
But turning back to my rude board and lone,
My soul, confounded, there beheld—a stone,
Pale water in a shallow cup beside!
With gushing tears, in utter hopelessness,
I stood and gazed. Then rose a voice that spoke,—
"God gave this, too, and what He gives will bless!"
And 'neath the hands that trembling took and broke,
Lo, truly a sweet miracle divine,
The stone turned bread, the water ruby wine!

Stuart Sterne.

THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

ONE hears of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in all sorts of unexpected places. What is it? Can an old hack, used to condensation, tell in twenty-five hundred words? Let us try.

1. It is based on a plan of home-reading in regular system. At this moment it consists of about one hundred thousand readers, more or less, who are reading in the system proposed. Most of these are in America, some are in Japan, and the rest are elsewhere, in Europe, Asia, Africa, the islands of the ocean, or tossed upon the sea in ships.

2. The reading is selected and arranged for men and women, not boys and girls. The average age of the readers in the Circle is probably above thirty-five years.

3. The course of reading is in the English language.

4. It is arranged for four years,—supposing at the least, say, five hours' reading a week. But it is so elastic, above this minimum, that a member of the Circle receives instructions and suggestions for a much wider range; and in fact, I think, most members read much more than five hours a week within the broad directions of the course.

5. It follows, to a certain extent, the outlines of an old-fashioned college course, omitting the mathematics entirely. Where it is followed with the supplementary reading, it gives a student much such a general knowledge of literature, physical and moral science, and mental philosophy, as in an old-fashioned college the average student received. But it makes no attempt to give the knowledge of ancient or foreign languages which he receives, or that of mathematics.

At this point the professors in old-fashioned colleges hold up their hands in holy horror,

give the magazine to the poor, and go out to make original researches on the Pro-paroxytone. Let them. You and I, dear reader, will advance calmly and make some calculations.

The college student spends half his time at lectures or in the recitation-room. The reader in the C. L. S. C. cannot spend any of his time so. The average college student spends half his time in study of Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, or Hebrew. The reader in the C. L. S. C. cannot study either of these languages, in its course. Of the remaining time of study, the average college student gives, say, one-third to mathematics. There are no mathematics in the Chautauquan course.

Now, suppose the average college student takes forty-eight hours a week for study, lectures, and recitations. One-half of this, in study, will be twenty-four hours; one-half of this, on languages, will be twelve hours. Deduct one-third of the remaining twelve hours for mathematics, and you leave him eight hours a week's reading of literature, physical and moral science, mental philosophy, and social economy. It is in these studies only that "Chautauqua" undertakes to lead its circle of readers. Those readers who take ten hours only a week pass the average of study of the average college student in those lines.

The Chautauquan student reads when he can, where he can. He works without the advantages of the presence of a teacher, and without its disadvantages. He works without the advantages of studying two or three languages at once, and without the disadvantages.

He forms the habit of daily reading on system,— the habit which probably does more for the happiness of the man who forms it than any other indoor habit which could be formed. Fortunately, too, he can read outdoors, very often.

Of the hundred thousand readers in the "Circle," also, every one is reading because he wants to. This is much more than I could say of my average college students, regarding whom, indeed, I have now nothing more to say.

It will, of course, happen that if in any neighborhood several people are reading at one time in the system of the "Circle," they will find each other out, they will meet together, in more or less form, as a local circle, for mutual help, or for the pleasure or stimulus of society. When you see in your local newspaper the announcement of a "Chautauqua meeting," it is probably that of some such local circle. But there is no need of a "local circle." There is many a "Chautauquan" who reads quite alone, with no other knowledge of other Chautauquans than he gains from the monthly journal in which he receives his instructions. But, undoubtedly, the spirit of the local circles helps forward the interest of the readers, and is a good feature of the plan. It is a very good thing to have the best people of the same village all interested in the same thing in some one winter, and to have that same thing something better than personal politics. To have young men and women, old men and old ladies, middle-aged men and middle-aged wives of theirs, interested at one and the same time in Browning's poems, hunting up the things alluded to, guessing the conundrums, puzzling over the suggestions, and wondering at the mysteries,— this is a great improvement on leaving them to wonder why the Simpkinses shut up their house and did not leave Mary Morgan in it, as they did last year.

It is very interesting to see, when you give the diplomas to those who have gone through the course, how they really represent "all sorts and conditions of men." Of a class of twelve or fifteen hundred, who have been reading for four years, I gave the certificates of study to about one hundred. Twice, in this company, I came on a father and daughter who had studied together. Many of them were men and women older than I am; that is to say, born before General Grant was born. The whole class has representatives in almost every State, and would include people of almost every occupation. All that it needs to belong is the disposition, a decent preliminary common-school education, eight dollars a year for books and fees, and the command of five hours a week, or more, of one's time. This is to say, in general, that the course is open to any one.

It is ten years since the great series of plans for public education known as the "Chautauquan plans" were fairly started. Many men, of many minds, have contributed suggestions which have been embodied in them.

But it is always to be remembered that the founder of the Chautauqua Summer Meetings was Mr. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, a distinguished inventor, for years devoted to the cause of popular education. He saw the possibility of making use of the admirable machinery which had given dignity to the old Camp-Meeting of America, so that on the beautiful camp-meeting ground at Chautauqua a summer school for Sunday-school workers, with lectures on every variety of useful learning, might be established. For ten years and more these summer schools, with lectures and entertainments almost innumerable, have been carried on at that charming watering-place. These have been under the charge of the Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent, who is the originator of the C. L. S. C., a man of marvelous power of organization, and, best of

all, of hearty sympathy with the American people, a people whom he understands, perhaps, as well as any living man. Neither Mr. Miller nor Dr. Vincent, nor any of the friends who worked with them, was satisfied even with the large constituency which meets once a year at Chautauqua. They saw that it was possible to use the post-office and the press, to carry to every home no small part of the advantages which young people receive who go from home to college. Out of this possibility have grown the varied plans known as the Chautauquan plans.

Of course, when they began, the difficulty of selecting books for such study at home was very great. There is a good story told of the amazement felt by Harper Brothers when they received from this unknown "Circle" its order for five hundred copies of Green's "History of England." Harpers and all other publishers have found out long ago what a purchase for "Chautauqua" means. But Green's History, admirable as it is, is not a good text-book, or foundation history, for other reading to start from; it presupposes a great deal. If you will think of it, when a young man comes to you for advice about his reading you often puzzle him sadly. You say, "I should tell you to read X's book, but that, on the whole, X was a fool, and half of what he says is untrue." This is the sort of opinion, somewhat discouraging, which a trained scholar is apt to give. He does not know, perhaps, how very discouraging it is to the neophyte.

Chautauqua has had years upon years in which to study the advice it shall give a hundred thousand of such students. It has its own successes and its own mistakes to profit by. In many instances the board of management have found it necessary to have their own books written. To name only three or four, and this because I happen to have read them, Dr. Wilkinson's hand-books of "Latin and Greek Literature," Dr. Steele's book of "Political Economy," and Mr. Appleton's "Chemistry" are admirably well written, and fill the purpose singularly well. We do not doubt that, among so many readers, some find them too full and some too scanty. But readers or critics must remember that the object is to provide a stem-root, or if you please foundation, for other more extensive readings, and that suggestions or instructions for such extensive reading are given carefully and steadily.

All readers are invited to address the Central Staff, when they have inquiries to make or doubts to solve. For the answers given to such requests, the monthly journal called "The Chautauquan" is published. So many of the readers use it, that its circulation in America alone is at this time fifty thousand copies, while there is considerable circulation in all other parts of the world. A department of this journal is devoted distinctly to the needs of the "Circle." Some of the required books, when written expressly for it, have been first published in the "Chautauquan"; and any reader who writes for information to the C. L. S. C. office at Plainfield, N. J., receives his answer here.

Thus much for the theory of the Circle. How does it work in practice?

The answer must be somewhat indefinite. But it is clear that the plan is popular. The number of readers who reported at headquarters for the class of 1881–1885 was about 5000. The next year 14,000 reported, the next year 18,000, and last year 20,000. This year the number is likely to rise to 25,000. All these people register their names at Plainfield, N. J., where is the central office. Of course, however, there are many readers who join local circles, and work with them, who do not register at the center. They do not mean to keep on, or they do not care for the diploma, or they are afraid to seem to pledge themselves to anything.

Of those who do register at the beginning, about one-quarter part report, at the end of four years, as having read the whole course. Very many of these read much more than the required minimum. A formal diploma is given to all who attain this minimum and ask for it, and diplomas with certain additional seals are given to those who read more. Fourteen hundred and seventy diplomas were given in 1884 to the class which had begun in 1880. If the student wishes, this diploma is sent him by mail. But a custom has grown up of giving diplomas at the "assemblies" held in different States for summer study, of which that at Chautauqua is the oldest, the largest, the longest in time, and the most fully organized. There are fifteen, in all, of these local summer "assemblies," and it is the effort of the management to be represented by one or more officers at each of them. "Recognition Day," at such an assembly, becomes a sort of commencement for those "Chautauquans" who meet there.

At Chautauqua, New York, on the 19th of August, I was present at the "Recognition Day," and delivered an address to the "graduates," who had kindly called me an honorary member. I personally gave their diplomas to a hundred of the class, and, in a visit of four or five days, I think I talked with half of them. So I can say that people read from one or another motive, but almost always with the idea of reading more. Old college graduates, professional men, read. Teachers read. Fathers and mothers read, when they begin to see

how they may need what they read to help their children. People read aloud in families, occupying an hour or two every evening with reading. Take, in a word, two or three dozen of the most intelligent people, of all ages and occupations, whom you find in any well-organized and well-educated American town, and you will form a good idea of the average Chautauquan readers as we see them on "Recognition Day." Of course, on such a day, you do not see the three-quarters of the readers who begin and never finish, or who finish this course, and do not care to ask for a diploma.

What you find, almost universally, among those who read four years, is a disposition to go farther. It is mostly to meet their wishes that "Chautauqua" has set on foot other plans, of which I shall write next month. There are also adjunct schools or classes, which I shall try to describe at the same time. Thus I shall explain the plan of

The School of Theology,
The School of Liberal Arts,
The Town and Country Club,
The Society of Fine Arts,
The Assemblies.

And in general the Chautauqua University, which is the incorporated body that has the oversight of all these institutions.

But I have already nearly reached my twenty-five hundred words — as an impatient reader sees.

Edward Everett Hale.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook for Civil-Service Reform.

THE principles of civil-service reform are now undergoing the severest test that could be applied to them — a change of parties in the administration of the general government. Such a change after any former presidential election in the last quarter of a century would have been followed by a general and indiscriminate change of the public servants. To show what has been gained, the present condition and prospects of the civil service must be compared, not with an ideally perfect state of things, but with that which would have existed had neither the law nor public opinion placed any restraint upon partisan proscription. That not only those civil servants who are protected by the letter of the civil-service law, but a large share of those who are not within its beneficent protection, are left undisturbed in their places, is a fact which marks a great advance in public opinion and in the practice of the Government. Though many things are being done which fall far short of the highest ideal of civil-service reform, though many changes are being made in the public service which are not in the public interest, but are dictated by the old sordid spirit of partisanship, the fact remains that the cause of reform has made great and substantial progress.

The difficulties of the situation must not be lost sight of. For twenty-four years the offices of every grade had been filled, with few exceptions, by the adherents of one political party. A feeble and halting attempt at reforming the abuses in appointments, forced upon the party by public opinion during General Grant's presidency, was discarded with jeers and contempt at the first sign of the decay of public interest in the experiment. No further effort to check these abuses was made until an overwhelming popular demand for reform compelled the passage of the Civil-Service Act of 1883. When the new Administration came into power this act had been in force but a little more than a year and a half — a period too short to enable it to effect any appreciable change in the partisan character of the public service. The victorious party, on taking possession of the government, found the public service almost solidly partisan; it found nearly all the chief public offices in the possession of men upon whom they had been bestowed as the rewards of partisan service, and who had not scrupled to use the power and patronage of their places in the interest of their party; and it found that the outgoing party, in its greed of patronage, had confined the operation of the Civil-Service Act within the narrowest possible limits. It found, moreover, that throughout the public service the prevalence of the notion that office-holders were the servants of a party rather than of the people, and the bestowal of places as the reward for partisan service or at the dictation of influential politicians, had impaired the efficiency and energy of the public servants, had swelled the number of tax-consumers, and had greatly increased the cost of carrying on the government.

In these circumstances changes in the public officers were inevitable. It could not be expected that a party flushed with victory, coming into power after an exclusion of a quarter of a century, would take this solidly partisan service off the hands of its predecessor, and trust only to casual vacancies to find places for its own adherents. Had the public service been administered for even the last ten years in a non-partisan spirit, had the doors of office been thrown open to all citizens without regard to their party beliefs, and had the higher places been filled by the impartial advancement of meritorious subordinates, any change in the public servants, except for misconduct or inefficiency, would have been censurable, if not criminal. But this happy condition of things did not exist, and it would have puzzled the most radical civil-service reformer, called upon to administer the government chiefly by the votes of members of the party so long excluded from office, to satisfy the requirements of the situation without making some changes in the *personnel* of the service. It certainly does not lie in the mouths of those who have so long enforced the most rigid partisan proscription to cry out against partisan changes, nor does it seem quite logical for those who have

gained and long held office by virtue of this proscriptive system to urge their length of service as a reason why they should be permitted to keep their places. Civil-service reform would, of course, consider only the efficiency of the public servants, but practical administration cannot blink the fact that the chance to acquire that efficiency has been denied to half the people, and to that half, too, which has just come into control of the government.

President Cleveland was very generally voted for by the advocates of civil-service reform, but it must not be overlooked that he is primarily a Democrat, nominated by a Democratic convention, and elected chiefly by Democratic votes. How to reconcile his duty to the great party whose views and purposes he represents with his well-known and, as we believe, perfectly sincere views concerning the public service, is the problem which he is daily called upon to face, and it is a problem whose right solution calls for all his firmness of character and fidelity to principle. But, although changes in the public servants are inevitable, and even necessary in order to bring about a fair representation of both parties in the public offices, it does not follow that the changes are being confined within proper limits or made with due regard to the public interests. There was one straightforward, business-like way in which a fair proportion of changes could have been made without detriment to the public service, in many cases with positive advantage to it. While a majority of the public servants are honest, capable, and efficient, the selfish, slipshod methods of appointment which have prevailed for many years have foisted into official places many who are idle or incompetent, and some who are disreputable or of bad habits. An intelligent, systematic investigation would have disclosed these weak places, and they might readily have been strengthened with new material of the right sort with benefit to the service. So far as we can learn no such investigation has been made. The President, in the appointments and removals which he has personally made, seems to have acted only after the most thorough inquiry that the agencies at his command enabled him to make, but it does not appear that all of his newly appointed subordinates have pursued the same wise policy.

The result is that there is the widest diversity between the action of the different departments and even of different branches of the same department. In one case an important place is filled by the promotion of a meritorious subordinate, or the appointment of a new man of acknowledged fitness; in another the appointment is bestowed upon a brawling politician. In one bureau all of the faithful subordinates are retained; in another nearly all those without the protection of the civil-service rules are dismissed or degraded, and replaced with inexperienced men. While officers of acknowledged fitness are being turned out of one branch of a department, men of notorious unfitness are retained in places of trust and confidence in another. One new officer declares that he cannot transact the public business unless he is permitted to surround himself with men of his own political faith in whom he has confidence; another threatens to throw up his place if deprived of the services of the trained and faithful subordinates whom he found in office. Facts so incongruous and irreconcilable as these make it very difficult to pass any general judgment upon the treatment of the civil service by the new Administration. The most that can be said is that the President shows a sincere purpose to elevate the public service; that the letter of the civil-service law is in the main respected; that the spirit of the act has been followed in the filling of many important offices, and in the retention of a large proportion of the officers not protected by its letter; and that, on the whole, the situation is much better than could have been looked for after a change of parties in the national government.

But we greatly doubt whether a man whose convictions are so sound and strong as those of Mr. Cleveland will be content to let so tame a conclusion as this stand as the final judgment upon the treatment by his Administration of the great, vital question of civil-service reform. We doubt whether he will be willing to surrender many more months of his own time and of the time of his chief advisers and assistants to the demands of office-seekers, or to have the civil service kept in a state of perpetual uneasiness and unfitness for serious work by the fear of arbitrary changes for partisan ends. It would be quite consistent with his character and convictions if he should before long revolt against such a degradation of his high office. It is plain that the process of equalizing the offices between the two parties must soon come to an end if the Administration is to find time for any other work than that of distributing the patronage. It would be a most courageous and patriotic act if the President should, after a little, announce that the changes in the offices had gone as far as the public interests would warrant, and should erect a barrier against further removals by bringing within the operation of the civil-service rules a large share of the minor places that are now unprotected. Such a declaration would be hailed with rejoicing by patriotic citizens of every shade of politics.

Converging Lines.

THE questions raised at the late Congress of Churches are stirring devout minds in all parts of the American church. The sin and the scandal of schism, the need and the practicability of a more effective co-operation among the professed disciples of Christ, are forcing themselves upon the consideration of good men as they never have done before. That the peculiarities by which the several sects are distinguished one from another are matters of considerable interest to many minds may be freely admitted; that they are of trifling importance when compared with the great truths in which all Christians agree, and the great ends which they are united in pursuing, is too plain for discussion. When, therefore, the denominational peculiarities are so emphasized that the luster of the great truths is dimmed, and the progress of the kingdom of heaven in any community is retarded, the guilt of schism is incurred, and a heavy condemnation rests on those who thus magnify their "private interpretations" at the expense of common interests. This is now being generally recognized; and men of good-will in all the sects are manifesting a strong determination to put an end to this iniquity. The Congress of Churches has taken a brave step in this direction by providing for a frank discussion of those differences of creed and ritual on which the denominations sep-

arate. No better method could be devised of showing the world the relative insignificance of these differences. When this fact is made to appear, the path to practical coöperation, if not to organic union, will be made plain.

In the same line with the purpose of the Congress of Churches is a striking article by an eminent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in the present number of THE CENTURY. The historical breadth and the pacific temper of this paper will commend it to all tolerant and charitable persons. That the doctrinal differences among Christians are much less strongly accentuated now than formerly is a familiar fact; that they are approximating to common grounds of polity and ritual, as Professor Shields so clearly points out, is equally true. It would be a most useful exercise for clergymen of the several denominations to make a careful study of the symbols and the institutions of their several sects, in order to discover and make known the indebtedness of each to the others, that the people of every communion may know whence they derived the creeds which they recite, the doctrinal and liturgical expressions by which they convey their thoughts and feelings, the forms they observe, the principles they cherish, the hymns they sing. Such knowledge could but enlarge the sympathies of Christian believers and strengthen the bonds that unite them.

That the churches of the United States will find "liturgical fusion" a shorter road to unity than theological agreement, or political consolidation, may well be true. Surely a devotional fellowship would be deeper and more permanent than a doctrinal consensus or an ecclesiastical combination. But it may be doubted whether this result is quite as near as Professor Shields seems to hope. That there is a tendency among non-liturgical worshipers, chiefly among the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, toward the adoption of liturgical forms, is undoubtedly true; but even in these churches, the number is yet small, we imagine, of those who would consent to a fixed ritual, from which extemporaneous worship should be excluded. Doubtless the utterance that springs from the "chance impulse" of the officiating clergyman often fails to be edifying, and "unpremeditated effusions" and "long desultory prayers" are sometimes hard to endure; but the great majority of those who favor some enrichment of the meager ritual of the Puritan churches yet prefer that the leader of their worship shall have some liberty of expression; and while they would not wish that his prayers should be desultory or unpremeditated, they desire that he should be in closest sympathy with those to whom he ministers, and that he should be able to utter the voice of their present need when he leads them in worship. So much as this of priestly function the Protestants have always yielded to their ministers, and they are not yet ready to take it away from them. Probably Professor Shields does not desire such a complete change; at any rate, such a change is yet a great way off. The union of the churches of the United States upon a uniform ritual,—if the extemporaneous element were to be rigidly excluded,— could not, we think, be confidently predicted.

Every essay in this direction is, however, of value; and this suggestion of the fellowship of believers in that part of their religious life which is most distinctly spiritual—in their confessions, their prayers, and their songs—is one that may lead the way toward a visible and real unity.

Professor Shields's paper, so catholic in its view and so full of sweet reasonableness, will be followed by a number of others, prepared by representative men of several of the leading denominations, each of whom will undertake to show what contribution those who stand with him are ready to make toward the accomplishment of this end. It is assumed on all sides that a closer unity and a more perfect coöperation among the churches is greatly to be desired; it is obvious also that some concessions, and perhaps some sacrifices, must be made by each for the good of all. THE CENTURY has offered to wise leaders in these various sects the opportunity of pointing out the ways that lead to concord and coöperation.

OPEN LETTERS.

An Exposition of the Three Americas.

ON the principles of persistence of force and continuity of motion, the best results of a great work cannot be computed until after the first impressions produced by it on the environment have disappeared; sufficient time has therefore not yet elapsed since the close of the World's Exposition for a thorough estimate of its beneficent effects upon the country at large and the South in particular. Forces were set in motion last winter at New Orleans that are but now making themselves felt, and that will eventually prove of incalculable value to the development of a firmer industrial life and a higher national sentiment. The Exposition was inaugurated at a time when the tide of Southern affairs had begun to turn, and was the expression of a strong desire on the part of Southerners to assert their industrial equality with the other sections of the country, and to offer irrefutable evidence that they were full of peace and goodwill toward their fellow-citizens of the North, and had completely adapted themselves to the changed necessities of the times. Assuredly, no one who visited New Orleans when the Exposition was at its height could fail to see that these desires had been largely fulfilled. Even Southerners themselves were astonished at the marvelous resources displayed by their own States,—resources only partially unfolded, it is true, as compared to the higher development of other parts of the country, but nevertheless filled with startling promises of a brilliant future. And still more assuredly no one could fail to be impressed with the unequivocal public and private hospitality received by every well-conducted stranger. The welcome was too warm to admit of any doubt that it was sincere, or that there lay behind it any latent feeling of injury

and vindictiveness. Indeed, it would not be difficult to prove that the recent expressions of honest regret from all classes of Southerners at the death of the great American hero were partly attributable to the cordial relations established by the late industrial festival in the metropolis of the South. Whatever its deficiencies and its financial failures, the World's Exposition will soon be recognized by all students of contemporaneous history as one of the most important features of this decade.

But the people of New Orleans have undertaken a work of still vaster proportions, a work made all the more necessary by the success of their recent labors. The last exposition was supposed to be international in its scope, but its primary and chief object was the development of Southern industry, by bringing it into close contact and rivalry with that of the other portions of the globe. Although every State and Territory in the Union, with the exception of Utah, was represented by a handsome collective exhibit of its natural resources, the enterprise was essentially Southern. But the work now going on is international in every sense, and is of as vital importance to the North and East and West as it can be to the South; for on the 10th of November there will open at New Orleans a North, Central, and South American Exposition, which has for its object the solution of the industrial problem of the United States. It has long been a serious question with manufacturers to know what shall be done in the future with their surplus products. There has been such enormous increase of manufactures of every character throughout the North and the East during the past few years, that it only required ordinary intelligence to foresee a time of great overproduction and consequent distress. Up to the present moment the South has been the market for this oversupply; but the World's Exposition has so stimulated her industry and so developed her natural wealth, that she is preparing not only to sustain herself with her own resources and by her own labor, but to compete with Northern products upon Northern soil. The unsuspected mineral deposits in such States as Louisiana and Texas, heretofore supposed to be fit only for agricultural purposes, the cheapness with which iron can be made in Alabama, the profits from cotton manufactories in South Carolina and Georgia, all point to a period when the South will also be in need of an outlet for her enterprise. This period in her future is comparatively distant, but such a time is pressing irresistibly upon the more populous and cultivated portions of the country; and it is for this reason that the American Exposition concerns the entire United States. There is no such bond as community of interest; what the World's Exposition failed to do in removing sectional prejudices, will be accomplished by its successor and complement.

There is but one direction in which the necessary relief from this inevitable over-supply can be found, and that is in the countries of Central and South America. It is needless to look towards Europe. She has come to that crisis in her industrial life which the American Exposition is seeking to obviate in our own, and has already reached out and appropriated the richest parts of the Latin-American commerce. The deflection of this Central and South American trade from Europe to the United States is the highest international problem with which our country has at present to deal; and nothing will tend to solve it sooner than the Exposition at New Orleans, where a hemispherical commercial policy can be inaugurated.

As to the benefits to be derived from such a policy, even were it not of pressing necessity, a few statistics will not be uninstructive. According to recent reports by the Department of State, there is a total annual demand from Mexico, Central America, South America, and the West India Islands, amounting in round figures to $475,000,000, of which amount the United States supplies but $77,000,000, or only sixteen per cent. Again, while the total annual exports of these countries amount to $479,000,000, the United States takes but $168,000,000, or only thirty-five per cent. In other words, the interchange of products is not between the countries of Central and South America and the United States, as it should be by all reasonable laws, but is between those countries and Europe. These figures will probably astonish those who have not studied the latest currents of commerce, and will surely be humiliating to our sensitive national pride. To deflect from Europe this ever-increasing trade, and to establish reciprocal commercial relations, is the primary and patriotic purpose of the Exposition.

That New Orleans is the place where such a movement should be started is not to be questioned. The recent decision of the Post-Office Department that hereafter all United States mail for the Central American countries should be sent by way of New Orleans instead of New York, as formerly, indicates the growing sentiment in favor of New Orleans as the medium for this commercial interchange. Until recently, it was doubted whether the Crescent City was in a position to handle the expected trade; but her steadily advancing prosperity during the recent financial embarrassments, affecting the whole world, shows conclusively the solid grounds upon which her fortune rests.

It is fitting that New Orleans should be the promoter of this international enterprise for the additional reason that it was through the World's Exposition that the general public became aware of the great resources of Mexico and Central America, and the advantages inevitably to follow a close commercial reciprocity. Every one had of course read the tales of travelers, and had learned to speak of the wondrous wealth of Mexican mines and South American forests in much the same way as they spoke of the magnificence of Oriental princes, vaguely and somewhat incredulously. But the World's Exposition gave unmistakable evidence of these and many other extraordinary natural resources. Indeed, it was the immediate success of Mexico's exhibit that has stimulated the other Latin-American countries to take advantage of the opportunities presented by the new enterprise.

The management of the American Exposition is national in its organization and is working for the prosperity of the entire country. It purchased the plant of the late World's Exposition, and will open its doors on the 10th of November, unembarrassed in any way whatever. With steam transportation from the heart of the city to the exposition grounds, and with unprecedentedly low railroad rates, there is every assurance of success. The management has set aside

for the discussion of the great commercial problem certain days when leading minds of the three Americas will meet for an interchange of ideas, and give to the industrial life of this country an impetus as irresistible as the mighty river upon whose banks they deliberate.

NEW ORLEANS. *Richard Nixon.*

Reform of the Civil Service Essential to every other Reform.

DOES it not every day become more evident that reform of the civil service is essential to the success of many other important reforms? Take, for example, the matter of forest protection. In the State of New York, by dint of much hard work and the expenditure of a good deal of time and money in investigation, an act for the preservation of the Adirondack forests and other important tracts of woodland was got through the last Legislature. Had the majority of the members of that body been as intelligent and honest as those that civil-service reform will doubtless one day give us, it is probable that a much better act would have been passed a year earlier. At that time we had, thanks to the uprising of the reform sentiment, a Governor who would no doubt have promptly made fit appointments under the law. Does any one suppose that if his successor had been a man of like mind he would have made the appointments he has, which have had the effect to delay the operation of the law an entire season, even if no worse comes of it?

Is not the same principle illustrated in our attempts to restrain gambling, the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday and to minors, to suppress obscene literature, to protect immigrants, Indians, children, and animals from injustice and cruelty? Of what avail is the adaptedness of a law, in itself considered, to secure any of these desirable objects, unless it is executed? And how can it be executed except by public officials who are either appointed or elected? But what hope does either reason or experience give us that, when public office is the reward of political service, we shall have such enforcement of law by constables, excise commissioners, sheriffs, policemen, police justices, district attorneys, etc., as will — by offending powerful constituents who have an immense pecuniary interest in the non-enforcement of such laws — put their own reëlection or reappointment in jeopardy? Has it not come to be regarded as a matter of course that local officials will not enforce certain laws in certain localities?

Now, why cannot our reformers of all sorts see this, and unite their efforts first of all upon the one fundamental reform — that of the civil service? Take our self-denying and public-spirited friends, the Prohibitionists. They tell us that if liquor-selling is not stopped in the large towns of Iowa and Maine, it is because the public officers are not heartily in favor of stopping it. They maintain that these officers can execute the law so as to make it impossible — or at least very difficult — to get liquor to drink; and they are confident that, were this done for a few years, the decrease in crime and pauperism would bring so many who are now upon the fence over to the prohibition side, that there would afterwards be no difficulty in keeping the necessary laws upon the statute-book and in enforcing them.

Granting all this, does it not prove that the first thing for prohibitionists to do is to help secure trustworthy national, State, and municipal civil service? Until this point is reached may it not really injure the cause to agitate for absolute prohibition over whole States? Local option may, indeed, give real prohibition in counties or towns where public sentiment demands and will sustain it. But until the general quality of our public servants is higher, is there not at least a very strong probability that, when applied indiscriminately to large areas such as States, there will be at the outset such failure in cities,— where the percentage of foreign-born population is large,— that a perhaps undeserved discredit will be brought upon the principle of prohibition?

Most plain, common-sense people are shocked at seeing a statute ignored, as are most laws restraining popular vices in our large cities. The average man believes that when a law is not executed it is a strong presumptive proof that the principle of the law is wrong, or at least that its enactment is premature. Why, then, can we not all unite, first and foremost, in efforts to bring the civil service into such a condition that a law, when enacted, shall be so enforced as to furnish a real test of its merits?

S. W. Powell.

A Word for our Public School Teachers.

I WISH to introduce to thoughtful readers a class of workers seemingly forgotten in the dispensing of moneys for the founding and support of various retreats, homes, and hospitals.

The friendless sailor, who, through misfortune, thriftlessness, or casualty, has not saved a competence to support him in his weakness or old age, has his "Snug Harbor" for refuge from an unloving world; the clergyman, in case of worn-out faculties, has the Sustentation Fund of his denomination, meager though it may be, to count upon; but the public school teacher, in many cases after years of faithful public service, has to choose between two alternatives: to remain in the harness until literally turned out to die, or look forward to dependence upon the charities of friends or of the people.

I do not propose the endowment of a special refuge for such unfortunate ones, for, as a general rule, teachers are self-respecting, independent, and possess the kind of pride which instinctively shrinks from publishing their poverty. But it is true that many, in this broad land, who have conscientiously served an exacting public for a mere pecuniary pittance, find themselves, after a score or more years of such service, weakening physically, and perhaps mentally, with only such a sad prospect before them, as they look toward life's sunset.

I see only two ways of relief for this crying injustice: One, to educate the general public to the fact that the laborer is not only worthy of hire sufficient for his daily bread, but something over, to lay in store for a time of disaster and need.

The other appears to me the more feasible plan: Honorably to retire from active service, with a moderate competence, those who have faithfully discharged their duties for a fixed term of years. Why should we not

have a retired list of public school teachers as well as of army and navy officers?

Have not some of our honored legislators remembrances of faithful teachers who patiently and wisely set their feet in the upward path to success, and whose memories they would delight to honor by giving their voices in favor of such a movement? Surely it would be an onward step for our law-makers to place upon the statute-books of their respective States some law for the respectable support of this large class of necessary public servants.

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A Plea for Reality in Plays.

IT is an open secret that during the last two seasons the managers of our theaters have, with but very few exceptions, found their business unprofitable. They attribute the loss of patronage to a decline of interest in the drama, to the invasion of foreign "stars" who became the rage for a brief period, to hard times, and to the increase of skating-rinks and dime museums. Now, while each of these causes may have had some effect, not even all of them together will account for the extreme depression in theatrical business. The truth appears to be that nearly all our managers ran in the same grooves that they had been in for years. They offered to the public the same kind of theatrical food that they offered a decade ago, only that the quality is not so good; and they were surprised that the public palate rejected it, being nauseated with so prolonged a succession of highly-spiced ingredients. Nearly every manager is to-day looking and hoping for another piece like "The Two Orphans" or "A Celebrated Case"; but if an equally good play of that class could be found, it would not possess the same attractiveness as its predecessors.

The drama of mere incident is moribund, and if a revival should ever come, it will be when there is an entirely new generation of play-goers to whom the tricks of the constructers of melodramas will not be familiar. Our audiences are now so well versed in stage-methods that they can foresee the solution almost before the dramatist has stated his problem. The elements of surprise and novelty, once so alluring, can now no longer form a part of the audience's enjoyment. It seems as if every possible situation and combination of situations has been so thoroughly exploited, that no melodrama can be constructed which does not strongly recall another more or less ancient.

The revolt against the old style of drama is not confined to this country. Recently M. Dennery, who has probably written more and better melodramas than any other of the admittedly great playwrights, produced, in conjunction with M. Louis Davyl, a drama, entitled "L'Amour." It failed dismally; yet M. Françisque Sarçey said it failed, not because it was not a strong and well-made play, but because it was cast in the same mold that Dennery has been using for thirty years, and the public is tired of its products. Dennery has seen several of his later plays fail, and the same bitterness was experienced by Scribe, who for technical skill and ingenuity has never been surpassed. When he witnessed the failure of his last play, he exclaimed sadly, "They will have no more of me; they know my methods and turns by heart, and I can give them nothing new."

American managers have not studied the artistic side of their business. They have not watched the tendencies of the sister arts, painting and fictional literature, towards a closer truth to nature. The pre-Raphaelite movement in art is now so old, that its beginning is only remembered by the middle-aged, but its good effects remain while its extravagances have died. Conventional back-grounds have disappeared, and so, too, must go the conventional tricks of dramatic construction. In literature, the novel of mere incident is rapidly disappearing. Incidents are limited in kind and number, but every human individuality is distinct, and if well depicted always interesting. We want plays that shall exhibit living, breathing men and women, not the mere puppets of the dramatist, who act only as their creator wants them to act in order to bring about his situations.

Truth to nature is the fundamental principle of other arts, and the time has at last come when the public demands it shall also be the basis of plays. Théophile Gautier pointed out that the stage is always the last to adopt an idea, and usually after that idea had been worn almost threadbare in literature. This fact is easily explicable. Audiences are made up of people of only average intelligence. New ideas and new methods appeal, at first, only to the cultivated few, and the newly-born taste filters slowly through the masses. Careful pondering and meditation are possible to the reader; but not to the auditor in a theater who has scarcely time to grasp the sense of one phrase before another assails his ears. A new taste is not created in the theater, but outside; and very often is created insensibly to its possessor. He goes to see a play of a kind which formerly pleased him and he comes away dissatisfied. Very possibly he is unable to explain his dissatisfaction and does not know whence it arises. It springs from his improving taste, from the unconscious demand that scenes which purport to represent life shall be true and logical.

Our managers are in the habit of asserting that they give us the best plays that France and England produce. The assertion is not accurate. They give us the best of a certain class, but that class is far from the highest; only two Théâtre Français plays have been presented here in the last five years — "Daniel Rochat" and "Les Rantzau." While the former was not a great pecuniary success, it drew to the Union Square Theater numbers of people who were not regular playgoers, and it did more to raise the character of the theater than any previous or subsequent production. "Les Rantzau" owed its interest and success in Paris to Alsatian scenes and the employment of a dialect by some of its characters. For this country "Les Rantzau" was an unwise selection and failed, but it was treated with respectful consideration by the press and the presentation increased rather than detracted from the standing of the theater. Émile Augier is recognized as the greatest of living dramatists, yet I believe only two of his plays have been done here,— "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" and "Les Fourchambault,"— both presented under somewhat unfavorable circumstances. Our managers say that Augier's plays are too quiet or too good. I venture to think that the time has come when no play that is successful in any other country, on its merits as a dramatic work, and not on some special patriotic effect or allusions, is too good for the best theaters of New York, Boston, and our principal cities.

The people who are able and willing to pay a dollar and a half for a seat at a theater are the readers of George Eliot, Hardy, Howells, and James, not of Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton, and Ouida. They demand that the characters, the dialogue, and the incidents of plays shall appear to be real. They would be willing, even anxious, to see their own passions, feelings, hopes, desires represented in others, but they have little or no interest in events the chronicles of which should belong to the police-reports. We are all daily living dramas and comedies not lacking in intensity or humor; yet how very few of us come into contact with murders, assassinations, abductions, hair-breadth escapes from fire and water, or are acquainted with rooms provided with half-a-dozen doors behind each of which a comedian may be hidden!

No other people is so fond of the study of character as the American. This is most strongly proved by the success here of star-plays which are tolerated solely because each possesses one or two parts which the public recognizes to be true. In this desire to see, not events but character influencing actions, the dramatist and the manager have a sure foundation to build on. Let the one write and the other produce a play with a fair story in which all the characters shall be recognizable as true and natural types, and one theater at least will not have to complain of poor patronage. Such a play will probably be devoid of what managers and actors term "strong situations" and at the end of each act the curtain will not descend upon large groups carefully posed and firmly fixed into attitudes, as if they were the personages in fairy stories touched by the enchanter's wand. It should be mentioned that Mr. Daly is the most original of our stage managers in devising "business" (action and movement upon the scene) and that all his later productions have tended strongly in the direction of naturalness; but he deals exclusively with light comedy, and the more serious side of our daily life remains to be treated.

The American stage is to-day almost in the same condition that the English was about twenty years ago when nearly every theater was given up to either melodrama or broad farce. Then came Tom Robertson's opportunity,—an opportunity he had been waiting for in poverty and anguish. "Society," "School," "Caste," "Ours," were surprises because they seemed unconventional, depicting life and character as his audiences knew them. The work was not always true, witness the impossible Froissart-quoting *Marquise* in "Caste" and the examination scene in "School"; but the plays were so much truer than anything ever seen before that they won immediate acceptance. The influence of Robertson's style was promptly felt. The modern theater, which had been neglected by the more intelligent classes, was again attended, and the Court, the St. James's, and even the Haymarket theater, produced his plays or as close imitations of them as were procurable.

It is singular that while our stage stands about where England's did when the Robertsonian drama arose, a type of play is being introduced into London, which has here had a long life and with which we are thoroughly surfeited. The French drama of unchastity which began with "Camille" and was continued through "Frou-Frou," "Fernande," "Seraphine," "La Princesse Georges," etc. etc., has been exhibited here in every phase. In London it is almost new, because the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain has till recently prevented its production. That official has of late somewhat relaxed his restrictions; and only because of its novelty can the success of a play like "Impulse" be accounted for, it being an adaptation of one of the weakest specimens of its class.

Nothing urged herein must be construed as intimating that the appreciation of the works of the few great dramatists will decrease. On the contrary, their characters were drawn with such close observation and such marvelous intuition that they will be interesting so long as "the proper study of mankind is man." Nor is it probable that melodrama will die. It will most likely disappear for a while from our best theaters till the time when either a new generation of play-goers grows up, to whom the methods of to-day will not be stale, or till new writers arise who will give us plays as much superior to the "Lights o' London" and "The Two Orphans" as they were to "Jack Sheppard" and "The Child-Stealer."

The only way to attract to new plays the audiences who now go to see only Salvini, Irving, Booth, Barrett, Modjeska and Bernhardt is to offer the drama of actuality — the drama that will conform to modes of life and thought and to present taste in literature and art. Managers who profess to be unable to find good plays of the old type could lose little in trying an experiment with the new. I firmly believe they would fill their depleted treasuries and render a lasting service not only to dramatic art but to audiences who would then have at their command the power Burns yearned for —

"To see oursel' as ithers see us."

Julian Magnus.

Fire Prevention.

IT is reported on good authority that the people of the United States pay out every year one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, without any return whatever. Of this sum twenty millions is for supporting fire departments, thirty millions for sustaining fire insurance companies, and eighty millions for conflagrations. As a people we are said to enjoy looking at a good fire, and as a nation we have more of this particular style of show than any other people living.

There seems now to be a growing feeling among the people that something must be done to prevent this waste of life and property. The departments we must have; but we must have more. The evidence of this feeling is found in the invention and ready sale of new appliances for extinguishing fires, and in the formation of village fire-prevention associations.

The moment an alarm of fire is sent out in our cities the police appear in force and form a cordon about the fire to prevent the people from interfering with the firemen. This is quite proper and must always be done. At the same time it has done a vast deal of harm. It has rendered the mass of people indifferent to the art of putting out fires; it has made women and children and the majority of men unreasonably timid, and actually created a senseless dread of fire that on the slightest provocation is liable to turn to panic. If people were familiar with fires, if they understood

how long it takes for a fire to spread in one kind of building, and just how fast it travels in another, if they knew even the rudiments of the fireman's art, and above all, if they knew the value of time at a fire, there would be fewer fires and less danger of a panic. The fireman is not above all men cool and brave. He simply knows how fire behaves, and knowing this, he feels secure and keeps his wits about him in scenes that seem to the public, standing behind the policemen, full of terror. Moreover, the average citizen, thus shut out from all share in fire prevention, loses courage and at the sight of the merest blaze, instead of attempting to put it out and instead of lustily calling fire and urging other people to help him, runs away to turn in an alarm. In ninety cases out of a hundred if he had kept his wits about him he might have put the fire out. The fire-extinguisher may be near, but he has never learned to use it. There may be hand-grenades in reach, but his terror is so great that he wastes them. There may be water and even a hand-pump near, but he cannot use them.

This new sentiment in regard to fire prevention seems to offer three points of general interest. It has led to the invention of new methods of putting out fires; it has led to a partial return to the old volunteer fire departments by the formation of a new form of voluntary association for mutual protection, and, lastly and perhaps the most important of all, it is educational and seems likely to do much to remove the danger of panics.

First, of the associations. These new fire-prevention societies are formed of men and women, boys and girls, every one possessed of sufficient intelligence to carry a pail of water or call for help on discovering a fire. Each member on joining the association agrees to pay one dollar a year towards the expenses of the association and to lend a helping hand at any fire in reach, as far as his or her services are needed. The officers of the association serve without pay and consist of a president, secretary, and treasurer. These, with four or more members, form the board of directors. There are also two fire officers known as the foreman and assistant foreman, who have charge of the working members at a fire. There may also be a committee on insurance and a committee to report on the causes of fires. This is all that is required in the way of an organization. There need not be many meetings of the association, and these may be held in a private house or in a hall hired for the purpose, so that there are no expenses except for the actual work of extinguishing fires.

The equipment of such an association consists of fifty or more small hand-pumps and water-pails. These are distributed to such members as agree to keep them in easy reach and to take them to any fire within half a mile of their homes. There is also at some central station, preferably in a private stable, a supply wagon. This wagon is to stand ready at all times for duty, and arrangements are made for securing a horse for it at a moment's notice. In the wagon are five or more hand-pumps, hose in lengths for coupling together, poles for elevating the hose, a variety of nozzles, ladders, axes and other fire tools, rubber blankets for covering furniture, etc. There will also be several barrels or large milk-cans constantly filled with water in the wagon, and at various points in the town there will also be rain-water casks kept constantly full for the use of the association.

It will be seen that such an organization would be of little use at a conflagration. It is not intended to be so used, but merely to prevent conflagrations by the use of a little water at the very beginning. The association is educational and it accomplishes its ends by means of a novel and happy device for winning earnest workers at the very start of a fire. There is a system of rewards to all who discover a fire and all who first help to put it out. These prizes are given to any one, young or old, whether members of the association or not: for the person giving the first five calls of "fire" for a burning building, twenty-five cents; for the first stream, one dollar and fifty cents; for the next four, one dollar each. First assistant to first stream, with water, one dollar; next four, fifty cents each. First pump, with twenty-five feet of hose connected to arrive, twenty-five cents, first fifteen-foot ladder, twenty-five cents; first fifteen-foot pole or other fire tools, twenty-five cents each. For the first response with pump or bucket of water without using it, fifty cents each, and also to the next five persons bringing either pump or bucket. For grass, forest or other fires not in buildings a prize of seventy-five cents for the first person who extinguishes the fire by any means, and fifty cents each to the first five who arrive with pumps and buckets, and twenty-five cents each for the first five buckets without pumps. Owners, tenants, or employees are excluded from prizes, as it is supposed that their own interest will be sufficient incentive to exertion. Moreover, those who make any honest effort to put out a fire, whether they actually work or not, receive a prize. For instance, a child who discovered a fire and ran with a pump and bucket till she met a man who could use the pump, received a prize as well as the man. A boy who killed a grass fire with his hat received a reward. The first persons who assist in any way at a fire are rewarded by the association regardless of the means used, so that fifteen persons may win a prize of some kind at a single fire.

These associations are called home fire-protective associations. The first one was formed in November, 1882, in the town of Wakefield, Massachusetts, and has been in operation ever since. The reports of this pioneer association show that in 1883 there were nineteen fires in that town, and of these thirteen were put out or brought under control by the small hand-pumps and other appliances of the association. Three fires were put out by the regular fire department and three fires got beyond control, and the buildings were destroyed. The expenses of the association for the year were about one-half of one per cent. of the cost of the regular fire department of the town. In 1884 there were twenty-six fires in the town. All but three were put out by the hand-pumps of the association, and at every fire the prizes were taken by persons not belonging to the regular fire department. In other words, the fire-engines were the last to arrive every time.

The success of the Wakefield association has led to the formation of others in neighboring towns, and there seems no reason why they might not be started in every large town and village. They are not designed to supersede the fire departments, but to reduce the expense of such departments by reducing the number of fires. Their value is not alone in putting out small fires, but in their moral and educational aspect. It teaches peo-

ple to study fires and fire prevention, to keep cool and to see the value of the first efforts. A fire increases four times in a given time. If it is a foot square at one minute, it will be four feet square the next minute and sixteen feet square the next minute, and so on. If people go to a fire when it first begins they soon learn how easily it is put out, how little water it takes if rightly applied to stop it from spreading. All this tends to allay the unreasoning fear so many people display at a fire. No fire in an ordinary building will spread so fast that the inmates cannot escape in one direction or another. It is the running away from the first blaze that makes more than half the loss of life at fires. Anything that teaches people to go to the fire, to fight and not to run away, will be a public benefit, and this these associations accomplish by making every man, woman and child a helper at the critical moment when the fire is small. They inculcate courage and watchfulness, and show that in all emergencies coolness and self-possession are the only roads to safety. Best of all, they teach the incalculable value of time at every fire.

It seems to be a law in invention that a new tool, machine, or method of work appears about the time, or very soon after, the first announcement of a general desire that such a thing or method should be found. In this field of fire prevention four inventions have appeared within the past few years. One has been very widely adopted, one other has been used in one class of buildings, and should be used in more; and of the two others, one is quite new, and the other, while a very old idea, seems to have met with a new application.

The first of these is the common fire-extinguisher. It clearly met a want, and has had a very large sale. It is useful, and should be provided with the supply wagon of the home fire protective associations, but it has these objections. It is too heavy, and if neglected will sometimes get out of order. Besides this, its use implies a certain amount of knowledge. It might be said that every one should know how to use one, but unfortunately people generally do not know how. Some machines give no indication how they are to be used, and if the directions are marked upon them the excitement of a fire is not inducive to a calm study of the directions. It is a good fire tool in the hands of the trained fireman. If used by the home associations it should be placed in the care of strong men familiar with its use. It is doubtful if a fire-extinguisher would be of any use in the hand of a child, and yet children have won prizes at fires in Wakefield for effectively assisting at putting out the fire.

The next invention in point of time is the automatic sprinkler. Upwards of thirty different types of this important fire-extinguisher are said to be in use, and one form or another has been very widely adopted in mills and factories throughout the country. The idea is extremely simple. A water-tank on the roof of the mill is connected with a system of pipes extending along the ceilings of the different rooms. At intervals of a few feet is a hose nozzle kept closed by a plug of fusible metal. On the starting of a fire near one of these nozzles, the rising temperature melts the plug, and a shower of water is released on the fire, putting it out without human supervision or aid. These automatic sprinklers have already saved property and proved their usefulness, and it is a matter of surprise that they have not been more generally adopted in churches and theaters, stores and shops, as well as factories.

The new home fire associations adopt among their first appliances small portable hand-pumps to be placed in a pail of water, and operated by one hand while the hose is held in the other. The chief value of a simple hand-pump lies in its cheapness and lightness. It can be carried and used by a child, and is not liable to get out of order. Its very simplicity inspires confidence, and a child using one to fight a small fire quickly learns coolness of head and steadiness of hand. If in the excitement of the moment the first stream is misdirected, he soon steadies his aim, and seeing how effective a small, well-directed stream may be, he gains confidence and does good work. A mere dash or film of water on wood just in advance of flame prevents its spread, and this too inspires confidence. A pail of water dashed all at once may fail to put out a fire, where a quart or two, properly applied with a pump, may prevent a great disaster. Besides this, these hand-pumps can be fitted with hose, and by the aid of a pole the hose can be raised to a burning roof or window, and the little machine do good where an extinguisher would be useless.

A more recent invention, and a most convenient and portable, is the hand-grenade, now well known. This consists of a glass bottle filled with water charged with certain chemicals. The design is to use the bottle like a grenade or hand-shell. It is to be thrown upon the fire and broken, when the contents escape upon the flames. The influence of the water is of itself comparatively slight, as the bottle only holds one pint. The suppression of the fire, it is claimed, is obtained by the development of a gas by the heating of the water by the fire, the flames being stifled by the exclusion of the oxygen of the air. These hand-grenades have proved of value in a large number of incipient fires, and have undoubtedly saved a great deal of property. In certain situations, as where the flame comes in direct contact with the bottle, they are automatic fire-extinguishers, the heat breaking the bottle and releasing the gas. The advantages of these grenades appear to lie in their convenience, in the fact that they are always ready and cannot freeze, and that it requires no special skill to use them. The only objection to their use is in the fact that in the excitement of a fire they may be wasted by misdirected aim in throwing them at the fire, and the fact that in the majority of fires in dwellings the flame is in the wall, or in some corner where it cannot be reached by the grenade. However, their advantages are great. Another recent invention is intended to combine the advantages of the hand-pump and the grenade. This is a brass bucket with a tight cover, and fitted with a hand-pump, so that pail and pump are always together and in a convenient position for use. The bucket is to be filled with a liquid similar to that used in the grenades, and operating on the same principle. There are, besides these more important inventions, a number of minor tools and appliances for increasing the efficiency of the pumps, extinguishers, and grenades which will be found useful in home fire protective associations.

Charles Barnard.

The Book-Hunter.

A CUP of coffee, eggs, and rolls
Sustain him on his morning strolls:
Unconscious of the passers-by,
He trudges on with downcast eye;
He wears a queer old hat and coat,
Suggestive of a style remote;
His manner is preoccupied,—
A shambling gait, from side to side.
For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop
Is all in vain,—he does not stop.
His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves
Where musty volumes hide themselves,—
Rare prints of poetry and prose,
And quaintly lettered folios,—
Perchance a parchment manuscript,
In some forgotten corner slipped,
Or monk-illumined missal bound
In vellum with brass clasps around;
These are the pictured things that throng
His mind the while he walks along.

A dingy street, a cellar dim,
With book-lined walls, suffices him.
The dust is white upon his sleeves;
He turns the yellow, dog-eared leaves
With just the same religious look
That priests give to the Holy Book.
He does not heed the stifling air
If so he find a treasure there.
He knows rare books, like precious wines,
Are hidden where the sun ne'er shines;
For him delicious flavors dwell
In books as in old Muscatel;
He finds in features of the type
A clew to prove the grape was ripe.
And when he leaves this dismal place,
Behold, a smile lights up his face!
Upon his cheeks a genial glow,—
Within his hand Boccaccio,
A first edition worn with age,
"Firenze" on the title-page.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Heart and Head.

I LOVED her in the early spring,
When bluebirds mate and robins sing;
My heart cried haste! oh, speak! make haste!
My head made answer, haste is waste!

I dropped the corn, I sowed the wheat,
The summer came with blossoms sweet;
And all the time my heart cried haste,
And head made answer, haste is waste!

I stacked the grain, I sheared the sheep,
I reasoned that my love would keep;
My heart's loud cry of haste, oh, haste!
Was silenced still by haste makes waste!

The ground is covered o'er with snow,
Another wed her weeks ago!—
My mocking heart cries haste, make haste!
And mocking head, oh, haste makes waste!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

A Culprit.

THE maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: "Will you please explain
What your heads were doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

"When I think of your bringing-up — my care,
My scrupulous care — and it's come to this! you
Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a YOUNG MAN KISS you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!

"Are you going to tell me what he said,
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling,
So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
Don't go as if you were stifling!"

Her voice was shaken — of course, with fear:
"He said — he said, 'Will you have me, Jane?'
And I said I would. But indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

Appearances.

'TIS bes' to drop into de way o' lookin' into things;
Don't take a s'picious quarter tell you notis how it rings;
De wum dat bites de June apple will find a place to hide,
An' de one upon de backer-leaf will take de under side;
An' a water-milion in de patch dat seems to thump de bes'
May show de meanes' inside when it come to stan' de tes'.
You better not be buyin' all de handy things you cross,
Tell you find out sumfin' 'bout 'em an' diskiver what de cos'.
De April showers mighty often make de crab-grass grow;
De mornin'-glory's lubly, but it hides de cotton row;
De stump-tail dog dat he'ps you 'long by thinnin' out de rats
May spile de bizniss dreadful if he dribes away de cats;
De sparrer-grass won't do to eat dat sparkles wid de jew,
An' de fancy palin's on de fence may let de rabbit froo.

J. A. Macon.



THE FIRST BICYCLE IN REMUSVILLE.

"My King! ef dar ain't de berry ole Satan hisself, tail an' all, a-gwine about de kentry a-straddlin' of a buggy-wheel."



Helen Jackson
(H. H.)

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THE CITY OF TEHERÂN.

FIRST PAPER.

THE present capital of Persia owes its importance to the fact that it was made the seat of government by Shah Aga Mohammed, the founder of the dynasty of the Khajârs, about a hundred years ago. Teherân (the circumflex is used in this article, to mark the accents, in proper names) is an old city; it was called by Pietro de la Valle the city of plane trees; and its well-ordered bazaars had a wide repute in his time. But until it became the capital it could not be considered in any sense a rival of Ispahân or Shirâz, or other important and ancient cities of Persia. The monarchs of the Khajâr dynasty have been men of ability and enterprise, and their capital, from being a small, comparatively unknown town, has become one of the most flourishing and active cities in the East, with a growing population of nearly two hundred thousand souls. Although it possesses few such noble examples of ancient architecture as one finds at Ispahân, yet a sketch of Teherân will give one a very good idea of life in Persia, while its suburbs present most of the features peculiar to Persian scenery.

On approaching Teherân by way of Resht on the Caspian, one ascends upwards of six thousand feet; and on reaching the Kharzân Pass, it would seem that a corresponding descent would lead to the great plains of central Persia. But, on the contrary, the southern descent is but two thousand feet; this accomplished, the traveler finds himself on a vast plateau four thousand to five thousand feet above the sea level. Teherân consequently occupies a lofty position, while appearing to be on a plain of ordinary elevation stretching east, west, and south as far as the eye can see. This accounts for the ease with which in that region one gets short of breath with any unusual exertion, a difficulty which passes away after the lungs have become accustomed to an otherwise delightful atmosphere.

There could hardly be a greater contrast of scenery than that presented by the two sides of the pass above mentioned. On the north side, the mountains concentrate the moisture from the Caspian, and numerous streams descend to the sea. This abundance of humidity produces a vegetation almost tropical in variety and luxuriance. The road winds through primeval forests of extraordinary density and beauty. The venerable gnarled trunks are green with moss or embraced by the long tendrils of clambering vines. Often the emerald gloom of the forest is brightened by the vivid scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate gleaming like glints of light. Near the sea are noble lawns and vistas of green fields, old granges, thatched huts of the peasantry under superb masses of overarching foliage, and moist rice-fields where women wade bare-legged and regardless of veils. But in the forest lurk the panther and the tiger and the frequent and persistent mosquito; while the deadly miasma rises from the steaming rice-fields, there being few who are not wasted or destroyed by the all-pervading fever.

But as one begins to ascend the mountains he becomes aware that he is entering upon scenery of a different character—so different, indeed, that he seems to have passed into another hemisphere. The atmosphere is also entirely different. On the north side the damp heat causes the perspiration to start as if from a steam-bath; while the air on the ridge is dry, and although the temperature is even

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higher, the heat is far less relaxing. When, therefore, the excessive dryness of the Persian climate is mentioned, exception should always be made of the Caspian provinces of Gilân and Mazanderân, the air of which is quite the reverse of dry.

Probably no drier atmosphere than that of Teherân exists except in Sahara. But this, after the stranger becomes acclimatized, is favorable to pulmonary, nervous, and rheumatic complaints. The spring and autumn are exceedingly delightful; in summer the heat in the city ranges from ninety-five to one hundred and ten in the shade, but is endurable because of its dryness, provided caution is exercised against exposure to the direct rays of the sun. The Europeans and many of the Persians generally spend the summer in the numerous and attractive villages nine or ten miles from the city, fifteen hundred feet higher, on the talus of the Shimrân. During the day a brisk breeze from the south-west blows like a trade-wind, and at night a cool gentle wind from the mountains lowers the temperature an average of ten degrees Fahrenheit. In the Shimrân the temperature ranges in summer from seventy-two to ninety degrees, rarely reaching the latter figure.

The Shimrân is a part of the great Elburz chain which extends from the Caucasus to Merv. Shimrân or Shim-Irân means the Light of Persia. Gradually ascending directly from the walls of Teherân, the range at a distance of only ten miles soars with sudden precipitousness to the enormous height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. During the whole summer snow is seen on the summit, while in winter it is clothed with a dense mantle of ermine to the plains. Nothing more magnificent in the way of mountain scenery could be imagined. From every part of the city, as I write, the glittering ridge of the Shimrân is seen above the house-tops, or forming a magnificent background at the end of the streets leading north and south. In summer these mountains are, it is true, nearly destitute of vegetation, but the grandeur of the rock formations and their varied color fully compensate for the absence of verdure.

North-east from Teherân, about forty miles distant, is another feature of the landscape which, when it has been once seen, can never be forgotten. I certainly shall always remember the moment when, on my way from Casbeen and yet ten miles from Teherân, we turned a sharp corner in the road, and the mighty peak of Demavênd burst on my view



A STREET IN TEHERÂN, NEAR THE PALACE.

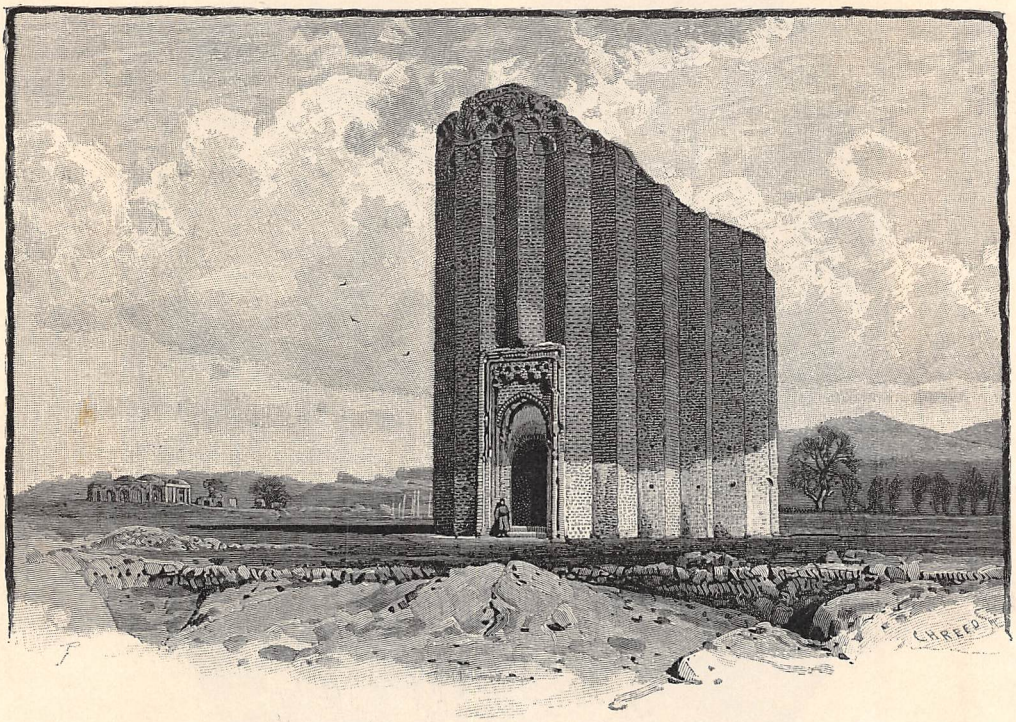


THE SHAH, NUSR-ED-DEEN.

for the first time. Although still so distant, it produced an overpowering impression of solitude and sublimity. The height of Demavênd by barometrical pressure, has been variously estimated by the few adventurers who have reached the summit; the most recent and the most reliable calculations agree in placing it at nineteen thousand six hundred, to twenty-one thousand feet above the level of the sea. The form of the peak is very nearly pyramidal, with the extraordinary average inclination of thirty-six to thirty-eight degrees. Soaring, as it does, nearly ten thousand feet above any mountains in the immediate vicinity, it is invested with a spirit of regal isolation. The peak springs out of a vast winding crater two thousand feet deep and of great extent, called the Valley of the Lar. I visited this tremendous scene of desolation in summer, scaling the Aftcha Pass, thirteen thousand feet high. The Lar River, which winds through the valley, is well supplied with fine trout, many of which festooned my tent-pole and sated appetites made keen by the mountain air.

The mountains make a curve to the south-west of Teherân, terminating in a rocky ridge two thousand feet high. Around the base of this ridge is the site of the ancient city of Rhages, reputed to have had a million inhabitants in the time of Darius. In later ages the city was called Rheï, although by modern Per-

sians still known as Rhazee.* Rhages is mentioned several times in the Book of Tobit. The abundance of salmon in the Persian rivers north of the Elburz, and the facility with which they are brought to Teherân, packed in ice, seem to suggest that the fish mentioned in the Book of Tobit, in connection with the city of Rhages, belonged to that species. It is, however, singular that so little is said about this great city by ancient writers. It has not even separate mention in classical dictionaries. Yet Rheï was the capital of the Arsacidæ or Parthian dynasty, and later, in the twelfth century, of the celebrated Alp Arslân. The city was captured and destroyed in the thirteenth century by Hulagu, the Mogul.† The ruins of Rheï are still found at intervals of considerable space, including a number of dilapidated towers. The peasants have picked up coins, gold necklaces, and bracelets there. But no regular exploration has been made, although, if the Government were willing to grant permission, there can be little question that valuable discoveries would reward the intelligent explorer.



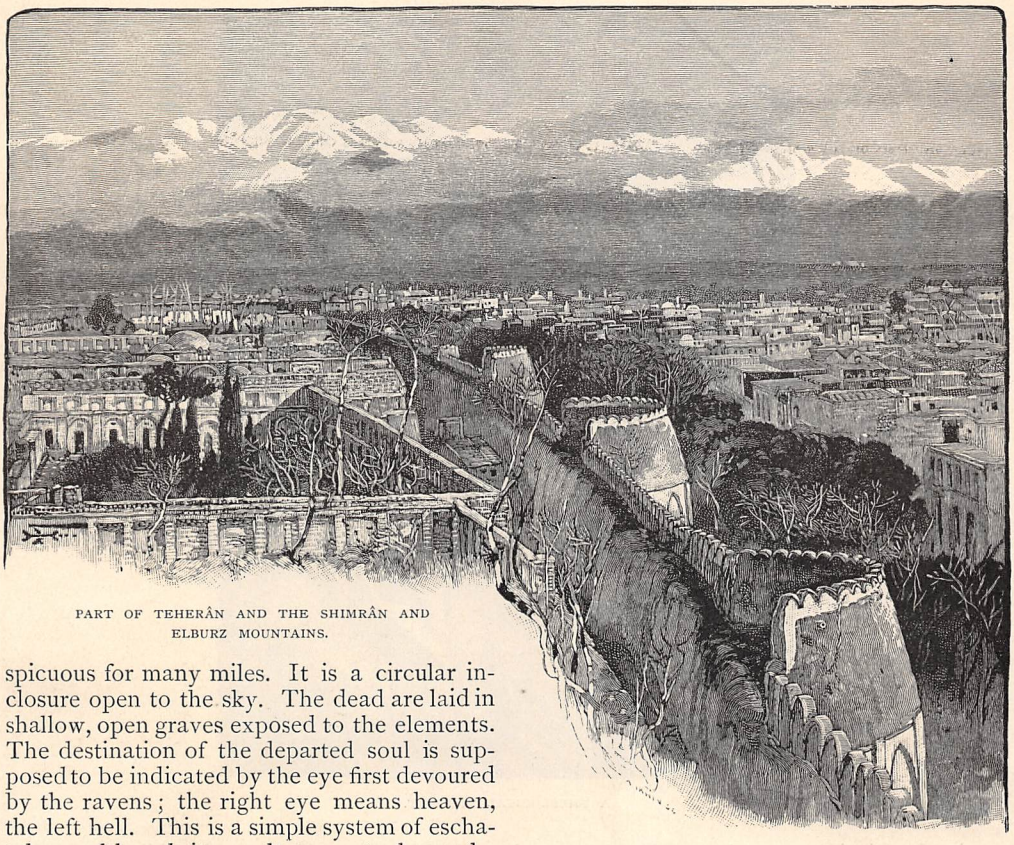
RUINED TOWER AT RHEÏ, NEAR TEHERÂN.

On a ledge overlooking the site of Rheï is the Parsee cemetery of Teherân, a white spot on the purple side of the bare mountain con-

* It must be admitted that Rawlinson inclines to the theory that Rhages stood, not at Rheï, but on the site of the city whose ruins are near the village of Shahr-i-Veramîn, in the district of Veramîn, about thirty miles south-east of Teherân. The basis of this opinion appears to be the statement of Arrian as to the distance from Rhages to the defile called Pylæ Caspiæ. But here Rawlinson and others who accept his conclusions must concede that their argument is possibly a begging of the question; for the exact position of the Pylæ Caspiæ is yet far from being a settled question. On the other hand, a personal observation of Veramîn leads me to see nothing in the style and character of the antiquities at that place to indicate that they antedate the mausoleum or brick tower of Rheï, of which an engraving accompanies this article. While the widely spread ruins of Rheï thus suggest the former existence of a much larger city than we are led to infer stood at Veramîn, it is also an important point that the general traditions of the Persians themselves are altogether in favor of Rheï.

†Naizmudîn, a Mohammedan author who was a native of Rheï and escaped with his life at the great destruction of that city by the Moguls, says: "Could there well be worse slaughter than there was in Rheï, where I, wretched that I am, was born and bred, and where the whole population of five hundred thousand souls was either butchered or carried into slavery?"

We who live in the present more favored age and more favored lands, find it difficult to realize the enormous crimes of history; so astounding are they that we pass them over without consideration, for the imagination fails to grasp their horrible details.

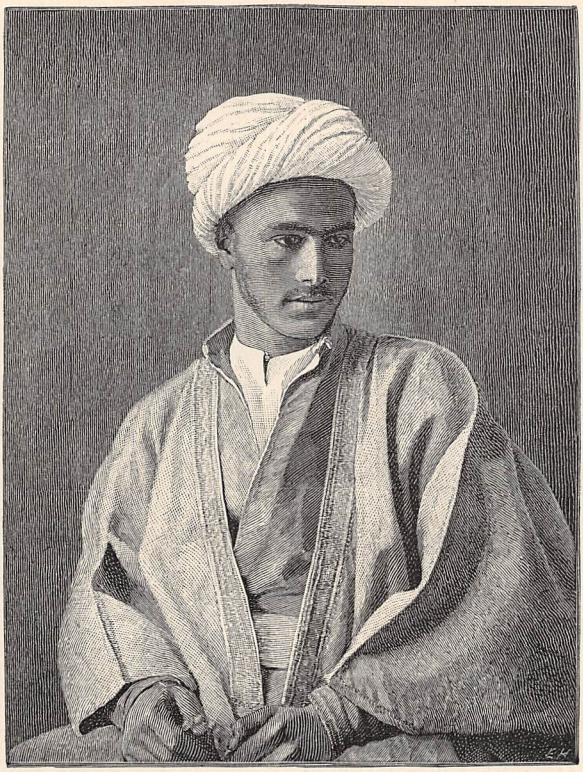


PART OF TEHERÂN AND THE SHIMRÂN AND ELBURZ MOUNTAINS.

spicuous for many miles. It is a circular inclosure open to the sky. The dead are laid in shallow, open graves exposed to the elements. The destination of the departed soul is supposed to be indicated by the eye first devoured by the ravens; the right eye means heaven, the left hell. This is a simple system of eschatology, although its results cannot always be satisfactory to the friends of the departed. Six miles from Teherân, and near the site of Rheï, is the celebrated shrine of Shah Abdûl Azeem, a famous saint of the Sheäh profession. The Turks are Sunnees, but the Persians are Sheäns, deeming the Holy Husseïn, the son of Alee, to have been the true heir to the caliphate. But the Holy Husseïn and his sons were slain by the caliph accepted by the Sunnees; hence an irreconcilable feud between the two sects. The Persians are a brilliant, intellectual race, vivacious, much given to lively conversation, speculation, and even religious skepticism. There are, doubtless, numerous intellectual Persian gentlemen who accept some form of Sufeism. The Babs or followers of the Bab, who founded a species of Mohammedan Pantheism, are also numerous, notwithstanding the fact that in public they practice the rites of Mohammedanism. But the Mollahs or hierarchy consider, from their point of view, that a theocratic government must depend largely for perpetuation on the outward profession at least of the doctrines that gave it birth. The Mollahs are thoroughly organized, and are strengthened by a strong *esprit de corps*. No one dares openly to defy their authority. Believers and unbelievers are therefore united in devoting the Sunnees to the bad place. Their religious festivals come often enough to afford relaxation in making pilgrimages to the numerous shrines of the saints, into which as well as into the mosques no Christian can enter without risking his life. Meshêd enjoys great celebrity as a shrine, for there lies buried Imâm Rhezâh, one of the twelve holy Imâms who descended from Alee and Fathimêh. Koom is another resort of great sanctity, for, besides containing the bodies of several hundred saints, the mother of the Prophet is reputed to be enshrined in its holiest sanctuary.

But there is no sacred resort in Persia more celebrated than that of Shah Abdûl Azeem, which is so conveniently situated near the capital that, at a moderate estimate, it is visited annually by three hundred thousand pilgrims from Teherân alone. The gilded dome over the tomb of the saint may be seen for a great distance glittering like a star over the plain.

Here, then, surrounded by such scenes of natural, historic, and ethnic interest, lies the capital of Persia. But the city of Teherân

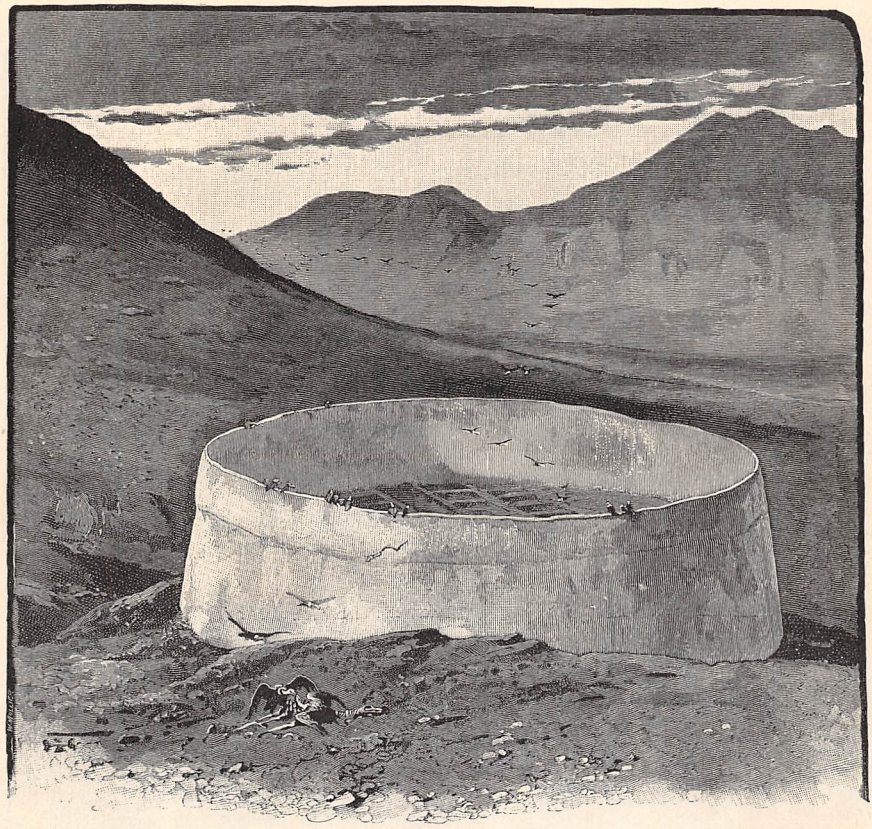


A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

merits description not only for the charms of its environments, but likewise for its own special attractions. It was formerly surrounded by battlemented walls, but as the city has developed and spread in every direction the old walls have been razed. Earthworks, supplied with a deep fosse and laid out after the modern system of city defenses, are now thrown around the entire circumference of Teherân, at a sufficient distance to allow space for the expansion of the population. Numerous avenues lead out of the city to the roads of Casbeen, Hamadân, Shimrân, Yusufabâd, Doshantepê, and elsewhere. A magnificent gateway has been erected where each of these roads enters the city. While they are alike in general style, each has a character of its own. A description of the gate of Shimrân will give one an idea of the later Persian system of constructive decoration, which began soon after the Saracenic invasion, and probably reached its culmination in the time of Shah Abbas, although arriving early at a high degree of excellence.

Whatever relates to Persian art is of importance, for no nation has ever borrowed so little from others in the arts, or lent so many architectural and decorative ideas to other schools. The ancient Greeks had the double capacity to borrow art ideas from Egypt and Persia, and to adapt them to the materials and needs of their own climate and religion. The Arabs in Spain and Portugal, when they sought to beautify the Peninsula with admirable constructions, invited Persian artists to found there what is called Saracenic architecture. The results affected in hardly less degree the Christian architecture of those and the neighboring countries. One has but to reside a few months in Persia to find on every hand the germs of the Saracenic school, and the types of forms reproduced under other conditions elsewhere. Like all true architecture, that of Persia has always been constructive, combining at once use, adaptation to the materials at hand, and a harmonious blending of form and color. The principal features of the Persian Saracenic are the arch, glazed bricks or tiles of various colors, elegant designs in mosaic composed of small bits of glazed brick, and stucco-work. The Gate of Shimrân is a lofty central arch, supported by deep arched niches on either side and smaller ones above. The effect of what might perhaps seem a heavy design is lightened

by graceful turrets or pinnacles rising from the roof. The entire fabric is incrusted by an outer layer of orange-yellow, black, and azure bricks, highly glazed and arranged in elegant geometric designs. Over the main



PARSEE CEMETERY, NEAR TEHERÂN.

arch is a colossal mosaic painting, including many colors, which represents Rustêm, the Achilles of Persian legend, mounted on a rearing steed and armed with a coat of mail, engaged in a fierce conflict with his enemies.

But of the many city gates of Teherân, the handsomest is probably the large one before the ark or citadel on the north. It faces the great square of the Department of War, which is in itself a handsome and imposing inclosure. In the center is an octagonal marble tank one hundred and fifty feet long and always full to the brim. At each corner of the basin an enormous cannon is mounted on a platform. The four sides of the square are taken up with barracks and government offices, in two uniform stories, constructed with graceful arches, and including on the east side a handsome balcony supported by light pillars and faced with mosaics of glazed tiles. This square is entered through six stately gates; the two on the south side lead one to the *anderoon*, or woman's quarter of the palace, and the other to the palace itself, the foreign office, and the quarters of the Naïb Sultanêh, or Minister of War, who is the third son of the Shah. The latter gate I have already alluded to. It is probably seventy feet high. Above the central gate the wall is pierced by a smaller arch, protected by a balustrade. Above fly the colors of Persia — the Lion and the Sun on a green ground. At sunrise and at sunset a band of musicians collect in this lofty gallery with horns, cymbals, and kettle-drums, and hail the hour with nondescript music such as Beethoven and Mozart never dreamed of. It is curious that, notwithstanding the highly cultivated artistic sense of the Persians, they have no better notion of the harmonies of sound. This does not appear to be for lack of a musical ear, for their stringed instruments are capable of fine expression, and the military bands instructed by Europeans, I am informed, very soon seize the *motif* of European music. At the diplomatic dinner given

by the Naib Sultanêh on the eve of the birthday of the Shah in 1884, the various national tunes, including "The Star-Spangled Banner," were played with spirit and effect.

The architectural decorations already described are not confined to the public buildings

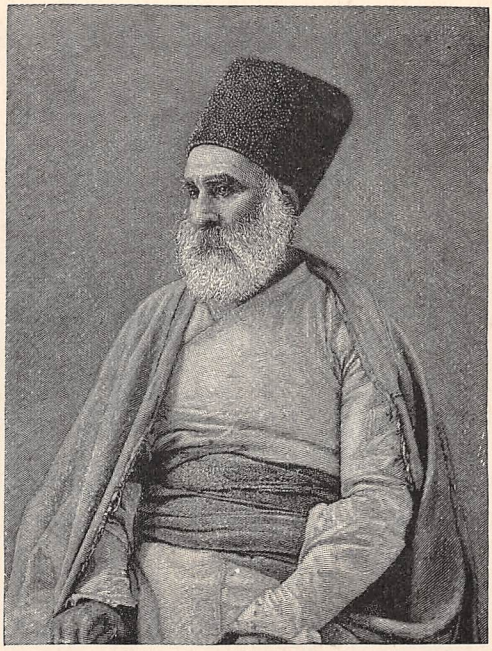


PILGRIMS AT THE SHRINE OF SHAH ABAB ABDÛL, NEAR TEHERÂN.

of Teherân. At every turn one discovers the love of beauty inherent in the national character. The arched doorways of the shops are decorated with a mosaic of glazed tiles or bricks, or with the peculiar honeycomb work so notable at the Alhambra. This is done in stucco, often colored and gilded, sometimes in a rude but always a thoroughly effective style. The entrances to the houses are generally ornamented in this manner, and are formed by the recession of the street wall in a semicircle, furnished with seats and niches and roofed by an arch. Above is a *balâhanê*, or lodge, provided with curtains and perhaps stained-glass windows. Strange to say, the street entrance itself is a low, square, modest door, simply relieved by heavy knockers of figured iron or brass. Through this unimposing entrance one passes into a darksome passage, which but little suggests the spacious and attractive court to which it leads. The court is paved, but laid out in the center with trees and shrubbery around a tank stocked with gold-fish. If the house belongs to a man of position, the first court is surrounded by the servants' rooms, offices, and stables. This, however, does not prevent the walls from being abundantly decorated with *gatch*, or stucco-work. Thence

we proceed to the chief court, which is rendered attractive by a wild luxuriance of foliage and flowers. Here is the main dwelling, as entirely secluded as if in the heart of a wilderness instead of a large city. Sometimes this building is of two stories; in general, however, it is only one lofty story in height. The first glance at the windows reveals the fact that the Persian architects are masters of the secret of successful decorative architecture. They appreciate the importance of massing the effect instead of scattering it by meaningless details, as in most Renaissance and all modern European and American architecture. It does not matter how exuberant the decoration may be, provided it is as far as possible constructive and relieved by simple lines and comparatively blank spaces. Thus only can repose, so essential in art, be obtained. The Greeks understood this. Study the Parthenon as the finest example extant of this principle; study also the façade of the Cathedral of Chartres as an example in Gothic architecture; and compare these with the new Houses of Parliament in London.

However Persian art may at the present day be inferior in grandeur to that of the Achæmenidæ, the Sassanidæ, and the Sefavees, the same love of beauty, the same fine artistic sense continue to inspire even the most ordinary workman. What implements they used in ancient times we know not; but to-day the Persian artisan has neither rule, compass, nor spirit-level. He is commonly ignorant of the fact that the diameter is the third of the circumference; his gimlets and augers are prods turned by a bowstring; he has no hatchet, but only an adze, and no carpenter's bench. If he desires to plane a board, he puts it on the ground; and if he would saw a block of wood, he squats on the ground himself and holds it between his toes, drawing the saw towards himself. Wood is scarce, and with such tools hard to work. If pillars are to be constructed, the trunks of poplars are raised and simply stripped of their branches and bark. They may be crooked, but that matters not; the master workman tells his subordinate to shape the timber into an elegant pillar with *gatch*. Depending only on his eye and the skill of his hand, this simple artisan applies the plaster round the trunk in the form of a fluted pillar and crowns it with a graceful capital and cornice, showing a lively inventive fancy. If judged by the strict application of rule and compass, these decorations may sometimes deviate slightly from a straight line, but of the artistic beauty of the conception there can be no question. Walls and ceilings are tastefully decorated in like manner.

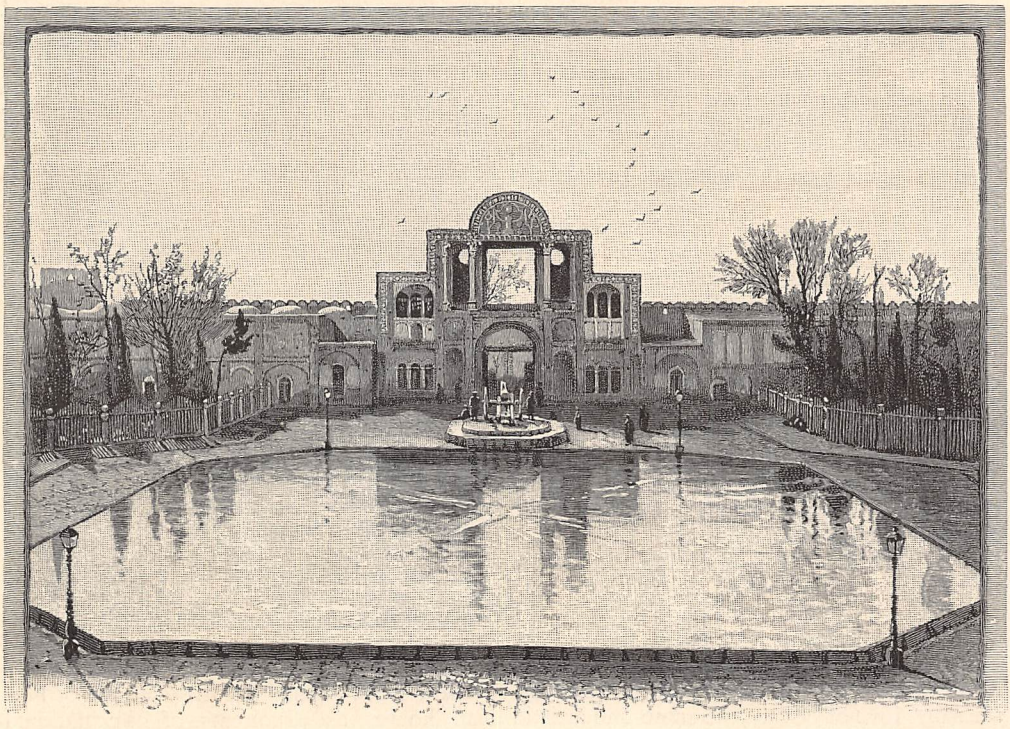


A GUEBRE OR PARSEE.

Now I have spoken of the windows of Persian houses as exponents of the national taste. Instead of piercing the wall of each apartment with several square, decorative apertures, the architect of Teherân groups all in one large square central window reaching from floor to ceiling. This is again divided by mullions into three or four spaces. The sashes are filled with small square or diamond-shaped panes of stained glass. Both the exterior and interior effect is very agreeable, while in warm weather the entire side of the apartment can be thrown open like a piazza by raising the sashes.

The larger apartments are often divided by partitions of sashes and mullions similar to the windows. In winter the rooms can be thus reduced in size, while in summer a current of air circulates everywhere, aided by picturesque wind-towers or shafts on the roof called *badgêr*. The doors are closed by superb portières, and the floor, which is invariably of earth beaten hard, is covered with a matting overlaid with rugs and carpetings. Latterly the Persian gentleman of Teherân, when receiving Europeans, has learned to offer them chairs; but when by themselves the Persians always sit on the floor, resting on their heels, but with cushions behind them. This posture must be acquired in childhood to be endurable.

Adjoining this court is the anderoon, or house devoted to the feminine portion of the family. It has a court of its own, and is as sacred from the impertinent eyes of men as if

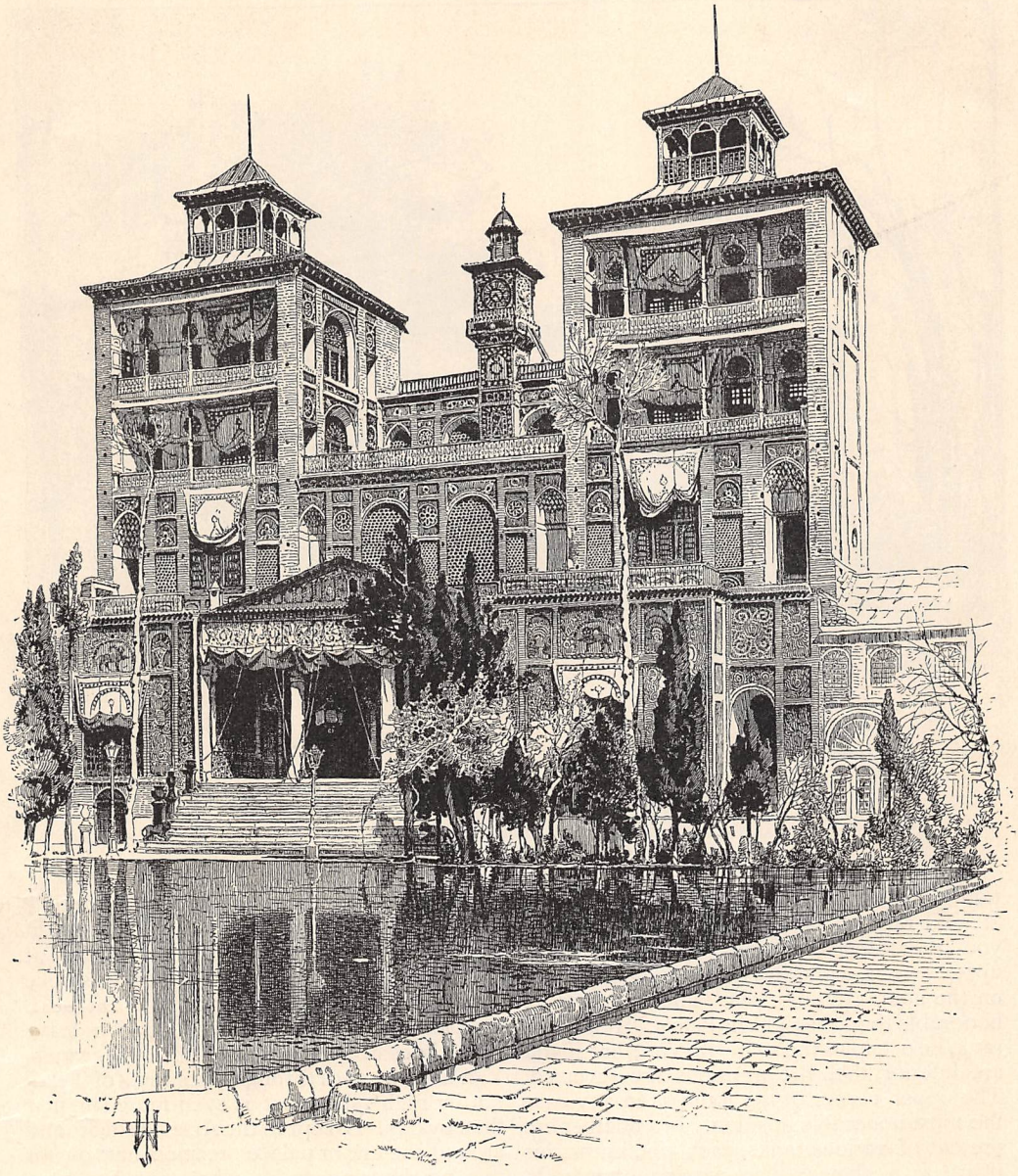


GATE BETWEEN THE SQUARE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF WAR AND THE CITADEL.

it were a convent. The master of the house alone has access to the anderoon. And when he is there no one must disturb him; neither may one open a window overlooking any part of such an establishment.

After what has been said of the charms of a dwelling in Teherân, it may be a surprise to learn that even the most costly mansions are constructed of sun-dried bricks and that the flat roofs are of mud. But in a climate like this these bricks are very durable. Some of the towers of Rheï, still standing after twelve centuries, are of this seemingly perishable material. Lightness combined with strength is often gained in Persia by building a wall of square sun-dried bricks, ingeniously arranged in hollow cubes as in a block-house. They are cemented together by a layer of *cargel*, or mortar mixed with straw, over which, in turn, follows a coat of white plaster. Where great strength is required the angles are fortified by a layer of burnt bricks. Such a wall will stand for ages. It is interesting to watch the builders at work. They wear long tunics, which are tucked into their girdles when working, displaying a length and muscular development of limb I have never seen equaled elsewhere. The one above sings out in musical tone, "Brother, in the name of God, toss me a brick." The one below, as he throws the brick, sings in reply, "O my brother (or, O son of my uncle), in the name of God, behold a brick."

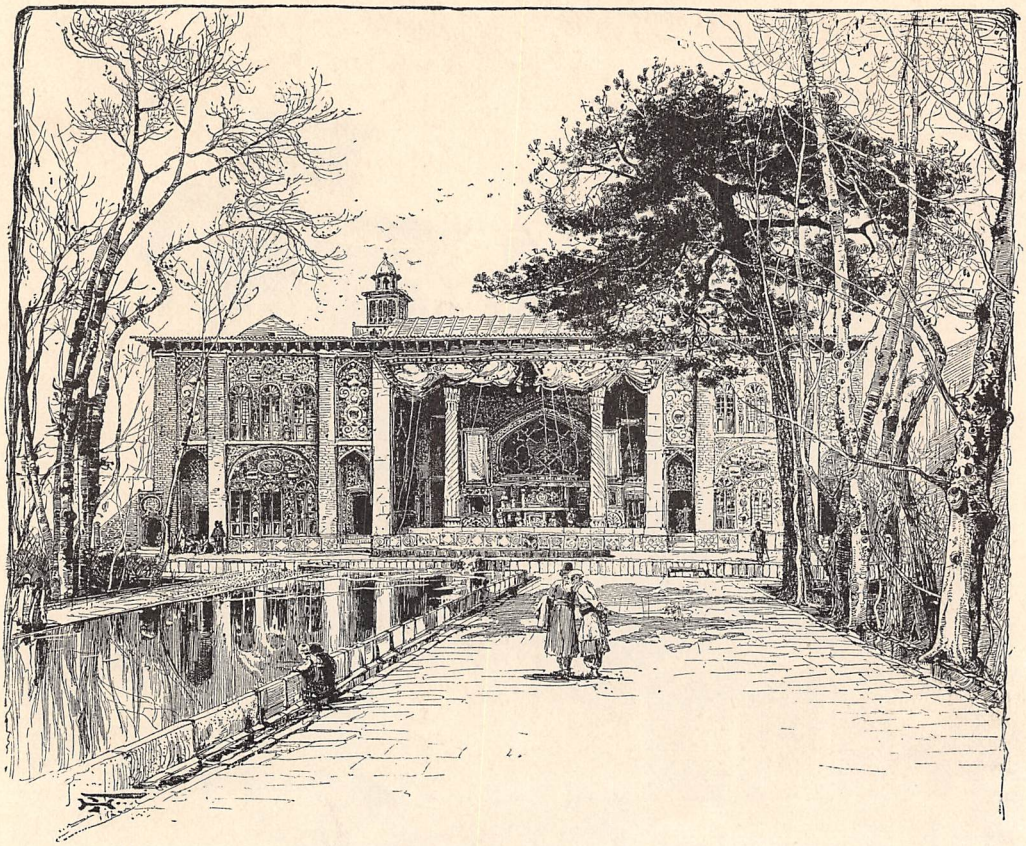
Less can be said, however, in favor of the roofs of mud. The only reason why they should be used is the rarity and costliness of wood in central Persia; perhaps, also, because a roof of great density better protects the house from the long, penetrating heat of summer. In that temperature also lies the safety of these roofs. Heavy undressed timbers are laid across the walls. Over these comes the lathing. In the better houses square, broad burnt bricks are laid on the lathing and over these a layer of mud ten to twelve inches thick; but generally the bricks are dispensed with. During the summer such a roof becomes very hard, and when the surface is made slightly inclined to allow the water to run off, long and heavy rains are required to penetrate it. After the wet season the surface is rolled again for the next winter. With these precautions such roofs last a long time in Persia. But there comes a time with most of them when a little seam appears in the ceiling; then follows a trickling stream, and the occupants, thus warned, remove the furniture without delay to the adjoining apartment. If the rain continues, the ceiling falls in. Occasionally one hears of fatal accidents or very narrow escapes from falling roofs in



PAVILION OF THE ANDEROON, OR WOMEN'S APARTMENT, ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN.

Teherân, but accidents may generally be avoided by proper precaution.

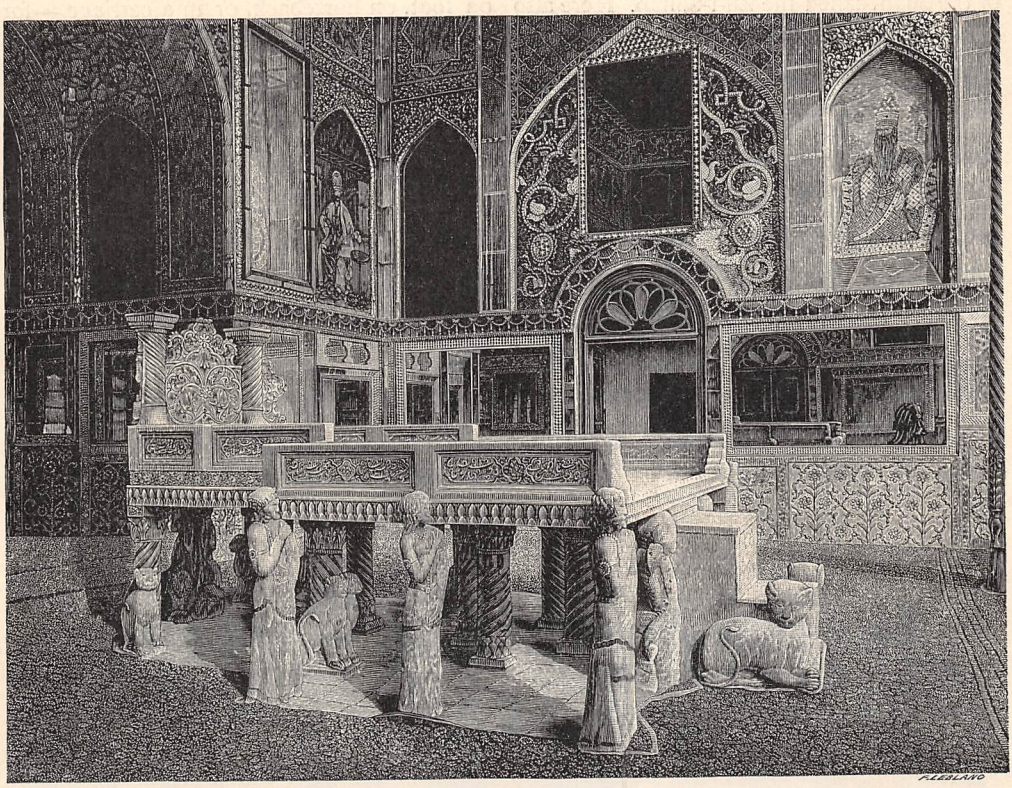
The manners of the courtly occupant of this Teherân mansion are guided by an etiquette that is indeed "a law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not." The visitor sends notice an hour or two previous to calling. If the visit is one of importance, notice is sent the previous day. You will go in a fashion suited to your social position and the rank of the host. Whether on horseback or in a carriage, you will be accompanied by a number of mounted attendants. As you approach the house, servants, mounted or on foot, come forth to meet you, and one returns with speed to announce your coming. A dozen attendants escort you to the reception-room. According to your relative rank, the host meets you at the foot of the staircase, at the door, or at the upper part of the room. The question of seats is one also requiring the utmost circumspec-



PAVILION OF THE ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN, WHERE THE SHAH HOLDS A GRAND RECEPTION AT THE NO ROOZ OR PERSIAN NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

tion in observing the various shades of rank. If your rank is superior to that of the host, you are invited to occupy a sofa alone, at the upper corner, while the host sits on a chair or on the floor at your right. The left is more honorable than the right in Persia. If of equal rank, he occupies the sofa with you; but if you are inferior, then the positions are reversed. The upper corner of the room is in any case the most honorable position. If a number are present of various ranks, each one knows his place at a glance. The passing of refreshments is also a matter of undeviating strictness, the number and quality depending upon the time of day and the character of the guest. The *kaliân*, or water pipe, offers a fine opportunity for a display of Persian manners. According to precept and custom, a Mohammedan cannot smoke the same pipe with a Christian, and, except on rare occasions when the host is a man of progressive views, a separate pipe is furnished for a European visitor. But among Persians it is the custom for the highest in rank to receive the pipe first, offering it to each in turn before smoking himself. For an inferior to accept the offer is an incredible offense against good manners. But each in turn after this ceremony takes a few whiffs at the pipe, all taking care to eject the smoke from the bowl before offering it to the next. The attendants on such an occasion leave their shoes at the door and retire backwards.

When one goes through the streets of Teherân by night, the effect is even more singular than by day. Except in the Arsenal square and around the ark or palace precincts and one or two neighboring streets, where gas has been introduced and recently also the electric light, darkness reigns in Teherân after twilight; no one goes abroad without a lantern, while the rank of a gentleman is indicated by the number and size of the lanterns carried before him. Often the brass top and bottom of these lanterns are wrought in cunning designs, displaying to advantage the rich fancy and skillful handiwork in metals for which Persia has been and continues to be justly famous. An efficient police force organized by the Count of Monteforte keeps the streets sufficiently quiet and secure, but there is one danger which one is



MARBLE THRONE WITH GILDED CARVINGS IN THE PALACE, TEHERÂN.
PORTRAIT OF FETH ALI SHAH, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT SHAH, IN THE PANEL ON THE RIGHT.

liable to encounter in the streets of Teherân; I refer to the openings over the *connaughts* or watercourses. It is inexplicable, the indifference shown regarding these traps, into which many an unwary victim falls, often with loss of life, sometimes, indeed, dropping in an instant into oblivion.

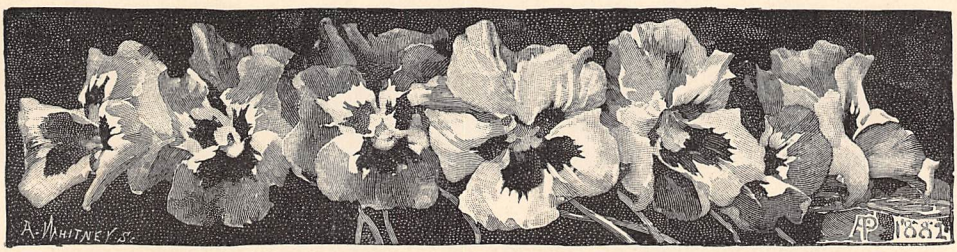
The system of supplying Teherân and other Persian cities with water is remarkable and probably unique. There is scarcely a civilized country so poorly supplied by nature with wood and water as Persia south of the Elburz. During the short winter there is some rain and snow, upon which are dependent the crops of the neighboring district of Veramîn, the granary of Teherân; but the remainder of the year there is absolutely no rain, except on the extreme mountain-tops. The question naturally arises, how are the cities to be supplied with water, for it cannot always be obtained by digging wells that are necessarily of great depth. But the snow and rain on the mountains feed the streams dashing down the precipices or the springs near their base. These streams and springs are tapped and conducted to the city by subterranean aqueducts called connaughts. In order to carry these ducts in a straight direction, shafts are dug at intervals of thirty to eighty yards. The earth thrown out of the shaft forms a hillock which is allowed to remain. Thus the landscape is marked by many hundreds of these elevations resembling ant-hills. The mouth of the shaft is left uncovered, and hunters or travelers by night must take good care not to fall in. The water thus obtained is naturally expensive, and each person pays a proportionate sum per month for the supply for his garden or household. Teherân is provided with no less than thirty of these aqueducts, excavated at immense cost and labor.

The city of Teherân properly consists of the old part, and the new called the European quarter. In the latter are the English, French, Turkish, and United States legations. The Austrian, German, and Russian legations are in the old quarter. The number of Europeans in Teherân is about three hundred, but they probably constitute not one-fortieth of the population of the European quarter, in which many Persians of wealth and station have elegant gardens and residences, among which may be mentioned the extensive and beautiful gardens of the Mohper-ed-Doülêh, or Minister of Mines and Telegraphs, and of the Prince Governor of Ispahân, the oldest son

of the Shah, called the Zil-i-Sultân. Here also are two spacious gardens of the Shah, and the new public garden. The former, for the benefit of the public, are inclosed by a fence instead of a lofty wall, and the latter is open to all and commands a noble prospect over the Shimrân and Mount Demavênd. The broad streets of this quarter are lined with shade trees. The main avenues run north and south, and towards evening the Persians enjoy strolling there and gazing upon the ridge of the Shimrân, roseate in the light of the setting sun.

But in the old quarter, occupied by over one hundred thousand people, the streets are generally narrow and tortuous, relieved at intervals, however, by squares beautified in the center by vast tanks and picturesque clusters of mulberry-trees and *chevârs*. Here, also, are the covered bazaars, considered to be the most interesting and complete in Persia. In threading these streets and bazaars, whether on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage,—for there are over five hundred European carriages in Teherân,—one sees the advantage of having attendants to clear the way. Without them it would be very difficult to proceed, as there are no sidewalks, and the way is often blocked by a motley throng of veiled women, beggars, porters, fruit-venders, donkeys, horses, and camels. These attendants use no ceremony in jostling every obstacle out of the way, laying the lash on man and beast alike, and bestowing various epithets, of which the most common is, "O son of a burnt father!" From time to time a grave, handsome, heavily bearded and turbaned priest, mounted on a donkey or mule, gives a wonderfully ancient and oriental aspect to the scene, as he moves with immense dignity through the surging throng, followed by mounted attendants bearing his saddle-bags and kalián.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



SAINT ELIZABETH.

SAINT ELIZABETH, laden with bread,
Seeks her people sore bestead
With hunger heavy and long.
Home rode Louis with jest and song:
"What bearest thou, Elizabeth?
Hast thou no courtier left,
Of knights art thou bereft?
Nay, blush not, my sweet love;
Nay, tremble not, my dove,
Unfold thy robe that I may see
What thou dost bear so secretly."

With sweetest shame and cheeks of red,
Forth she showed her stores of bread.
Lo! nought his eyes doth greet
But rarest flowers full meet
For hands and brow so sweet.
"Ah, fair saint, ah, sweet love,
Mine eyes can see the Dove
Alight on thy fair golden head,
Turning thy bloom again to bread."

T. T. Munger.

A CHILD OF THE AGE.

I.

HE was a *mauvais sujet;* at all events that is what they called him—a bad lot. He grew so accustomed to the epithet that he ceased to resent it. Very likely there was something wrong about him, a natural perversity, a rebellious and undisciplined spirit. He could climb like a squirrel and swim like a seal; but those were not accomplishments which were highly appreciated in his home. Every Greek verb he had learned had been accentuated upon his back with a horrible bamboo cane; and yet he was far from being an expert on accents. He hated Greek with an intense and refreshing hatred; and he could express himself on the subject with an ardor and emphasis which showed linguistic powers of no mean order. Had he not been an only son, and a very handsome one at that, he would have been shipped to sea before he was fourteen years old; but a gentleman of position and wealth cannot afford to have it known that he has disposed of an only son in that fashion. And it was this consideration rather than any parental tenderness which induced Judge Gamborg to persevere in his discipline a few years longer, just to see what it might lead to. He had not much hope, it is true, that the result would be anything to boast of; but then he did not demand much. He had long ceased to be ambitious for his son. If the lad would only *look* like a gentleman, it would be something by way of encouragement. The Judge would sometimes, in a mood of humorous despair, offer a premium of twelve cents for every day that Harold staid combed, clean, and with skin and clothes in proper repair. When, at the end of such a day, the boy received the little silver piece with the head of King Oscar I., he would pocket it triumphantly, yet with the reflection that it was hard-earned money. The success of these experiments sometimes would make the Judge sanguine, and he would indulge the hope that perhaps Harold might, in time, be able to enter the University, and become a respectable man. The wildest colts, they say, sometimes make the best horses; and if the degree of wildness were to indicate the measure of future excellence, Harold would be a wonderful man indeed. He would stop at nothing short of the premiership. From his earliest boyhood he had shown that he felt at home in exalted positions. His favorite haunts were roofs, glaciers, and mountain-tops. Often he would sit astride the roof-tree of the house, singing or shouting against the wind, while his hair was blown wildly about his head, and the starlings and swallows, whose nests were under the gable, flew screaming about his ears. Then he laughed and was glad. On the glacier which was but a few miles from his father's house, he leaped and climbed like a goat from ledge to ledge, thrusting his steel-spiked boots into the ice, and reveling in the excitement and danger. The whippings with which he expiated these unlawful expeditions, he regarded as, on the whole, a fair price which he paid for the sport; and they never discouraged him from repeating the offense. In the world, as he knew it, the bamboo cane belonged to the normal order of things, and was to be accepted, along with other ills, with manly stoicism.

It was a miracle that he grew up; if he had come to an untimely end, his mother and his sister Catherine would have shed some decent tears, perhaps, but would have comforted themselves with the reflection that it was only what might have been expected. In fact, there was no one who would not have been resigned to any calamity which would have removed him to a distance where he would cease to be a source of trouble. But there is no relying upon calamities, and they never come to those who at heart would welcome them, though tearfully. But when the boy one day, having secured a box of cartridges, arranged them in geometrical figures in his mother's cane-seat chair, and Mrs. Gamborg unsuspectingly took her dinner seated upon this formidable battery, then the Judge was thoroughly aroused, whipped the boy, and sent him away to school. There was no possible danger connected with that cartridge experiment, but the idea was yet so terrible to Mrs. Gamborg that she fainted dead away, and when she came to refused to say a word in the boy's favor. So away he went, and when, at the age of eighteen, he came back, he had actually entered the University. There was great rejoicing that summer over the returned prodigal, and the fatted calf was not spared. But when the festivities were over, the family found to their dismay that Harold's transformation was less complete than they had supposed. He had brought home all sorts of strange and wicked notions, and not even a

regard for his mother's weak nerves would restrain him from uttering them. He walked to and fro on the floor with his father by the hour, disputing with him, and contradicting the old gentleman with an audacity which made the ladies open their eyes wide in amazement. And the Judge was at times himself so overcome that he had to sit down and be fanned while Catherine ran for a glass of water. It was shocking, incredibly shocking, to be told in his own house that any common peasant or laborer had the same right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as himself — Judge Ralph Thorwald Gamborg! That the French Revolution was not the work of the devil, but a just uprising against tyranny, a legitimate result of a deplorable condition! That it might become the duty of a good citizen to oppose with his vote and influence His Majesty the King, when he went wrong! Were such heresies ever before uttered in a respectable house? They were far worse than that gunpowder plot which might, if it had not been for the miraculous interposition of the Lord, have launched Mrs. Gamborg prematurely into eternity. But what could you expect of a boy who at fourteen could thus wantonly imperil his mother's life? No, there was no denying it; he was a *mauvais sujet* — a bad lot.

There was a singular unanimity in the family respecting this point. A man who could believe and unblushingly assert that at a pinch, a Methodist might possibly be saved, and perhaps even a Mohammedan,— what could he be but an abandoned wretch? For, in Norway, it is well known that it is only Lutherans who are saved, because all respectability is Lutheran. But in spite of his determination never to engage in another dispute with such a wicked man, the Judge could never refrain from throwing down the gauntlet to his son at the dinner-table; and when his arguments (on the irrefutability of which he had privately prided himself) were ruthlessly demolished, he would jump up and pace the floor with excited gestures and at last sink down exhausted in a sofa, while the women with anxious faces fanned him and gave him brandy and consulted in whispers about the propriety of sending for the doctor. The glances which on such occasions they sent Harold over their shoulders were by no means pleasant, and the contemptuous imperturbability with which he received them only deepened their conviction regarding his inherent depravity. A man who would not abandon his wicked sentiments, even though he saw that they made his father ill, must be bereft of every vestige of human feeling.

It was one evening after such a dispute that he went roaming discontentedly along the beach; his restless spirit chafed against its bars, and he looked with defiant longing toward the mountain-tops behind which the great wide world spread out so gloriously. There was a soft summer twilight diffused beneath the sky, but the western horizon was still bright and the forest traced a black jagged line against the afterglow of the sunset. The surf was high, and the thunder of its retreat went rumbling through the rocky caverns with a mighty roar. He stood still for a long time and listened; along the whole line of the coast this tremendous cannonading was at this moment going on. The thought somehow soothed him; he sat down upon a stone and leaned his head upon his hands; it was Nature's tumultuous lullaby to his grief; all cares seemed evanescent in the presence of this mighty voice. And yet of what avail was it to persevere in a struggle which brought suffering, ever renewed; and joy to no one? Was there any duty which could bind a man to a life which thus daily crippled his growth and paralyzed his energy? No, he would rebel; he would break his chains, he would defy heaven itself rather than submit to this gradual smothering in reproachful kindness, this silent condemnation on one side and outspoken tyranny on the other. A pair of cormorants were fighting with harsh screams on the ledge of the rock above him, and tufts of black feathers were blown past him, whirling fantastically in the breeze. He glanced up and watched their combat with a fierce sympathy; that was, at least, an honest way of deciding a difference. The screams grew louder, and a curious crowd of gulls and auks gathered around to enjoy the sport. They whirled in snowy eddies about the crag and flapped, screaming, their large wings, now nearly touching the contestants, now again drifting seaward in wide elliptic lines, and ever again returning. With every moment the sympathetic commotion grew wilder, until suddenly a great black bird came tumbling down the ledges of the rock, and fell helplessly among the stones. The other rose triumphantly into the air, followed by a clamorous crowd of admirers. Harold arose and picked up the bleeding cormorant, which was half stunned by the fall, and from an impulse of pity thrust his knife into its heart. Then he flung it at his feet and gazed mournfully at it.

"It is no use disguising it," he murmured; "father and I, even if we never come to blows, are as deadly to each other's peace and happiness as were these birds in their blind fury. I don't know if the quick murder is not preferable to the slow and gradual one."

He sat long pondering, clenching his fists instinctively at the thought of the indignities he had silently suffered.

"No, by Jupiter! I will stand it no longer," he cried, springing up and shaking his fist against the sky. "I will go away this very night, and the farther the better."

Fired with resolution, he turned hotly about; then paused with an exclamation of wonder. He found himself face to face with a young girl,— a slender, delicate thing, with large blue child-eyes and blonde hair which fell smoothly over a pale, narrow forehead.

"Hilda," he cried, "what are you doing out so late?"

"I saw the cormorants fight," she said breathlessly; "I came to separate them. I ran with all my might, but I came too late."

He could not help smiling at her eagerness.

"Why did you want to separate them?" he asked kindly.

"Why, of course, because it is wicked to fight, and because I didn't want the poor bird to get hurt."

"Which one?"

"The one that was most hurt; the one that is dead."

"But how do you know but that he may have been the one that commenced the fight?"

"I don't care," she answered with a pretty pout which expressed contempt for his logic. "I don't like any one to be hurt, whether he deserves it or not."

He smiled again as one smiles at an amusing child.

"You are in that respect different from most creatures, Hilda," he said. "Look at all that sycophantic crowd of gulls and auks, how they are screaming themselves hoarse, celebrating the victor, while no one troubles himself about the poor rascal who lies dead there on the sand."

"Yes, I trouble myself about him," she answered, stooping down and patting the dead bird. "Poor thing, how shockingly he has been maltreated! I care for every one who suffers," she added commiseratingly, as if addressing the cormorant; "if I had my way, no one should be permitted to strike or maltreat any one."

He scarcely listened to what she said, but stood regarding her pretty stooping figure with compassionate interest.

"If you care for those who suffer, Hilda," he said with a sort of mournful flippancy, "then you ought to be very fond of me. I have a bad time of it."

"Have you?" she asked, looking up dubiously, as if questioning whether he was in earnest. "I thought you were rather — rather ——"

She paused and looked away in embarrassment.

"Now, out with it: you thought I was a bad lot; wasn't that it?"

"No, not exactly that," she protested feebly and with increasing bewilderment, "but — but ——"

"But something very near to it," he supplied, smiling. "Is that what they have told you?"

She stood shifting her weight from one foot to the other and looking anxiously over her shoulder, as if watching for a chance to run.

"I wish you wouldn't ask me such questions," she said, with little gasps between each word, like an excited child. "Good-night!"

"Hold on a minute," he responded, seizing her gently by the arm. "You needn't be afraid of me; I sha'n't bite you. Now sit down here on this stone and talk with me. I am a very harmless fellow, I assure you."

She yielded to his strength rather than to his words, and seated herself timidly upon the stone. "They have been telling tales about me to you, Hilda," he said, stooping down to catch the glance of her eye; "my sister Catherine has told you that I am violent, hard, and unfeeling; is it not so?"

"She has told me that you contradict your father," answered the girl evasively. "But it isn't she alone. Everybody says you are such a wild fellow."

"Well, if everybody says it, I suppose it must be true," he muttered sadly. "But I was born that way, Hilda. I am a sort of an Ishmael whose hand is against everybody and everybody's hand against him. But I thought you were not like the rest, and that was the reason I spoke to you, and held you back when you tried to run away."

He was a little ashamed of making such a bare-faced bid for her sympathy, but he was determined to win her good-will, and in so good a cause a little stratagem might well be excusable. The fact was, the barrenness of his life had become oppressively apparent, and a hunger for sympathy had taken possession of him. As he sat gazing into the clear, bright face of the girl, with its dimpled roundness and large frank child-eyes, he marveled at his own obtuseness in having never before discovered its attractiveness. He knew that in this unawakened nature there was a fund of sweet devotion, which, in all likelihood, would be given to him who should be the first to demand it. To maidens of this type there can be no question of choosing; like the wild flowers by the wayside, they passively allow themselves to be chosen. But to Harold this willing surrender was so touchingly virginal, it

seemed to heighten rather than diminish the delights of the choice.

They had been silent for several minutes, but the thunder of the surf filled the silence and made it unnoticeable. She sat leaning forward, with her hands folded in her lap and her head thrown backward. She was beginning to feel at ease and her timidity had vanished.

"Do you know," she said, turning suddenly toward him, "that Lars the shoemaker's wife had twins yesterday and they had no clothes for the poor little things, and they would surely have taken their death of cold, if they hadn't had a basket of carded wool; and when I was up there this morning it was the funniest thing to see the two little brown shriveled-up things burrowing about like kittens in a basket of wool. Mother and I have been at work all day piecing things together for them, and I had just been up there with food and clothes when I saw the cormorants fighting and stumbled upon you."

"Why, that was very extraordinary," he remarked, with an effort to appear interested.

"Extraordinary? Why, not at all; it is the commonest thing in the world. The people here are so very poor, you know; to feed and clothe the living is about all they can do; and the women have to work so hard that they have no time to make preparations for the unborn."

The wholly impersonal candor with which she spoke amused and yet touched him, and her utter unconsciousness that the subject she had chosen for their conversation was, to say the least, unconventional, placed her innocence in a new and bewildering light. It was odd that her mother and father, who were both (in a rural way) cultivated people, had not given her some idea of the world's etiquette. But then, of course, the world was so remote from their secluded little valley, and they themselves had been so long away from it that probably the necessities of the hour, rather than deference for the social ideals of their youth, shaped their duty, speech, and intercourse.

He must have allowed his features to express some of the wonder which he felt; for she suddenly paused in her rapid narrative and remarked dubiously, "Of course, you know Lars the shoemaker."

No, he had been so long away from home that he had no longer any vivid recollection of Lars the shoemaker.

"Why, is it possible?" she cried in astonishment. "Why, he remembers you perfectly. He used to make your shoes always when you were a little boy; and he just told me that you were terribly hard on shoes. 'I'd rather make boots for a yearling colt,' he said, 'than for that harum-scarum lad of the Judge's.'"

"Why, he was pleased to be complimentary," said Harold laughing.

"No, not at all," she replied with amusing literalness; "he has nothing against you, of course, now, because it is so long ago; but the Judge used to scold him and use very hard language to him because you wore your shoes out so rapidly."

Harold was about to say that he was much obliged to Lars for bearing him no ill-will for his treatment of his boots, but a regard for her feelings, which were as genuine as they were transparent, checked his tongue. Her interest in the twins and the importance she attached to their father's opinions added two fresh touches to her character, which now stood out in his mind with charming completeness. She needed now no further encouragement to talk. She chattered on with delightful vivacity about Thore Gimlemo, who believed that his wife was possessed by the devil, and put her, head foremost, into a tub of cold water in order to make it as uncomfortable as possible for the evil spirit, until the poor woman was well-nigh drowned; about Mikkel Ramstuen's wife, who was a witch and had been seen riding across the sky on a broomstick, and Truls Ostmarken, who had fallen in love with a gypsy girl and had given up house and home and joined the gypsies. Wasn't it terrible? And his poor mother, they say it broke her heart. She had been around to console her, and had read her the chapter in the Bible about him who hateth not father and mother and son and daughter for my sake is not worthy of me; but she had taken on at such a rate that she (Hilda) had been frightened, and had gone away, although her conscience had since sorely accused her. She meant to go up to the farm in a day or two and comfort the poor woman again, hoping that by that time she would be more resigned.

In this strain she chatted away for nearly an hour, he throwing in an occasional monosyllable, or a tentative remark which was calculated to stimulate her garrulity when it showed signs of flagging. But through all her inconsequent talk there ran a vein of philanthropic sentiment which animated the homeliest details and made them appear beautiful. He saw her in spirit, like a bright ministering angel, moving among the poor, the sick, and the unhappy, cheering them with her sunny voice and her ever-ready sympathy. And what was sweetest of all, she was animated by no heroic feeling, and quite incapable of understanding what such a feeling meant; she was conscious of no lofty mission, but followed unreflectingly the impulses of a kindly heart and a helpful nature. Even her little excursions beyond the boun-

daries of convention seemed part of the same impulsive and lovable nature, and deepened his respect for her.

They walked home together in the twilight, he accompanying her to the gate of the parsonage.

"Your father does not approve of me, I believe," he said, as he pressed her hand in parting, "or I should call upon you to-morrow."

"But I will make him approve of you," she answered confidently. "He calls me his little tyrant, and I think he is right. I always make him think as I do. If he didn't, I would refuse to iron his fluted ruff. I am the only one in the house who can do it properly."

"Why, you are a terrible tyrant — a regular Nero."

"A regular what?"

"A regular turtle-dove."

"No, that is not what I am," she responded with innocent earnestness; "but do you know what of all things I should like to be?"

"I have no idea."

"The good fairy in the story-book who steals in unseen, and stoops over the baby in the cradle, kisses it, and lavishes her good gifts upon it."

"And can you guess what I would like to be?"

"No; tell me."

"The baby in the cradle."

She did not at once comprehend his meaning, but as it dawned upon her, the blood mounted slowly to her cheeks and spread over her neck and forehead. She dropped her eyes, but in a moment conquered her embarrassment and met his gaze frankly.

"You should not say such things to me," she whispered a little tremulously; "father would not approve of it."

"But you can make him approve of it," he cried, laughing. "There is always the fluted ruff." And lifting his hat he hastened away.

II.

AFTER that first meeting scarcely a day passed that they did not meet, until the pretense of accident became a transparent fiction. He had not been wrong in anticipating an easy conquest. To use an expression of Schiller's, he had gently shaken the tree and the fruit had fallen, ripe and golden, into his lap. Neither was an adept in the civilized art of flirtation, and the serious dénouement of the affair had been visible to both of them from the beginning. Therefore when the proposal came it caused her no surprise, but only a little maidenly flutter; and she yielded to his caresses shyly, yet with a luxurious sense of surrender, humility, and utter self-effacement. She gloried in his protecting air, his masculine ease and superiority, his calm security in the possession of her love. She laughed and wept with joy when he conducted her into her father's study, and holding her by the hand asked for his consent to their union; and the quiet assurance with which he met the bewildered little pastor and disposed of his faint objections filled her with pride and delight. A little harder was the battle with his own family, but even that was easier than she had anticipated. For when the Judge had conquered his first disappointment he readily persuaded himself that an early marriage (even though it were an unambitious one) was just what was needed to give his son stability of purpose and drive the revolutionary whims out of his brain. And when he had reflected sufficiently, he began to congratulate himself on this unexpected turn of affairs, and only marveled that he had not himself had the ingenuity to devise so simple a remedy. Harold was already gentler and more tractable than he had been; there could be no doubt that marriage would still further improve him.

"With wife, children, and property, no man can afford to be a radical," said the Judge, rubbing his hands contentedly; "and Harold will soon be well ballasted with all these blessings. I shall have the happiness before I die of seeing him a corpulent landowner, who proposes the king's health at official dinners."

This vision of his son as a stout, middle-aged dignitary, who has a salute fired from his pier whenever a high official personage passes in the steamboat, pleased the Judge exceedingly. He was quite ready to retire from the stage as soon as he should have assured himself that Harold was equipped for the responsibilities of this illustrious rôle. In spirit he saw Harold decorated with red ribbons and stars, seated on the platform on public occasions, or advancing in dress-coat and white kid gloves to shake hands with His Royal Highness Prince So-and-so, or His Reverence the Bishop when he made his annual visit to the parish. The Judge was himself rich and influential, and there was nothing in the way of official honors which his son might not legitimately aspire to, as soon as he should have completed his legal studies. Nor was the old gentleman in the depth of his heart unaware of the fact that his son was more richly endowed than himself; and it was therefore the more important that he should be made to employ his talents in the cause of conservatism and oligarchic government. Collecting rents and dining traveling magnates seem, to men of his ilk, the most dignified occupation to which genius can aspire.

The wedding was celebrated with more pomp and ceremony than were agreeable either to bridegroom or bride; but as tradition prescribed how weddings in the Gamborg family were to be conducted, and the parson by a very liberal check was indemnified for his outlay, there was no one who had the courage to grumble. Hilda in a satin dress, which had once been white, but was now yellow with age, and laces which had adorned half a dozen of Harold's ancestresses, was so overpowered by her own magnificence that she scarcely dared breathe. She had to pinch her arm in order to convince her dazed mind that she was really herself; her individuality seemed so completely merged in the august family into which she had entered, that she felt like a mere ghostly personification of the bridal character—the typical Gamborg bride. She was not the first of the series, nor was she likely to be the last; and like her predecessors she was not above wishing that the original bride for whom this venerable gown had been made had possessed an ampler waist, which would have made respiration a less hazardous experiment. But sufferings endured in so great a cause are never without their compensation; she began to feel an added respect for herself as joint heir to all the venerable traditions which gave luster to the Gamborg name. Nevertheless, the transition from homespun to satin had been too abrupt not to involve a considerable degree of discomfort; and as the long and eventful day lagged toward its close, she yearned more and more ardently for an escape into her wonted deshabille.

The daily routine of life in great families is often a very dull one; dullness seems, in fact, a kind of dignified historical attribute of greatness. In the intolerable leisure with which she was burdened as a member of her father-in-law's household, she had abundant time and opportunity to reflect upon the distinction which had been conferred upon her; and the women of the household were ever ready to furnish food for that species of reflection. She was not permitted to resume her former free-and-easy habits, roaming around the valley on charitable errands, and what they were pleased to call the quixotic streak in her nature was by daily admonitions systematically repressed. Her pauper friends and dependents could no longer be reached except through the formidable machinery of subordinates which the great house provided, and every generous impulse was strangled in an intricate web of proprieties. Her husband, who seemed to be earnestly striving to please his parents, was deeply absorbed in his study of law, and when he was with her he displayed a nervous restlessness which she was at a loss to account for. It was evident that something was smoldering within him which he was vainly endeavoring to repress; and when she began to talk with the hope of diverting him, she made the humiliating discovery that she had lost the power to entertain him. Her harmless gossip, which once he had found so amusing, struck him now as trivial, and he had not the grace to conceal the fact that he was bored. He made once or twice the attempt to discuss with her his aspirations toward a freer and wider sphere of activity, and gave vehement expression to his impatience with the traditional barriers which here on all sides hemmed him in; but she only gazed at him in childlike wonder, then with a sense of insecurity as if she feared that his reason was affected. Her little circumscribed soul had never felt any longing beyond its round of daily duties, and she could not comprehend why any one who was kindly treated and suffered neither from cold nor hunger should yearn for foolish and unattainable things. In her simple, practical life there had been no room for sentimental sufferings, and accordingly no sympathy with afflictions of such an intangible order. She insisted upon finding physical causes for her husband's discontent, and he submitted with a sort of humorous despair to being coddled with elder-tea, Hoffman's anodyne, and mustard-leaves, rather than go to the trouble of explaining to her what he knew would be unexplainable. In some respects she was a stronger character than he, and under her playful tyranny veiled inflexible little purposes, which she invariably carried out. They had, however, this in their favor, that they were always for somebody else's benefit. Paradoxical as it may sound, she had lived so long in others that she had ceased to take any vital interest in herself. She derived all her gratifications, as it were, second-hand, through her interest in the lives of those who closely or remotely touched her own. She had from her childhood managed in this benevolent fashion her father and mother, and every one else who had come in contact with her, and it was therefore a constant discomfort to her to feel her superfluity in the Gamborg household, where there were already managers more skilled than herself, whom she could not hope to deprive of their power. She took her revenge in an innocent fashion, by contemplating the time when the reins should have been handed to Harold, who, of course, in turn would hand them to her. The only cloud upon this radiant vision was her dread that Harold might possibly have a screw loose, and thus be ill qualified for succeeding to the family power and dig-

nity. He certainly did act and talk strangely; and she had once seen him stand on the balcony, after a slight dispute with his father, shaking his clenched fist against the sky. A cold shudder had run over her at the time; she had not dared to ask him for an explanation, for fear that the explanation might prove even more irrational than the act. And yet, when she thought proudly of herself in her housewifely dignity, with a lace cap on her head and a large bunch of keys depending from her waist, she found her hopes for Harold drifting in the same direction as those of his father, and she pictured him fondly as a stout patriarch in a judge's uniform, dispensing justice with a mild and firm hand. A large flock of blonde-haired, blue-eyed children invariably stole into this picture; and she punished them in spirit when they were naughty, for she was a firm believer in discipline, and patted their little yellow heads to comfort them in their childish griefs. When finally number one of this long procession arrived, there was great rejoicing in the Judge's house, although the mother found it hard to reconcile herself to the fact that it was a girl. In her reveries number one had always been a boy, and as she had already become well acquainted with this imaginary son, and had arranged his whole future for him, it seemed cruel in him to disappoint her. She had a much higher regard for boys than for girls, and had always championed the male valiantly against his detractors.

III.

In the autumn of 187–, when Harold's daughter was two months old, some apprehension was felt in the valley that the world was coming to an end. And it was true; the world was coming to an end — the old feudal world, with its rigid class distinctions, its gold-laced, star-spangled officials, its pharisaism, oppression, and absolute vetoes. There was a great ado in the valley — Björnson was coming; Björnson, the people's champion, Björnson, the King's enemy; Björnson, the poet, the orator, the republican. The exciting message ran from mouth to mouth; and people who had never been supposed to have an opinion suddenly straightened themselves up and spoke like men. Peasants who had stood at the roadside, hat in hand, when the Judge or the pastor was passing, now kept their hats on and only nodded. Stooping heads were lifted, round backs grew straighter, shambling gaits firmer. There was something inspiriting in the message, which awakened many a dormant mind, and rekindled the manhood in humble souls. Apathy grew into discontent; discontent into aspirations and resolves. Men gathered in groups at court, at weddings and funerals, and especially on the church green, to discuss the attitude of Parliament and the King's claim to an absolute veto. There was but one voice — they would stand by their representatives, and defy the King. Their history furnished enough of precedents for such action, while it furnished none for submission. They would give Björnson a rousing welcome, and they would do as he said; they would take courage and elect an Opposition candidate for the Storthing. The excitement grew in widening rings, and ruffled at last the peace of the Judge's cozy dining-room. It was told that some of his tenants meant to qualify as voters by having worthless marsh-land deeded to them. The Judge had himself cordially approved of the proposition, and had even helped them to obtain the land, taking it for granted that they would vote with the Government. But now it was told that they were Björnsonians, and talked bitterly of the King. It was at dinner that the Judge, as usual, gave vent to his indignation at this treachery, and announced his intention to discharge from his employ every one of his subordinates who dared vote for the Opposition. He felt so sure of the approval of every one present that words seemed scarcely necessary; and yet he could not help noticing that while every one else applauded, Harold remained silent.

"Well, Harold," he said, turning with ill-concealed irritation to his son, "you were a loud enough declaimer on politics formerly; how is it that you have suddenly lost the use of your tongue?"

"Because I don't agree with you, father," answered Harold quietly.

"What! don't agree with me? You gosling, you! You mean perhaps to say that you disapprove of my intention to punish my recreant tenants?"

"I do," replied the son imperturbably.

The Judge put down his wine-glass with such force that half of its contents was spilled on the table. He pinched his eyes together with a malicious expression and clinched his teeth. He could have crushed his son. He hated him. But the presence of guests restrained him from any act of violence.

"Perhaps you would favor us with the conclusions at which your wisdom has arrived," he observed with forced self-command.

"With pleasure." But just as he had raised his head to speak, Harold met a pair of blue eyes fixed imploringly upon him. He understood what they meant, and resolved to ignore his father's sarcasm.

"I am afraid," he said, suddenly checking himself, "that our views are so widely divergent that discussion would only arouse ill feeling, and, moreover, be profitless."

"Ah, indeed, I expected that," was his father's mocking reply. "Where arguments would fail, cowardice comes to the rescue."

There was a moment of painful silence, and it was a relief when somebody had the kindness to choke, whereupon his neighbor gave him a slap on the back, thereby giving a pretext for much forced hilarity. Harold meanwhile had risen and left the table. His wife, to whom his movement was unexpected, also half rose from her chair, but after a brief hesitation again seated herself. It would look too much like a demonstration, she thought; and her father-in-law, although he was not averse to making scenes himself, thought sensational conduct very ill-bred in others. In the next moment, however, she regretted her prudence; her heart ached for Harold; and yet, although it grieved her to think that he was unhappy, she could not quite in her heart of hearts approve of his rebellious attitude toward his father. Why did he for the sake of mere opinions — things which were of no earthly consequence to anybody — offend the old gentleman, who was evidently willing enough to be kind to him, but could not bear to be contradicted? Why not humor him and say "yea," which was always much easier than saying "nay" and provoking ill feeling and discussion? Thus reasoned the sage little Hilda while her husband was marching along the beach through a howling storm, nursing wild and desperate thoughts.

It was the day after this episode that Judge Gamborg surprised the parish by announcing himself as a candidate for the Storthing. Pressure had been brought to bear upon him, it was said, from high official quarters, but he had hesitated to assume the responsibility until last night, when he had arrived at a sudden resolution.

He felt a vast fund of force within him, and he was resolved to expend it at whatever sacrifice of individual comfort, in preserving the bulwarks of society and combating the dangerous elements which were beginning to assert themselves in the country. In quelling rebellion in society at large he would also put an end to it in his own home. By family tradition, by talent and social eminence, he was pointed out as the man to lift the Conservative banner and lead it to victory. There was an immense agitation in the parish. The pastor preached political sermons Sunday after Sunday, and demonstrated clearly that a number of Biblical tests had been inspired with special reference to the present situation in Norway. He showed that society must inevitably go to pieces if the Liberal candidate, a young peasant named Thorald Berg, was elected; and he proved from the Bible that no man could be a Liberal and a Christian at the same time. In fact, he identified the cause of Christianity so absolutely with that of Judge Gamborg and conservatism that there seemed no escape from the conclusion that it was the fate of Christianity rather than that of the ministry Stang which was to be decided at the impending election. The Judge, who sat tall and imposing in his front pew, approved highly of these discourses, and repeated the gist of them at dinner for the benefit of one member of his family who had hoped to escape them by remaining at home.

Harold, under the influence of his wife, had been as neutral as possible during the last weeks, and had avoided all chances of collision with his father. He understood perfectly well that it was animosity to himself, a stubborn determination to assert his sway, which had induced the latter to accept the nomination for the Storthing. But consideration for his wife and child and his own future — considerations which were constantly being urged upon him by the wife in question — made him curb his rebellious temper and tame his eager tongue. He had just succeeded in convincing himself that this submission to the inevitable was the part of prudence and not necessarily ignoble, when the name of Björnson rang through the valley, and the wild cheering from the steamboat landing announced to him the arrival of the great orator. He put on his hat and walked disconsolately up the hill-side toward the forest, in order to be as far away from temptation as possible. But the cheering pursued him, floating clearly through the still mountain air, which carries distant sound with wonderful distinctness. Several times he paused, wrestled with himself, and again continued his dismal march. Whenever, drawn by the alluring sound, he turned about and his purpose began to waver, he seemed to see his young fair wife, with her babe in her arms, standing in the road, barring the downward path. He was now close up to the forest; it was early in the day, and the sun was but a few hours above the eastern mountain-tops. He sat down upon the stump of a felled tree, and gazed out upon the beautiful fiord-valley. The air was teeming with sunshine; the fiord lay smooth and glittering in the bright light, and the huge inverted mountain-cones shone with their snowy peaks in its depth. The angel of peace was abroad; all nature rested in blessed security. The seagulls drifted lazily above the water; the patient fishermen sat in their boats gazing down into

the green luminous deep, where the fishes moved placidly among the stones and the pale, filmy seaweeds which swayed gently with the passing current. Round about stood the mountains, in hoary majesty, stern and immovable as they had stood for centuries past; but down on the pier stood a few hundred men, shouting themselves hoarse over an innovator who had come to disturb this blessed peace. Was there not, perhaps, some truth in the pastor's perpetual admonition that peace was the highest of all earthly blessings, for which reason Christ was called the Prince of Peace? Was it right to arouse discontent and aspiration in the bosom of men who had hitherto cherished no higher desire than to have enough to eat while they lived and to go to heaven when they died? Æsthetically that little band of roaring enthusiasts down on the pier were a discordant phenomenon, and marred the harmony of a perfect day. Harold looked out over the wide fields of waving wheat; he saw the tall chimneys of the stately mansion which would in time be his; and a sensation which had hitherto been alien to his nature gently stole over him. It was the indolence of possession, the rich man's repugnance to change. He began to comprehend his father's animosity to Björnson and his progressive followers, and he saw himself, in spirit, as the proprietor of his inherited estate, perpetuating the benevolent despotism of his predecessors. The cheering of the crowd came floating faintly up to him; Björnson had made a speech; hats were thrown into the air, and the shouting would have no end.

At this moment his reflections were interrupted by the sound of hoof-beats near by. He looked up and saw his father riding slowly along the bridle-path which led up into the glen. It was an unusual thing for the Judge to be out riding at this time of the day, and it was still more extraordinary for him to depart from the beaten highway. The Judge liked to be seen, and professed no love for nature in her uncultured state. It was therefore obvious that he was running away from Björnson, or rather from the irritation which it would cause him to see the obnoxious orator received with homage and honor. The scene on the pier had given him a foretaste of what was in store for him, and he had concluded that his temper could not bear the strain of more such demonstrations. The sight of his son, whom he suspected of sympathizing with the agitator, did not under such circumstances affect him pleasantly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly; "admiring the landscape?"

"Yes."

"Admiring fiddlesticks! Why don't you go down to your friend there and give him a fitting reception?"

"I hadn't thought of it, but if you are anxious to have me go, I will have my name put on the committee."

The Judge had longed for a provocation to lose his temper, and Harold's answer served his purpose.

"I tell you, boy," he cried, growing purple in his face, "that I am in no joking humor to-day; and I warn you, once for all, that if you dare to go near that fellow while he is here in the parish, I shall—I shall whip you as if you were a stripling. He ought to be in the penitentiary instead of being permitted to range round the country, insulting the King and inciting the people to disregard their superiors and despise their betters."

Harold sat for a moment still, gazing fixedly into the air. Then he arose and walked quietly down the hill-side.

"Where are you going?" cried his father after him.

"Away."

"If you dare disobey me—" The Judge's voice failed him, and with a hoarse shout of wrath, he broke into a paroxysm of coughing.

"That remains to be seen," answered the son, striding across the fields toward the farm where Björnson was to hold his meeting.

IV.

HAROLD walked on with large steps, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, and only conscious of one defiant purpose: to assert his independence against such unbearable tyranny. By one angry wave of feeling all his conservatism had been swept away, and he burned to speak out loudly and freely the convictions which he cherished, and which had given dignity to his life. He wished to commit himself irretrievably as a safeguard against further attacks of cowardice. Wife and child and landed estate, for which he would but a moment ago have sold his soul, seemed now scarce a feather's weight in the balance.

It was a couple of miles to the farm where Björnson was to speak; several hundred peasants had already gathered there, and the road leading up from the pier was black with people. A platform had been erected under a great tree on the shady side of the house, and a man who, in honor of the occasion, had provided himself with an asthmatic brass horn, sent melancholy echoes careering away over the mountains. Harold took this to be a signal that the meeting was opened, and he redoubled his speed. He saw Björnson ascend the platform, and heard the cheering break out afresh. No one

noticed the young student as he approached within hearing distance, but as he pressed eagerly forward people gazed at him in astonishment and made way for him; and yet from the looks they sent him he perceived that they were animated by no friendly feelings toward him; it was but a remnant of the innate respect which they had been accustomed to show to "gentlefolks."

"Look there," he heard some one saying behind him; "there is the Judge's Harold. I bet he means mischief."

"I scarcely think so," answered the one addressed. "He used to be a lively chap when he was a boy. But the old man has taken the spunk out of him. They say he thrashes him yet."

With blazing eyes Harold turned around and glared at the men; but they returned his gaze quietly and seemed in no wise disturbed. They felt their power to-day and the dignity of power. The orator had now fairly warmed up to his subject; he paced up and down the platform, tossing his blonde mane of hair back from his forehead, flinging forth laconic sentences which clung to the memory like burrs. Then the words came thicker and faster, and his voice rang now softly and persuasively, now sharp and inspiriting like a battle-cry. Harold stood riveted to the spot. His whole soul was aroused; he trembled with delight. It seemed inconceivable to him that he ever, even in thought, could have been unfaithful. There breathed a warm, all-embracing love for humanity through the orator's words, and it was this which touched Harold and made him feel his own unworthiness. What had, in times past, inspired his defiance to the paternal authority, had been a mere personal resentment, and perhaps a vague, youthful enthusiasm for great but half-comprehended ideas. But this man's speech throbbed with a nobler passion. Here were no vague moonshiny ideals, but definite purposes rationally conceived and eloquently elucidated. It was glorious to hear this rushing cataract of speech, plunging resistlessly onward, carrying the listener along on its mighty current. In his narrow and cramped life, hedged in by a Chinese wall of traditional proprieties, through which no large idea could penetrate, how often, oh, how often he had hungered for a breath from that fresh world of thought in which he had moved during his student days! And here, as by a miracle, he was suddenly in the midst of it. It blew and hummed about him like strong summer breezes, alluring his soul with bewildering melody.

For two hours Björnson spoke, and the peasants stood or sat in groups in the grass listening with thoughtful faces, and now and then with quiet nods of approval. But Harold, in whose breast the mighty words had aroused a storm of emotion, stood gazing with an excited expression at the orator's face, and no sooner had the word been declared free than he sprang upon the platform. A murmur of displeasure ran through the assembly.

"Down with him!" cried some.

"No, let him speak!" shouted others. "Let us have fair play."

And Harold spoke. The flood-gates of speech had been opened within him, and his words came with a glorious spontaneity and force; thoughts large and radiant tumbled forward, one pressing hard upon the other; and the world, as it lay shimmering at his feet, seemed an ocean of light. The crowd was at first dumfounded. "Isn't this Harold, the Judge's son?" they asked, marveling. Yes, surely, it was Harold, the Judge's son; he was speaking apparently against his own father.

"The candidate of the right," he was saying, "worthy and honorable as he is, could in no sense really represent this district, for he knows not its people, does not sympathize with its wants, is remote from its aspirations. He is by birth, by character and position, wedded to the ancient oligarchic régime which it is your duty and your privilege to overthrow. Take courage, then, and vote honestly and fearlessly, allowing no external consideration to restrain the free expression of your choice."

A great cheering here interrupted the speaker; for it was well known throughout the valley that the Judge had threatened all his tenants with the loss of their holdings in case they dared to vote against him, and that upon the so-called "marshmen," whom he had himself helped to qualify as voters, he had exercised all the restraint in his power. That the son had disapproved of these arbitrary proceedings had also been vaguely surmised, but that he should dare stand up in public and enter the lists against him upon whom his whole future depended was more than any one had expected. Nevertheless it seemed a great and courageous deed, and excited universal admiration; for no one doubted what was in store for the young man when he should have returned to the paternal mansion. Harold, however, was little troubled by such considerations. The longer he spoke, the more eloquent he became, the more persuasive grew his voice, and the more forcible his argument. For all the time this thought burned within him: "I have been unfaithful, and I will do penance for my unfaithfulness. I will cut off my retreat into the land of indolent

security and ease. I will stand by my colors. I will be true to myself and take the consequences."

The meeting lasted until late in the afternoon. Wherever Harold went he was met by friendly glances and hearty words. Many pressed up to him to shake his hand. The distrust with which they had viewed him as a member of that official bureaucracy which sits like a huge nightmare upon Norway's breast, impeding her breath and smothering her cries, had suddenly vanished, and for the first time they looked upon him as one of their own. And he, too, felt a warm sense of fellowship spreading beneficently through his soul; he felt himself free and happy, and he felt, what had been a mere empty phrase to him before, that he was a Norseman. He walked about with Björnson, and talked with him as he had never talked with any man before; for he had never before known the happiness of being completely understood. He laid his soul bare before him, and went away with a new strength and trust throbbing through his being. He knew now a man cast in the heroic mold — a poet, a prophet, a warrior. A great liking had sprung up between them; they had felt strongly drawn to each other from the first moment. And when Harold went to face his father's wrath, something like a consecration seemed to have descended upon him, hallowing his life to a great and noble work.

A drowsy red light was spreading from the late sun over fiord and valley, as Harold in his exalted mood marched slowly homeward. There was something strangely unreal in the long-familiar scene, as if he had waked from a dream the vividness of which made reality seem pale and phantasmal. Everything was hushed, water and air were oppressively still; but it was not the spontaneous stillness of sleep, but a sultry silence which rested heavily upon the sense. It was as if Nature were holding her breath. A foreboding of a catastrophe of some sort took possession of Harold; yet his courage in no wise deserted him. He saw in the anxious look of his wife, who stood waiting for him at the garden gate, that the story of his exploits had preceded him, and that he would thus be spared the trouble of explaining.

"O Harold!" she cried tremulously, running to meet him, "don't let father see you. He is furious with you, and there is no knowing what he might do should he find you to-night. The sheriff was here an hour ago, and he has told him something that has incensed him terribly."

They were standing in the shadow of a great walnut-tree at the entrance to the garden. She put her arms about his neck and clung to him weeping.

"You will never do such a thing again, Harold dear," she said imploringly. "For my sake, for baby's sake, you will not do it."

He stood for a minute pondering, "Listen, Hilda," he said at last firmly, "henceforth you must make up your mind whether you will follow me or father. I have my work too in the world, and whether it leads to poverty and shame or to wealth and honor, I have no choice but to do it."

"Oh, that is that horrid Björnson," she cried, bursting into a fresh fit of weeping. "I know that hateful spirit which I have so long tried to quell in you, and now he has come and undone it all. We were so happy until he came."

"You may have been happy," he answered sternly; "I was miserable."

"But baby, Harold, baby!" she exclaimed with a pitiful appeal; "what is to become of baby if you break with father?"

"It will have an honest man for a father instead of a knave."

"Do you call your father a knave?" she ejaculated, gazing at him in horror.

"No, child, no! He may be honest enough, but I could scarcely continue to please him without being a knave. I am appalled to think how I have day by day lapsed from my true standard of rectitude, how I have dragged my manhood in the dirt, how I have become degraded and contemptible in my own eyes, and all in order to please my father. Now I have done with all that; henceforth I intend to please myself."

He spoke with a half-suppressed vehemence which fairly frightened her. He had always been gentle in her presence, and she had insensibly come to look upon him as an easy subject for management. She drew back from him now and regarded him with an air of reproachful dignity.

"What terrible riddles you utter," she said, shaking her head. "An evil spirit has taken possession of you, and it is useless to talk to you. Only one thing I must beg of you, for your own good, and that is to ask father's pardon, in case I can induce him to forgive you on that condition. If you will go over to the parsonage and sleep there to-night, I know I can get everything arranged by to-morrow morning."

It would have been amusing, if it had not been sad, to see her implicit trust in her own little shallow arts of management. Men were born to make trouble in the world, she reasoned, and it was the province of women by their superior diplomatic subtlety to smooth things over and reëstablish pleasant relations.

The principles which were at stake she calmly ignored as little more than twaddle, fixing her mind the more intently upon the only important issue — the reëstablishment of domestic peace upon the easiest conditions. The grunt of impatience with which her husband greeted her benevolent proposition convinced her still further of the correctness of her view; but perceiving that reasoning would be of no avail, she resolved to resort to a much more effective weapon — tender cajolery. But unfortunately she had not yet devised a natural transition to affectionate tactics, when heavy footsteps were heard on the gravel, and the Judge's portly figure was seen looming up among the flower-beds and the blooming hawthorn hedges.

"Run, Harold," she whispered imploringly; "for God's sake, run."

"I shall not run," answered Harold stubbornly.

"But he might strike you, dearest," she continued in the same anxious voice, sinking down upon her knees and smothering her rising sobs. "He is in such a terrible rage."

He made no answer, but, disengaging himself from her arms, stepped out from the shadow of the tree and faced his father. The old gentleman did not at once see him; he was standing in the gravel walk, meditatively decapitating an aster with his riding-whip. He expended a good deal of energy in the operation, as if giving vent to a latent animosity. As he caught sight of his son standing but a few feet from him, he gave a start, and clutching his riding-whip tightly, advanced a step; then, at the sight of Hilda, forcibly restrained himself.

"Go into the house, Hilda," he commanded sternly. "I wish to speak alone with — with — this gentleman here."

"No, I will not go away," she replied excitedly; "I wont let you hurt Harold, and I know that is what you intend to do."

The Judge, disdaining to reply, turned to his son with a peering, malicious look, and remarked in an ominously pleasant tone: "You have been distinguishing yourself, I am told, as a patriotic orator. You spoke, I believe, against your father, whom you described as a scamp, and an unscrupulous monster who restrained the dear innocent peasants from the rightful exercise of their suffrage. Wasn't that it?"

"It is true and not true," answered the son, leaning with folded arms against the tree. "I said nothing about you that I have not already said to you."

"Ah, how very good of you!" The Judge here drew a step nearer, holding with a tremulous grasp the whip-handle, which shook perceptibly in his hand. "And I too will do nothing of which I have not already given you warning. You know what I promised."

Here he darted forward with the whip raised above his head, but in the same instant Hilda had flung herself upon her husband's neck, shielding him with her body. Harold remained immovable; he had lifted his arm to ward off the blow, but his face betrayed neither fear nor anger.

"I give you warning, father," he said, with slow and solemn emphasis, "that if you dare strike, it is the last time you will ever see my face."

"You miserable coward," cried the old man, suddenly losing control of himself, "if you think the petticoats will protect you ——"

And before Harold could raise his hand again, the whip whizzed about his ears, and he felt a stinging pain across his cheek and forehead. Hilda, pale and cowering, fell down upon the grass and hid her face in her hands. The Judge, anxious to reach the house before his wrath should give way to shame, strode ruthlessly across the flower-beds and was soon out of sight. Harold, too stunned, by the moral rather than the physical effect of the blow, to think, stood gazing fixedly into the air; but there was something like a veil before his eyes, and a rushing sound as of water in his ears. Half absently he touched his face, and felt a great welt extending from the left cheek across the nose to his forehead. He bowed his head and groaned; the degradation of it was terrible. His wife, at the sound of his groan, suddenly recovered herself, rose, and went toward him; but at the sight of his face she again burst into tears, put her arms caressingly about him, and kissed his swollen cheek.

"Let us go over to the parsonage, Harold," she whispered; "stay there to-night. I will go up and get baby."

"We are going farther than the parsonage, dear," he answered brokenly. "Go and get the child."

Although but dimly comprehending him, she obeyed; it was a relief to have some duty to perform which required motion. The twilight was spreading under the great trees; the sun had sunk behind the mountain-tops, but a dim yellow light lingered in the upper regions of the air and tinged the western cloud-banks. There was something feverish in this light which dazed the sense like the atmosphere of a lurid romance, in which all things seem possible. It seemed easy to Harold to take a great resolution now, a resolution which he had meditated before, but which in the broad daylight of reason had appeared wild and impossible. He would take his wife

and child to America, and there found a new home and a new existence. He had friends in Bergen of whom he could easily borrow enough money to pay their passage. A defiant exultation suddenly broke through his burning sense of wrong, as he imagined his glorious independence of thought and deed on that remote shore, where no paternal authority and no cramping traditions could reach him. He opened the garden gate, walked out upon the pier, and made a boat ready to receive his wife and child; twenty minutes elapsed before they came, and he began to grow impatient. Nearly every trace of Hilda's recent emotion had vanished, as she came bearing the child in her arms and with a valise in her disengaged hand. She was again the busy, bustling mother. The mother had conquered the wife.

"Hand me baby," he said, standing in the boat, and stretching out his hands to receive the child.

"Tell me first where you are going," she said, pausing at the top of the stairs.

"To America."

"To America!" she cried, "in an open boat!"

"We can catch the Bergen steamer which will pass here at ten. Come, there is no time to be lost."

"But, Harold, you will not — you cannot — oh, Harold, do come back to me," she wailed in irresolute despair; "father will surely forgive you."

"But I will not forgive him. Would you like to see the scene of to-day repeated?"

"No, but I cannot go with you. Think of baby in that wild, terrible America. You should sacrifice your own feelings to baby's welfare, Harold."

"Feelings! yes, feelings I can sacrifice, but not my honor, my usefulness, my self-respect. You can persuade me no more, Hilda. Will you follow me, or will you not?"

"Oh, this is cruel," she broke out with renewed vehemence. "If you could only speak, baby, and restrain your father from his terrible folly! Oh, do not leave us, Harold, do not leave us!"

"Then you will not come?"

He had seized the oar and was about to push the boat from the pier.

"Yes, stay, I will follow you!"

With reluctant steps she descended the stairs; but as he eagerly held out his arms to receive her, she turned abruptly away, and looked up toward the stately pile of masonry which traced its outline darkly against the sky.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned, "I cannot, I cannot."

With a vigorous thrust of the oar the boat flew out into the water. With an aching heart he stood gazing at her, as the distance between them slowly widened. Then he seated himself, and the thud of his measured oar-strokes fell heavily upon Hilda's ears. A terrible sense of desolation stole over her. She wished she had chosen differently. She wished she had followed him. But something still restrained her from calling him back. As a last wild hope she sprang up the steps, and from the end of the pier held the child out over the water in her outstretched arms. "Harold!" she called with a loud voice of anguish, "Harold!"

The oar-strokes ceased for a moment, but there came no answer. The figure in the boat grew dimmer and dimmer, and faded away in the twilight.

The black hull of the steamer hove into view, paused in the middle of the fiord, shrieked dismally once, twice, thrice, and again broke a path of foam through the calm waters. Hilda hugged her child tightly to her breast, and gazed out into the thickening twilight. An empty boat came drifting seaward with the tide. She knew what that meant.

V.

A YEAR had passed since Harold's flight. It was again summer; the thrushes sang through the long light nights in the birch-groves; the lilies of the valley grew in nodding clusters, filling the mountain glens with their faint fragrance; and the meadows were bright with pansies and violets. During all this time Harold's name had rarely been mentioned in his father's house. It was understood that the Judge had forbidden it. Since his defeat for the Storthing by a few dozen votes, he felt more bitterly toward his son than ever before. It was he who had encouraged rebellion among the dependents of the estate, and blasted his father's hopes of political distinction. Such unnatural crimes could not be too severely punished. It cost a considerable effort on the old gentleman's part, however, to persevere in this attitude. Once or twice, when letters came to Hilda bearing American stamps, he was sorely tempted to break his resolution. He walked nervously up and down the floor, fidgeted with his watch-chain, and cast uneasy glances toward the letter. As for the ladies, they preserved a well-studied indifference in the parlor, but the moment Hilda had retired to her own rooms Miss Catherine was sent by her mother to ascertain how the prodigal fared. And when they heard what a hard time he was having (though this could only be read between the lines), they melted toward him, and kissed the baby and cried over it. It was

evident that Harold's letters concealed more than they told; but in a half-humorous way which had the singular effect of making the three women cry, he related that he had acquired a number of new accomplishments — that, in fact, since his arrival in America he had been a coal-heaver, a brakeman on a railroad, a supernumerary in a negro minstrel show, and that now he had advanced to the position of a miner. He owned a claim in a Colorado mining camp, which might, for aught he knew, some day make him a millionaire. It was the wide range of possibility in the thing which fascinated him. He gave descriptions of the life in the camp, full of a kind of lugubrious humor with which it was his wont to cloak his wretchedness. The ladies suspected as much, but each, for fear of distressing the others, refrained from saying what she thought. Each pretended to be delighted at Harold's cheerfulness, his excellent prospects, and his "interesting mode of life," and their sham hilarity was pathetic to observe. Hardly had they separated before each burst into tears; for everybody's heart had been wondrously softened toward the prodigal since he had gone so far away, and seemed lost to them. They reproached themselves in secret for their harsh treatment of him; and the little wife, who had no harsh treatment to reproach herself with, upbraided herself bitterly for having failed him in the hour of his need, for having broken her vow made at the altar. Mrs. Gamborg, who had been one of the foremost believers in his depravity, found herself contemplating his errors in a more lenient spirit, and there were even moments in which she censured her husband for his inconsiderate severity. Of course, she would not for the world have the Judge suspect that she disapproved of his conduct; but really, that blow had opened her eyes and set her thinking. It was, after all, but the father's spirit which was revealing itself in the son, and how could it be that the same line of conduct could be laudable in the one and criminal in the other? Miss Catherine, too, began to have revelations of a similar sort, though, of course, she was too wise to let any one suspect that she was undutiful enough to disapprove of her father. Even the parson, who had preached the celebrated political sermons, began to look askance at the Judge, when he saw his daughter's pale cheeks and hushed dispirited manner, so different from her joyous energy and light-heartedness in former days.

"The line must be drawn somewhere," he remarked to his wife, who always cordially agreed with him; "parental authority is no longer unlimited; and to strike a grown-up son on account of a political disagreement is brutal and barbaric. I doubt if we ought to allow our daughter to remain under the roof of a man who is capable of such conduct."

The wife, who cherished a similar doubt, was not slow to second this sentiment, and the result was that Hilda and her child took up their abode at the parsonage. The Judge, strange to say, offered no strenuous opposition, although he knew that the large, empty house would be doubly desolate without Hilda and his grandchild. He had aged terribly within the last months. His combative temper seemed to have deserted him; he was a vain man, and with all his pride very dependent upon the admiration of his fellow-men. His loud self-assertion was not an indication of strength of character, but rather of an exaggerated conceit, nourished by the constant adulation of his family and dependents. The withdrawal of this homage cut the Judge to the quick, and his uneasy conscience, which brooded on the wrong he had done his son, saw in every evidence of disrespect the finger of Nemesis. That much of it was due to the democratic spirit which during the last years had invaded even the remote mountain valleys of Norway, he was incapable of comprehending. Yet, in most instances, he was undoubtedly right; the whole valley had become the champion of his absent son, and his avenger. When he stepped from his carriage at the gate of the church-yard, people turned their backs or walked away in order to avoid greeting him; the pastor no longer waited to commence his sermon until Mr. Gamborg was in his seat; his boatmen, who rowed him to court in his large twelve-oared barge, answered curtly when he spoke to them, and plainly showed him their ill-will. It was no consolation to him to know that the story of his maltreatment of his son had been enormously exaggerated; his dignity forbade him to justify himself. He would have liked very well, too, to reinstate the tenants whom he had "evicted" after the election, had only his dignity permitted; not because he pitied their misery, but as an indirect expiation of the wrong done to his son. But it was that accursed dignity of his which stood in the way of all his good resolves.

In the meanwhile he suffered as he had never suffered before. Not only through his vanity and his thirst for praise did he receive many a wound, but these surface hurts roused the regions of his soul next within, and stirred the depths into tumult. His wife and his daughter, who had always seemed so near to him, and been his stanch partisans through right and wrong, had, somehow, drifted away from him; and the thought tormented him that they undoubtedly had read all Harold's

letters, and deceived him by their pretended ignorance. He would himself have given a year of his life to know what Harold was doing and how he fared, but how could he divest himself of that cherished dignity of his, and ask the questions which he had himself forbidden? After much meditation the Judge formed a plan which seemed both ingenious and feasible. He invited Hilda and her parents to dinner on Mrs. Gamborg's birthday, and during the evening he absented himself on the plea of pressing business (as he was often in the habit of doing), and hastened along the beach toward the parsonage. Chance favored his design; he entered unobserved by the front door, mounted the broad, dusky stairway to his daughter-in-law's room, and peered cautiously through the half-open door. There was a small spirit-lamp burning on the table; the child was sleeping peacefully in its cradle, and the nurse was absent. The Judge was out of breath, and he paused on the threshold to compose himself; his heart ran riot and the blood hammered in his temples. The floor creaked under the weight of his portly figure as he stooped down to kiss the sleeping child, and with a start he straightened himself and gazed uneasily about him. He stole on tiptoe up to the window where a little mahogany writing-table stood, and placing the lamp upon it, he unlocked one of the drawers and eagerly seized a package of letters tied with a pink ribbon. With a tremulous hand he untied the knot, and after having once more satisfied himself that he need have no fear of interruption, he began to read. It was the first letter, in which Harold told of his arrival in England and of a dangerous adventure he had had in Liverpool. The coolness and address with which he had acted excited the Judge's admiration; he read on breathlessly. He had himself never been out of Norway, and his son's description of the great world with its wonderful sights interested him profoundly. Then came the next letter, from New York, which dealt chiefly with the voyage and queer types of men from widely separated climes. The descriptions were very clever and full of vivid touches. The Judge smiled with pride and delight; he had never known that his son was such a talented man; he (the Judge) was himself scarcely capable of writing such a letter. Time slipped by, but the Judge took no note of it; he was now at the coal-heaving period, which was passed over lightly and humorously by the writer, but in which a loving ingenuity would read a pathos too sad for tears. The Judge was deeply moved; to such need had *his* son been reduced, and yet been too proud to appeal to his father for aid. He had preferred to heave coal with hands unused to toil, rather than humiliate himself before a father who had wronged him. Such a feeling the Judge could understand; it appealed mightily to him. Vehemently aroused, he arose, heedless of the sleeping baby, and began to pace the floor excitedly.

"He is my son indeed," he cried, "my own son, my own, my own!"

The tears coursed down his cheeks, his broad chest heaved; then, eager to continue the narrative, he flung himself upon the chair at the writing-table and was soon deeply absorbed in the next letter. His features changed with every varying emotion; he had completely forgotten the situation. He did not hear the light creaking of the stairs without, nor did he see the shadow which paused in consternation on the threshold, then slowly stretched across the floor until it reached the white window-curtain, where it bent cautiously over his own. A hand was laid lightly upon the Judge's shoulder. He started up with a bewildered exclamation. But in an instant he recovered himself, and seizing Hilda by the arm drew her gently up to him.

"Child," he whispered, "will you help me?"

"Help you, father?" she asked, gazing into his face with joyous, tear-dimmed eyes.

"Bring my son back again," begged the old man brokenly, and turned away to master his emotion.

"Yes, father, I will bring him back to you," she answered.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed.

VI.

THE pastor, although he was not fond of America, and had often made warning allusions to the Union in his sermons, was nothing loth to accompany his daughter on her daring expedition. It availed him little that he spoke in his farewell sermon of the solemn call of duty, and alluded feelingly to the many dear ties which bound him to his home; his eagerness to get away and take a little jaunt in the world was so great that he caught himself twenty times a day forgetting his rôle of a martyr to duty. The Government, it appeared, valued so highly his political sermons, though they had been somewhat scarce of late, that it could ill afford to spare him, even for a limited time, but agreed with him that such herculean efforts of intellect must involve a terrible expenditure of cerebral tissue, and further concluded that so valiant a servant of the state had well earned his leisure.

The Judge in the meanwhile occupied his

leisure in divesting himself of his dignity. His first act after his daughter-in-law's departure was to summon his evicted tenants and announce to them that they were at liberty to resume their holdings and to entertain whatever political opinions they pleased.

"You know," he said pleasantly, "my son and I have not always agreed in political matters. If I could not persuade him, how much less can I expect to control my tenants? I am an old fellow, and perhaps don't see things as clearly as I thought I did. But I have a son who is abreast of the age. He will soon come home and take my place."

He made haste to write to Hilda what he had done, so as to clear away every obstacle to his son's return. He grew as light-hearted as a boy when the letter was sent, and talked freely with everybody about Harold's American experiences and his expected return. He felt a glow of paternal pride when he related how manfully "the boy" had struggled with adversity and only made light of it, and it gave him a thrill of pleasure to perceive with what respect his son was regarded in the valley, and how near he seemed to be to the hearts of all.

It was one morning early in October, I think, that the Judge was seen standing at the end of the pier spying anxiously into the distance through a field-glass. Six small cannon were placed along the beach, and Hans, the groom, stood with a fuse in his hand, watching for the Judge's signal. The flag was fluttering feebly from the top of the tall flag-pole; and the twelve-oared official barge, gayly decorated, lay gently bobbing upon the water. It was early in the morning, and the sun had not yet appeared above the mountain-peaks, although there was a great yellow blaze in the eastern sky, and the highest peaks to the north had caught some stray shafts of light, and flashed with a dazzling radiance. There was yet a touch of frost in the air, and a light smoke hung over the fiord, and drifted lazily seaward. To the westward the fog seemed denser, and as there was scarcely any breeze, the Judge's field-glass was of no avail. Suddenly and silently the steamer's huge hull loomed out of the fog, and the Judge was so amazed that he came near forgetting the signal which was to give the rest of the family warning. Bang, bang, bang, went the cannon, and the steamer, which would not be behindhand in politeness, banged away in return; the twelve oarsmen in the barge cheered; the ladies came running down upon the pier breathless, and were scolded for their tardiness. Then out shot the barge through the light morning mist, and within a few minutes hove alongside the steamer. A stairway was lowered, and the Judge ran up the steps like a youth of twenty. A tall, handsome, bearded man grasped his hand at the head of the stairs and pressed it warmly. The Judge met his eyes and gazed into them for a moment silently. Both understood the meaning of that glance. Each asked the other's forgiveness and received it. Then, with an utterly irrational movement, the Judge turned abruptly away and embraced — the pastor. It was a grievous mistake; the embrace had been meant for Hilda. But perhaps the Judge was excusable. His eyes were dimmed with tears.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

THE INTERPRETER.

OH, well these places knew and loved us twain!
The Genii softly laughed to see us pass,
To kiss our blessed hands up climbed the grass,
And on our pathway danced a flowery train;
To counsel us each agèd tree was fain,
And all its leafy accents we could class;
By symbol-circles on its polished glass,
By chiming shallows, still the brook spake plain.
Now all is changed: I look and list in vain;
As one who sits and hears a solemn mass,
In other language, in an alien fane,
So I without thee in these haunts, alas!
Am nature's stranger — so must I remain
Till, sweet interpreter! thou come again.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A CAMPAIGN THAT FAILED.

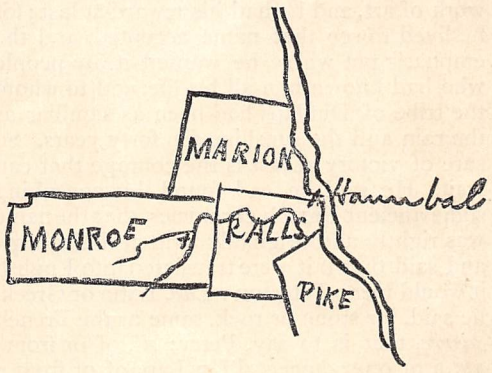
BY MARK TWAIN.



YOU have heard from a great many people who did something in the war; is it not fair and right that you listen a little moment to one who started out to do something in it, but didn't? Thousands entered the war, got just a taste of it, and then stepped out again, permanently. These, by their very numbers, are respectable, and are therefore entitled to a sort of voice,—not a loud one, but a modest one; not a boastful one, but an apologetic one. They ought not to be allowed much space among better people—people who did something—I grant that; but they ought at least to be allowed to state why they didn't do anything, and also to explain the process by which they didn't do anything. Surely this kind of light must have a sort of value.

Out West there was a good deal of confusion in men's minds during the first months of the great trouble — a good deal of unsettledness, of leaning first this way, then that, then the other way. It was hard for us to get our bearings. I call to mind an instance of this. I was piloting on the Mississippi when the news came that South Carolina had gone out of the Union on the 20th of December, 1860. My pilot-mate was a New Yorker. He was strong for the Union; so was I. But he would not listen to me with any patience; my loyalty was smirched, to his eye, because my father had owned slaves. I said, in palliation of this dark fact, that I had heard my father say, some years before he died, that slavery was a great wrong, and that he would free the solitary negro he then owned if he could think it right to give away the property of the family when he was so straitened in means. My mate retorted that a mere impulse was nothing — anybody could pretend to a good impulse; and went on decrying my Unionism and libeling my ancestry. A month later the secession atmosphere had considerably thickened on the Lower Mississippi, and I became a rebel; so did he. We were together in New Orleans, the 26th of January, when Louisiana went out of the Union. He did his full share of the rebel shouting, but was bitterly opposed to letting me do mine. He said that I came of bad stock — of a father who had been willing to set slaves free. In the following summer he was piloting a Federal gun-boat and shouting for the Union again, and I was in the Confederate army. I held his note for some borrowed money. He was one of the most upright men I ever knew; but he repudiated that note without hesitation, because I was a rebel, and the son of a man who owned slaves.

In that summer — of 1861 — the first wash of the wave of war broke upon the shores of Missouri. Our State was invaded by the Union forces. They took possession of St. Louis, Jefferson Barracks, and some other points. The



The Seat of War.

Governor, Claib Jackson, issued his proclamation calling out fifty thousand militia to repel the invader.

I was visiting in the small town where my

boyhood had been spent — Hannibal, Marion County. Several of us got together in a secret place by night and formed ourselves into a military company. One Tom Lyman, a young fellow of a good deal of spirit but of no military experience, was made captain; I was made second lieutenant. We had no first lieutenant; I do not know why; it was long ago. There were fifteen of us. By the advice of an innocent connected with the organization, we called ourselves the Marion Rangers. I do not remember that any one found fault with the name. I did not; I thought it sounded quite well. The young fellow who proposed this title was perhaps a fair sample of the kind of stuff we were made of. He was young, ignorant, good-natured, well-meaning, trivial, full of romance, and given to reading chivalric novels and singing forlorn love-ditties. He had some pathetic little nickel-plated aristocratic instincts, and detested his name, which was Dunlap; detested it, partly because it was nearly as common in that region as Smith, but mainly because it had a plebeian sound to his ear. So he tried to ennoble it by writing it in this way: *d' Unlap*. That contented his eye, but left his ear unsatisfied, for people gave the new name the same old pronunciation — emphasis on the front end of it. He then did the bravest thing that can be imagined,— a thing to make one shiver when one remembers how the world is given to resenting shams and affectations; he began to write his name so: *d' Un Lap*. And he waited patiently through the long storm of mud that was flung at this work of art, and he had his reward at last; for he lived to see that name accepted, and the emphasis put where he wanted it, by people who had known him all his life, and to whom the tribe of Dunlaps had been as familiar as the rain and the sunshine for forty years. So sure of victory at last is the courage that can wait. He said he had found, by consulting some ancient French chronicles, that the name was rightly and originally written d'Un Lap; and said that if it were translated into English it would mean Peterson: *Lap*, Latin or Greek, he said, for stone or rock, same as the French *pierre*, that is to say, Peter; *d'*, of or from; *un*, a or one; hence, d'Un Lap, of or from a stone or a Peter; that is to say, one who is the son of a stone, the son of a Peter — Peterson. Our militia company were not learned, and the explanation confused them; so they called him Peterson Dunlap. He proved useful to us in his way; he named our camps for us, and he generally struck a name that was "no slouch," as the boys said.

That is one sample of us. Another was Ed Stevens, son of the town jeweler,— trim-built, handsome, graceful, neat as a cat;



PETERSON D'UN LAP.

bright, educated, but given over entirely to fun. There was nothing serious in life to him. As far as he was concerned, this military expedition of ours was simply a holiday. I should say that about half of us looked upon it in the same way; not consciously, perhaps, but unconsciously. We did not think; we were not capable of it. As for myself, I was full of unreasoning joy to be done with turning out of bed at midnight and four in the morning, for a while; grateful to have a change, new scenes, new occupations, a new interest. In my thoughts that was as far as I went; I did not go into the details; as a rule one doesn't at twenty-four.

Another sample was Smith, the blacksmith's apprentice. This vast donkey had some pluck, of a slow and sluggish nature, but a soft heart; at one time he would knock a horse down for some impropriety, and at another he would get homesick and cry. However, he had one ultimate credit to his account which some of us hadn't: he stuck to the war, and was killed in battle at last.

Jo Bowers, another sample, was a huge, good-natured, flax-headed lubber; lazy, senti-

mental, full of harmless brag, a grumbler by nature; an experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar, and yet not a successful one, for he had had no intelligent training, but was allowed to come up just any way. This life was serious enough to him, and seldom satisfactory. But he was a good fellow anyway, and the boys all liked him. He was made orderly sergeant; Stevens was made corporal.

These samples will answer — and they are quite fair ones. Well, this herd of cattle started for the war. What could you expect of them? They did as well as they knew how, but really what was justly to be expected of them? Nothing, I should say. That is what they did.

We waited for a dark night, for caution and secrecy were necessary; then, toward midnight, we stole in couples and from various directions to the Griffith place, beyond the town; from that point we set out together on foot. Hannibal lies at the extreme south-eastern corner of Marion County, on the Mississippi River; our objective point was the hamlet of New London, ten miles away, in Ralls County.

The first hour was all fun, all idle nonsense and laughter. But that could not be kept up. The steady trudging came to be like work; the play had somehow oozed out of it; the stillness of the woods and the somberness of the night began to throw a depressing influence over the spirits of the boys, and presently the talking died out and each person shut himself up in his own thoughts. During the last half of the second hour nobody said a word.

Now we approached a log farm-house where, according to report, there was a guard of five Union soldiers. Lyman called a halt; and there, in the deep gloom of the overhanging branches, he began to whisper a plan of assault upon that house, which made the gloom more depressing than it was before. It was a crucial moment; we realized, with a cold suddenness, that here was no jest — we were standing face to face with actual war. We were equal to the occasion. In our response there was no hesitation, no indecision: we said that if Lyman wanted to meddle with those soldiers, he could go ahead and do it; but if he waited for us to follow him, he would wait a long time.

Lyman urged, pleaded, tried to shame us, but it had no effect. Our course was plain, our minds were made up: we would flank the farm-house — go out around. And that is what we did.

We struck into the woods and entered upon a rough time, stumbling over roots, getting tangled in vines, and torn by briers. At last we reached an open place in a safe region, and sat down, blown and hot, to cool off and nurse our scratches and bruises. Lyman was annoyed, but the rest of us were cheerful; we had flanked the farm-house, we had made our first military movement, and it was a success; we had nothing to fret about, we were feeling just the other way. Horse-play and laughing began again; the expedition was become a holiday frolic once more.

Then we had two more hours of dull trudging and ultimate silence and depression; then, about dawn, we straggled into New London, soiled, heel-blistered, fagged with our little march, and all of us except Stevens in a sour and raspy humor and privately down on the war. We stacked our shabby old shot-guns in Colonel Ralls's barn, and then went in a body and breakfasted with that veteran of the Mexican war. Afterwards he took us to a distant meadow, and there in the shade of a tree we listened to an old-fashioned speech from him, full of gunpowder and glory, full of that adjective-piling, mixed metaphor, and windy declamation which was regarded as eloquence in that ancient time and that remote region; and then he swore us on the Bible to be faithful to the State of Missouri and drive all invaders from her soil, no matter whence they might come or under what flag they might march. This mixed us considerably, and we could not make out just what service we were embarked in; but Colonel Ralls, the practiced politician and phrase-juggler, was not similarly in doubt; he knew quite clearly that he had invested us in the cause of the Southern Confederacy. He closed the solemnities by belting around me the sword which his neighbor, Colonel Brown, had worn at Buena Vista and Molino del Rey; and he accompanied this act with another impressive blast.

Then we formed in line of battle and marched four miles to a shady and pleasant piece of woods on the border of the far-reaching expanses of a flowery prairie. It was an enchanting region for war — our kind of war.

We pierced the forest about half a mile, and took up a strong position, with some low, rocky, and wooded hills behind us, and a purling, limpid creek in front. Straightway half the command were in swimming, and the other half fishing. The ass with the French name gave this position a romantic title, but it was too long, so the boys shortened and simplified it to Camp Ralls.

We occupied an old maple-sugar camp, whose half-rotted troughs were still propped against the trees. A long corn-crib served for sleeping quarters for the battalion. On our left, half a mile away, was Mason's farm and house; and he was a friend to the cause.



THE SWORD OF BUENA VISTA AND MOLINO DEL REY.

Shortly after noon the farmers began to arrive from several directions, with mules and horses for our use, and these they lent us for as long as the war might last, which they judged would be about three months. The animals were of all sizes, all colors, and all breeds. They were mainly young and frisky, and nobody in the command could stay on them long at a time; for we were town boys, and ignorant of horsemanship. The creature that fell to my share was a very small mule, and yet so quick and active that it could throw me without difficulty; and it did this whenever I got on it. Then it would bray—stretching its neck out, laying its ears back, and spreading its jaws till you could see down to its works. It was a disagreeable animal, in every way. If I took it by the bridle and tried to lead it off the grounds, it would sit down and brace back, and no one could budge it. However, I was not entirely destitute of military resources, and I did presently manage to spoil this game; for I had seen many a steamboat aground in my time, and knew a trick or two which even a grounded mule would be obliged to respect. There was a well by the corn-crib; so I substituted thirty fathom of rope for the bridle, and fetched him home with the windlass.

I will anticipate here sufficiently to say that we did learn to ride, after some days' practice, but never well. We could not learn to like our animals; they were not choice ones, and most of them had annoying peculiarities of one kind or another. Stevens's horse would carry him, when he was not noticing, under

the huge excrescences which form on the trunks of oak-trees, and wipe him out of the saddle; in this way Stevens got several bad hurts. Sergeant Bowers's horse was very large and tall, with slim, long legs, and looked like a railroad bridge. His size enabled him to reach all about, and as far as he wanted to, with his head; so he was always biting Bowers's legs. On the march, in the sun, Bowers slept a good deal; and as soon as the horse recognized that he was asleep he would reach around and bite him on the leg. His legs were black and blue with bites. This was the only thing that could ever make him swear, but this always did; whenever the horse bit him he always swore, and of course Stevens, who laughed at everything, laughed at this, and would even get into such convulsions over it as to lose his balance and fall off his horse; and then Bowers, already irritated by the pain of the horse-bite, would resent the laughter with hard language, and there would be a quarrel; so that horse made no end of trouble and bad blood in the command.

However, I will get back to where I was — our first afternoon in the sugar-camp. The sugar-troughs came very handy as horse-troughs, and we had plenty of corn to fill them with. I ordered Sergeant Bowers to feed my mule; but he said that if I reckoned he went to war to be dry-nurse to a mule, it wouldn't take me very long to find out my mistake. I believed that this was insubordination, but I was full of uncertainties about everything military, and so I let the thing pass, and went and ordered Smith, the blacksmith's apprentice, to feed the mule; but he merely gave me a large, cold, sarcastic grin, such as an ostensibly seven-year-old horse gives you when you lift his lip and find he is fourteen, and turned his back on me. I then went to the captain, and asked if it was not right and proper and military for me to have an orderly. He said it was, but as there was only one orderly in the corps, it was but right that he himself should have Bowers on his staff. Bowers said he wouldn't serve on anybody's staff; and if anybody thought he could make him, let him try it. So, of course, the thing had to be dropped; there was no other way.

Next, nobody would cook; it was considered a degradation; so we had no dinner. We lazied the rest of the pleasant afternoon away, some dozing under the trees, some smoking cob-pipes and talking sweethearts and war, some playing games. By late supper-time all hands were famished; and to meet the difficulty all hands turned to, on an equal



"IT WAS A DISAGREEABLE ANIMAL IN EVERY WAY."

footing, and gathered wood, built fires, and cooked the meal. Afterward everything was smooth for a while; then trouble broke out between the corporal and the sergeant, each claiming to rank the other. Nobody knew which was the higher office; so Lyman had to settle the matter by making the rank of both officers equal. The commander of an ignorant crew like that has many troubles and vexations which probably do not occur in the regular army at all. However, with the song-singing and yarn-spinning around the camp-fire, everything presently became serene again; and by and by we raked the corn down level in one end of the crib, and all went to bed on it, tying a horse to the door, so that he would neigh if any one tried to get in.*

We had some horsemanship drill every forenoon; then, afternoons, we rode off here and there in squads a few miles, and visited the farmers' girls, and had a youthful good time, and got an honest good dinner or supper, and then home again to camp, happy and content.

For a time, life was idly delicious, it was



SERGEANT BOWERS RECEIVING ORDERS.

perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in our direction, from over Hyde's prairie. The result was a sharp stir among us, and general consternation. It was a rude awakening from our pleasant trance. The rumor was but a rumor—nothing definite about it; so, in the confusion, we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was for not retreating at all, in these uncertain circumstances; but he found that if he tried to maintain that attitude he would fare badly, for the command were in no humor to put up with insubordination. So he yielded the



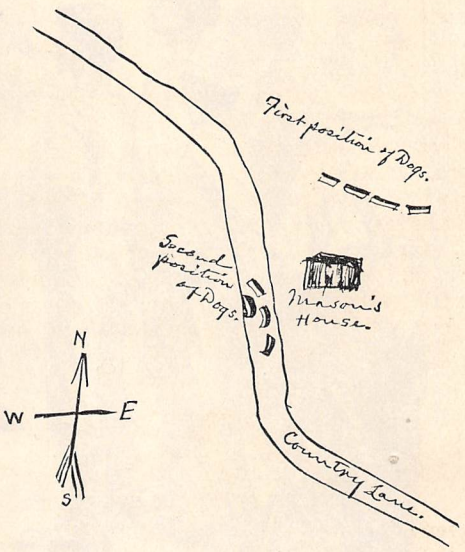
THE VENERABLE BLACKSMITH WITH HIS WEAPON.
(SEE PAGE 203.)

* It was always my impression that that was what the horse was there for, and I know that it was also the impression of at least one other of the command, for we talked about it at the time, and admired the military ingenuity of the device; but when I was out West three years ago I was told by Mr. A. G. Fuqua, a member of our company, that the horse was his, that the leaving him tied at the door was a matter of mere forgetfulness, and that to attribute it to intelligent invention was to give him quite too much credit. In support of his position, he called my attention to the suggestive fact that the artifice was not employed again. I had not thought of that before.

point and called a council of war—to consist of himself and the three other officers; but the privates made such a fuss about being left out, that we had to allow them to be present. I mean we had to allow them to remain, for they were already present, and doing the most of the talking too. The question was, which way to retreat; but all were so flurried that nobody seemed to have even a guess to offer. Except Lyman. He explained in a few calm words, that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple: all we had to do was not to retreat *toward* him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Everybody saw in a moment how true this was, and how wise; so Lyman got a great many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm.

It was after dark by this time, and as we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive, it did not seem best to try to take the horses and things with us; so we only took the guns and ammunition, and started at once. The route was very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very black and rain began to fall; so we had a troublesome time of it, struggling and stumbling along in the dark; and soon some person slipped and fell, and then the next person behind stumbled over him and fell, and so did the rest, one after the other; and then Bowers came with the keg of powder in his arms, whilst the command were all mixed together, arms and legs, on the muddy slope; and so he fell, of course, with the keg, and this started the whole detachment down the hill in a body, and they landed in the brook at the bottom in a pile, and each that was undermost pulling the hair and scratching and biting those that were on top of him; and those that were being scratched and bitten scratching and biting the rest in their turn, and all saying they would die before they would ever go to war again if they ever got out of this brook this time, and the invader might rot for all they cared, and the country along with him—and all such talk as that, which was dismal to hear and take part in, in such smothered, low voices, and such a grisly dark place and so wet, and the enemy may be coming any moment.

The keg of powder was lost, and the guns too; so the growling and complaining continued straight along whilst the brigade pawed around the pasty hillside and slopped around in the brook hunting for these things; consequently we lost considerable time at this; and then we heard a sound, and held our breath and listened, and it seemed to be the enemy coming, though it could have been a cow, for it had a cough like a cow; but we did not wait, but left a couple of guns behind and struck out for Mason's again as briskly as we could scramble along in the dark. But we got lost presently among the rugged little ravines, and wasted a deal of time finding the way again, so it was after nine when we reached Mason's stile at last; and then before we could open our mouths to give the countersign, several dogs came bounding over the fence, with great riot and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the slack of his trousers and began to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to; so we had to look on, helpless, at what was perhaps the most mortifying spectacle of the civil war. There was light enough, and to spare, for the Masons had now run out on the porch with candles in their hands. The old man and his son came and undid the dogs without difficulty, all but Bowers's; but they couldn't undo his dog, they didn't know his combination; he was of the bull kind, and seemed to be set with a Yale time-lock; but they got him loose at last with some scalding water, of which Bowers got his share and returned thanks. Peterson Dunlap afterwards made up a fine name for this engagement, and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory.



Engagement at Mason's Farm

We now went into the house, and they began to ask us a world of questions, whereby it presently came out that we did not know anything concerning who or what we were

running from; so the old gentleman made himself very frank, and said we were a curious breed of soldiers, and guessed we could be depended on to end up the war in time, because no government could stand the expense



FARMER MASON EXPLAINING THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR.

of the shoe-leather we should cost it trying to follow us around. "Marion *Rangers!* good name, b'gosh!" said he. And wanted to know why we hadn't had a picket-guard at the place where the road entered the prairie, and why we hadn't sent out a scouting party to spy out the enemy and bring us an account of his strength, and so on, before jumping up and stampeding out of a strong position upon a mere vague rumor — and so on and so forth, till he made us all feel shabbier than the dogs had done, not half so enthusiastically welcome. So we went to bed shamed and low-spirited; except Stevens. Soon Stevens began to devise a garment for Bowers which could be made to automatically display his battle-scars to the grateful, or conceal them from the envious, according to his occasions; but Bowers was in no humor for this, so there was a fight, and when it was over Stevens had some battle-scars of his own to think about.

Then we got a little sleep. But after all we had gone through, our activities were not over for the night; for about two o'clock in the morning we heard a shout of warning from down the lane, accompanied by a chorus from all the dogs, and in a moment everybody was up and flying around to find out what the alarm was about. The alarmist was a horseman who gave notice that a detachment of Union soldiers was on its way from Hannibal with orders to capture and hang any bands like ours which it could find, and said we had no time to lose. Farmer Mason was in a flurry this time, himself. He hurried us out of the house with all haste, and sent one of his negroes with us to show us where to hide ourselves and our tell-tale guns among the ravines half a mile away. It was raining heavily.

We struck down the lane, then across some rocky pasture-land which offered good advantages for stumbling; consequently we were down in the mud most of the time, and every time a man went down he blackguarded the war, and the people that started it, and everybody connected with it, and gave himself the master dose of all for being so foolish as to go into it. At last we reached the wooded mouth

of a ravine, and there we huddled ourselves under the streaming trees, and sent the negro back home. It was a dismal and heart-breaking time. We were like to be drowned with the rain, deafened with the howling wind and the booming thunder, and blinded by the lightning. It was indeed a wild night. The drenching we were getting was misery enough, but a deeper misery still was the reflection that the halter might end us before we were a day older. A death of this shameful sort had not occurred to us as being among the possibilities of war. It took the romance all out of the campaign, and turned our dreams of glory into a repulsive nightmare. As for doubting that so barbarous an order had been given, not one of us did that.

The long night wore itself out at last, and then the negro came to us with the news that the alarm had manifestly been a false one, and that breakfast would soon be ready. Straightway we were lighted-hearted again, and the world was bright, and life as full of hope and promise as ever — for we were young then. How long ago that was! Twenty-four years.

The mongrel child of philology named the night's refuge Camp Devastation, and no soul objected. The Masons gave us a Missouri country breakfast, in Missourian abundance, and we needed it: hot biscuits; hot "wheat bread" prettily criss-crossed in a lattice pattern on top; hot corn pone; fried chicken; bacon, coffee, eggs, milk, buttermilk, etc.; — and the world may be confidently challenged to furnish the equal to such a breakfast, as it is cooked in the South.

We staid several days at Mason's; and after all these years the memory of the dullness, the stillness and lifelessness of that slumberous farm-house still oppresses my spirit as with a sense of the presence of death and mourning. There was nothing to do, nothing to think about; there was no interest in life. The male part of the household were away in the fields all day, the women were busy and out of our sight; there was no sound but the plaintive wailing of a spinning-wheel, forever moaning out from some distant room,—the most lonesome sound in nature, a sound steeped and sodden with homesickness and the emptiness of life. The family went to bed about dark every night, and as we were not invited to intrude any new customs, we naturally followed theirs. Those nights were a hundred years long to youths accustomed to being up till twelve. We lay awake and miserable till that hour every time, and grew old and decrepit waiting through the still eternities for the clock-strikes. This was no place for town boys. So at last it was with something very like joy that we received news that the enemy were on our track again. With a new birth of the old warrior spirit, we sprang to our places in line of battle and fell back on Camp Ralls.

Captain Lyman had taken a hint from Mason's talk, and he now gave orders that our camp should be guarded against surprise by the posting of pickets. I was ordered to place a picket at the forks of the road in Hyde's prairie. Night shut down black and threatening. I told Sergeant Bowers to go out to that place and stay till midnight; and, just as I was expecting, he said he wouldn't do it. I tried to get others to go, but all refused. Some excused themselves on account of the weather; but the rest were frank enough to say they wouldn't go in any kind of weather. This kind of thing sounds odd now, and impossible, but there was no surprise in it at the time. On the contrary, it seemed a perfectly natural thing to do. There were scores of little camps scattered over Missouri where the same thing was happening. These camps were composed of young men who had been born and reared to a sturdy independence, and who did not know what it meant to be ordered around by Tom, Dick, and Harry, whom they had known familiarly all their lives, in the village or on the farm. It is quite within the probabilities that this same thing was happening all over the South. James Redpath recognized the justice of this assumption, and furnished the following instance in support of it. During a short stay in East Tennessee he was in a citizen colonel's tent one day, talking, when a big private appeared at the door, and without salute or other circumlocution said to the colonel:

"Say, Jim, I'm a-goin' home for a few days."

"What for?"

"Well, I hain't b'en there for a right smart while, and I'd like to see how things is comin' on."

"How long are you going to be gone?"

"'Bout two weeks."

"Well, don't be gone longer than that; and get back sooner if you can."

That was all, and the citizen officer resumed his conversation where the private had broken it off. This was in the first months of the war, of course. The camps in our part of Missouri were under Brigadier-General Thomas H. Harris. He was a townsman of ours, a first-rate fellow, and well liked; but we had all familiarly known him as the sole and modest-salaried operator in our telegraph office, where he had to send about one dispatch a week in ordinary times, and two when there was a rush of business; consequently, when he appeared in our midst one day, on the wing, and delivered a military command of

some sort, in a large military fashion, nobody was surprised at the response which he got from the assembled soldiery:

"Oh, now, what'll you take to *don't*, Tom Harris!"

It was quite the natural thing. One might justly imagine that we were hopeless material for war. And so we seemed, in our ignorant state; but there were those among us who afterward learned the grim trade; learned to obey like machines; became valuable soldiers; fought all through the war, and came out at the end with excellent records. One of the very boys who refused to go out on picket duty that night, and called me an ass for thinking he would expose himself to danger in such a foolhardy way, had become distinguished for intrepidity before he was a year older.

I did secure my picket that night—not by authority, but by diplomacy. I got Bowers to go, by agreeing to exchange ranks with him for the time being, and go along and stand the watch with him as his subordinate. We staid out there a couple of dreary hours in the pitchy darkness and the rain, with nothing to modify the dreariness but Bowers's monotonous growlings at the war and the weather; then we began to nod, and presently found it next to impossible to stay in the saddle; so we gave up the tedious job, and went back to the camp without waiting for the relief guard. We rode into camp without interruption or objection from anybody, and the enemy could have done the same, for there were no sentries. Everybody was asleep; at midnight there was nobody to send out another picket, so none was sent. We never tried to establish a watch at night again, as far as I remember, but we generally kept a picket out in the daytime.

In that camp the whole command slept on the corn in the big corn-crib; and there was usually a general row before morning, for the place was full of rats, and they would scramble over the boys' bodies and faces, annoying and irritating everybody; and now and then they would bite some one's toe, and the person who owned the toe would start up and magnify his English and begin to throw corn in the dark. The ears were half as heavy as bricks, and when they struck they hurt. The persons struck would respond, and inside of five minutes every man would be locked in a death-grip with his neighbor. There was a grievous deal of blood shed in the corn-crib, but this was all that was spilt while I was in the war. No, that is not quite true. But for one circumstance it would have been all. I will come to that now.

Our scares were frequent. Every few days rumors would come that the enemy were approaching. In these cases we always fell back on some other camp of ours; we never staid where we were. But the rumors always turned out to be false; so at last even we began to grow indifferent to them. One night a negro was sent to our corn-crib with the same old warning: the enemy was hovering in our neighborhood. We all said let him hover. We resolved to stay still and be comfortable. It was a fine warlike resolution, and no doubt we all felt the stir of it in our veins—for a moment. We had been having a very jolly time, that was full of horse-play and school-boy hilarity; but that cooled down now, and presently the fast-waning fire of forced jokes and forced laughs died out altogether, and the company became silent. Silent and nervous. And soon uneasy — worried — apprehensive. We had said we would stay, and we were committed. We could have been persuaded to go, but there was nobody brave enough to suggest it. An almost noiseless movement presently began in the dark, by a general but unvoiced impulse. When the movement was completed, each man knew that he was not the only person who had crept to the front wall and had his eye at a crack between the logs. No, we were all there; all there with our hearts in our throats, and staring out toward the sugar-troughs where the forest foot-path came through. It was late, and there was a deep woodsy stillness everywhere. There was a veiled moonlight, which was only just strong enough to enable us to mark the general shape of objects. Presently a muffled sound caught our ears, and we recognized it as the hoof-beats of a horse or horses. And right away a figure appeared in the forest path; it could have been made of smoke, its mass had so little sharpness of outline. It was a man on horseback; and it seemed to me that there were others behind him. I got hold of a gun in the dark, and pushed it through a crack between the logs, hardly knowing what I was doing, I was so dazed with fright. Somebody said "Fire!" I pulled the trigger. I seemed to see a hundred flashes and hear a hundred reports, then I saw the man fall down out of the saddle. My first feeling was of surprised gratification; my first impulse was an apprentice-sportsman's impulse to run and pick up his game. Somebody said, hardly audibly, "Good — we've got him! — wait for the rest." But the rest did not come. We waited — listened — still no more came. There was not a sound, not the whisper of a leaf; just perfect stillness; an uncanny kind of stillness, which was all the more uncanny on account of the damp, earthy, late-night smells now ris-

ing and pervading it. Then, wondering, we crept stealthily out, and approached the man. When we got to him the moon revealed him distinctly. He was lying on his back, with his arms abroad; his mouth was open and his chest heaving with long gasps, and his white shirt-front was all splashed with blood. The thought shot through me that I was a murderer; that I had killed a man — a man who had never done me any harm. That was the coldest sensation that ever went through my marrow. I was down by him in a moment, helplessly stroking his forehead; and I would have given anything then — my own life freely — to make him again what he had been five minutes before. And all the boys seemed to be feeling in the same way; they hung over him, full of pitying interest, and tried all they could to help him, and said all sorts of regretful things. They had forgotten all about the enemy; they thought only of this one forlorn unit of the foe. Once my imagination persuaded me that the dying man gave me a reproachful look out of his shadowy eyes, and it seemed to me that I could rather he had stabbed me than done that. He muttered and mumbled like a dreamer in his sleep, about his wife and his child; and I thought with a new despair, "This thing that I have done does not end with him; it falls upon *them* too, and they never did me any harm, any more than he."

In a little while the man was dead. He was killed in war; killed in fair and legitimate war; killed in battle, as you may say; and yet he was as sincerely mourned by the opposing force as if he had been their brother. The boys stood there a half hour sorrowing over him, and recalling the details of the tragedy, and wondering who he might be, and if he were a spy, and saying that if it were to do over again they would not hurt him unless he attacked them first. It soon came out that mine was not the only shot fired; there were five others,— a division of the guilt which was a grateful relief to me, since it in some degree lightened and diminished the burden I was carrying. There were six shots fired at once; but I was not in my right mind at the time, and my heated imagination had magnified my one shot into a volley.

The man was not in uniform, and was not armed. He was a stranger in the country; that was all we ever found out about him. The thought of him got to preying upon me every night; I could not get rid of it. I could not drive it away, the taking of that unoffending life seemed such a wanton thing. And it seemed an epitome of war; that all war must be just that — the killing of strangers against whom you feel no personal animosity; strangers whom, in other circumstances, you would help if you found them in trouble, and who would help you if you needed it. My campaign was spoiled. It seemed to me that I was not rightly equipped for this awful business; that war was intended for men, and I for a child's nurse. I resolved to retire from this avocation of sham soldiership while I could save some remnant of my self-respect. These morbid thoughts clung to me against reason; for at bottom I did not believe I had touched that man. The law of probabilities decreed me guiltless of his blood; for in all my small experience with guns I had never hit anything I had tried to hit, and I knew I had done my best to hit him. Yet there was no solace in the thought. Against a diseased imagination, demonstration goes for nothing.

The rest of my war experience was of a piece with what I have already told of it. We kept monotonously falling back upon one camp or another, and eating up the country. I marvel now at the patience of the farmers and their families. They ought to have shot us; on the contrary, they were as hospitably kind and courteous to us as if we had deserved it. In one of these camps we found Ab Grimes, an Upper Mississippi pilot, who afterwards became famous as a dare-devil rebel spy, whose career bristled with desperate adventures. The look and style of his comrades suggested that they had not come into the war to play, and their deeds made good the conjecture later. They were fine horsemen and good revolver-shots; but their favorite arm was the lasso. Each had one at his pommel, and could snatch a man out of the saddle with it every time, on a full gallop, at any reasonable distance.

In another camp the chief was a fierce and profane old blacksmith of sixty, and he had furnished his twenty recruits with gigantic home-made bowie-knives, to be swung with the two hands, like the *machetes* of the Isthmus. It was a grisly spectacle to see that earnest band practicing their murderous cuts and slashes under the eye of that remorseless old fanatic.

The last camp which we fell back upon was in a hollow near the village of Florida, where I was born — in Monroe County. Here we were warned, one day, that a Union colonel was sweeping down on us with a whole regiment at his heels. This looked decidedly serious. Our boys went apart and consulted; then we went back and told the other companies present that the war was a disappointment to us and we were going to disband. They were getting ready, themselves, to fall back on some place or other, and were only

waiting for General Tom Harris, who was expected to arrive at any moment; so they tried to persuade us to wait a little while, but the majority of us said no, we were accustomed to falling back, and didn't need any of Tom Harris's help; we could get along perfectly well without him — and save time too. So about half of our fifteen, including myself, mounted and left on the instant; the others yielded to persuasion and staid — staid through the war.

An hour later we met General Harris on the road, with two or three people in his company — his staff, probably, but we could not tell; none of them were in uniform; uniforms had not come into vogue among us yet. Harris ordered us back; but we told him there was a Union colonel coming with a whole regiment in his wake, and it looked as if there was going to be a disturbance; so we had concluded to go home. He raged a little, but it was of no use; our minds were made up. We had done our share; had killed one man, exterminated one army, such as it was; let him go and kill the rest, and that would end the war. I did not see that brisk young general again until last year; then he was wearing white hair and whiskers.

In time I came to know that Union colonel whose coming frightened me out of the war and crippled the Southern cause to that extent — General Grant. I came within a few hours of seeing him when he was as unknown as I was myself; at a time when anybody could have said, "Grant? —Ulysses S. Grant? I do not remember hearing the name before." It seems difficult to realize that there was once a time when such a remark could be rationally made; but there *was*, and I was within a few miles of the place and the occasion too, though proceeding in the other direction.

The thoughtful will not throw this war-paper of mine lightly aside as being valueless. It has this value: it is a not unfair picture of what went on in many and many a militia camp in the first months of the rebellion, when the green recruits were without discipline, without the steadying and heartening influence of trained leaders; when all their circumstances were new and strange, and charged with exaggerated terrors, and before the invaluable experience of actual collision in the field had turned them from rabbits into soldiers. If this side of the picture of that early day has not before been put into history, then history has been to that degree incomplete, for it had and has its rightful place there. There was more Bull Run material scattered through the early camps of this country than exhibited itself at Bull Run. And yet it learned its trade presently, and helped to fight the great battles later. I could have become a soldier myself, if I had waited. I had got part of it learned; I knew more about retreating than the man that invented retreating.

Mark Twain.

EVE.

LONE in the sunrise of primeval day,
More lovely than the virgin world around,
With fingers pressed on lips that made no sound,
She stood and gazed. Spread out before her lay
The future — and the clouds were rolled away.
The war of kings in empires still unfound,
The crash of cannon that should yet resound,
She heard, and saw the great world rock and sway.
Across the crimson sky above her head
There came a cry of children asking food;
A wail of women for the nations' dead
Went upward to the stars. So pale she stood;
Then to some secret place in Eden fled,
And wept in presage of her motherhood.

W. J. Henderson.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"YOU always want me to come out! We can't go out here; we *are* out, as much as we can be!" Verena laughed. She tried to turn it off — feeling that something really impended.

"Come down into the garden, and out beyond there — to the water, where we can speak. It's what I have come for; it was not for what I told Miss Olive!"

He had lowered his voice, as if Miss Olive might still hear them, and there was something strangely grave — altogether solemn, indeed — in its tone. Verena looked around her, at the splendid summer day, at the much-swathed, formless figure of Miss Birdseye, holding her letter inside her hat. "Mr. Ransom!" she articulated then, simply; and as her eyes met his again, they showed him in each a tear.

"It's not to make you suffer, I honestly believe. I don't want to say anything that will hurt you. How can I possibly hurt you, when I feel to you as I do?" he went on, with suppressed force.

She said no more, but all her face entreated him to let her off, to spare her; and as this look deepened, a quick sense of elation and success began to throb in his heart, for it told him exactly what he wanted to know. It told him that she was afraid of him, that she had ceased to trust herself, that the way he had read her nature was the right way (she was tremendously open to attack, she was meant for love, she was meant for him), and that his arriving at the point at which he wished to arrive was only a question of time. This happy consciousness made him extraordinarily tender to her; he couldn't put enough reassurance into his smile, his low murmur, as he said: "Only give me ten minutes; don't receive me by turning me away. It's my holiday — my poor little holiday; don't spoil it."

Three minutes later Miss Birdseye, looking up from her letter, saw them move together through the bristling garden and traverse a gap in the old fence which inclosed the farther side of it. They passed into the ancient ship-yard which lay beyond, and which was now a mere vague, grass-grown approach to the waterside, bestrewn with a few remnants of supererogatory timber. She saw them stroll forward to the edge of the bay and stand there, taking the soft breeze in their faces. She watched them a little, and it warmed her heart to see the stiff-necked young Southerner led captive by a daughter of New England trained in the right school, who would impose her opinions in their integrity. Considering how prejudiced he must have been, he was certainly behaving very well; even at that distance Miss Birdseye dimly made out that there was something positively humble in the way he invited Verena Tarrant to seat herself on a low pile of weather-blackened planks which constituted the principal furniture of the place, and something, perhaps, just a trifle too expressive of righteous triumph in the manner in which the girl put the suggestion by and stood where she liked, a little proudly, turning a good deal away from him. Miss Birdseye could see as much as this, but she couldn't hear, so that she didn't know what it was that made Verena turn suddenly back to him, at something he said. If she had known, perhaps his observation would have struck her as less singular — under the circumstances in which these two young persons met — than it may appear to the reader.

"They have accepted one of my articles; I think it's the best." These were the first words that passed Basil Ransom's lips after the pair had withdrawn as far as it was possible to withdraw (in that direction) from the house.

"Oh, is it printed — when does it appear?" Verena asked that question instantly; it sprang from her lips in a manner that completely belied the air of keeping herself at a distance from him, which she had worn a few moments before.

He didn't tell her again this time, as he had told her when, on the occasion of their walk together in New York, she expressed an inconsequent hope that his fortune as a rejected contributor would take a turn — he didn't remark to her once more that she was a delightful being; he only went on (as if her revulsion were a matter of course) to explain everything he could, so that she might as soon as possible know him better and see how

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completely she could trust him. "That was, at bottom, the reason I came here. The essay in question is the most important thing I have done in the way of a literary attempt, and I determined to give up the game or to persist, according as I should be able to bring it to the light or not. The other day I got a letter from the editor of the 'Rational Review,' telling me that he should be very happy to print it, that he thought it very remarkable, and that he should be glad to hear from me again. He shall hear from me again — he needn't be afraid! It contained a good many of the opinions I have expressed to you, and a good many more besides. I really believe it will attract some attention. At any rate, the simple fact that it is to be published makes an era in my life. This will seem pitiful to you, no doubt, who publish yourself, have been before the world these several years, and are flushed with every kind of triumph; but to me it's simply a tremendous affair. It makes me believe I may do something; it has changed the whole way I look at my future. I have been building castles in the air, and I have put you in the biggest and fairest of them. That's a great change, and, as I say, it's really why I came on."

Verena lost not a word of this gentle, conciliatory, explicit statement; it was full of surprises for her, and as soon as Ransom had stopped speaking she inquired: "Why, didn't you feel satisfied about your future before?"

Her tone made him feel how little she had suspected he could have the weakness of a discouragement, how little of a question it must have seemed to her that he would one day triumph on his own erratic line. It was the sweetest tribute he had yet received to the idea that he might have ability; the letter of the editor of the "Rational Review" was nothing to it. "No, I felt very blue; it didn't seem to me at all clear that there was a place for me in the world."

"Gracious!" said Verena Tarrant.

A quarter of an hour later Miss Birdseye, who had returned to her letters (she had a correspondent at Framingham who usually wrote fifteen pages), became aware that Verena, who was now alone, was reëntering the house. She stopped her on her way, and said she hoped she hadn't pushed Mr. Ransom overboard.

"Oh, no; he has gone off — round the other way."

"Well, I hope he is going to speak for us soon."

Verena hesitated a moment. "He speaks with the pen. He has written a very fine article — for the 'Rational Review.'"

Miss Birdseye gazed at her young friend complacently; the sheets of her interminable letter fluttered in the breeze. "Well, it's delightful to see the way it goes on, isn't it?"

Verena scarcely knew what to say; then, remembering that Doctor Prance had told her that they might lose their dear old companion any day, and confronting it with something Basil Ransom had just said, — that the "Rational Review" was a quarterly, and the editor had notified him that his article would appear only in the number after the next, — she reflected that perhaps Miss Birdseye wouldn't be there, so many months later, to see how it was her supposed consort had spoken. She might, therefore, be left to believe what she liked to believe, without fear of a day of reckoning. Verena committed herself to nothing more confirmatory than a kiss, however, which the old lady's displaced head-gear enabled her to imprint upon her forehead, and which caused Miss Birdseye to exclaim, "Why, Verena Tarrant, how cold your lips are!" It was not surprising to Verena to hear that her lips were cold; a mortal chill had crept over her, for she knew that, this time, she should have a tremendous scene with Olive.

She found her in her room, to which she had fled on quitting Mr. Ransom's presence; she sat in the window, having evidently sunk into a chair the moment she came in, a position from which she must have seen Verena walk through the garden and down to the water with the intruder. She remained as she had collapsed, quite prostrate; her position was the same as that other time Verena had found her waiting, in New York. What Olive was likely to say to her first, the girl scarcely knew; her mind, at any rate, was full of an intention of her own. She went straight to her, and fell on her knees before her, taking hold of the hands which were clasped together, with nervous intensity, in Miss Chancellor's lap. Verena remained a moment, looking up at her, and then said:

"There is something I want to tell you now, without a moment's delay; something I didn't tell you at the time it happened, nor afterwards. Mr. Ransom came out to see me once, at Cambridge, a little while before we went to New York. He spent a couple of hours with me; we took a walk together and saw the colleges. It was after that that he wrote to me — when I answered his letter, as I told you in New York. I didn't tell you then of his visit. We had a great deal of talk about him, and I kept that back. I did so on purpose; I can't explain why, except that I didn't like to tell you, and that I thought it better. But now I want you to know everything; when you know that, you *will* know everything. It was only one visit — about two hours. I en-

joyed it very much — he seemed so much interested. One reason I didn't tell you was that I didn't want you to know that he had come on to Boston, and called on me in Cambridge, without going to see you. I thought it might affect you disagreeably. I suppose you will think I deceived you; certainly I left you with a wrong impression. But now I want you to know all — all!"

Verena spoke with breathless haste and eagerness; there was a kind of passion in the way she tried to expiate her former want of candor. Olive listened, staring; at first she seemed scarcely to understand. But Verena perceived that she understood sufficiently when she broke out: "You deceived me — you deceived me! Well, I must say I like your deceit better than such dreadful revelations! And what does anything matter when he has come after you now? What does he want — what has he come for?"

"He has come to ask me to be his wife."

Verena said this with the same eagerness, with as determined an air of not incurring any reproach this time. But as soon as she had spoken she buried her head in Olive's lap.

Olive made no attempt to raise it again, and returned none of the pressure of her hands; she only sat silent for a time, during which Verena wondered that the idea of the episode at Cambridge, laid bare only after so many months, should not have struck her more deeply. Presently she saw it was because the horror of what had just happened drew her off from it. At last Olive asked: "Is that what he told you off there by the water?"

"Yes," — and Verena looked up, — "he wanted me to know it immediately. He says it's only fair to you that he should give notice of his intentions. He wants to try and make me like him — so he says. He wants to see more of me, and he wants me to know him better."

Olive lay back in her chair, with dilated eyes and parted lips. "Verena Tarrant, what *is* there between you? what *can* I hold on to, what *can* I believe? Two hours, in Cambridge, before we went to New York?" The sense that Verena had been monstrous there — monstrous in her reticence — now began to roll over her. "Mercy of Heaven, how you did act!"

"Olive, it was to spare you."

"To spare me? If you really wished to spare me, he wouldn't be here now!"

Miss Chancellor flashed this out with a sudden violence, a spasm which threw Verena off and made her rise to her feet. For an instant the two young women stood confronted, and a person who had seen them at that moment might have taken them for enemies rather than friends. But any such opposition could last but a few seconds. Verena replied, with a tremor in her voice which was not that of passion, but of charity: "Do you mean that I expected him, that I brought him? I never in my life was more surprised at anything than when I saw him there."

"Hasn't he the delicacy of one of his own slave-drivers? Doesn't he know you loathe him?"

Verena looked at her friend with a degree of majesty which, with her, was rare. "I don't loathe him — I only dislike his opinions."

"Dislike! Oh, misery!" And Olive turned away to the open window, leaning her forehead against the lifted sash.

Verena hesitated, then went to her, passing her arm round her. "Don't scold me! help me — help me!" she murmured.

Olive gave her a sidelong look; then, catching her up and facing her again — "Will you come away, now, by the next train?"

"Flee from him again, as I did in New York? No, no, Olive Chancellor, that's not the way," Verena went on, reasoningly, as if all the wisdom of the ages were seated on her lips. "Then how can we leave Miss Birdseye, in her state? We must stay here — we must fight it out here."

"Why not be honest, if you have been false — really honest, not only half so? Why not tell him plainly that you love him?"

"Love him, Olive? why, I scarcely know him."

"You'll have a chance, if he stays a month."

"I don't dislike him, certainly, as you do. But how can I love him when he tells me he wants me to give up everything, all our work, our faith, our future, never to give another address, to open my lips in public? How can I consent to that?" Verena went on, smiling strangely.

"He asks you that, just that way?"

"No; it's not that way. It's very kindly."

"Kindly? Heaven help you, don't grovel! Doesn't he know it's my house?" Olive added, in a moment.

"Of course he won't come into it, if you forbid him."

"So that you may meet him in other places — on the shore, in the country?"

"I certainly sha'n't avoid him, hide away from him," said Verena proudly. "I thought I made you believe, in New York, that I really cared for our aspirations. The way for me, then, is to meet him, feeling conscious of my strength. What if I do like him? what does it matter? I like my work in the world, I like everything I believe in, better."

Olive listened to this, and the memory of how, in the house in Tenth street, Verena had rebuked her doubts, professed her own faith anew, came back to her with a force which made the present situation appear slightly less terrific. Nevertheless, she gave no assent to the girl's logic; she only replied: "But you didn't meet him there; you hurried away from New York, after I was willing you should stay. He affected you very much there; you were not so calm when you came back to me from your expedition to the park, as you pretend to be now. To get away from him, you gave up all the rest."

"I know I wasn't so calm. But now I have had three months to think about it — about the way he affected me there. I take it very quietly."

"No, you don't; you are not calm now."

Verena was silent a moment, while Olive's eyes continued to search her, accuse her, condemn her. "It's all the more reason you shouldn't give me stab after stab," she replied, with a gentleness which was infinitely touching.

It had an instant effect upon Olive; she burst into tears, threw herself upon her friend's neck. "Oh, don't desert me — don't desert me, or you'll kill me in torture," she moaned, shuddering.

"You must help me — you must help me!" cried Verena, imploringly too.

XXXVII.

BASIL RANSOM spent a month at Marmion; in announcing this fact I am very conscious of its extraordinary character. Poor Olive may well have been startled to sharp pain at his presenting himself there; for after her return from New York she took to her soul the conviction that they had really done with him. Not only did the impulse of revulsion under which Verena had demanded that their departure from Tenth street should be immediate appear to her a proof that it had been sufficient for her young friend to touch Mr. Ransom's moral texture with her finger, as it were, in order to draw back forever, but what she had learned from her companion of his own manifestions, his apparent disposition to throw up the game, added to her feeling of security. He had spoken to Verena of their little excursion as his last opportunity, let her know that he regarded it not as the beginning of a more intimate acquaintance, but as the end even of such relations as already existed between them. He gave her up, for reasons best known to himself; if he wanted to frighten Olive he judged that he had frightened her enough; his Southern chivalry suggested to him, perhaps, that he ought to let her off before he had worried her to death. Doubtless, too, he had perceived how vain it was to hope to make Verena abjure a faith so solidly founded; and though he admired her enough to wish to possess her on his own terms, he shrank from the mortification which the future would have in keeping for him — that of finding that, after six months of courting, and in spite of all her sympathy, her desire to do what people expected of her, she despised his opinions as much as the first day. Olive Chancellor was able to a certain extent to believe what she wished to believe, and that was one reason why she had twisted Verena's flight from New York, just after she let her friend see how much she should like to drink deeper of the cup, into a warrant for living in a fool's paradise. If she had been less afraid, she would have read things more clearly. She would have seen that we don't run away from people unless we fear them, and that we don't fear them unless we know that we are unarmed. Verena feared Basil Ransom now (though this time she declined to run); but now she had taken up her weapons, she had told Olive she was exposed, she had asked *her* to be her defense. Poor Olive had been sickened as she had never been before; but the extremity of her danger gave her a desperate energy. The only comfort in her situation was that this time Verena had confessed her peril, had thrown herself into her hands. "I like him,— I can't help it,— I do like him. I don't want to marry him, I don't want to embrace his ideas, which are unspeakably false and horrible; but I like him better than any gentleman I have seen." So much as this the girl announced to her friend as soon as the conversation of which I have just given a sketch was resumed, as it was very soon, you may be sure, and very often, in the course of the next few days. That was her way of saying that a great crisis had arrived in her life, and the statement needed very little amplification to stand as a shy avowal that she too had succumbed to the universal passion. Olive had had her suspicions, her terrors, before; but she perceived now how idle and foolish they had been, and that this was a different affair from any of the "phases" of which she had hitherto anxiously watched the development. As I say, she felt it to be a considerable mercy that Verena's attitude was frank, for it gave her something to take hold of; she could no longer be put off with sophistries about receiving visits from handsome and unscrupulous young men for the sake of the opportunities it gave one to convert them. She took hold, accordingly, with passion, with fury; after the shock of Ransom's arrival had passed away she determined that he should not find her chilled into

dumb submission. Verena had told her that she wanted her to hold her tight, to rescue her; and there was no fear that, for an instant, she should sleep at her post.

"I like him — I like him; but I want to hate ——"

"You want to hate him!" Olive broke in.

"No, I want to hate my liking. I want you to keep before me all the reasons why I should — many of them so fearfully important. Don't let me lose sight of anything! Don't be afraid I shall not be grateful when you remind me."

That was one of the singular speeches that Verena made in the course of their constant discussion of the terrible question, and it must be confessed that she made a great many. The strangest of all was when she protested, as she did again and again to Olive, against the idea of their seeking safety in retreat. She said there was a want of dignity in it — that she had been ashamed, afterwards, of what she had done in rushing away from New York. This care for her moral appearance was, on Verena's part, something new; inasmuch as, though she had struck that note on previous occasions,—had insisted on its being her duty to face the accidents and alarms of life,—she had never erected such a standard in the face of a disaster so sharply possible. It was not her habit either to talk or to think about her dignity, and when Olive found her taking that tone she felt more than ever that the dreadful, ominous, fatal part of the situation was simply that now, for the first time in all the history of their sacred friendship, Verena was not sincere. She was not sincere when she told her that she wanted to be helped against Mr. Ransom — when she exhorted her that way, to keep everything that was salutary and fortifying before her eyes. Olive didn't go so far as to believe that she was playing a part, and putting her off with words which, glossing over her treachery, only made it more cruel; she would have admitted that that treachery was as yet unwitting, that Verena deceived herself first of all, and thought she really wished to be saved. Her phrases about her dignity were insincere, her pretext that they must stay to look after Miss Birdseye; as if Doctor Prance were not abundantly able to discharge that function, and would not be enchanted to get them out of the house! Olive had perfectly divined by this time that Doctor Prance had no sympathy with their movement, no general ideas; that she was simply shut up to petty questions of pathological science and of her own professional activity. She would never have invited her down if she had realized this in advance, so much as the doctor's dry detachment from all their discussions, their readings and practicing, her constant expeditions to fish and botanize, subsequently enabled her to do. She was very narrow, but it did seem as if she knew more about Miss Birdseye's peculiar physical conditions — they were *very* peculiar — than any one else, and this was a comfort at a time when that admirable woman seemed to be suffering a loss of vitality.

"The great point is that it must be met some time, and it will be a tremendous relief to have it over. He is determined to have it out with me, and if the battle doesn't come off to-day we shall have to fight it to-morrow. I don't see why this isn't as good a time as any other. My lecture for the Music Hall is as good as finished, and I haven't got anything else to do; so I can give all my attention to our personal struggle. It requires a good deal, you would admit, if you knew how wonderfully he can talk. If we should leave this place to-morrow, he would come after us to the very next one. He would follow us everywhere. A little while ago we could have escaped him, because he says that then he had no money. He hasn't got much now, but he has got enough to pay his way. He is so encouraged by the reception of his article by the editor of the 'Rational Review' that he is sure that in future his pen will be a resource."

These remarks were uttered by Verena after Basil Ransom had been three days at Marmion, and when she reached this point her companion interrupted her with the inquiry, "Is that what he proposes to support you with — his pen?"

"Oh, yes; of course he admits we should be terribly poor."

"And this vision of a literary career is based entirely upon an article that hasn't yet seen the light? I don't see how a man of any refinement can approach a woman with so beggarly an account of his position in life."

"He says he wouldn't — he would have been ashamed — three months ago; that was why, when we were in New York, and he felt, even then — well (so he says) all he feels now, he made up his mind not to persist, to let me go. But just lately a change has taken place; his state of mind altered completely, in the course of a week, in consequence of the letter that editor wrote him about his contribution. It was a remarkably flattering letter. He says he believes in his future now; he has before him a vision of distinction, of influence, and of fortune, not great, perhaps, but sufficient to make life tolerable. He doesn't think life is very delightful, in the nature of things; but one of the best things a man can do with it is to get hold of some woman (of course, she must please him very much, to

make it worth while) whom he may draw close to him."

"And couldn't he get hold of any one but you — among all the exposed millions of our sex?" poor Olive groaned. "Why must he pick you out, when everything he knew about you showed you to be, exactly, the very last?"

"That's just what I have asked him, and he only remarks that there is no reasoning about such things. He fell in love with me that first evening, at Miss Birdseye's. So you see there was some ground for that mystic apprehension of yours. It seems as if I pleased him more than any one."

Olive flung herself over on the couch, burying her face in the cushions, which she tumbled in her despair, and moaning out that he didn't love Verena, he never had loved her, it was only his hatred of their cause that made him pretend it; he wanted to do that an injury, to do it the worst he could think of. He didn't love her, he hated her, he only wanted to smother her, to crush her, to kill her — as she would infallibly see that he would if she listened to him. It was because he knew that her voice had magic in it, and from the moment he caught its first note he had determined to destroy it. It was not tenderness that moved him — it was devilish malignity; tenderness would be incapable of requiring the horrible sacrifice that he was not ashamed to ask, of requiring her to commit perjury and blasphemy, to desert a work, an interest, with which her very heart-strings were interlaced, to give the lie to her whole young past, to her purest, holiest ambitions. Olive put forward no claim of her own, breathed, at first, at least, not a word of remonstrance in the name of her personal loss, of their blighted union; she only dwelt upon the unspeakable tragedy of a defection from their standard, of a failure on Verena's part to carry out what she had undertaken, of the horror of seeing her bright career blotted out with darkness and tears, of the joy and elation that would fill the breast of all their adversaries at this illustrious, consummate proof of the fickleness, the futility, the predestined servility of women. A man had only to whistle for her, and she who had pretended most was delighted to come and kneel at his feet. Olive's most passionate protest was summed up in her saying that if Verena were to forsake them it would put back the emancipation of women a hundred years. She did not, during these dreadful days, talk continuously; she had long periods of pale, intensely anxious, watchful silence, interrupted by outbreaks of passionate argument, entreaty, invocation. It was Verena who talked incessantly, Verena who was in a state entirely new to her, and, as any one could see, in an attitude entirely unnatural and overdone. If she was deceiving herself, as Olive said, there was something very affecting in her effort, her ingenuity. If she tried to appear to Olive impartial, coldly judicious, in her attitude with regard to Basil Ransom, and only anxious to see, for the moral satisfaction of the thing, how good a case, as a lover, he might make out for himself, and how much he might touch her susceptibilities, she endeavored, still more earnestly, to practice this fraud upon her own imagination. She abounded in every proof that she should be in despair if she should be overborne, and she thought of arguments even more convincing, if possible, than Olive's, why she should hold on to her old faith, why she should resist even at the cost of acute temporary suffering. She was voluble, fluent, feverish; she was perpetually bringing up the subject, as if to encourage her friend, to show how she kept possession of her judgment, how independent she remained.

No stranger situation can be imagined than that of these extraordinary young women at this juncture; it was so singular on Verena's part, in particular, that I despair of presenting it to the reader with the air of reality. To understand it, one must bear in mind her peculiar frankness, natural and acquired, her habit of discussing questions, sentiments, moralities, her education, in the atmosphere of lecture-rooms, of séances, her familiarity with the vocabulary of emotion, the mysteries of "the spiritual life." She had learned to breathe and move in a rarefied air, as she would have learned to speak Chinese if her success in life had depended upon it; but this dazzling trick, and all her artlessly artful facilities, were not a part of her essence, an expression of her innermost preferences. What *was* a part of her essence was the extraordinary generosity with which she could expose herself, give herself away, turn herself inside out, for the satisfaction of a person who made demands of her. Olive, as we know, had made the reflection that no one was naturally less preoccupied with the idea of her dignity, and though Verena put it forward as an excuse for remaining where they were, it must be admitted that in reality she was very deficient in the desire to be consistent with herself. Olive had contributed with all her zeal to the development of Verena's gift; but I scarcely venture to think, now, what she may have said to herself, in the secrecy of deep meditation, about the consequences of cultivating an abundant eloquence. Did she say that Verena was attempting to smother her now in her own phrases? did she view with dismay the fatal effect of trying to have an answer for everything? From Ol-

ive's condition during these lamentable weeks there is a certain propriety — a delicacy enjoined by the respect for misfortune — in averting our head. She neither ate nor slept; she could scarcely speak without bursting into tears; she felt so implacably, insidiously baffled. She remembered the magnanimity with which she had declined (the winter before the last) to receive the vow of eternal maidenhood which she had at first demanded, and then put by as too crude a test, but which Verena, for a precious hour, forever flown, would *then* have been willing to take. She repented of it with bitterness and rage; and then she asked herself, more desperately still, whether even if she held that pledge she should be brave enough to enforce it in the face of actual complications. She believed that if it were in her power to say, "No, I won't let you off; I have your solemn word, and I won't!" Verena would bow to that decree and remain with her; but the magic would have passed out of her spirit forever, the sweetness out of their friendship, the efficacy out of their work. She said to her again and again that she had utterly changed since that hour she came to her, in New York, after her morning with Mr. Ransom, and sobbed out that they must hurry away. Then she had been wounded, outraged, sickened, and in the interval nothing had happened, nothing but that one exchange of letters, which she knew about, to bring her round to a shameless tolerance. Shameless Verena admitted it to be; she assented over and over to this proposition, and explained, as eagerly each time as if it were the first, what it was that had come to pass, what it was that had brought her round. It had simply come over her that she liked him, that that was the true point of view, the only one from which one could consider the situation in a way that would lead to what she called a *real* solution — a permanent rest. On this particular point Verena never responded, in the liberal way I have mentioned, without asseverating at the same time that what she desired most in the world was to prove (the picture Olive had held up from the first) that a woman *could* live on persistently, clinging to a great, vivifying, redemptory idea, without the help of a man. To testify to the end against the stale superstition — mother of every misery — that those gentry were as indispensable as they had proclaimed themselves on the house-tops — that, she passionately protested, was as inspiring a thought in the present poignant crisis as it had ever been.

The one grain of comfort that Olive extracted from the terrors that pressed upon her was that now she knew the worst; she knew it since Verena had told her, after so long and so ominous a reticence, of the detestable episode at Cambridge. That seemed to her the worst, because it had been thunder in a clear sky; the incident had sprung from a quarter from which, months before, all symptoms appeared to have vanished. Though Verena had now done all she could to make up for her perfidious silence by repeating everything that passed between them as she sat with Mr. Ransom in Monadnoc Place or strolled with him through the colleges, it imposed itself upon Olive that that occasion was the key of all that had happened since, that he had then obtained an irremediable hold upon her. If Verena had spoken at the time, she would never have let her go to New York; the sole compensation for that hideous mistake was that the girl, recognizing it to the full, evidently deemed, now, that she couldn't be communicative enough. There were certain afternoons in August, long, beautiful, and terrible, when one felt that the summer was rounding its curve, and the rustle of the full-leaved trees in the slanting golden light, in the breeze that ought to be delicious, seemed the voice of the coming autumn, of the warnings and dangers of life — portentous, insufferable hours when, as she sat under the softly swaying vine-leaves of the trellis with Miss Birdseye, and tried, in order to still her nerves, to read something aloud to her guest, the sound of her own quavering voice made her think more of that baleful day at Cambridge than of the fact that at that very moment Verena was "off" with Mr. Ransom — had gone to take the little daily walk with him to which it had been arranged that their enjoyment of each other's society should be reduced. Arranged, I say; but that is not exactly the word to describe the compromise arrived at by a kind of tacit exchange of tearful entreaty and tightened grasp, after Ransom had made it definite to Verena that he *was* going to stay a month, and she had promised that she would not resort to base evasions, to flight (which would avail her nothing, he notified her), but would give him a chance, would listen to him a few minutes every day. He had insisted that the few minutes should be an hour, and the way to spend it was obvious. They wandered along the waterside to a rocky, shrub-covered point, which made a walk of just the right duration. Here all the homely languor of the region, the mild, fragrant Cape-quality, the sweetness of white sands, quiet waters, low promontories where there were paths among the barberries, and tidal pools gleamed in the sunset,— here, I say, all the spirit of a ripe summer afternoon seemed to hang in the air. There were wood-walks too; they sometimes followed bosky uplands,

where accident had grouped the trees with odd effects of "style," and where in grassy intervals and fragrant nooks of rest they came out upon sudden patches of Arcady. In such places Verena listened to her companion with her watch in her hand, and she wondered, very sincerely, how he could care for a girl who made the conditions of courtship so odious. He had recognized, of course, at the very first, that he could not inflict himself again upon Miss Chancellor, and after that awkward morning call I have described he did not again, for the first three weeks of his stay at Marmion, penetrate into the cottage whose back windows overlooked the deserted shipyard. Olive, as may be imagined, made, on this occasion, no protest for the sake of being ladylike, or of preventing him from putting her apparently in the wrong. The situation between them was too grim; it was war to the knife, it was a question of which should pull hardest. So Verena took a tryst with the young man as if she had been a maid-servant and Basil Ransom a "follower." They met a little way from the house; beyond it, outside the village.

XXXVIII.

Olive thought she knew the worst, as we have perceived; but the worst was really something she couldn't know, inasmuch as, up to this time, Verena chose to confide to her as little on that one point as she was careful to expatiate with her on every other. The change that had taken place in the object of Basil Ransom's meddlesome devotion since the episode in New York was, briefly, just this change — that the words he had spoken to her there about her genuine vocation, as distinguished from the hollow and factitious ideal with which her family and her association with Olive Chancellor had saddled her — these words, the most effective and penetrating he had uttered, had sunk into her soul and worked and fermented there. She had come at last to believe them, and that was the alteration, the transformation. They had kindled a light in which she saw herself afresh, and, strange to say, liked herself better than in the old exaggerated glamour of the lecture-lamps. She couldn't tell Olive that yet, for it struck at the root of everything, and the dreadful, delightful sensation filled her with a kind of awe at all that it implied and portended. She was to burn everything she had adored; she was to adore everything she had burned. The extraordinary part of it was that though she felt the situation to be, as I say, tremendously serious, she was not ashamed of the treachery which she — yes, decidedly, by this time she must admit it to herself — she meditated. It was simply that the truth had changed sides; that radiant image began to look at her from Basil Ransom's fuliginous eyes. She loved, she was in love — she felt it in every throb of her being. Instead of being constituted by nature for entertaining that sentiment in an exceptionally small degree (which had been the implication of her whole crusade, the warrant for her offer of old to Olive to renounce), she was framed, apparently, to allow it the largest range, the highest intensity. It was always passion, in fact; but now the object was other. Formerly she had been convinced that the fire of her spirit was a kind of double flame, one half of which was responsive friendship for a most extraordinary person, and the other pity for the sufferings of women in general. Verena gazed aghast at the colorless dust into which, in three short months (counting from the episode in New York), such a conviction as that could crumble; she felt it must be a magical touch that could bring about such a cataclysm. Why Basil Ransom had been deputed by fate to exercise this spell was more than she could say — poor Verena, who up to so lately had flattered herself that she had a wizard's wand in her own pocket.

When she saw him a little way off, about five o'clock, — the hour she usually went out to meet him, — waiting for her at a bend of the road which lost itself, after a winding, straggling mile or two, in the indented, insulated "point," where the wandering bee droned through the hot hours with a vague, misguided flight, she felt that his tall, watching figure, with the low horizon behind, represented well the importance, the towering eminence he had in her mind — the fact that he was just now, to her vision, the most definite, most incomparable object in the world. If he had not been at his post when she expected him, she would have had to stop and lean against something for weakness; her whole being would have throbbed more painfully than it throbbed at present, though seeing him there made her nervous enough. And who was he; what was he? she asked herself. What did he offer her besides a chance (in which there was no compensation of brilliancy or fashion) to falsify, in a conspicuous manner, every hope and pledge she had hitherto given? He allowed her, certainly, no illusion on the subject of the fate she should meet as his wife; he flung over it no rosiness of promised ease; he let her know that she should be poor, withdrawn from view, a partner of his struggle, of his severe, rather cynical stoicism. When he spoke of such things as these, and bent his eyes on her, she could not keep the tears from her own; she felt that to throw herself into

his life (bare and arid as for the time it was) was the condition of happiness for her, and yet that the obstacles were terrible, cruel. It must not be thought that the revolution which was taking place in her was unaccompanied with suffering. She suffered less than Olive certainly, for her bent was not, like her friend's, in that direction; but as the wheel of her experience went round she had the sensation of being ground very small indeed. With her light, bright texture, her complacent responsiveness, her genial, graceful, ornamental cast, her desire to keep on pleasing others at the time when a force she had never felt before was pushing her to please herself, poor Verena lived in these days in a state of moral tension — with a sense of being strained and aching — which she didn't betray more only because it was absolutely not in her power to look haggard. An immense pity for Olive sat in her heart, and she asked herself how far it was necessary to go in the path of self-sacrifice. Nothing was wanting to make the wrong she should do her complete; she had deceived her up to the very last; only three months before she had reasserted her vows, given her word, with every show of fidelity and enthusiasm. There were hours when it seemed to Verena that she must really push her inquiry no further, but content herself with the conclusion that she loved as deeply as a woman could love, and that it didn't make any difference. She felt Olive's grasp too clinching, too terrible. She said to herself that she should never dare, that she might as well give up early as late; that the scene, at the end, would be something she couldn't face; that she had no right to blast the poor creature's whole future. She had a vision of those dreadful years; she knew that Olive would never get over the disappointment. It would touch her in the point where she felt everything most keenly; she would be incurably lonely and eternally humiliated. It was a very peculiar thing, their friendship; it had elements which made it probably as complete as any (between women) that had ever existed. Of course it had been more on Olive's side than on hers, she had always known that; but that, again, didn't make any difference. It was of no use for her to tell herself that Olive had begun it entirely, and she had only responded out of a kind of charmed politeness, at first, to a tremendous appeal. She had lent herself, given herself, utterly, and she ought to have known better if she didn't mean to abide by it. At the end of three weeks she felt that her inquiry was complete, but that after all nothing was gained except an immense interest in Basil Ransom's views, and the prospect of an eternal heartache. He had told her he wanted her to know him, and now she knew him pretty thoroughly. She knew him and she adored him, but it didn't make any difference. To give him up or to give Olive up — this effort would be the greater of the two.

If Basil Ransom had the advantage, as far back as that day in New York, of having struck a note which was to reverberate, it may easily be imagined that he did not fail to follow it up. If he had projected a new light into Verena's mind, and made the idea of giving herself to a man more agreeable to her than that of giving herself to a movement, he found means to deepen this illumination, to drag her former standard in the dust. He was in a very odd situation indeed; carrying on his siege with his hands tied. As he had to do everything in an hour a day, he perceived that he must confine himself to the essential. The essential was to show her how much he loved her, and then to press, to press, always to press. His hovering about Miss Chancellor's habitation without going in was a strange regimen to be subjected to, and he was sorry not to see more of Miss Birdseye, besides often not knowing what to do with himself in the mornings and evenings. Fortunately he had brought plenty of books (volumes of rusty aspect, picked up at New York bookstalls), and in such an affair as this he could take the less when the more was forbidden him. For the mornings, sometimes, he had the resource of Doctor Prance, with whom he made a great many excursions on the water. She was devoted to boating and an ardent fisherwoman, and they used to pull out into the bay together, cast their lines, and talk a prodigious amount of heresy. She met him, as Verena met him, "in the environs," but in a different spirit. He was immensely amused at her attitude, and saw that nothing in the world could, as he expressed it, make her wink. She would never blench nor show surprise. She had an air of taking everything abnormal for granted; betrayed no consciousness of the oddity of Ransom's situation; said nothing to indicate she had noticed that Miss Chancellor was in a frenzy or that Verena had a daily appointment. You might have supposed from her manner that it was as natural for Ransom to sit on a fence half a mile off as in one of the red rocking-chairs, of the so-called "Shaker" species, which adorned Miss Chancellor's back veranda. The only thing our young man didn't like about Doctor Prance was the impression she gave him (from her little slit-like tacit sources he scarcely knew how he gathered it) that she thought Verena rather slim. She took an ironical view of almost any kind of

courtship, and he could see she didn't wonder women were such featherheads, so long as, whatever thin follies they cultivated, they could get men to come and sit on fences for them. Doctor Prance told him Miss Birdseye noticed nothing; she had sunk, within a few days, into a kind of transfigured torpor; she didn't seem to know whether Mr. Ransom were anywhere round or not. She guessed she thought he had just come down for a day and gone off again; she probably supposed he just wanted to get toned up a little by Miss Tarrant. Sometimes, out in the boat, when she looked at him in vague, good-humored silence, while she waited for a bite (she delighted in a bite), she had an expression of diabolical shrewdness. When Ransom was not scorching there beside her (he didn't mind the sun of Massachusetts), he lounged about in the pastoral land which hung (at a very moderate elevation) above the shore. He always had a book in his pocket, and he lay under whispering trees and kicked his heels and made up his mind on what side he should take Verena the next time. At the end of a fortnight he had succeeded (so he believed, at least) far better than he had hoped, in this sense, that the girl had now the air of making much more light of her "gift." He was indeed quite appalled at the facility with which she threw it over, gave up the idea that it was useful and precious. That had been what he wanted her to do, and the fact of the sacrifice (once she had fairly looked at it) costing her so little only proved his contention, only made it clear that it was not necessary to her happiness to spend half her life ranting (no matter how prettily) in public. All the same he said to himself that, to make up for the loss of whatever was sweet in the reputation of the thing, he should have to be tremendously nice to her in all the coming years. During the first week he was at Marmion she made of him an inquiry which touched on this point.

"Well, if it's all a mere delusion, why should this facility have been given me — why should I have been saddled with a superfluous talent? I don't care much about it — I don't mind telling you that; but I confess I should like to know what is to become of all that part of me, if I retire into private life, and live, as you say, simply to be charming for you. I shall be like a singer with a beautiful voice (you have told me yourself my voice is beautiful) who has accepted some decree of never raising a note. Isn't that a great waste, a great violation of nature? Were not our talents given us to use, and have we any right to smother them and deprive our fellow-creatures of such pleasure as they may confer? In the arrangement you propose" (that was Verena's way of speaking of the question of their marriage) "I don't see what provision is made for my poor dear little disfranchised eloquence. It is all very well to be charming to you, but there are people who have told me that, once I get on a platform, I am charming to all the world. There is no harm in my speaking of that, because you have told me so yourself. Perhaps you intend to have a platform erected in our front parlor, where I can address you every evening, and put you to sleep after your work. I say our *front* parlor, as if it were certain we should have two! It doesn't look as if our means would permit that — and we must have some place to dine, if there is to be a platform in our sitting-room."

"My dear young woman, it will be easy to solve the difficulty: the dining-table itself shall be our platform, and you shall mount on top of that." This was Basil Ransom's sportive reply to his companion's very natural appeal for light, and the reader will remark that if it led her to push her investigation no further, she was very easily satisfied. There was more reason, however, as well as more appreciation of a very considerable mystery, in what he went on to say. "Charming to me, charming to all the world? What will become of your charm? — is that what you want to know? It will be about five thousand times greater than it is now; that's what will become of it. We shall find plenty of room for your facility; it will lubricate our whole existence. Believe me, Miss Tarrant, these things will take care of themselves. You won't sing in the Music Hall, but you will sing to me; you will sing to every one who knows you and approaches you. Your gift is indestructible; don't talk as if I either wanted to wipe it out or should be able to make it a particle less divine. I want to give it another direction, certainly; but I don't want to stop your activity. Your gift is the gift of expression, and there is nothing I can do for you that will make you less expressive. It won't gush out at a fixed hour and on a fixed day, but it will irrigate, it will fertilize, it will brilliantly adorn your conversation. Think how delightful it will be when your influence becomes really social. Your facility, as you call it, will simply make you, in conversation, the most charming woman in America."

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

THE SOLITARY KNIGHT.

MIDSUMMER EVE. The horseman stays to rest.
Looking to seaward you could hardly know,
By wooded cape or headland in the west,
Whether to-day or thousand years ago.
What matter if in Alfred's time or now?
The same sky arches the same grass and tides,
The same vext hearts: forever runs the plough
Of change; form immaterial abides.

Beside him, on the wall that overtops
The bank above the shore where children play,
A lady sits, and ever on him drops
Her eyes aglow from flaming sky and bay:
The earth-old miracle before them wrought
Of water turned to streaming flood of fire,
Its source a sunset passing dreamer's thought,
A splendor baffling impotent desire.

Upon him, if he gazed or smiled or spoke,
She ever caught the semblance of a pall,
Impalpable as Indian-summer smoke,
Impenetrable as a crystal wall:
A vail intangible that drew between
Him and the friendliest face, the grasping hand,
And shut out half the solace of the scene
That touched with speechless grace all sea and land.

And, marveling, the lady pondered first,—
As in the story of the Christ 'tis told,—
"Was he for *his* sin or his parents' cursed?"
Then, conning the reply, and making bold
From her pure woman's heart (for she had heard
He was by men esteemed reproachless, brave,
And gentle that he would not harm a bird,
Yet scornful of each false and coward knave);

And doubting if her thought did not belie
So chivalrous a one of speech and hand,
And more by half-protesting smile and eye
Than word, she questioned why he was so banned.
Then looked he down at her, and bared his head,
And glanced up to the sky as if to plead;
And, deeply grave, he reverently said,—
"God knows. I only it was so decreed.

"Since I grew conscious, I have moved alone,
Threading the forest thick of trees or men,
To comrade as to stranger little known:
The nearest comes and looks and turns again.
And though I press in vanguard of the fray
And call the charge, and men spring on to see
My colors lead along the conquering way,—
My heart goes often to the enemy.

"And if I take a child, in hungry wise,
And fondle him and fold him face on face,
He lifts his head and looks with old, grave eyes
On one he knows is foreign to his race."
The lady, stung in her pure-hearted peace
And vehement of eager pity, spoke,—
"It cannot be. Can no one give release?
Has no hand through this cruel prison broke?"

His face, as smitten by an arrow, dropped;
And he awhile sat still as brooding bird,
As still as though his breath and heart-beat stopped;
Then, like one from enraptured vision stirred
And softly, "There was one, I thought, that could,—
That might this living cerement have spurned;
And who, out of her strong compassion, would
But that she could not, howsoe'er she yearned."

The lady scoffed a look, in bitter heart,
At *could* and *could not*, and her eyes asked, "Why?"
"Because," he said, "because she was a part
And denizen of heaven bright and high;
And how could she reach down to this far place?"
A faint bell chimed. He pointed to the north;
And long gazed on a paling golden space,
As though a seraph beckoned leaning forth.

O'er sky and sea night pours her quenching tides,
Veils gracious face, and merges wood and slope.
"Good-night! good-night!" Into the dark he rides,
With heart-of-grace, not hopeless nor in hope,
But bending back his head like one in fight
Who feels the vital hurt and will not yield
But urges on till, battle-faint at night,
He may lie down upon the trodden field.

Darkly he rides, not more of purpose blind
By searching to find out the Unsearchable;
As sure that, though it mock this sense confined,
In unimaginable ways 'tis well;
Not less his path assigned, in order set
With wheeling sphere and comet flaming far;
Nor more unnoted in his round, nor yet
Less lonely than yon ether-threading star.

James T. McKay.

AN AMERICAN LORDSHIP.



AT THE LANDING, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

ON an ancient brown-stone tablet raised upon four legs above a grave in one of the old burial-grounds of New London, may be found a knightly coat-of-arms cut upon a piece of slate which has been let into the larger slab; underneath the coat-of-arms appears this inscription:

"Here lyeth buried ye body of his excellency John Gardiner, Third Lord of ye Isle of Wight. He was born April 19th, 1661 and departed this life June 25th, 1738."

Here is a puzzle for any one who should come upon it without knowledge of the facts which explain it! Why should the ashes of a lord be deposited on New London soil, and how did it happen that a nobleman from the Isle of Wight should have come so far to die? These are the questions one would naturally ask. But he would find, on searching, that there is no "Lord of the Isle of Wight" in the British peerage. The person here buried, then, must have been an American lord? That is it, precisely. The Isle of Wight was the old name of what is now known as Gardiner's Island, lying off the eastern end of Long Island, and the John Gardiner above mentioned was the grandson of the first English settler in the province of New York.

Lion Gardiner, first English settler of New York, and founder of an estate which has ever since remained in the hands of his descendants, was a man of mark and service in his time, still known to students of colonial history; and his name, since extended to a numerous and wide-branching family, is inseparably connected with the manorial domain which he acquired in the New World. Yet very few, I suppose, among the three million inhabitants of the State,— even of those who have skirted the island in fishing-boats,— know more about him than I did when, a couple of years ago, I first sailed to those shores. Although one branch of the writer's family had, long ago, twice intermarried with the Gardiners of Gardiner's Island, I con-

fess that my ideas about Lion Gardiner were vague; and often as I had traversed the Sound, I had never looked upon the island, though it lies almost within sight from the deck of any Newport steamer, behind Plum Island and the Gulls, blending with the outlines of the Montauk promontory.

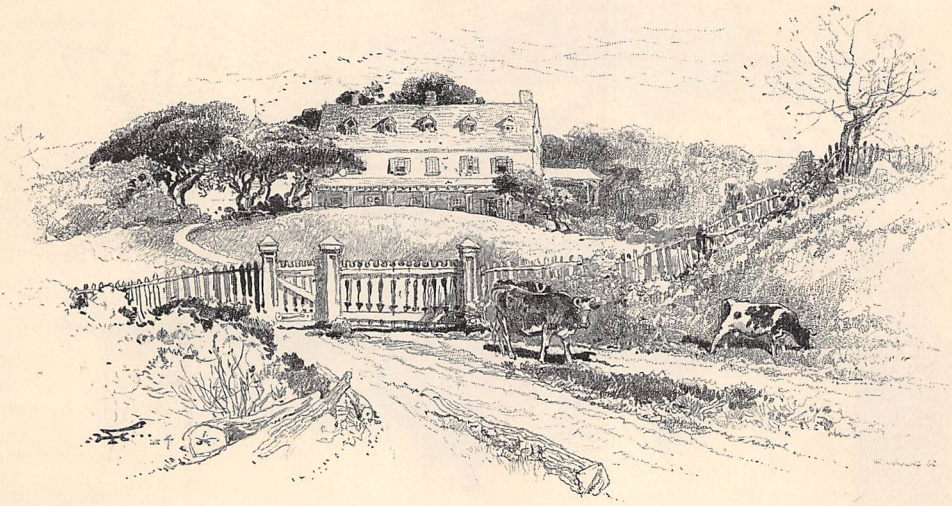
But even a nearer view from the water gives no adequate notion of the beauty and variety of the demesne. As the pretty sloop-yacht that carried us ran in to anchor near Home Pond, on the sheltered south-west side, we heard the notes of fish-hawks echoing, as if in surprise at the approach of visitors, over manor woods in which the gray trunks and branches of the outermost trees appeared curiously inlaid. Then came quite a different glimpse,—that of the manor-house (built in 1774), nestling among big-bolled cherry-trees, willows, and horse-chestnuts, behind a low ridge like a moraine, and guardedly overlooking the bay from six dormers in a single roof, to which time and sea air have given a mellow coat of greenish-orange moss. Nearer by stood the windmill that supplies flour for the whole population; it is close above the landing-place. The privacy of the manor is protected by the absence of a wharf, and to get ashore and off again is not always an easy matter; but, once on land and across the sandy beach, we found the spot charming. The high, rolling downs called "commons," behind the mansion, end towards the north and west in rich and glorious woods containing more than a few trees of primeval growth; and the other half of the island is not only supplied with woods, but also with orchards and broad tracts of grain. The nearest land is three miles and a half distant, at Fireplace. Shelter Island on the west, and the north and south arms of Long Island, help to convert Gardiner's Bay into a spacious roadstead (where the British fleet lay anchored during a part of the Revolutionary War); but from the high bluffs on the east you gaze upon the open Atlantic. A solid bit of earth, seven miles long and from one mile to two miles wide, with a circuit of twenty, it incloses three thousand good acres, and lies completely undisturbed in the busy track of commerce,—an ancestral property which seems to have conferred upon the present owner, besides its more tangible qualities, the comfortable repose of the past.

Gardiner's Island was the first founded of the old manors of New York, and it is the only one of them that has remained intact. Not a foot of the ground has ever been owned by any but a Gardiner since it first passed from the possession of the Indians, two hundred and fifty years ago; and all persons living on the island, apart from members of that family, have been servants, slaves, or tenants of the proprietor. All the tenants to-day, numbering from forty-five to sixty, are employed by the owner of the estate; the only exception to what I have said being that the United States has taken a small reservation of sand-spit at the north-west extremity for its light-house. Moreover, besides being a manor, Gardiner's Island was a lordship; for the terms of Governor Dongan's confirmatory grant in 1686 were, "do erect and constitute the said Island . . . one Lordship and Manor to all intents and purposes, and the said Island shall henceforth be called THE LORDSHIP AND MANOR OF GARDINER'S ISLAND." Hence the title recorded on the tomb of John, third proprietor, at New London.

But I am forgetting old Lion Gardiner. That was his rugged way of spelling his name; and when one learns that he was three months and ten days on the voyage from Gravesend to Boston, in a twenty-five-ton barque, one is tempted to call him a *sea*-Lion.* The common noun, however, is more applicable to his courage as a fighter. In the inventory of his personal property, drawn up at his death, one item reads, "piece of a corselet." Where that old scrap of armor has gone to is unknown; but by furbishing it up in imagination, adding a steel cap, a buff coat and cross-belt, a "sword, pistols, and carbine" mentioned by himself, and grouping a few historical facts around these properties, we can make out a fairly life-like figure of the hardy colonial warrior. In the time of Charles I. he went from England to Holland to serve there as lieutenant with the English allies under Lord Vere. He married a Dutch lady, Mary Willemson, daughter of a "deurcant" in the town of Woerden, and became, by his own account, "an engineer and master of works of fortification in the legers of the Prince of Orange, in the Low Countries." But, being a friend of the Puritans and a Parliament man, he was engaged in 1635 by Lord Say and Seal, with other nobles and gentry, to go to the new plantation of Connecticut, under John Winthrop the younger, and to build a fort at the mouth of the river. He set sail in the barque *Bachelor*—odd circumstance, considering that he was a pioneer of population, destined to be the father of the first English child born in Connecticut and afterwards the first English child born in New York! At Boston he was induced to stay long enough to take charge of and complete the military works on Fort Hill—those that Jocelyn described, later

* It may be noted, by the way, that Cooper's novel, "The Sea-Lions," opens at Oyster Ponds, Long Island, some twelve miles direct sail across from the manor; and that the hero of that book is named Gardiner.

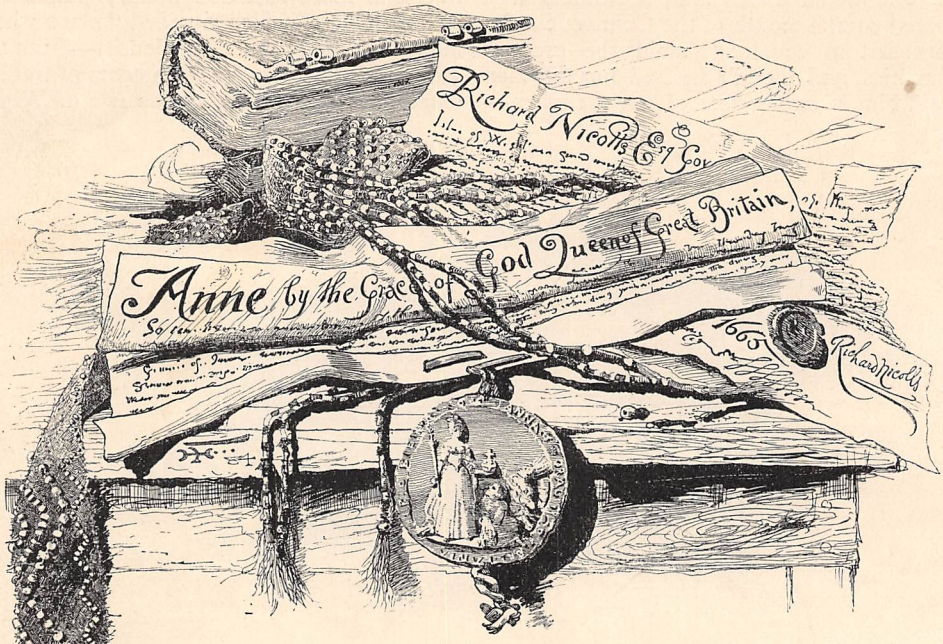
on, as mounted with "loud babbling guns." Arrived at the mouth of the Connecticut, he proceeded to construct, amid the greatest difficulties, and though he had but few men to aid him, a strong fort of hewn timber — with a ditch, drawbridge, palisade, and rampart — which he named Saybrook. It was the first stronghold erected in New England outside of Boston. An old Geneva Bible (dating from 1599), now at Gardiner's Island, contains an entry in antique and much faded writing, probably copied from some earlier record made by Lion himself. Those crabbed characters speak faintly from the yellowed page as with his own voice, through the centuries, thus:



THE MANOR-HOUSE, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

"In the yeare of our Lord 1635, July the 10th, came I, Lion Gardiner and Mary my wife, from Woerdon, a towne in Holland. . . . We came from Woerdon to London, and from thence to New England, and dwelt at Saybrook forte four years, of which I was commander; and there was borne unto me a son named David, in 1636, April the 29, the first born in that place. . . . And then I went to an island of mine owne, which I bought of the Indians, called by them Manchonake, by us the Isle of Wite."

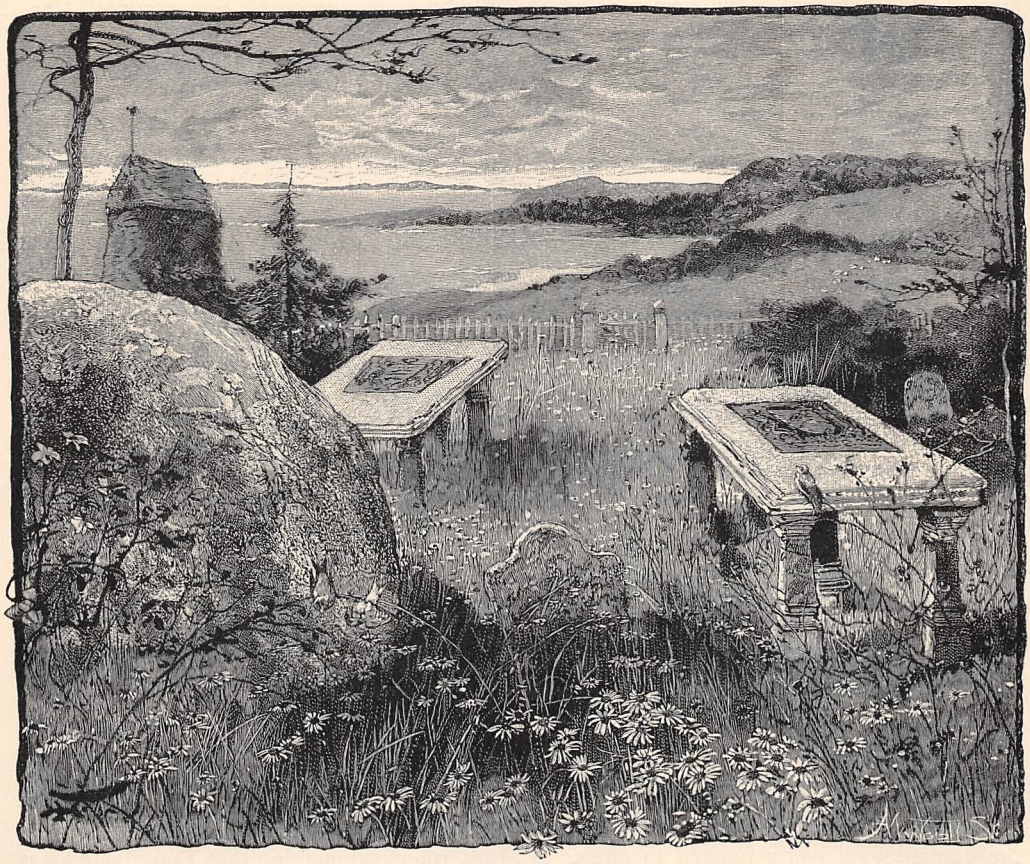
The four years at Saybrook fort were years of hard work, of anxiety, danger, and active warfare with the Pequots, diversified by agriculture carried on under the enemy's fire and efforts to strengthen the plantation. Gardiner himself was severely wounded in one close encounter; but he had the satisfaction, in 1637, of aiding in the plans which resulted in the defeat and almost the annihilation of the Pequots. When his engagement expired with the lords and gentlemen, nothing daunted by his hard experiences, he betook himself to a still more secluded home; purchasing Manchonake — which signified "place where many had died" (of a pestilence) — from the Paumanoc Indians, for "ten coats of trading cloath." Manchonake, or the Isle of Wight, now Gardiner's Island, was sixteen miles distant by water from the nearest settlement of English at Saybrook. Long Island and Shelter Island were still occupied by Indians; and the only inhabitants of Manchonake were Indians, who with their descendants remained tenants at will for three or four generations. But when we conceive of the isolation of the place at that time, we get some notion as to the sturdy self-reliance and unshaken courage of a man who, after a perilous voyage across the sea and a still more perilous sojourn in the wilds of "Kennecticot," was ready to plunge into a deeper solitude and sever himself from fellowship with the colonists, in his search for a permanent abode. He had seen men killed by the Pequots, or burned alive; and in his "Relation of the Pequot Wars" (written three years before his death), speaking of dangers still impending from the red tribes, he mildly says: "Now I am an old man I would fain die a natural death, or like a soldier in the field, with honor," and not be impaled, flayed, and have his flesh cut off piecemeal, to be roasted and thrust into his mouth, "as these people have done" to others. Small wonder that, with such memories, he should recall as "a pretty prank" played upon Pequots who were lurking near the fort at night, to set it afire, the following device. Large doors, stuck full of nails as sharp as awl-blades, were laid on the ground at the approaches; the Indians came, "and as they skipped from one they



SOME RELICS.

trod upon another, and left the nails and doors dyed with their blood, which you know we saw the next morning, laughing at it." His taste in the humorous had grown somewhat tough. But his tact and shrewdness had not been impaired; for, before going to his island, he made friends with Wyandance, afterwards chief of the Montauks, and he was as successful in cultivating peaceful relations with the Indians as he already had been in waging war against them. Twice he foiled conspiracies for a general onslaught on the English, by means of the warnings which his firm friend gave him. Another time he remained as hostage with the Indians, while Wyandance went before the English magistrates who had demanded that he should discover and give up certain murderers. Again, when Ninigret, chief of the Narragansetts, seized and carried off the daughter of Wyandance, on the night of her wedding, Gardiner succeeded in ransoming and restoring her to the father. Wyandance, in gratitude, gave him a large tract of land westward along the Sound, which is now Smithtown; and when the sachem died, he left his son to the guardianship of Lion and his son David. Never, perhaps, has a more remarkable friendship between white man and red man been recorded. They acted in concert with entire mutual trust, keeping the Long Island tribes on peaceable terms with the English by swift and severe measures in case of wrongdoing, tempered with diplomacy, and with justice to both sides. Gardiner's Island was never in any way molested by the savages; and indeed, if Lion Gardiner's advice had been taken in the first instance, there might not have been a Pequot war.

Truly, this wise, brave, and able man makes an ideal First Settler. For thirteen years he remained on the island, exerting his good influence; at the same time developing his territory and deriving an income from the whale-fishery, which then flourished about eastern Long Island. Afterwards, leaving the isle in charge of the old soldiers whom he had brought from the fort as farmers, he passed ten years in East Hampton, where he had bought much land, and died there in 1663, at the age of sixty-four. The place of his sepulture is not known; but in the older East Hampton cemetery, among the graves of many Gardiners, may be seen two extremely ancient flat posts of "drift cedar" sunk deep in the soil and joined



THE GRAVEYARD, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

together by a rail of the same material, about the normal length of a man. The wood is mossy, is bleached and furrowed by time and weather. Under this primitive memorial, it has been surmised, rests the body of Lion Gardiner.

Lion bequeathed the island to his wife; and she at her death left it to their son David "in tail" to his first heir male and the first heirs male following, forever. David, in leaving it to his eldest son, reëxpressed the entail; in 1829 by the death of the eighth proprietor without issue, the estate passed to his younger brother, after descending from father to son for more than a hundred and fifty years.

Lion Gardiner's right to the land by purchase from the Indians was confirmed by a grant from the agent of the Earl of Stirling, who obtained a reckless sort of patent from the King for an immense slice of territory, in which the island was embraced. But this grant allowed Gardiner to make and execute such laws as he pleased for church and civil government on his own land, if "according to God and the King," "*without giving any account thereof to any one whomsoever*"; and, although David Gardiner formally acknowledged his submission to New York, he received from Governor Nicholls a renewal of his privileges for the consideration of five pounds in hand and a yearly rental to the same amount. The archives of the Hague show that the Dutch complained, so early as 1656, that the English had usurped "in the Krommegou [crooked district] what is called Garnaet's Island"; but the Dutch did not attack the usurper, and the island long remained an independent plantation tributary to the King. Each royal governor who came out to New York, by a species of "political assessment," levied a charge of five pounds for issuing a nice new parchment patent confirming the older ones; but at length Governor Dongan, for a considerable sum paid down, gave David Gardiner the patent which created the island a lordship and manor, and in so doing expressly agreed that the King would thenceforth accept, in lieu of all other tribute, one ewe lamb on the first of May in each year. David, the son of Lion, was thus the first of the family who was authorized to call himself a lord. The title does not seem to have been

much insisted upon by the owners; but it appears on the tombstone of David at Hartford (where he died suddenly and was buried), on John's tablet at New London, and on some of the slabs set up over the graves of Gardiners at East Hampton. It was also generally recognized by the contemporaries of these "lords of the isle." At all events, it gave me a vivid sense of their sovereignty to see the original voluminous document by which the title was conferred, now preserved at the manor-house. Appended to it is a huge disk of dry and hardened brownish wax, on one side of which are stamped the royal arms of England, and on the other a full-length effigy of "Anne, by the grace of God Queen," etc., receiving the homage of two kneeling Indians, who offer a beaver-skin and a roll of wampum. This Great Seal of the Province is a curious and valuable trophy.

In the time of John, "third lord" (actually the second), a memorable incident befell the manor, in the form of a visit from Captain Kidd. The absurdities that have been committed in digging for Kidd's "buried treasure" have, I am aware, brought his name into a still greater disrepute than it suffered while he was alive; the crowning obloquy of all is, that many suspect the bold pirate of having never existed. But if he was a myth, the English State Trials are also a myth; and if Kidd had known that he was to be made the victim of such doubts, he would, I am sure, have delayed the ceremony of being hanged in chains at Execution Dock until he could have prepared satisfactory proofs of his reality. In the last part of the seventeenth century people had not critical sagacity enough to question his existence, after they had caught him. But they knew a pirate when they saw him, and used to spell the word with a capital P.

The injury to honest commerce from these marauders was so great that in 1695 the King, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Bellomont, and others joined in fitting out a ship to cruise against pirates, under royal commission; the King reserving one-tenth of the profits that should result, while the other contributors of rank were to share according to their investment in the enterprise. Captain William Kidd, then a skillful merchant captain sailing between London and New York, was chosen as commander, on the recommendation of Colonel Richard Livingston, of the latter town. For a while he cruised on the American coast, in the *Adventure* galley, and was considered so useful that the New York Assembly voted him a present of two hundred and fifty pounds. Soon after this he sailed for the East Indies, and there came to the conclusion that he would do a little buccaneering on his own account. Capturing a rich Moorish vessel, he transferred his forces to her and burned the *Adventure* galley; and thus he went on, moving his quarters whenever he met a ship that struck her colors and his fancy at the same time; collecting enormous booty; roaming from the East Indies to the West; picking up prizes on the African coast; making his headquarters at Madagascar much of the time. The inducements to this line of conduct may be guessed when the fact is recalled that part of the goods sold from the ship *Queda*, taken off Africa, is said to have yielded him forty thousand pounds.* Complaints of his depredations were made in Parliament, and an exciting debate ensued, in which the Lord Chancellor and the titled projectors of Kidd's expedition were accused of sharing in the proceeds of piracy. Some suspicion, I believe, fell even upon the King. At last the situation became so grave that the King was obliged to offer a reward for Kidd's arrest, and with this he coupled free pardon to all pirates who should surrender before April 30, 1699.

Meanwhile the Earl of Bellomont, who was one of the company that fitted out Kidd, had been appointed Governor of New York, and afterwards of Massachusetts (holding both offices at once), and was making a stir over the pirate question in the colonies. The English State Papers disclose that he wrote to the home government with great show of testy vigor, in July, 1699, complaining that Long Island was a "Receptacle of Pirates." "The Pirates," he says, "are so cherished by the inhabitants that not a man of them is taken up." There is need of an honest judge and one or two active prosecuting attorneys; so this righteous, indignant governor declares. In one letter he sets forth the colossal profit to the citizens from traffic with the pirates. "'Tis the most beneficial trade that ever was heard of." Merchants, it seems, can buy rum at two shillings a gallon in New York, and sell it at the piratical rendezvous in Madagascar for fifty shillings (twenty-four hundred per cent. advance in price)! A pipe of Madeira wine, nineteen pounds in New York — three hundred pounds in Madagascar. "Beneficial" trade, indeed! On the other hand, it is very pleasant to have the pirates send stolen goods to New York, which can be resold at a delectably high figure to the confiding consumer. While Bellomont is visiting the infant metropolis, eight or nine pirate ships (if we are to believe his dispatches) enter the harbor, and, but for his presence, would have landed one hundred thousand pounds in gold and silver, besides

* The State Trials give the value at only £4500, with £400 more for the vessel itself.

quantities of goods; the impossibility of doing which, while the Governor is on hand, puts the local merchants very much out of sorts. Tell-tale "Arabian gold," also, is very plentiful in New York. Briefly, the impression left by these reports is, that the New York provincials, though in principle opposed to piracy, did not deny themselves any advantages that might be had while the system lasted. We have seen something similar in the pirating of books within the present century; otherwise we might refuse to believe that New Yorkers had ever been so naughty.

But is it not rather strange that the Earl of Bellomont, who could exert so much epistolary vigor against the pirates, was unable to bring a solitary offender to punishment, even when eight or nine came into the harbor under his official nose? Remember that Bellomont was one of the company owning the cruiser; bear in mind, also, the startling charges made in Parliament against the members of that company. An appearance of anti-piratical zeal on the Governor's part, even though unattended by active measures, would certainly be a good means of distracting attention from possible dividends that would not bear scrutiny. But now we come to a still stranger circumstance.

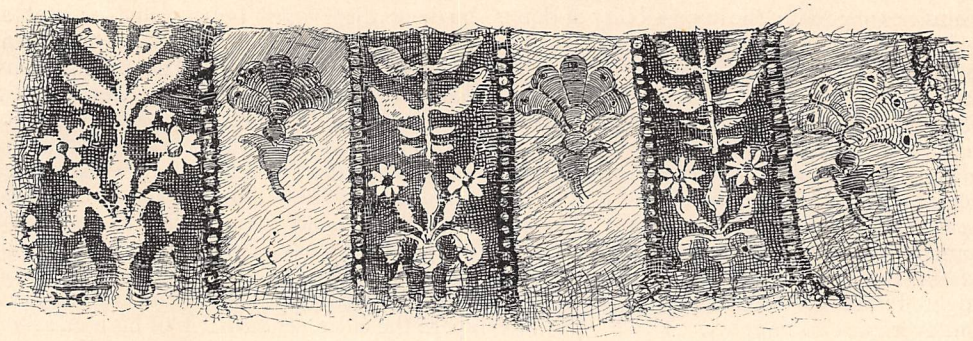
November 23d, 1698,—only a few days after Bellomont's letter concerning New York,—the King issued his proclamation against Kidd. Seven months later, viz., at the end of the next June, Kidd—who was in constant communication with other vessels, and must have known all about the proclamation—calmly made his appearance in Gardiner's Bay, *en route* for Boston.

Lord John, one June evening, observed a mysterious sloop with six guns riding at anchor off the island. It was Kidd's last vessel, the *Antonio*. This Lord John was a large, hearty man, who lived generously, was "clever" to the Indians and squaws, and had so much ability in affairs that, although he married four times and spent a great deal of money, he portioned off his daughters handsomely and left a large estate at his death. He was not a person to be scared by a mysterious armed sloop; so, after she had lain in sight two days without making any sign, he put off in a boat, to board her and inquire what she was. As he came up over the side, Captain Kidd—till then unknown to him—received him with the traditional politeness of a thriving desperado, and asked after the health of himself and family. Then, in answer to Lord John's inquiries, he said that he was on his way to Lord Bellomont at Boston: would Gardiner do him the favor to carry two negro boys and one negro girl ashore, to be kept there until he returned or sent an order for them? Gardiner consented, and went back to the island. The next morning Kidd resumed intercourse by sending ashore a request that Gardiner should come on board at once, and bring six sheep with him. This was rather forcing the acquaintance, Gardiner may have thought; but he complied. Thereupon Kidd promptly ripened acquaintance into intimacy, and asked him if he could spare a barrel of cider. Lord John once more proved neighborly, and found that he *could* spare the cider, sending two of his men ashore to fetch it. While waiting for their return, Kidd got out from his cargo two "pieces" of damaged Bengal muslin,—a rare and valued fabric in its pristine state,—which he put into a bag and requested Gardiner to take as a present to his wife. It is likely enough that the captain, seeing in hearty Lord John a capacity for such things, produced some of his fifty-shilling rum, or three-hundred-pound Madeira to be tasted. Something, at any rate, warmed him up to increased generosity, for "in about a quarter of an hour" he presented the Lord of the Isle with some muslin for his own use. When the men came back with the barrel of cider, he gave them four pieces of gold for their trouble. Furthermore, after getting ready to sail, he offered to pay for the cider; but Gardiner protested that he was sufficiently rewarded by the present to his wife. They parted at last; and Kidd, gallantly firing a salute of four guns, stood for Block Island.

His purpose in lingering in these waters was to get rid of his suspicious freight before going to Boston. During his stay near the island two New York sloops took off part of his cargo; and three days later he returned from Block Island in company with another nefarious sloop, which relieved him of chests containing plate and gold and other goods. This time Kidd again sent for Gardiner and committed to his charge a chest, a box of gold, a bundle of quilts, and four bales of goods. The box of gold, as Gardiner, afterwards solemnly deposed, was destined by Kidd for Lord Bellomont. All the treasure and merchandise was buried in some swampy land near Cherry Harbor, beside Home Pond, within a mile of the manor-house, to be kept for Kidd or his order.

"If I call for it and it is gone," Kidd declared to Lord John, "I will take your head or your son's."

Nevertheless, he sweetened this warning with a present of a bag of sugar before he went. It was probably at this time that the bold corsair made known to Mrs. Gardiner that a small roasted pig would be acceptable. The



FRAGMENT OF A PIECE OF CLOTH-OF-GOLD PRESENTED BY CAPTAIN KIDD TO THE WIFE OF JOHN GARDINER.

frightened lady supervised the cooking of the animal with great care; and the conjunction of roast pig with live Kidd seems to have been auspicious, for the captain returned Mrs. Gardiner's favor with a blanket of cloth-of-gold, long retained by her descendants as an heirloom. It was a rich fabric of silk completely interwoven with gold thread in a very graceful pattern; and, although it has unfortunately been cut up and distributed bit by bit to successive sons and daughters, so that only two small pieces are now known to remain, one of the fragments is still kept at the manor.

It is clear from Kidd's behavior that he counted on absolute immunity, under Bellomont's protection; but things had grown "too hot" for the Governor, and when the pirate chief got to Boston he was arrested and imprisoned; whence he was sent to London, tried in 1701 for piracy and the murder of one of his men, and executed. Bellomont, securing his memoranda of deposits in various places, sent out a demand for their surrender; among others, to Gardiner, who made haste to dig up the chests and bales, and carry them to Boston. The receipt given him by the Governor's committee, dated July 7, 1699, now in the possession of the twelfth proprietor and by him shown to the present writer, specifies: three bags of "dust-gold," one of coined gold, one of silver coin; a bag of silver rings and precious stones, and one of unpolished gems; a piece of crystal, some carnelian rings, two agates, two amethysts; also, bags containing silver buttons and lamps, broken silver, gold bars and silver bars, sixty-nine precious stones "by tale." Their value was set at £4500. A large amount of stuff was likewise found in a house in New York; and Bellomont estimated that the recovered booty would foot up altogether about £14,000.

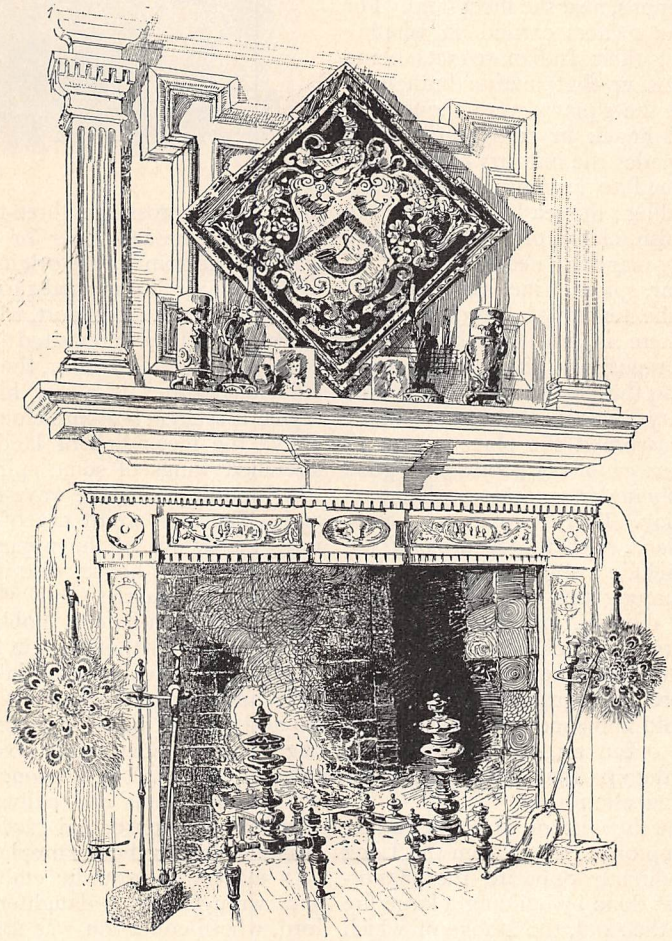
There can be no doubt as to the solid worth of "Kidd's treasure"; but the obstacle to its availability to-day is that his hiding-places were all known at the time; and if any of the buried valuables escaped the government's confiscation, they were dug up by Kidd's accomplices or enforced trustees, and disposed of, one hundred and eighty-five years ago.

The only profit that Lord John Gardiner made out of this episode was accidental. On coming home from Boston, he unpacked his portmanteau in which some of the smaller packages had been stowed; and as he did so there rolled out upon the floor, to his horrified gaze, one guilty diamond that had got astray from the "precious stones by tale." He would have sent it after the rest, but his wife interposed; she thought he had been at pains enough, and on her own responsibility kept the diamond. Yet even this slight guerdon slipped away, after the manner of all magic or underhand wealth. Mrs. Gardiner gave it to her daughter; and the "large, hearty" John at that time kept a chaplain — one Thomas Green, of Boston — in whom his daughter became interested. Lord John kept the chaplain; the chaplain ran away with and married the daughter; and the daughter kept the diamond. From that little complication of affairs sprang the famous Gardiner-Greens of Boston. The first Gardiner-Green married a daughter of the artist Copley, sister of Baron Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of England. There are other family connections of the Gardiners which have historic interest. A son of one of the proprietors married the daughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall. A daughter of the Gardiners was the great-grandmother of George Bancroft; and the widow of John, fifth lord (who had been Deborah Lathrop), married General Israel Putnam, and died at his headquarters in the Hudson Highlands during the Revolution. It should be said here, too, that Mary, the daughter of Lion, married Jeremiah Conkling of East Hampton, the ancestor of Roscoe Conkling. She was "called old Grané Conkling, and was a famous woman in those times and very useful." In 1844 Miss Juliana Gardiner became the second wife of President Tyler. Another connection of some interest, though not one

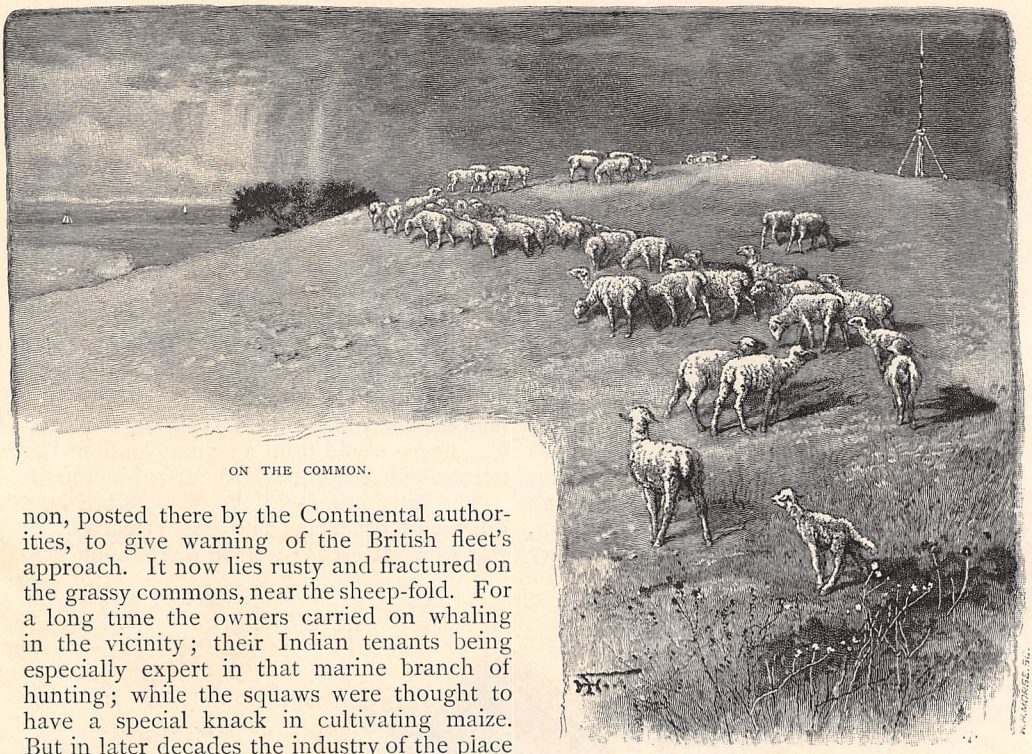
of relationship, may be found in the fact that the first law-partner of ex-President Arthur was a Gardiner, descended from the valiant Lion.

The third lord, so considerately treated by Kidd, was a good deal pestered by pirates, and did not always fare well at their hands. Twice he was invaded by them and had his house ransacked; family plate and cattle were carried off, beds were ripped open for the money ingenuously concealed in them; and once the proprietor himself was severely cut with swords, and tied to a mulberry-tree while the maraud went on. During the minority of the seventh proprietor, John Lyon Gardiner, the British in 1775 plundered the place of seventy cattle and twelve hundred sheep for General Gage at Boston; the rest of the stock was seized by the patriot committee and paid for in Continental money; the timber was much injured; and the officers of the British fleet, which lay for some time in Bostwick's Bay (1780–81), amused themselves by gunning in the manor-woods or resorting to the house, where on rainy days they pitched dollars on the dining-room floor. The marks of this diversion are still visible. At the end of the war the island had been stripped so bare of immediate valuables that there was hardly personal property enough to pay arrears of taxes. The seventh proprietor, however,—now plain Mr. Gardiner and well satisfied with that appellation, since the Gardiners were all stanch patriots,—held the estate together and restored its prosperity. He was, in addition, a man of scholarly and antiquarian taste; compiled a list of Long Island Indian words; and had a literary judgment so sound that Lyman Beecher, during his East Hampton pastorate, never would print a sermon until it had been submitted to Mr. Gardiner for his opinion.

The later annals of the island have been quiet and peaceful. The only armament of war which it ever possessed was a single can-



ESCUTCHEON AND FIREPLACE IN THE MANOR-HOUSE.

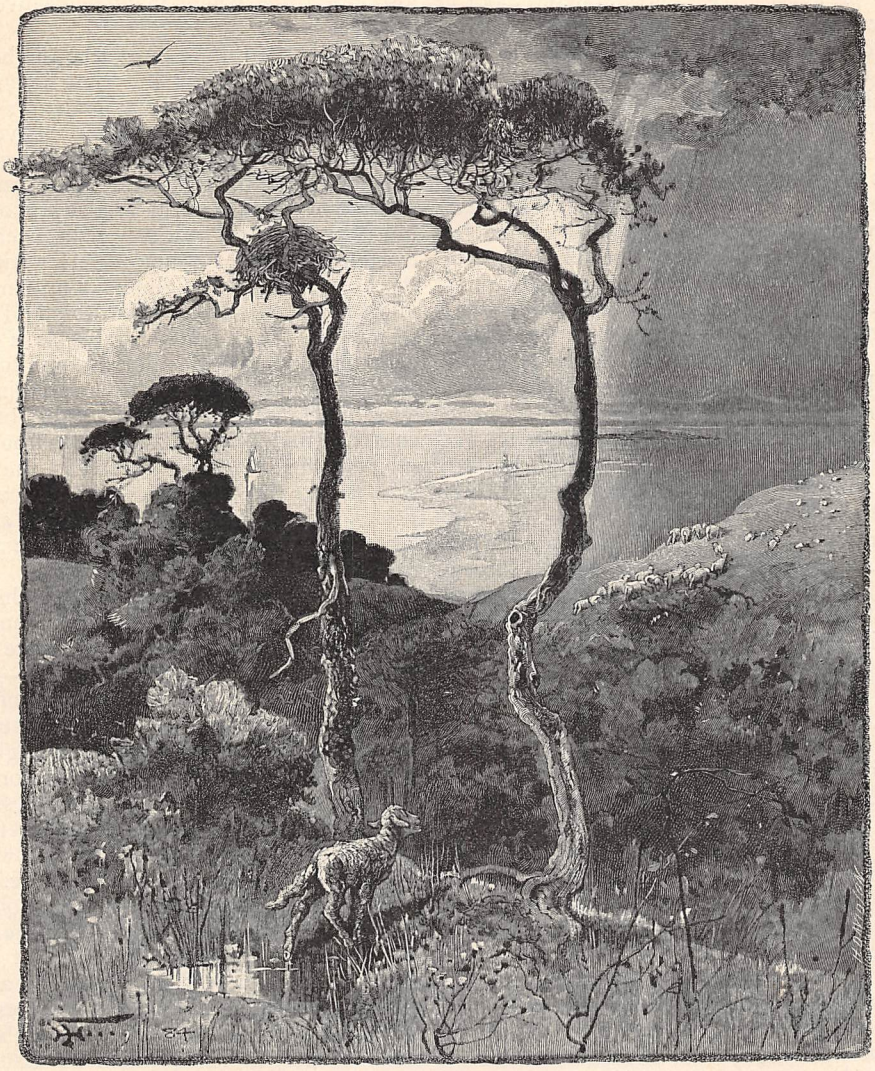


ON THE COMMON.

non, posted there by the Continental authorities, to give warning of the British fleet's approach. It now lies rusty and fractured on the grassy commons, near the sheep-fold. For a long time the owners carried on whaling in the vicinity; their Indian tenants being especially expert in that marine branch of hunting; while the squaws were thought to have a special knack in cultivating maize. But in later decades the industry of the place has been confined to farming, sheep-raising, and stock-breeding; the sea being resorted to only for such fish, clams, or lobsters as may supply the daily manorial needs. Except for tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wine, and manufactured articles, the territory is absolutely self-sustaining. There is no church and no antipodal rum repository within its borders.* Notwithstanding the power conferred on the pre-revolutionary owners, they never made any laws, but governed the place in a patriarchal way by the canons of good sense, good will, and friendly understanding, as their successor does to-day. There is not even a watch-dog on the place. Yet the records of the island do not include a single crime or serious misdemeanor among the tenants. The little community is diligent, orderly, contented, happy. Even turbulent characters, who now and then drift thither among the hired summer-laborers, promptly grow calm under the peculiar and mild influence of the sweet landscape, the soft ocean air, and the ancestral quietude and dignity that invest the daily routine of this bucolic retreat.

It used to be the custom, in going thither from East Hampton, to signal from the Long Island beach directly opposite the manor-house. This was done by building a large fire of seaweed on the sand, the smoke of which being seen across the three-mile channel, a skiff would be sent over for the visitors. It was this custom which originated the name of Fireplace. But my artist friend and I took a cat-boat from Greenport, when on a breezy afternoon of July we revisited the spot together. After the chafe and whirr, the sordid toil and fallacious glitter of a city hibernation, how idyllic it seemed! White clouds hung poised above the meek line of land, like the outstretched wings of some spirit of perpetual rest brooding over the wave-embosomed island. The soft, weird cry of the fish-hawks rang faintly out of the upper air, as before. The old manor-house, wise with a thousand unspoken memories and associations, still peered out from its cozy nook; and the bob-white whistled without fear in front of the very door, while blackbirds, robins, English sparrows, and the shy brown-thrasher flitted to and fro and chirped in happy unison, among the cherries and around the box-hedges of the tangled garden. We roamed through the wainscoted rooms and hallways of the well-proportioned house, and gazed at the framed escutcheon over the old fireplace in the parlor, — a marvel of exquisite embroidery in floss-silk, wrought by a daughter of the fourth lord, whose education was said to have cost

* The wife of the present proprietor maintains a Sunday-school for the island children.



GARDINER'S POINT.

more than the value of the cattle on the island. This escutcheon consists of a chevron between three bugle-horns, with a helmet above, and for crest an arm in armor holding a broken lance. The latter emblem betokens a warrior of great power, famous for disarming opponents. Underneath the insignia is the motto: "By the name of Gardiner." The arms are identical with those formerly borne by Thomas Gardiner, prior of the monastery of Tynemouth, England; but it has never been definitely ascertained from what family in England the Gardiners of Gardiner's Island came. When we returned from our wanderings hither and thither about the estate, the old portraits, the antique wainscots, the quaint engravings on the walls, drew us silently from the present back to the past; and amid the varied conversation at the table there was always present on plate or glass that mailed arm grimly holding the broken lance; so that gradually we came to feel that we were ensconced in some placid feudal stronghold of the past.

Severed from newspapers, the mail, and the telegraph, we gave ourselves up to the delicious atmosphere of the place, and to the illusion of remoteness which it created. We rode over the breezy downs, where like shades of velvet the grass changes from dun to green or yellow, or to violet bloom, under wind and sun and cloud; where also a drove of a thousand old-gold sheep may sometimes be seen massing themselves on a blowy upland against a sky

of purple storm. Again we wandered afoot in the luscious woods, through which herds of wild deer, held sacred from the rifle, live free and unconcerned on companionable terms with humanity. Huge vines run upward and downward from the ground to the branches, suggesting tropical scenes. The intoxicating scent of wild-grape blossoms, that cluster in masses everywhere, streams through the leafy labyrinth; and the song-sparrows' roundelay mingles with the high, questioning note of the fish-hawks that build and haunt their ragged nests at will on the tops of moss-mantled cedars, hemlocks, oaks, or twisted pepperidge-trees. Blue herons often come to the Tobacco Lot Pond, and sometimes the white crane appears there.

And the curious names of localities! We find Hoop-pole Thicket, Whale Cliff, Eastern Plain, Stepping Stones, Marvel Mount Rock, Old Barn Field, and Tobacco Lot (where no tobacco has grown within the memory of white men). These are all shown on an old surveyor's map of 1722, which hangs in the upper hall of the manor and has been much nibbled by mice, who have apparently tried thus to exemplify the encroachments of the sea. The water gains upon Gardiner's Island at the rate of ten feet a year on the bay side, and much more on the lofty ocean shore. But as a computation shows that, at this rate, the tide will require one hundred and thirteen years to reach the manor-house, the present owner need not be anxious. Even then the center of the domain will be untouched. And there, on the open, rising ground, lies the lonely and solemn grave-yard of the Gardiners. A granite bowlder — the only one on the island — forms a natural monument, around which the memorial stones are grouped; and when you stand there, compassing nearly the whole island in your view, with oblivious waters on every side, you feel that if this unique domain was the "place where many have died," it is also the place where many have lived and may yet live.

It was a hard thing to forsake the baronial hospitality which, for the time being, had made us nearly as much at home on the island as its long line of proprietors have been. When our feet touched the soil of Greenport; when we heard the steam-cars again, and were infested by newspapers as by a swarm of mosquitoes; when we suddenly rediscovered the existence of dust, finding ourselves stifled by the hopeless, dowdy ugliness of an American village business street, the lordship and manor seemed as distant and desirable as if it had been three thousand miles away, instead of twelve. So unlike was it to everything else hereabouts, that I should have doubted its existence had I known of it only from hearsay. But had not my eyes beheld the Genevan Bible, the rare presentation copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, the old patents, and the inherited wampum belt? And these fingers had touched Kidd's cloth-of-gold! Moreover, I had slept in the haunted chamber, and been thrilled by odd apprehensions even before I knew it was haunted. Strange things could we tell — my friend and I — about mysterious noises, peculiar sparkles of light, and an uncanny ring of green flame revolving on the fireless hearth at midnight. But as our host did not divulge the ghost story, and I have found this untold tale as impressive as any I ever heard, I shall not further detail our experience. 'Tis enough that I know Lion Gardiner's legacy to be what I have described it, and more: a sea island quite unspoiled by time or pseudo-progress, yet the seat of a luxurious and independent home; a lovely solitude never defiled by a hotel; a little principality, where a good citizen rules without pomp and pays taxes on the mainland; a small country in itself, which no Caucasian ever called his own unless he was called "by the name of Gardiner."

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE POET.

HE walks with God upon the hills!
And sees, each morn, the world arise
New-bathed in light of paradise.
He hears the laughter of her rills,
Her melodies of many voices,
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

V.—(Continued.)

"ISN'T she charming?" Mrs. Craig said to Bodewin. The trees parting had allowed him to keep at her side. "So extravagantly pretty and yet so simple and womanly! Don't you think so?"

"I have not tried my epithets on her yet," Bodewin replied. "But I dare say I could find fault with yours. I should not call her extravagantly pretty, and I doubt if it would be safe to rely on her simplicity."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of simplicity! She is simple like an antique, like a young goddess."

"Which one do you mean?" he said. "There is the Goddess of Liberty on the Capitol. Do you call her simple?"

"No, I call her decidely ornate. There is a word which just describes her if I could only think of it."

"Do you mean the Goddess of Liberty? You bewilder me so with your transitions."

"No, I mean my goddess."

"Perhaps western is the word you want."

"Western? Well, it isn't such a bad word if you take it right."

"I mean it right."

"Somehow I cannot talk to you this morning, Mr. Bodewin. I think you are not in your happiest vein. Are you?"

"I have no happy veins, Mrs. Craig. They all 'pinched out' years ago."

"Sink a new shaft then and prospect for more. Isn't that good advice?"

"If one had any new ground to sink on. The really virtuous thing to do would be to overhaul the old dumps and try to make day's wages out of them."

"You'll never be so proper as that! The American does not live who is content with day's wages merely at anything."

"It is time he was born then," said Bodewin.

"Don't be so dismal! It is uncomplimentary, and it isn't patriotic. When you see a girl like that from Kansas City, doesn't it make you feel how rich the country must be in girls?"

Bodewin laughed. "If it be not rich for me—" and then the trees crowding them apart, he lifted his hat and dropped behind. When next they met, Mrs. Craig took up the burden briskly, the thread being still the same.

"She's not a Kansas City girl, you know."

"No?"

"No, she is not a Missourian. It would be strange if she were, even in name. Her family — that is, her mother's family — have no cause to love Missourians. Her mother's father was shot dead — on his own doorstep, if you please — by a mob of Missourians during the border troubles."

"An unpleasant little incident in the family history, I should say."

"Unpleasant! Ah, it must take a good many generations for a shock like that to die out of the blood! And there was trouble enough and to spare before it came to the shooting,— journeys and hardships and struggles and excitements. You don't ask what what his offense was!"

"I suppose his offense was that he was a Free-State settler."

"—A brave and consistent one; yes. He was one of that band of families who were turned back by the cannon planted on the Missouri River to prevent the steamboats from landing Free-State men. They went north by way of Iowa and Nebraska (a cheerful little journey), and when they reached the border again, they were met by government soldiers and deprived of their arms as if they had been a band of convicts. No one, it seems, ever thought of disarming the Missourians. The grandfather Fletcher, Joseph Fletcher,— hence Josephine,— had signed a protest against the shameless election frauds. They came to his house one night and demanded to search the premises for incendiary books and papers. The New York 'Tribune' would have been incendiary, I suppose, in those days, or Whittier's poems. He refused to let them in. He told them his wife was very ill ——"

"Was she?"

"Of course she was,— so ill that she died soon afterwards. They accused him of signing the protest. He did not deny it, and they then politely informed him that they would not disturb his wife that night, but would trouble him to go with them. They were going to tar and feather him, or do something hideous to him."

"How did he know that?"

"I suppose they told him. At all events he refused to go with them. Wouldn't you have refused?"

"Possibly I should."

"You know you would—any man would! They tried to compel him; he resisted, and they shot him. The family were desired not to pollute the territory with their presence any longer. Their friends the Missourians escorted them to the border,—the wife, two grown sons, and Miss Josephine's mother, then a girl of sixteen. At some little town in Ohio they buried their mother. The sons remained there, and are now wealthy men in Cleveland. The daughter married Mr. Newbold. I cannot imagine how he ever persuaded her to go back with him to Kansas, but he did after the sacking and shooting were over. Josephine was born at Wyandot. She is just as old as the Free-State Constitution."

"Did Miss Newbold tell you this story, Mrs. Craig?"

"No; oh, no! That would not be like her, I am sure. Mr. Newbold told it to Mr. Craig one day when they were alone together in the office. He was speaking of his wife's delicate health, and the trial it was for Josephine to leave her. But Mrs. Newbold, it seems, has a perfect horror of the frontier; I should think she would have. When she found her husband bent on this trip, she insisted Josephine should bear him company; to take care of him, I suppose, if he should be ill. He spoke very nicely about his wife, Mr. Craig said; but I dare say he couldn't help being a little complacent over her anxiety about himself. Miss Newbold has never mentioned her mother to me but once. She told me that her mother was born among the mountains, that she had never seen them since her childhood, and often dreamed of them with a homesick longing; that she wanted her, Josephine, to see them and be among them while she was still a girl. I think that is so natural, and of course she would not say it to her husband."

"Wouldn't she? Why not?"

"Could she talk about her dreams of the old home in the East she never expected to see again, to a man like Mr. Newbold?"

"She perhaps does not take the same view of Mr. Newbold that you do. At all events, she was willing at one time to exchange those dreams for a reality which must have been something like him."

"Ah! that was the husband of her youth. Does he look like the husband of anybody's youth? He has deteriorated. He has let himself down, you may be sure of that. He has that sleek, prosperous blood in him."

"You think there are no martyrs on Mr. Newbold's side?"

"I should say, judging from papa Newbold, that as a family they would be distinguished by good digestions and a tendency to conform whenever opposition was likely to make things uncomfortable. However, I can't be just to him. I gave him such a horrible little dinner, and we never can forgive the people we have irretrievably wronged."

VI.

JOSEPHINE'S QUESTION.

THEY had now left the heavy timber behind them. The firs grew more sparsely. They were low and crooked; occasionally the weather-worn trunk of a dead tree leaned in spectral whiteness against the dark ranks of its survivors. The riders were close upon the line where trees cease and vegetation takes a fur-like habit. Against the deep, cloudless blue of the upper atmosphere rose the brown and naked peaks, streaked with supernal snows. The sun glowed hot upon them; motionless shadows defined every angle and chasm. Clear, solid masses of shadow swept down the sheer slopes into the cañon. They were now twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, crossing a shoulder of the mountain, from which they looked down into deep below deep of shadow and light, descending to the map-like picture of river-laced valley and high, barren plain, mesa, and mountain, range beyond range, brown and purple and blue, departing towards the infinite distance. The horses panted, their ears drooped, their hoofs rattled on the rocky planes up which they clambered. There was no soil and no verdure except a dry, iron-stained lichen which covered the uncrumbled surface of rock with its rough scales.

Mr. Hillbury was in search of a prospect-hole, described as the highest one within a day's ride of the camp, where certain fossil records of the "Old Silurian" had lately come to light. By the measured clink of steel upon steel, they were evidently not far from some form of human labor. Following the trend of the mountain, they came upon two men standing face to face on a limestone ledge, at work upon it with hammer and drill. Fragments of broken rock and materials for blasting were scattered about. There was no shelter or sign of habitation near them. Josephine, looking back to speak to Mrs. Craig, saw that she had dismounted some distance below, and was seated on the sloping, rocky floor, while her husband readjusted her saddle-blanket. Pres-

ently he sat down beside her, leaving the horses fastened together by their bridles.

"Aren't they coming?" Josephine asked Mr. Hillbury.

"*Oh*, Craig!" he called; "are you coming up?"

"No," was the reply. "Take your time; we're all right."

They looked as if they were. Mrs. Craig, waving an *au revoir* to Josephine, stretched herself out flat upon the rock. Mr. Craig doubled his legs under him and lit a cigarette. Josephine looked rather wistfully at this comfortable pantomime.

"Aren't you tired yourself?" Bodewin asked.

"A little," she admitted. "How far is it to the lake?"

"Half an hour's climb down again. Let me take you off. It's a pity to get too tired on your first climb."

She let herself be lifted down. Bodewin hung her bridle over the pommel of his own saddle, and took his place beside her on the sun-warmed rock. Mr. Hillbury was already fossil-hunting, tapping about with his scientific hammer, while the dead home-strokes of the miner's sledge beat continuously on the silence. For the sake of a brief respite from the sound, Bodewin addressed one of the miners; stretching himself forward on an elbow to examine a hole they had prepared for blasting, he asked:

"Can you get enough powder in a hole of this size for such hard rock?"

"Eh?" The man who was striking the drill stopped, and the big sunburnt Irishman who held it replied:

"That's what I'm tellin' him," indicating his partner. "It's losin' our labor we are! Ye'll blaw and blaw and ye'll not get the fill o' yer hat! Thim drills is too short. What's *he* afther?" he asked, leaning upon his drill, and nodding his head with a confidential smile towards Mr. Hillbury.

"Prospecting for fossils," Bodewin replied.

"Is it one o' thim stawne bot'nists he is?"

Bodewin nodded. "Something like that."

"Sure, this is the place for 'im. There's plenty of it here."

He came down the ledge towards them, using his tool as a staff, and ringing it on the rock with each heavy, limping step. His partner remained above sitting on the heels of his boots, his elbows on his knees, his hands dropped between them holding his idle hammer. He was a slenderly built youth of about twenty, beardless, tanned to the color of a Mexican, with thin, rather handsome features, and a dull, passionate expression. He watched Josephine and Bodewin with listless attentiveness.

"What have you got here?" Bodewin inquired of the man with the drill, picking up some pieces of rock as he spoke.

"Well-le, there's galeny in it, and there's carbónnets," he replied, turning over the fragments of stone with his big, freckled, hairy hand. His manner lacked the enthusiasm of the typical miner, but he spoke with a degree of respect for his own prospects.

"Where are your carbonates?" Bodewin asked.

"And what d'ye call thim?" exhibiting a piece of rock of the color of an over-burnt brick.

"There are no carbonates here." Bodewin spoke with reckless candor. "That reddish stuff is the oxide of iron."

"To the divvle wid yer ox-ides! I'll lay me ould hat that's the color we're lookin' for. Is it'n assayer ye are?"

"Take it over to the stone botanist and see what he makes of it," said Bodewin lazily.

"No, but is it an assay ——"

"Take it to the botanist! He'll assay it for you."

"He is *lame!*" Josephine said, looking after him as he limped away over the rocks with his specimen in one hand and his drill in the other.

"Oh no, he isn't; it's the national walk. Don't you see he is lame in both feet?"

"Weren't you rather cruel to him about his 'carbónnets'?"

"Not half as cruel as I am to Hillbury," Bodewin replied, laughing. "Hillbury would keep us here till night if something were not sent to irritate him." Seeing that she still looked sorrowfully after the unlucky prospector, he added, "Would it be cruel to tell the camel he couldn't get through the needle's eye?"

"Is it as hopeless as that? Poor fellow! he will lose his labor, as he said."

"He will do well if he loses no more than his labor. They are a queer pair. What fate do you suppose sent a good-natured Irish bricklayer up here nearly to the top of Sheridan, silver hunting, with a Canadian half-breed, I should think by the looks of him," glancing upward toward the slim dark figure on the rocks above, "for a partner?"

"Where do you suppose they live?"

"They have a bough shanty, probably, in the nearest timber. Micky, I dare say, has a wife down in the camp, taking in washing to feed the kids, while he plays it alone up here for higher stakes."

Bodewin lay stretched out upon the rock in one of his camp-fire attitudes. Josephine, sitting a little above him, could see only the narrowing lines of the lower part of his face below his hat-brim. They were sensitive lines,

and looked capable of much refinement of expression, but they rested habitually in a quietness that was like a mask. Dizzily and dreamily Josephine looked about her. She felt rather than saw how far they were exalted into that vast dome of light, what a little ledge of the world they rested on. The sun that beat upon the rock filled her veins with its potent warmth. It was like an exquisitely gentle and prolonged stream of electricity, suffusing the brain and penetrating the very tissues of the bones. It was intoxicating. Dark spots crossed her vision. She drew a long sigh of retarded breath and closed her eyes. Then she heard Bodewin speaking.

"Miss Newbold, I think after all you must let me answer that question."

Josephine waited a moment before replying. She felt it would be paltry to ask what question. She merely said:

"Please let it be as if I had not asked it."

"How is that to be done?" Bodewin asked, moving a little so he could look up at her as she sat above him.

"May not one repent of a hasty speech and withdraw it?"

"If there be any occasion for repentance. But it is not easy to forget words sincerely spoken. I think your question was a sincere one, Miss Newbold."

"What would it be if it were not that?" Josephine asked.

"It would not be worth remembering. But I have remembered it, you see, in spite of myself, I may say. I believe I agreed with you when you said you had no right to ask it. That was a hasty admission on my part."

"Not at all! You could not help seeing it was a blunder. I hoped you would have seen how sorry I was, and have had the grace to forget it."

Bodewin, feeling about among the loose fragments of rock under his hand, chose one and skipped it downward, watching it glinting along on its precipitous course until it vanished in the purple depth of shadow below them.

"Grant that it was a blunder," he resumed. "I think you do not often blunder in that way. There must have been some force of feeling behind the speech that you so deprecate. It could hardly have come from your lips merely." He looked at her and smiled. "We are in for it now, you see."

She did not return the smile. "I don't know what you mean by 'in for it.' There *is* no question. I have withdrawn it. It doesn't exist."

"You have a very lofty little way of annihilating the past; unfortunately, it doesn't affect my past. The question still exists for me. It has been existing steadily and waxing troublesome ever since I saw you."

"Oh!" said Josephine, with a sigh of impatience.

"Well, then, why did you ask it, Miss Newbold? You charged me the other evening with being a renegade to justice. Is it not so?"

Josephine opened her lips to protest, but saw the hopelessness of it, apparently, and preserved her silence of sufferance. Bodewin smiled again quietly:

"It is not often a woman is called to plead for justice in opposition to sentiment—for my answer to your question must be in the name of something I shall have to call sentiment for want of a better word. You see what an unusual opportunity you are giving me. It should be made a precedent,—if only I were worthy of my rôle." He jerked another pebble from his fingers into the abyss, and again he looked with a half-fascinated, half-teasing smile into the girl's troubled face.

"When will you hear my poor defense? There is not time to offer it now; besides, I should like to get up my case a little before presenting it."

Josephine would not speak. She felt how hot and flushed her cheeks were, and how her lips trembled in spite of herself.

"You will not be cruel enough to go away and leave the ghost of that unanswered question to haunt me. I shall hear you all the way from Kansas City, saying, 'If you care for justice, why won't you——'"

"Will you please not repeat my words?" she interrupted, haughtily.

There was not a trace of mockery in his voice when he spoke again.

"They are not your words. You have parted with them; they have a life of their own now. Not if you live a thousand years will you ever get them back again."

She turned her full face towards him with a speechless, startled movement.

"You cannot separate a vital question from its answer," he continued. "You know that every now and then in the life of a nation or of a man the time comes for somebody to ask a question. The person who asks it may not wish to be the one chosen; but once the word is out it cannot rest until it gets itself answered, if it is a real question, if it takes the nation's life, or the man's, to answer it. I have not deliberately thought about your question, Miss Newbold, but it is no exaggeration to say that since I saw you last I have thought of but little else. If I cannot answer it to your satisfaction, you may summon me to the trial as your witness."

"Answer it to yourself," she said, "and if truth and justice do not summon you, you have no right to be there."

"There are other obligations besides those which truth and justice lay upon us."

"But I think those must come first."

"Now you touch upon the reason why I wish to place my little problem before you. I had decided in favor of certain other obligations; I dare say I have become morbid about them. Because of your untroubled preference for truth and justice, and because you are a stranger, unbiased, as a wise young judge should be, I desire to set my small difficulty before you. I am tired of it. My conscience, when I question it, gives out only indistinct mutterings."

"You ask far too much of me. I cannot do this for you, Mr. Bodewin. I am not untroubled. I am not unbiased. I was thinking of my father; when I spoke to you I feared you might be refusing to testify because you knew of some reason, unknown to him or to Mr. Craig, why he ought not to win his suit. It was, of course, my own misgiving entirely. I have never mentioned it to any one, but it seemed to me a terrible thing that you should be willing to stand aside and see an honest man commit an unintentional fraud."

"But I told you I believed your father's side was the right side, did I not?"

"Yes, and I was satisfied."

"Then, once more, please, why did you ask me that question?"

"Why did I — what?" said Josephine confusedly.

"It was after I gave you, unconsciously enough, that satisfaction you speak of, that you said,— well, you will not let me repeat the words. Was there not another misgiving? Has that been satisfied?"

"No," said Josephine helplessly, "but it does not concern — me."

"Whom does it concern, may I ask?"

"I am not so anxious to answer questions as you are."

"Does it concern *me*, Miss Newbold? I seem to be flattering myself, but there are not so many parties in this affair. I can hardly suppose it is Mr. Harkins you ——"

"I know I have brought this on myself," cried Josephine in desperate annoyance, "but don't you think it has gone far enough now?"

"As soon as you have promised to give me an opportunity to reply to whatever doubt prompted your question, it will have gone far enough — not till then."

"I have said that it does not concern me, and have asked your pardon for letting you know I had the doubt, or for having it, if you like. Can I do more?"

"You have not said that your suspicions do not concern *me*."

"Suspicions!"

"We will go back to the original word then — your question. Say that your question did not concern me, and I will not insist upon answering it."

Josephine was silent.

"You have called me to account for a course of action I am at perfect liberty to take and which no man has yet questioned. Is it quite just for you to refuse to hear my defense, such as it is? I don't claim it is sufficient."

"I will hear it."

"When, please?"

"Whenever you like. But I cannot attempt to influence your decision. I would not do it if you were my own brother."

"It would be much less easy for you to, if I were. Does it seem to you too intimate a thing for me to ask of you?"

"Yes, it does!" she exclaimed eagerly,— "precisely that!"

"I don't regard it so, and I promise you I will not take advantage of it as an approach to anything of the sort in the future. For that matter, our acquaintance has no future any more than it has a past. It shares the spirit of this place, where we all live and live fast in the present, and then separate and know each other no more. I should like to believe that some instinct of helpfulness in you prompted those words which you regret, because they were unconventional. Don't regret them. Don't take back your words, but be true to them, and be brave enough not to shirk the sequel to them. The sequel to a question is its answer."

Josephine was far more startled by his earnestness than she had been chagrined by his badinage.

"Oh!" she cried in desperation, "why will you insist upon enforcing the sequel to such a foolish beginning? Why not let it rest? What is it but a trifle — a few poor words?"

"It is not a trifle to me, coming from you, if you please. It amounts to an accusation. It cannot be withdrawn to my satisfaction until it has been answered."

"I will listen to your answer, but more than that I insist you must not ask of me. I am not an expert on matters of the conscience — and I am being slowly consumed on this rock," she sighed.

"Forgive me!" he said, springing to his feet and holding out a hand to help her to rise. "I did not know I was assisting at an *auto da fé*. Have I made you hate me?"

"Yes!" she declared. "Do not put your problem in my hands. I am as biased as the

most disagreeable half-hour I ever spent in my life can make me!"

"I am sorry you should be indebted to me for it."

"Oh, I am not! I am indebted to myself, But I shall hate you for it, just the same."

"I have no doubt of it. I ought to be proud to suffer vicariously when I can save you from yourself by doing so. You must be very severe with yourself when you are fairly roused."

"I think I have never been fairly roused."

"If you will pardon my putting myself in the same category with yourself, I think we neither of us have," he said.

"It must be a horrible experience to be utterly and fundamentally hateful to one's self."

"I think it is an experience that comes to but few, and not to the greatest transgressors perhaps. Here comes Hillbury! He seems to have torn himself from the bosom of the Old Silurian at last."

As Bodewin put Josephine on her saddle again, he said to her, "Whatever it was you accused me of in your own thoughts, let it rest until I can talk with you again."

"'Still harping,'" she replied, and hurried after Mr. Hillbury, who had mounted and ridden on to join the Craigs. Bodewin followed musingly, and did not attempt to lessen the distance between them.

VII.

MR. CRAIG GOES A-HUNTING.

THE lake, when they reached it, was, after all, in size hardly more than a large pond. It was on the edge of the timber, a clear, still eye of water, darkly bordered by pine-trees, with one bright spot of reflected blue shining in the middle, like an immeasurably far-off sky in the depths of the lake. They dismounted again and spread out their lunch in the dappled shade. It was not an hilarious picnic. Mrs. Craig and Josephine were both tired. The latter was also dazed with her long discussion on the rocks in the blinding sunlight. Bodewin, she thought, must be of the salamander species, since he was so sluggish in the shade and woke to such a burst of argumentative energy in the glare of the sun. He ate little and talked less, relapsing into the background of conversation, as his wont was when it became general.

When the sylvan meal was over, Mr. Craig unslung his bird-gun from his saddle and clambered down into the heavier timber, in search of wood-pigeons, he said, an object which excited the derision of the other men of the party. Bodewin referred to the "man in the wilderness," and asked Mrs. Craig, as an authority on nursery rhymes, to quote for him:

> "The man in the wilderness asked me
> How many strawberries grew in the sea.
> I answered him as I thought good —
> As many as red-herrings grow in the wood."

"What are you laughing at?—because he goes to the wood for wood-pigeons?" asked Mrs. Craig.

"To this particular wood," said Hillbury. "You would not laugh at a man for going to the sea for fish; but if he were much of a fisherman, he would hardly go to Baffin's Bay for mullet."

"Oh, you are all so technical," said Mrs. Craig; "for my part I think a little vague general information is much more restful."

They sat under the low spruce boughs by the lake, talking and listening in the rustle of the deep tideless water and the sur-r-r-ing of the wind in the trees. Mr. Hillbury produced his fossils, delicate forms of earliest organic life imprinted in glistening pyrites on the dark Silurian slate. The ladies held the fragments of the old sea-beach on the palms of their hands, and examined them with a magnifying glass, exclaiming over them in their soft staccato. Once there came from the wood the sound of a single shot. Bodewin and Hillbury both recognized it as the note of Craig's gun.

"He has found the wood-pigeon!"

They waited for a second shot, but none came. When the slanting sunbeams had pierced their covert, they abandoned it and strolled along the shore of the lake. Mr. Hillbury walked with Josephine, pointing out to her the long formless ridges which marked the recession of one of those vast glacial seas that had crawled down the mountain-sides during the epoch of ice. The lake had been formed between two of these ancient moraines. Solitary, unvisited, bare of human association or tradition as it was,—"foster-child of silence and slow time,"—its cradled waters were uncounted centuries old before the story of man was begun.

Bodewin jeered at his friend a little for his popular science, and was rebuked by Mrs. Craig. She had herself more than once interrupted Mr. Hillbury, and asked for a moment's silence, during which she seemed to listen for sounds from the wood.

The afternoon wore away. The sun dropped below the western ridge and left the lake gray in shadow. Since the single report of his gun, nothing had been heard from Craig. His wife could no longer conceal her wretchedness at his absence. She sat, pale and silent, looking from one to the other, while Bodewin and Hillbury persistently made light of it, mean-

while planning a search for him on the excuse that it was already late for their homeward start. The pleasure party had reached a pitch of demoralization, as far as the women were concerned, when Craig was heard shouting from the opposite shore of the lake. He was walking fast under the trees, apparently none the worse for the gun he carried over his shoulder. Mrs. Craig was a little overcome at the sight of him, and laughed in a nervous, immoderate way at her late fears; but she recovered herself when Craig arrived, red and out of breath with his hurried walk around the lake, and received him with lively upbraidings. He was unnecessarily cheerful, and he had besides an important air of adventure about him which, under the circumstances, called for immediate snubbing. When he had been brought to a proper sense of his weakness and evil behavior, he was allowed to tell his story.

"But first, where is the wood-pigeon?" said Hillbury.

"Oh, I found her, but I didn't bring her home!" Craig did not mind confessing, he said, that he had missed his bearings. "One part of the wood looked so confoundedly like another, and there was no wind."

"No *wind!*" his wife interrupted.

"Not in the timber — not a breath — and mighty little sun. You are higher up, remember. You had an hour's more sun. I began to think I had been walking about long enough without getting anywhere, when I heard a horse whinny. A few steps on I came to a corral, and just beyond it, a biggish log-cabin. The back end of it ran butt into the dump of an old prospect hole. The ground rose suddenly behind the cabin, and the dump sloped up against the hill. There was a long bench by the door, and there sat the prettiest girl, in a calico dress, with her arms bare, feeding a setter-pup! She had him in her lap, and he was nuzzling about in a saucer of milk she held, and sometimes licking her arms by mistake. She had one of those low Greek heads my wife likes so much, with small intelligence in it, I should say, but plenty of hair on it — yellow hair, braided in two tails and wound around the head. I asked her the way to the lake. She stared at me and said she didn't know of any lake, she hadn't been in these parts long. She had a kind of sweet, stolid way that was uncommonly taking in connection with her looks. I wanted to look at her a little longer, so I asked her if the pup was for sale."

Mr. Craig was here interrupted in his narrative by laughter and applause.

"She said that she didn't know. Her father wasn't home. I might call again and inquire. I asked her when I would be likely to find her father at home in case I called. She couldn't tell. Her father was mostly home except when he went to the camp, or over the range to a prospect he had there.

"By the same token, I asked permission to climb up the dump and see if I could get a better view of my surroundings from the top of it. She gave me permission and followed me up there with the pup in her arms. There was just a streak of sunlight left. It touched her hair very prettily, and it showed me which way was west, and so I made for the lake and left her there, making no end of a pretty picture of herself, with the sun on her golden hair."

> "The man in the wilderness asked me
> How many strawberries grew in the sea.
> I answered him as I thought good —
> As many as pretty girls grow in the wood,"

laughed Mrs. Craig.

"Come, saddle up, saddle!" said Bodewin. "We won't get out of the woods now before dark!"

Mr. Newbold had ordered a supper for the party on their return. Mrs. Craig excused herself on her children's account from remaining to it. Craig, as he rode away beside his wife, called back to Hillbury:

"The next time you go up the lake way, look up my cabin in the timber, will you? I'll commission you to get me that setter-pup."

"I don't see how you stand so much of Craig," said Bodewin crossly.

"Craig is a good fellow."

"A good fellow, yes — and a common fellow. It makes me sick to see him ride."

"He rides well enough," said Hillbury. "The fact is, there isn't one man in a hundred one can spend a day in the woods with."

"As for that cabin and girl and pup story," Bodewin went on.

"Don't you believe it?" asked Hillbury.

"Hardly. I am tolerably well acquainted with those woods myself. He got himself lost, like the cockney he is, and invented this story to carry it off. That sunlight-on-her-yellow-hair business is rather too musty."

"I think you are mistaken, Bodewin. Craig to me looked and talked like a man who had just had that sort of luck, to be stumbling along disgustedly and suddenly come upon the little idyl in the forest. If it were an invention, why put in the old prospect hole and the setter-pup?"

"It is possible he has seen such a cabin and such a group by the door, but I doubt if he saw them this afternoon."

"Bodewin, I will bet you a box of cigars I will find that cabin myself within a week."

"You'll waste your time and lose your cigars,—and Craig is an ass!"

They were in the office of the Wiltsie House, sitting on the row of chairs along the wall opposite the clerk's desk. In the confusion of unmodulated voices their own lower tones were lost.

"How long would you be a friend of Mrs. Craig if she knew you thought so?" Hillbury asked.

"I am not indebted to Craig for his wife's acquaintance. I knew Mrs. Craig years before he ever saw her. At a pinch I dare say she could exist without me, and I possibly without her. There are times when I find Craig too great a discount on the friendship of any woman."

"What is the matter with you, old man?"

"Hillbury," said Bodewin, with a sudden change of manner, taking a small, worn, leather note-book from his pocket, and turning over its pages absently, "I wish the Lord would let me burn this book!"

"Does he hold you responsible for its safe keeping?"

"It looks like it. I have dropped it down shafts; I have left it in my old coat-pockets when I moved camp, and had it sent back to me; I have, within the past year, taken it out more than once with as deliberate intention as I have of going to bed to-night of destroying it. Upon my soul, I can't do it!"

"What have you in it?"

"Only some memoranda relating to the Harkins and Eagle Bird suit. The Eagle Bird people want me to appear on their side."

"So I have heard," Hillbury said, much interested, and quietly observant of his friend. He had speculated not a little upon the probable meaning of Bodewin's reluctance to testify on this suit, even as he often speculated about Bodewin himself; but the two men might have been sole occupants of a light-house for a year, without its once occurring to Hillbury to ask his friend the question Miss Newbold had posed him with an hour after his introduction to her.

"Yes," Bodewin continued. "It's a horrible nuisance. I would like to tell you about it, but you know me too well, Hillbury. I should hate to have the thing perpetually associated with me in your mind. The only people, after all, to confide in, are those whom you like at first sight, and never expect to see again."

"I don't agree with you, but then that's nothing new."

"I will tell you this much," Bodewin began, but Hillbury interrupted.

"Why tell me anything? I am not suffering for your confidence."

"Because it bores me so! I am sold into bondage! I am under an obligation to Harkins,—a most delicate, personal, strenuous obligation. It is a thousand times worse than if he had saved my life. It involves——" Bodewin found he had been precipitate after all. He could not say to Hillbury, whose people in the East knew his own, "It involves my sister's name and memory." He paused, with his friend's dark, grave eyes resting on his face, and ended stupidly. "It involves the name of a woman—one of the sweetest God ever made for man to destroy. If I have to balk Harkins's game, he is just clever enough to see that here is his revenge. Don't I know with what an unholy glee he would parade my obligation to him and his generosity to her whose name I must protect?"

"Bodewin, my dear fellow, will you forgive me for saying this whole thing, as you hint at it, sounds to me fantastic and morbid. I have always suspected you of a dangerous kind of enthusiasm in your moral processes. The business of living is, after all, nothing but a series of investments at a high rate of interest with corresponding risks, or at a low rate with good security. I am afraid you go in too much for the ten per cents, and the risks in your moral investments. You will go into bankruptcy if you are investing in Harkins and his crowd."

"What do you mean by going into bankruptcy?"

"Well, I don't mean wickedness, in your case. But despondency, want of grit. You'd better stick to the plain lines of duty, so far as Harkins is concerned, and let the dead past bury its dead. It occurs to you, no doubt, that this is a little gratuitous on my part; but I am older than you, and on some points not so sensitive."

"Not so vulnerable, you mean," said Bodewin, with a touch of bitterness.

Hillbury had no time to respond before Mr. Newbold joined them with his daughter's excuses instead of her company. She was tired, he said, and did not care to change her dress. "She'd have come down fast enough if Mrs. Craig had staid, but she's not accustomed to be the only lady; and the restaurant, you know, at this hour——"

The green-baize-covered door of the dining-room closed upon the sentence.

VIII.

BODEWIN'S SISTER.

BODEWIN belonged to that generation of the country's youth which was hurried into premature manhood by the shock of the civil war. He was sixteen the spring of 1861,

when his elder brother left home in response to the President's first call for volunteers. That summer young Bodewin went up to Yale to pass his preliminary examination. He was already a man in stature, and it was thought the best way to keep him from haunting the recruiting offices. The second year of the war closed darkly, with Burnside's losses before Fredericksburg, which increased the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac, on which the hopes of the East were fixed. Bodewin entered with all the passionate pessimism of youth, debarred from action, into the uncertainties of the situation. If disruption were at hand, he did not care for his future; if the war were to be successfully and honorably brought to a close, he could not accept it at the price of some better man's life. Thus he brooded, sitting on the college fence, under the budding elms, in the sad spring twilight.

He wrote to his brother for advice. Captain Bodewin told him plainly that his place was with the non-combatants for at least four years to come, and reminded him that in all wars, in all ages, the widow has ever been entitled to one son. This was not the advice young Bodewin wanted. In the face of it he abandoned his books and followed his boyish leadings into the army, enlisting as a private in his brother's regiment, the —— Connecticut Cavalry. He served faithfully, but without distinction, until the close of the war. When the armies were disbanded he went home alone, an old-looking boy of twenty, already acquainted with grief, lean of cheek and limb, with hollows under his young eyes, with a habit of silence, with the discipline of ten years crowded into two — a discipline with stern limitations, however. He had learned something of endurance, of obedience, and of self-restraint; but of the world of men and women he had been spared to spend his life among, he had all to learn.

The house had lost its mainstay,— that elder brother whom the mother believed wise Heaven had given her to be the support of her widowed years. He had fallen in the last great charge of the war. His loss was embittered to Bodewin by a sense of its needlessness, for the struggle was virtually over. It seemed as if the lives lost that day were but heaped upon the over-full measure of the nation's dead, in the very wantonness of sacrifice.

The night after the battle Bodewin searched the field for his brother's body. A comrade kept at his side, and helped him in his last poor services to the dead. The young men were of the same regiment, each had seen and approved the other in action; beyond this they scarcely knew each other's names. As they stood together by the new-made grave, in the white dawn before sunrise, Bodewin had said to his comrade:

"My mother must thank you for this night's work."

They parted with a promise from Lieutenant Eustis that he would visit Bodewin at the latter's home if both lived to see the end of the war.

Eustis had accepted the invitation with some diffidence.

"You must not ask me under an impression that I was a friend of your brother's," he had said. "I admired him greatly, but I am bound to confess that, so far as I know, the feeling was not mutual."

Bodewin could not have known that this scrupulousness was far from being characteristic of Frank Eustis. It was a genuine touch of candor and humility won from him by the circumstances which had brought the two young men together; but it was misleading, as only nature can be.

Bodewin took up the responsibilities death had laid on him in a condition of mind and body calculated to breed morbid views of duty. He was physically relaxed by the reaction which followed the change from army life to the life of home. The heaviness of his first sorrow was upon him. There was, besides, the dawn of another sorrow he could not blind himself to. It could hardly be called a change in his mother; a lapse, rather, of the powers mental as well as physical — the mark left by the war on a gentle nature, strong only in its affections. The heart of the family she would be, ever. Its head she had ceased to be.

Bodewin resigned his hopes of a profession and applied himself to the resuscitation of his mother's property. His father had for fifteen years held a professorship in an Eastern college. Late in life he had married the only surviving child and heiress of Simeon Wills, a member of the Society of Friends, and a well-to-do farmer, who had widened his landmarks on the Sound shore of Connecticut until they included about three hundred acres of salt-marsh, sea-beach, woodland, and stony pasture. To their grandfather's house Tristram Bodewin's widow had taken her children after her husband's death, and since that time, early in their childish recollections, they had known no other home.

True to her father's faith herself, she had not tried to make proselytes even of her own children, but to each one in different degrees she had transmitted that quiet persistence which was one of her own least conspicuous but most inherent traits.

Bodewin had left his sister a child. A child she still seemed to him, although she was tall

for sixteen, when to the broken household came Eustis in his faded cavalry uniform, with his record of fifty battles and that last service of his to the dead son of the house to aid him in making an impression. Ellen Bodewin was not a beauty, but in many ways she was beautiful. In after years, when the thought of his sister had become the permanent ache of his heart, Bodewin always saw her as he used to see her that summer, crossing the grass at twilight in her white dress and black ribbons, her profile distinct, almost luminous in its fairness, against the mass of dark-green shrubbery.

Bodewin spent many hours that summer at the black, pigeon-holed "secretary" in the dining-room, employed in a retrospect of accounts which invariably closed with the balance on the wrong side. The short, warm evenings he spent with his mother, in the unlighted parlor, where she lay on her sofa in the exhaustion of spent and tearless grief. In those silent sessions with their dead mother and son alike felt that the child of the house should have no part. Her share in the family sorrow had been less, as her knowledge of her brother was less than theirs; and her age was not ripe for sorrow. Yet they would have keenly resented any outside suggestion that Ellen took their great and common loss not sufficiently to heart.

Eustis came for a week the first time. He spoke of business engagements in New York. Bodewin found him there a month later, looking haggard and seedy. An old wound he had carried since Fredericksburg had been troubling him, he said. His family were in Genoa, where his father held a consulship. Bodewin asked him to come to Cranberry Beach for another fortnight, and incidentally lent him a little money. Again Eustis and Ellen were together, and in the still midsummer weather another tragedy of the war was hurrying to its consummation.

There was a granite bowlder on the edge of the lawn where it sloped toward the pied salt-marshes, cool, deeply bedded in ferns, and shaded by a clump of maple-trees. A breeze from the blue water beyond the marshes was always blowing in their tops. On the hottest days, when the close-sheltered house dozed in the sun, Eustis, with the chess-board and the hammock-cushions under his arm, followed by Ellen with the last magazine, crossed the dry, scintillating grass to this island of coolness and shadow.

They were as secluded here, with the fields of heat making a wide stillness around them, as Ferdinand and Miranda in the island cave. There were sandy paths through the scrub oak and barberry bushes leading to the shore, and there was a shallow river winding through the marshes, down which they drifted, sitting face to face but seldom speaking. All these landways and waterways they had taken together before the fortnight was over. They led all in the same direction, and ended in the catastrophe of a young girl's life.

In those days men were worshiped because they were soldiers merely. They needed no other attribute, and Eustis possessed several others besides that perilous association with a brother's memory. When after the second visit Bodewin heard his mother ask Eustis to come to them again at Christmas, if his family were still abroad, it occurred to him at last that they were seeing a good deal of their summer guest. On his next visit to New York he took pains to make some inquiries about Eustis. It was like going to a shelf piled with rubbish and pulling at a corner of the lowest object of the heap. He found a clew to one shabby little affair in looking up Eustis's antecedents, and the rest came tumbling about his ears. It was sickening, but it was a necessary lesson for the protector of a family of women to learn, and Bodewin congratulated himself on having learned it in good season. He was alone with his mother in the dining-room on the evening of his return. It was now late in October, and the evenings were cool. The blaze of a few sticks on the hearth was the only light in the room, while the open door showed a broad patch of moonlight on the hall floor, squared with the shadow of the window sash. Bodewin told his mother all that seemed necessary of his discoveries in regard to Eustis.

"He must not come at Christmas, or at any other time," he concluded.

Mrs. Bodewin seemed troubled beyond a reasonable conception of any feeling she could possibly have in the matter. Did he wish the acquaintance to cease? she asked her son.

"On the part of the women of the family, yes," he replied.

She reminded him of the family obligation. He assured her he would take care of that. In the greatest agitation she begged him to be careful what he said, for his sister's sake.

"What has Eustis to do with my sister?" Bodewin inquired, and then the blow came. Eustis had asked Ellen to be his wife. She loved him, and only waited for the consent of her mother and brother. The former had already given hers. Ellen had been receiving letters from Eustis since his last visit. The mother had felt obliged to speak to her about them. She had first done so during Bodewin's absence, and had then received her child's confession that Eustis had offered himself to her before his departure. She had not per-

mitted him to speak to her family then, because the time had seemed unfit.

"She was not ashamed to do the thing she was ashamed to speak of!" Bodewin burst out passionately.

"She is but a child! What else can she be?" the mother pleaded. "And she has not answered his letters or given him her promise except on conditions."

"Eustis is not the man for her to be making conditions with, mother! If she is a child, she must be treated like one. She must be prevented from doing herself this injury."

"It is done, it is done!" the mother wailed, "and we have done it. It lies at our door."

"It lies at my door!" said Bodewin. "Mother, I no more imagined any danger to Ellen in his being here than to you. How was I to know a girl is like that? To be won in a week, in a month, by the first man who looks at her! To be thinking of a lover, with her brother not six months in his grave!"

"Hush!" his mother said, rising and pointing towards the door as she faltered towards him. He turned and confronted his sister. She had heard his words distinctly in the quiet house as she came down the stairs from her chamber. What influence Bodewin might have gained over her, when his revolt against the pang of self-conviction cooled, had she never heard those wild words, may be questioned. As it was, the insult had struck too deep for explanation or retraction. There was, perhaps, enough of truth in the words to make them unforgivable. Bodewin patiently went over the charges against Eustis with his mother, and in turn she endeavored to set them before Ellen. The effect they produced was one of repulsion, not towards the accused, but the accuser. She was prepared for prejudice in one by whom she had herself been misjudged, and the seeds of counsel fell upon stony ground. There were long heart-breaking arguments between mother and daughter, and hopeless consultations between mother and son. But the brother and sister were no longer on terms of argument or consultation, still less of entreaty.

The struggle ended as it must always end between young love and old decrees. It was a relief at last when the marriage took place, two years later. Ellen's position had come to be that of a martyr persecuted by her brother for her faithfulness to her lover; for the mother had not been able to keep a consistent attitude of protest, and long before the marriage took place had offered but a passive resistance. Her losses had weakened her power of enduring the pain of those she loved. The risks of Ellen's marriage were in the future, while the sight of her unhappiness was an ever-present torture. Nor was it possible for a woman with Mrs. Bodewin's experience of men and of marriage to conceive what those risks were likely to be with one like Eustis. She had no real conception of Eustis himself,—a man who could not be relied upon even in the direction of his weaknesses, for with a fatal inconsistency he had not been at all weak in his pursuit of Ellen. He had been as true to his purpose as if the truth were in him.

According to his weakness and her strength he no doubt loved her, and the purest sentiment of his life kept him at his highest level during the months of his probation. There were times when Bodewin was ready to believe that it was he who was the victim of hallucination, and that Ellen's case was indeed one of persecution, so filled was the house with that sense of her outraged love which her mute presence conveyed. But on the day of her marriage, in that searching light in which love, acknowledged and triumphant, exhibits itself, Bodewin saw that he was not mistaken. In certain sure and subtle ways he felt that the bridegroom was hopelessly beneath the dignity of his part. It could only be a question of time.

It was now thirteen years since the day of his sister's marriage, and during ten of those years Bodewin had held himself ready for the time when she would need him. His life had been ordered solely with reference to that time and that atonement he believed he would be permitted to make his sister for the husband he had given her and the father he had given her children. He thought no more of marriage for himself than if his mother and sister had been the only women in the world. He felt that his sister held a mortgage on his life, and year by year the unpaid interest went to swell the debt.

Eustis took his young wife to Virginia City, where he began his business career as a broker in mines and real estate. In the course of a year or two he had joined that wandering community which follows the changes of luck from one mining camp to another.

Bodewin made mines his business also, in a different way, partly that he might not lose sight of his sister on her unblest pilgrimage, partly because the event had proved that he was no farmer, and he needed to put money in his purse for the time when his sister would accept his atonement. The mother still lived at Cranberry Beach, in the retirement that suited her health and circumstances, with an unmarried sister as her companion. Those lapses of memory which had first warned Bodewin of the break in his mother's strength were now her greatest mercy.

Ellen seldom wrote, never unless in times

of comparative prosperity; and as these grew more and more infrequent, the letters came at longer and longer intervals. They knew that children were born to her, and that she had lost children, but of the nameless humiliation of her life, of the eddy of shabby cares in which it went round and round, wearing into her soul, they could but silently conjecture; and as one prophecy after another of all those that had been made concerning her marriage fulfilled itself, she wrapped herself more and more closely in the fate she had chosen, and hid her wounds with a pride that seemed all that was left of her love for her brother. The loving can never understand those who have ceased to love; and as little as he could comprehend the sundering of a life-tie like that between himself and the sister he had so innocently and hopelessly injured, still less could Bodewin fathom the mystery of a weak man's hold on the life of a strong woman, who holds forlornly to her own pure vow, as the sanctification of the shame it covers.

IX.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED.

ONE day, now three years gone, in the Mining Exchange in San Francisco, Bodewin took up a Deadwood paper, a week old by its date, and saw a notice of the death of Frank Eustis. His body had been found in the street, dead by his own hand; "probable cause, domestic anxieties and drink." The notice was headed, "Good-bye, Frank!" Bodewin learned more of the affair later in Deadwood from Henry Wilkinson, a lawyer of his acquaintance, with whom Eustis had spoken last. Wilkinson had met Eustis about twelve o'clock the night of his death, as he himself was coming out of the Varieties Theater with the crowd. Eustis was hurrying along through a light fall of snow, bareheaded and half wild with drink.

"For God's sake, Henry, lend me five dollars!" he had said. "I expect my wife and four children in by the stage to-morrow night, and I haven't so much as a roof to put over their heads."

"That wife-and-children game is about played, Frank," had been Wilkinson's reply. Eustis had been borrowing money for six months or more, on the strength of the imminent arrival of his family.

"They are coming this time, by God! But they won't find me here!" were his last words as he ran on down the street, slipping and falling at last in the soft snow.

Wilkinson had pulled him up, set him on his feet, brushed the snow from his hair and neck, and, putting his own hat on his head, had left him staring stupidly before him.

He was found the next morning, stiff and cold, with his head on the curb-stone and a bullet-hole in the side of it.

The night following that morning Ellen Eustis arrived with her children. There were but three. To the last Eustis had not been able to help lying a little in an unimportant way. His wife had come by stage, two hundred miles across the northern desert. She had waited, in the last poor refuge where he had left her, for Eustis to return or send for her. His letters spoke of his success in the new camp, but there were no inclosures of money and no summons for her to join him and share his success. At last, when her means of support were nearly exhausted, she had taken what money remained to her and desperately followed her husband, to what end she knew not, except that it could not be worse than the one she had in view. The man who saved her from dying on that journey was Colonel William Harkins. As an experienced traveler, the Colonel had secured for himself the entire back seat of the coach, and with lunch-basket, rugs, seal-skin coat, cigars, and paper novels, had expected to make the trip across the frozen alkali plains in comparative comfort.

It was just his luck, so he commiserated himself as he surveyed his fellow-passengers, to find in front of him, occupying the middle seat, a wan-cheeked young mother with three pretty, thinly-clad children, vis-à-vis with two Chinamen and a Jew "drummer," riding on the forward seat.

The first day's ride was not half over before Harkins had "borrowed" two of the children, and was telling them stories and romping with them, while the mother from time to time looked back and smiled at the sound of their laughter. When the boy grew sleepy he helped her to make a bed for him on the seat beside her, and arranged his traveling-bag under her feet, that she might the more easily support the child's head in her lap. At the squalid meal station he thrust her into the warmest corner by the fire, and bribed, from the meager hospitality of the place, the best it could furnish for her comfort. He led the way back to the stage with the youngster on his shoulder, and, putting him into his mother's arms, begged her to keep his seat for him while he walked on a mile or so for exercise. Not to be burdened with it while walking, he threw off his fur coat and asked permission to wrap her and the little fellow in it, until he should need it again. For the little fellow's sake she allowed him to do so. Laughingly he cuddled the two little girls in his rugs, and bidding

them let no one into his seat in his absence, trudged on ahead of the stage. When it overtook him he climbed up beside the driver and sat there smoking until it grew dusk. Looking back into the coach, he saw that the mother and children were asleep, snugly wrapped in his rugs and furs. He called himself a d—— fool, took something to keep out the cold, and crawling down into the boot under the driver's blankets, slept there all night on the mail bags. The mother began the next day with an effort at independence, but was soon too much exhausted by the unavoidable hardships of the journey and her children's constant claims on her strength to resist the ingenuous and persistent kindness of her fellow-traveler. The Colonel's luxuries were her necessities. He diverted them to her use with that understanding, cheerfully insisted on by him, and helplessly admitted by herself.

The stage office was buzzing with talk of the latest camp tragedy on the evening of the travelers' arrival.

"Oh, it is only some fellow got cleaned out at faro, and shot himself last night," Harkins replied to the young mother's inquiries, as she sat with her children around her in a corner of the crowded room. "What did you say your husband's first name was, Mrs. Eustis?—Frank? Well, see here! You'd better get a room here to-night. He didn't get your telegram most likely. I don't seem to see him anywheres about. We'll look him up first thing in the morning. Those children ought to have something to eat. I'll have something sent up to you. Now don't you worry, will you? You leave me to find your husband." So, talking rapidly, he hurried her away from the merciless gossip of the crowd, which suspended its words long enough to stare at poor Frank's widow as she passed out of the room.

Yes; it was just his luck — that the husband of his pretty, pale fellow-traveler should be the dead man whom the Masons were to bury to-morrow; that she should be nearing the time of her woman's utmost need, penniless, homeless, without a friend in the place. The next day he took her to a cabin in the outskirts of the town. It was her husband's house, he told her. This was the furniture Eustis had bought in preparation for her coming. These trifles of groceries and what not he had ordered in her husband's name; it was all the same. Evidently he had not been housekeeping himself and was a little hurried by her telegram. Then he *had* received it?—Where was he? What was he keeping from her? He met the question simply and squarely, cursing his luck again that there was no one but him to meet it. He had occasion to call himself a fool with profane emphasis more than once that day, because he could not forget the new-made widow and her forlorn little brood. He mentioned her case to a lady friend of his, who promised to look after her should she need a woman's help. Harkins's lady friend was herself one of the poorest of the poor, yet those who have lost their all may still have something to give to another's distress.

Frank Eustis's wife had long ago learned how cruel are the tender mercies of the feebly wicked. It was only one more step in the long, downward path she had taken beside him,— the last step,— and it was characteristic of him that he had left her to take it alone.

It is a ten-days' journey, including the stage ride, from San Francisco to Deadwood with the roads in good condition. The roads were at their worst, and Bodewin, starting immediately on the news of Eustis's death, was two weeks on the way. He reached Deadwood one evening about ten o'clock, bruised, supperless, and stiff with cold. The usual crowd was gathered in the bar-room of the North-western Hotel. It seemed as good a place as any to begin inquiries for his sister. He was sure to find some of Eustis's friends there. When Bodewin asked news of Eustis's wife there was a dead silence in the room. Colonel Harkins stepped out of the crowd, and taking Bodewin apart, asked:

"Who might you be, inquiring for Frank Eustis's wife?"

"I am Mrs. Eustis's brother," Bodewin replied.

"The devil you are!" he remarked, in the same low, deliberate tone. "You're a sweet brother! Why didn't you get in here two weeks ago?"

Bodewin did not make the mistake of resenting this singular reception from a stranger. He was familiar enough with frontier manners to understand it as some rude form of championship of his sister, founded on his own apparent or fancied neglect.

"Never mind about two weeks ago," he replied. "Do you know where my sister is now?"

Harkins looked him over again carefully before he spoke. "Better take a drink and eat something."

Bodewin declined to act on this suggestion, and showed some restiveness under Harkins's prolonged interest in him.

"Come on, then," the latter said, and led the way into the street. Walking fast, without speaking, they came to that low cabin in the thinly built part of the town where the widow had found shelter. Harkins knocked at the door softly, or so Bodewin fancied.

"Is my sister not well?" he asked.

"She is well," Harkins answered solemnly, "since two o'clock last night."

He left Bodewin waiting at the door. After some delay it was opened by a white-faced, red-cheeked young woman, who stared at Bodewin, and looked as if she might have simpered a little if she had been less sleepy.

"Take a chair," she said. "Be you a friend of hers?" indicating with a motion of her head the closed door of an adjoining room.

"I am her brother," Bodewin replied.

"You don't say! Where are you from?" Bodewin mentioned the place.

"How long is it since you seen her?"

"Nearly ten years."

"Well, I declare! I guess she's changed some. D'you want to see her to-night? She ain't laid out yet. There wasn't anything of her own fit to put on her. She could 'a' worn a white silk of mine; it's some soiled, but it might 'a' done with lace over the front of the waist. But the Colonel wouldn't hear to it. He's having a splendid cashmere robe made for her."

Bodewin got up and went to the door. He leaned in the open doorway, with his face towards the cool night, while a faintness that had overcome him passed. He felt the woman's hand on his arm. "Here, drink this! You look like you was goin' to be sick." She held a tumbler half full of whisky towards him. He asked for water, and she dipped him a glassful from a pail beside the door.

"You'd better not see her to-night," the woman persisted, following him into the room again, "though she don't look bad. She ain't been sick long. Did you know there was a little baby? It's dead too, poor thing! I expect *his* mother'll be glad it didn't live. There's enough of 'em to leave for other folks to take care of."

"Whose mother?" Bodewin asked, lifting his head to look at the speaker.

"Frank's mother. She's been sent for. Didn't you know?"

"Who sent for her?"

"The colonel did."

"Will you tell me who is the Colonel?"

"Ain't you acquainted with Colonel Bill Harkins? It was lucky for Frank's wife *he* didn't stand on no ceremony. They rode in the same coach from the end of the track. Why, man, he done everything for her! Fed her and kep' her warm, and tended her young ones, and she not fit for travelin'. He's paid her way ever since she got in. This here house he's rented for her, and everything in it was bought with his money, though he never let her know it. You don't know the Colonel! Well, it's about time you did!"

"Will you let me see my sister?" Bodewin said, rising.

He was taken into the cold inner chamber, where on a clean white bed a sheet, smoothly spread, covered without concealing a motionless woman's form. There was the outline of the low pillowed head, the hands unstirred upon the breast, the small, thin body sloping downwards, the little feet that propped the sheet scarcely higher than a child's. Bodewin knelt on the floor by the bedside, smitten hard and deep in every spot that anguish knows,—crushed, broken utterly. And the woman beside him — whom no one wept for, though she was more dead than death itself to all that makes a woman's life — hid with her thin hands the roses that stared on her white cheeks, and sobbed aloud.

Did she weep for herself only as a child weeps at the sight of grief, or remembering that laughter and jests of men, nevermore men's despairing tenderness, and hopeless, hard-wrung tears, were her portion forever?

When he was alone with his dead, Bodewin folded down the sheet and looked at what lay beneath. He had known in part, and prophesied according to his knowledge, but he was in the presence now of that before which prophecies shall fail and tongues shall cease and knowledge shall vanish away. In the mercy of God it was well with her at last, and with the child that lay beside her in its long sleep that life had broken only for a few feeble breaths.

Bodewin would have found it impossible to escape from the details of his sister's last hours, had he wished to do so. They were in the mouths of strangers, who made them the medium of intercourse unsought by him and unspeakably harrowing. He knew, from various sources, the full extent of his indebtedness to Colonel Harkins, through his sister. The conjunction was torture to him. He tried in vain to get rid of the pecuniary part of the burden at the least, but the Colonel refused to overhaul his back accounts. "It's all right," he repeated. "I haven't spent any money on her to hurt anybody,—nothing more than any man would do for a lady passenger."

The orphaned children had been taken home by a respectable matron of the neighborhood, whose offer of assistance had come too late to benefit the mother. The possibility had never occurred to Bodewin that his sister's children might be left to any one's care but his own, in case of their father's death or failure to provide for them. But, between the day of the funeral and that of Mrs. Eustis's arrival in the camp, he had time to think over his sister's last expressed wish, and to endeavor to reconcile himself to its provisions. She had

chosen to leave her children to her husband's relations, ignoring her own blood. It was but the finishing touch to the devoted consistency of her wifehood. They were his children as well as hers; though by his life he had forfeited a father's right, in death she would not deprive him of a father's place in his children's memories. His own mother should exonerate him and atone for his shortcomings in the new generation that carries with it always the seed of the last one's blighted hopes.

Bodewin accepted his sister's decision—not without a forlorn pride in her steadfastness. But it left him objectless, purposeless, with his atonement on his hands. He had waited long, had kept the chambers of his heart empty and ready for the guest who had failed him at the last—who he now knew had never meant to come. He fell to questioning his own motives. There had been smoke in the incense doubtless; there had been blood upon the victim. He was now but thirty years old, with that purity of color and sensitiveness of expression which is said to be nature's reward for a life of spiritual constancy; but he felt that he had parted with youth, and that the "gains for all his losses" could be quickly counted.

It remained for him now only to see Mrs. Eustis and settle on his sister's children an annuity from the money he had kept intact for her use, and to say good-bye to Colonel Harkins. He needed no one to tell him who Colonel Billy Harkins was. It was only as "the Colonel" he had failed to recognize him. He would have parted with his right hand if he could so have sundered the connection between them. Did the Colonel perceive how it galled Bodewin, and privately enjoy his helplessness under the obligation? When the two men shook hands at parting, Bodewin asked Harkins to remember that the man who had been as a brother to his sister should be as a brother to him in so far as he might be able to serve him or his in the future.

"All right, brother Bodewin," Harkins replied cheerfully, renewing his hard grasp on Bodewin's hand, and meeting his eyes with a look as hard as his grasp. "I hope you will know your brother when you see him again."

All this was now in the past three years. The mercy Bodewin had been most alive to at the time was the fact that his mother was no longer capable of a great sorrow. The stretched chords had ceased to vibrate. She lived in a painless dream of the time before the war, when her husband had been with her and her children had not left her arms. All that had happened since then could only be recalled from the outside, and realized by her with an effort.

Mary Hallock Foote.

(To be continued.)

THE "LAMIA" OF KEATS

AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL H. LOW.

BEAUTIFUL curves and delicate planes, outlines most pure and faces that smile like gods, meet us at every turn in that mental gallery of the Greek past where we keep the records of plastic art expressed by rounded forms—intaglio, low and high relief, medal, coin, and statue. Hitherto the mastery of the Greeks in sculpture has been a mystery on which writers have loved to form many a conjecture, many a fantastic air-castle of a theory. It has been a marvel to which there was no clew; a fact like the few great ones on which all things depend, but which no one is able to explain. Now that we begin to look deeper into the evolution of Greek statuary, the marvel becomes less absolute, but not less wonderful. Like the elves in the head-piece on page 245, the genii of Greek art were entangled in a labyrinth of custom and precedent religious and artistic, intellectual and technical; their smiles were those of prisoners who have learned to make a garden of the house of their captivity and wrung a glory from defeat. It would have been indeed a miracle had Greek sculpture appeared of a sudden, without ancestry of any kind, without roots. But it becomes far more interesting when the veil is somewhat lifted and men find that it had concrete as well as spiritual forerunners, and that these were as far as possible other than the shapes of beauty we have learned to consider the only products of the Greek brain. Yet it is, after all, only a marvel such as any one can witness who will be at the pains to rear a butterfly from a crawling worm. Underneath the exquisite grace of Venus and the noble virginity of Minerva, below the serenity and polish of Jupiter, highest bred of gods, lie the legends of those terrible, grotesque, outrageous gods which plainly belong to another epoch, if not another race, and yet continue on and coexist with the higher creations during and beyond the classical age. Behind the train of lovely woodland

nymphs, of river deities and mirthful fauns, lies the shadowy world of hags, specters, vampires, of witches and hobgoblins, out of which the men of the Ægean fashioned their charming land of the invisibles. Where art demanded black shades for a background, these were softened into humorous forms, as in Pan, Silenus, and the satyrs; where the essential was horror, as in the Gorgons, they made the face most beautiful but suffering, and wound snakes in the hair to represent the harsher description of the poets. Yet the poets themselves had already infinitely softened and sweetened the aboriginal horror from which Medusa descended. It was a monster with distorted visage, great tusks, a protruded tongue, and all the traits of a fiend to whom unhappy mothers offered their first-born in sacrifice. The face of that early Medusa was preserved down to Christian times on little terra-cottas as a trifling decoration of buildings. So let us regard the cupids that struggle almost gayly in the tangle of ribbons on the page overleaf as the descendants of far grimmer genii of love and of death engaged in the meshes of inevitable fate.

The head-piece is from Will H. Low's illustrations for a new edition of "Lamia," by Keats, soon to be published by the Lippincott firm of Philadelphia. It happens only too seldom that the work an artist is asked to embellish proves the one he has particular love for; but in the present case it has been Mr. Low's desire for many years to illustrate this richly tinted yet mournful tale, and the publishers have yielded to his demand rather than suggested the scheme to him. Even a little thing like the head-piece shows that Mr. Low has felt Keats's repugnance to the harsh, the grotesque, the barbarous; perhaps he has carried the sentiment farther. Recall what sort of a Lamia it is that Keats has painted in the forest of Crete, miserable because her shape betrays her nature:

"She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that as she breath'd
Dissolved or brighter shone or interwreathed
Their lusters with the gloomier tapestries.
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seemed at once some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar.
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete.
And for her eyes — what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air?
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake."

Who would take such a Lamia, lovely notwithstanding her serpentine exterior, for the hideous "bugge" which in Greek tradition she is, a name potent enough to frighten stubborn babes, because of her reputation of an ogress that devours humankind? Among her Etruscan peoples Italy kept many barbarous ideas — nay, keeps them to-day — which had disappeared from cultivated Greece in Homer's age. Remember in Horace's warnings how not to make poetry that he says it really will not do for the writer with taste to explain on what grewsome food a Lamia has breakfasted. Undoubtedly he referred to the Lamia of the populace, and quite possibly also to scenes on the low sensational stage of his day. But in Hellas the bogey Lamia seems to have given way as early as Homer's epoch to a fable of King Lamos and the Læstrygons, far to the westward, who were great cannibals and in stature giants; they killed and ate the greater part of the comrades of Ulysses on his voyage home. But if we look eastward into Asia, the myth is found once more in one of its oldest forms as the Assyrian Lamas, a lion demon with a man's head, and as the Chaldæan Lammas, a tribe of giants and demons. The Greek genealogy of Lamia refers to this when Lamia is called the daughter of Belus and Libya, Belus being a generic term for Assyria because Bel was a popular deity there, and Libya referring to the land of dark-skinned peoples in Asia still farther to the eastward. Thus can we guess under Greek sculpture a whole buried world of awful, distorted, disgusting forms; and so, back of Keats's glittering snake-woman is the far fouler Lamia. When it comes to the American artist who has undertaken a most difficult task, that of depicting deities and monsters, we find that he has taken one step farther off from the *baroque* and grotesque. Low's conception of Lamia as she appeared to Hermes, "a palpitating snake, Bright and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake," hardly admits more than the reptile's tail, and that only peeps from the herbage in which she crouches before the beautiful and ever-young Hermes adoring. In other respects she is a lovely woman, who shows her supernaturalness only by means of the crown of will-o'-the-wisp stars about her locks; and her face is full of gentle entreaty; her attitude is that of a worshiper. The nude Hermes before her is charming enough to invoke comparisons with a recently found statue — a standing Hermes, however, not a seated one — the Mercury and Young Bacchus of Olympia. Sweet in this little picture, which cannot be given here, Lamia remains gentle and lovable throughout the

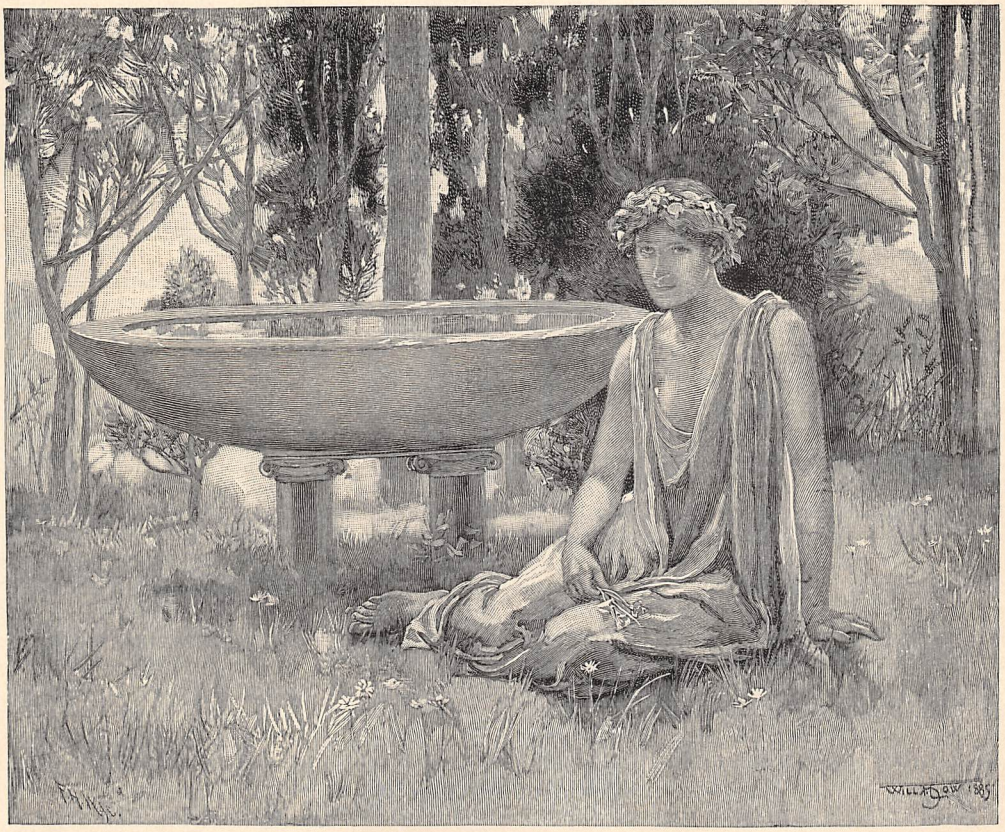


HEAD-PIECE.

series, because she is Keats's Lamia and no other. She is tender and generous when Hermes, in exchange for a sight of his Cretan nymph, has granted her heart's desire, when she has been stripped of the scaly extremities that betrayed her old nature, and has renewed the full human shape lost ages before. The passion she has conceived for Lycius of Corinth is as pure as it is intense. Goethe's Lamia is a less lovable creature, though more human; she is the soul of a bride of Corinth, who, having met an untimely death, returns, under the guise of life, but with the fatal kiss of a vampire, through the stress of love for the bridegroom she never, while living, embraced. It is the same story of which Professor Child has collected so surprising a number of variants from Scottish, English, and Scandinavian ballads. The Lamia of Keats enlists the sympathy, and at the end makes one hate the too just, the too exact pedant Apollonius, whose calm gaze penetrates her disguise, and recognizes the snake below the loveliest limbs.

Having solved in this bold way the appearance of Lamia before her metamorphosis, Mr. Low must grapple with a harder problem, the depicting of that Cretan nymph whose beauty, when his eyes have been breathed upon by the subtle Lamia, "dashed" even the thievish god himself; harder, because it is easier to conceive a figure having strongly salient traits than to draw a being like the nymph, who was simply a human beauty pushed to a godlike extreme.

"It was no dream; or say a dream it was,
Real are the dreams of gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
One warm flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem,



"NEAR-SMILING ON THE GREEN."

Dashed by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd,
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turned
To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid arm,
Delicate, put to proof the lithe caducean charm.
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
Full of adoring tears and blandishment
And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane,
Faded before him, cower'd, nor could restrain
Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour;
But the god fostering her chilled hand,
She felt the warmth, her eyelids opened bland,
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,
Bloomed and gave up her honey to the lees.
Into the green-recessèd woods they flew;
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

In the picture given here the artist has chosen with tact the moment before Hermes has seen her; but she, conscious at his appearance, sits "near-smiling on the green," secure in the charm of invisibility which Lamia has cast about her in order that she may escape the frantic love-making of satyrs and other woodland deities. Note the line of the arm on which she gently leans, the restfulness of the other hand holding a spray of flowers, the soft intentness of her gaze. She, too, is a gentle, amiable creature, in no wise willing to give suffering to her admirers. Her ivy-crowned head shines against the clump of bushes, and near her is the nymph's looking-glass, a still pool of water in a plain broad bowl of granite which rests on the capitals of two broken columns sunk in the greensward. One of the finest of the large illustrations is the view of Hermes, not given here, sailing away on the miraculous wings of his cap, sandals, and caduceus, one arm lightly about his new love, and before them the "green-recessèd woods." The modeling of the back of the nude god is delightfully drawn, and his trailing left leg makes, with his body and left arm uplifted in slow ecstasy, a varied line of beauty quite beyond words to express. The nymph flies with him and one catches a glimpse of her face, in which there is no fear or hesitation, but instead the seriousness of the bride about to exchange her simple woodland life for the uncertainties of marriage with a god. Both figures admirably express easy flight through the air, such as gods may be supposed to use. It is a drifting like that of thistledown; it makes the impression we may suppose the savage to get on seeing for the first time a vessel that moves without the help of current or paddle or sail. But soon Keats takes leave of Hermes and the bride he won in such a Mercurial and Olympian way; and so must we pass with a sigh from the amorous deity and his Cretan mistress to follow the fortunes of the sweet witch and Lycius of Corinth, that youth for whose sake Lamia has outwitted the wittiest of gods, and driven a sharp bargain with the lord of merchants and thieves.

There is a legend among the Ojibways of a hunter named Otterheart who marries a strange damsel; she exacts a promise that he will never allow her foot to touch running water. Once he fails to see a little stream in the grass, and omits to carry her over it. She touches the water and turns into a beaver. The Arabian Nights tell of the bride who was a cat, and has to return to her rightful shape at sight of a mouse. Like stories are at home in Africa as well as Asia, India as well as far-off America, when our land was unconnected with those across the oceans by migrations or earlier ancestral ties. In the South Pacific is found the story of Ati, who caught a tapairu, or peerless one, in a fountain, married her, and tried to reach the under-world with his wife's guidance. She, too, is at last lost, as we know from the song of the Mangaians:

"She has descended again to spirit-world,
Men praised the divine being first seen by Ati
at the fountain,
But his heart is now filled with grief."

During the reign of Roger the Norman in Sicily, a youth, bathing by moonlight, saved an unknown woman from drowning. He married her, but she disappeared with their child. Hector de Boece gives the same story in his history of Scotland; but the handsome youth fears that his lovely pursuer is a succubus, and gets a priest to exorcise her. Doubtless the pagans of northern Europe had tales of cannibal spirits of both sexes; thinly disguised in a Christian and French dress, one appears among the poems of Dan John Lidgate, the exhaustless monk of Bury, friend and disciple of Chaucer. Bycorne and Chichevache are ludicrous survivals of ghastly monsters of the pagan epoch, whose natures the satirist has slyly turned into a farce. Bycorne is enormously fat, because of an exclusive diet of husbands who are docile to their wives; Chichevache, on the other hand, is nearly starved, her bones stare through her skin, because the only food that agrees with her is a wife who has always obeyed her husband. Perhaps the farce of Bycorne and Chichevache was performed in London during Lidgate's day, for there are directions for the action of the two monsters. In Sanskrit is recorded the story of Bheki the beautiful, who marries a king and is turned back into a frog. In the same stately tongue is the legend of Pandarika Naga, a chief of serpents, like the Karkotaka Nagaraja of the story of Nala, who strives to escape the ruin of his race through magic by becoming a man. But he keeps his forked tongue and venomous breath, and when he marries Parvati, the daughter of a Brahman, these prove his un-



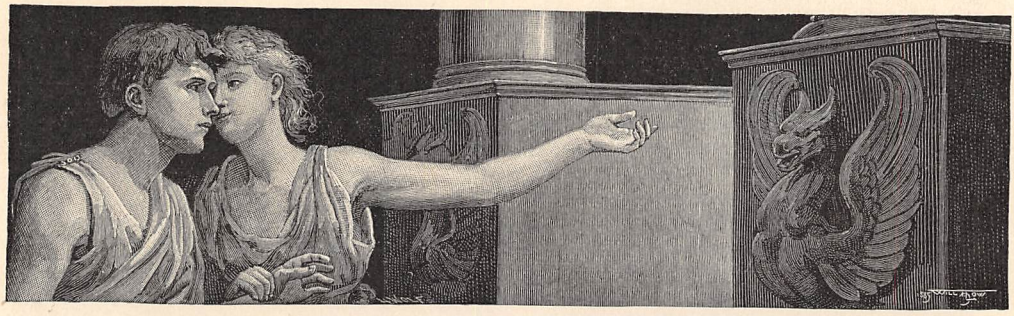
"There she stood
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
To see herself escaped from so sore ills,
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils."

doing. The list is very long; but this will be enough to show that the story which was told by Philostratus, an Italian Greek of about 200 A. D., concerning Apollonius of Tyana, a Cappadocian, who lived early in the first century, and obtained the highest renown for wisdom and magical powers, does not stand alone, but belongs to a widespread family of tales more or less closely similar.

The Lamia of whom Keats tells the mournful story in delicious verse becomes, under the artist's hand, the image of an innocent, loving, confiding maiden. She stands uncertain of her beauty and power to attract Lycius, gazing steadfastly into the pool that reflects her figure and face. Mr. Low has borne lightly on the landscape, yet how tender and springlike it is! It suits the virginal bosom of the young beauty, her bashful air and cool-blowing robes, those robes that flaunted with the daffodils!

"Ah, happy Lycius! for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on the spring-flower'd lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep-learnéd to the red heart's core:
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
To unperplex bliss from its neighbor pain;
Define their pettish limits and estrange
Their points of contact and swift counterchange;
Intrigue with the specious chaos and dispart
Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment."

the management of light and shade, excellence in which many artists hold to be the same thing as, or at any rate the groundwork for, a colorist. He enjoys simple effects of sculpture and the contrast of planes in broad cool nudes, as may be noted in the picture of the nymph seated invisible and unclothed by the river, caressing the cool surface with one reluctant foot. Here in a side panel is a terminal pillar or "Hermes," but the marble eyes of the god are symbolically bound with a kerchief to indicate that the nymph will bathe unseen of him. Again, when disconsolate Hermes leans his head on his arms and his arms on a gnarled tree in the Cretan wood, unconscious of the grin on the stone face of a satyr crowning a terminal pillar near by, the effect of combination and contrast of simple stone-work and the human figure is excellent. Another quarter page is white with the large plain bench on which the nymph of Crete is seated; with both hands she obstinately closes her ears against the cajoleries of a nude Cupid, most winsome of little mischief-makers, who stands close and behind her on the seat. The feeling for contrast of lovely curves in the human figure and flat planes in architecture shows in the little picture of Lamia presenting to her foolhardy lover the palace which her magic has reared overnight for their wedding ceremony in "two-sea'd Corinth," as Horace calls the capital at the Grecian isthmus: the rich, the happy, the divine were the epithets of the Greek poets.



"WHILE YET THEY SPOKE THEY HAD ARRIVED BEFORE A PILLARED PORCH WITH LOFTY PORTAL DOOR."

Here Mr. Low offers again a surprise by the method of distributing masses of light and shade, not heavily, but in a scattered order as befits the time, the hour, and the person, while the darkest shadow is in the robes just above the feet of Lamia. The young tree is like her, yet a contrast to the swelling lines of cheek, bosom, and arms, while behind is the rising sword pied with daffodils. Mr. Low has developed into notable strength in

"As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all
Throughout her palaces imperial
And all her populous streets and temples lewd
Muttered, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the widespread night above her towers.
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours
Shuffled their sandals on the pavement white,
Companioned or alone; while many a light
Flared here and there from wealthy festivals,
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the corniced shade
Of some arch'd temple door or dusky colonnade."

In this little picture the drawing is very pure, and the distinctions of greater or less darks in the faces near together against the black background most pleasingly divined. In the large page, of the lovers meeting in the street with Apollonius the sophist, which cannot be reproduced here, these contrasts are even better managed, especially in the figure of Lycius as he raises his mantle so that the reflective yet observant eyes of his preceptor shall not perceive him or the gentle girl who shrinks close to him and holds with both her hands his strong bare right arm. The scene from an earlier moment, when the two have met, and Lycius faints on hearing from her lips that she is an immortal and cannot stay with him on earth, is beautifully composed. Lycius has sunk on one knee and with closed eyes is about to slip prone. Lamia leans over and supports his head from further degradation, while her left hand comforts his shoulder. As she leans, her hair forms a waving cloud above the fine line of her left arm. The draperies are very wisely made not unnecessarily complicated. About them are the trunks of olives and the branches of vine; at their feet, growing flowers. In the small scene of first recognition and love at first sight, the landscape is more remarkable than the figures, which are a trifle stiff; the distant river and sky are most poetic. The elaborate head-piece which ushers in the text must not be overlooked; it shows the Cretan nymph in a deep study, her robe slipping from her right shoulder and one bare arm hanging in front. To her right and left a satyr and a young river-god pour from horns of plenty

> "——rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
> Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
> Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!"

It would be invidious to try forestalling by descriptions the pleasant surprises in the thirty or forty illustrations of this elaborate edition, even if it were possible to describe them adequately. Mr. Low has essayed French landscape and French peasant life; he has been patriotic in response to well-meant but often obtuse advice, which recommends at all odds an American subject for a native artist; and he has tried the historical field; nor has he omitted the composition of pictures in which figures take the attitudes of those on friezes. But nowhere have his great talents found their freest play until he began to conceive and rapidly make real his views of Lamia. A word as to the illustrations here. They are wood-cuts of the best class, but necessarily differ in some ways from the reproductions in the book itself. The latter show little or no interference with the exact product of the artist, for they are photogravures by the process called Albertype, and while in some points they lose, in others they greatly gain by the faithfulness of the transcript. Delicate planes and intricate pieces of drawing sometimes suffer under the best engraving and the best printing, while the whole picture may have gained in spirit from the engraver's art. While the book is mentioned, it may be well to add that Mr. Low is responsible for the covers and the decorative linings. The design for the front is a system of a dozen or more garlands joined by a maze of ribbons, each garland having, within a mask, a Pan's-pipe, or other classical symbol, while the center offers an antique tablet which bears the title of the book. It is evident that the purpose was to make the exterior rich, but not too eccentric, and especially to avoid the prevailing fashion of placing landscapes and menageries on the book-cover.

"Lamia" is not considered Keats's best work, nor was it received by the public with the favor that met his other poems, though it represented the most mature state of that wonderful genius which was never to reach a healthy middle age. It has distinct marks of the lack of the file, and at least one place where a passage seems to have been left out. At the verses

> "Or where in Pluto's garden palatine
> Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line,"

the poet has not fulfilled the promise, made a few lines before, to explain how Lamia could have marked Lycius in the chariot-race at Corinth while she was still bound to her snaky prison-house on the island of Crete. It is probable that a revision would also have caused the adjective "piazzian" to disappear for something better; Keats was such a bold coiner of new words that it would have cost him little labor. Many lines, too, which have a tendency to limp just a trifle would have been strengthened in gait. Dryden and Spenser, on whom he chiefly leaned for the technique and some of the rich coloring of "Lamia," were more than his masters in such respects; if Dryden made his lines irregular, the unevenness always had a motive; but it may be doubted whether even Spenser reaches Keats in the richness of his coloring. Keats carried sensuous verse to a point almost unknown before his day and possibly since, although there is at least one poet — he, by the way, has published a very inadequate summary of Keats — who, along with a very notable sacrifice of sense, has pushed the harmonics of verse, the clash of consonants and chords of vowels, a distinct step farther. But "Lamia" is an exquisite blending of the strength of Dryden

with the softness of Spenser, and who shall blame any one for placing it in his estimation before the "Eve of St. Agnes" and "Hyperion"?

The popular mouth repeats one line from "Endymion" oftener than any other written by Keats. Uttering it, Keats himself is described. When we quote threadbare the words "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," we do not always stop to realize the importance it carries as a phrase that sums up the work and character of the poet. So the Greek, while he counted his tetradrachms bearing a profile or an animal, a fish or a fabulous monster, modeled with exquisite art and yet with the ease of an every-day affair, never stopped to admire the bigness of that sculpture in the little on the silver piece; least of all dreamed that one day men would find such coins better and more certain proof of the supremacy of his race in the plastic arts than the discovery of a score of marble masterworks. Keats was uneven in performance, not severely classical in the nicer points of grammar, nor was his ear absolutely perfect for the tiptoe march of rhythms; but he was Greek to the finger-nails in his passion for beauty in itself. He might have been a *revenant*, and have come back to England as the new fleshly abode of the spirit of that young Greek whose memorial stone with its half-effaced inscription has been found at Brough, imbedded in the foundation of a church porch, the spirit of Hermes Kommagene, who was in England during the Roman occupation and either died near the present Brough, or, according to one reading, was among the missing, and may have become the slave of some savage Pict during a raid southward from the old Caledonian Wood. Keats was not only given to poetry heart and soul, with hardly room left, perhaps, for the proper entertainment even of love, but he narrowed his field in poetry. His best work was the odes which are among the greatest pieces of literature in English; close after come descriptive *contes* like "Lamia." It is his fate to be always associated with Shelley, who never cared much for him, notwithstanding the beautiful memorial he has raised to him in "Adonais," and was as unlike him as possible, morally and mentally. Keats was a saner, more bridled spirit than Shelley. He was thoroughly English in the limited sense of the word, and belonged in poesy to the line of Surrey, Carew, and Herrick; the product of a rich soil, the flowers he bore were heavy with perfume, too heavy for some tastes. Shelley belonged to another race, for, however English residence had obliterated in his kindred the recollection of their Keltic strain, it was impossible to eradicate the Keltic nature. Shelley was far more spiritual, original, and fantastic. He lived in the clouds, and of clouds his pictures are made. Keats and Shelley should be placed side by side as foils to each other, not as kindred souls; for they represent alien races, who are to-day hostile in their attitude, in spite of eight centuries of intermixture. Shelley was born in the south of England, but he belonged spiritually and by race in the south of Ireland, where, indeed, his family name is not uncommon. In poetry he has lines of attachment with the literature that was revealed by Macpherson to English ears under the form of the Scottish Ossian. Keats is a true countryman of Milton.

The illustrations of "Lamia" by Will H. Low are in this age remarkable for the small stress the artist has laid on archæological exactness. His pictures are never encumbered with classical bric-à-brac. When we reflect on the fashion set by Mr. Alma Tadema and by French, German, and Italian painters, this is not a small point to note. He may be studied with advantage for the freshness and originality of composition in a good three-fourths of the work. The adjustments of figures to background and figures to figures, the delicate sense of light spaces and of dark, are matters that cannot be learned of masters or of books; they must be inborn. Mr. Low has extreme sensitiveness on these most important points. Mr. Elihu Vedder has treated the Fitzgerald rendering of Omar Khayyám's quatrains in a very different spirit, as indeed the poem itself is utterly different from "Lamia." Not so striking as the illustrations by Vedder, these by Low are possibly quite as likely to grow in favor and live. For while they do not force themselves so powerfully on the attention as the masculine cartoons of Vedder, they are more delicate and sustained in drawing, and have in uncommon force the quality that made Keats a great poet, the trait of pure beauty. He may not have gone so high or so deep for the visible rendering of Lamia as his American comrade in art, but within narrower limits Mr. Low has produced a series of delicate, graceful, and pure pictures, on which any artist and any people may look with pride.

Henry Eckford.

MRS. HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.").

IT is curious to see how promptly time begins to apply to the memory of remarkable persons, as to their tombstones, an effacing process that soon makes all inscriptions look alike. Already we see the beginnings of this tendency in regard to the late Mrs. Helen Jackson. The most brilliant, impetuous, and thoroughly individual woman of her time,— one whose very temperament seemed mingled of sunshine and fire,—she is already being portrayed simply as a conventional Sunday-school saint. It is undoubtedly true that she wrote her first poetry as a bereaved mother and her last prose as a zealous philanthropist; her life comprised both these phases, and she thoroughly accepted them; but it included so much more, it belonged to a personality so unique and in many respects so fascinating, that those who knew her best can by no means spare her for a commonplace canonization that takes the zest out of her memory. To describe her would be impossible except to the trained skill of some French novelist; and she would have been a sealed book to him, because no Frenchman could comprehend the curious thread of firm New England texture that ran through her whole being, tempering waywardness, keeping impulse from making shipwreck of itself, and leading her whole life to a high and concentrated purpose at last. And when we remember that she hated gossip about her own affairs, and was rarely willing to mention to reporters any fact about herself except her birthday,— which she usually, with characteristic willfulness, put a year earlier than it was,— it is peculiarly hard to do for her now that work which she held in such aversion. No fame or publicity could ever make her seem, to those who knew her, anything but the most private and intimate of friends; and to write about her at all seems the betrayal of a confidence.

I.

HELEN MARIA FISKE, the daughter of Nathan Wiley and Deborah (Vinal) Fiske, was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, October 18, 1831. Her father was a native of Weston, Massachusetts, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and, after being a tutor in that institution, became professor first of languages and then of philosophy in Amherst College, having been previously offered a professorship of mathematics at Middlebury College,— a combination of facts indicating the variety of his attainments. He was also a Congregationalist minister and an author, publishing a translation of Eschenburg's "Manual of Classical Literature," and one or two books for children. He died May 27, 1847, at Jerusalem, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His wife was a native of Boston, and is mentioned with affection by all who knew her; and the daughter used to say that her own sunny temperament came from the mother's side. She also had literary tastes, and wrote the "Letters from a Cat," which her daughter afterwards edited, and which show a genuine humor and a real power of expression. She died February 19, 1844, when her daughter Helen was twelve years old. Both parents held the strict Calvinistic faith, and the daughter was reared in it, though she did not long remain there.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiske had two sons, who died young, and two daughters, who lived to maturity; the younger of whom, Anne, is the wife of Everett C. Banfield, Esquire, at one time solicitor of the Treasury Department at Washington, and now a resident of Wolfboro, New Hampshire. The other, Helen, was a child of uncommon versatility and vivacity; and her bright sayings were often quoted, when she was but ten or twelve years old, in the academical circle of the little college town. She has herself described in a lively paper, "The Naughtiest Day of my Life" ("St. Nicholas," September–October, 1880), a childish feat of running away from home in company with another little girl, on which occasion the two children walked to Hadley, four miles, before they were brought back. The whole village had joined in the search for them, and two professors from the college finally reclaimed the wanderers. There is something infinitely characteristic of the mature woman in the description written by her mother, at the time, of the close of that anxious day: "Helen walked in at a quarter before ten o'clock at night, as rosy and smiling as possible, and saying in her brightest tone, 'Oh, mother, I've had a perfectly splendid time.'"

A child of this description may well have needed the discipline of a variety of schools; and she had the advantage of at least two good ones,— the well-known Ipswich (Massachusetts) Female Seminary, and the private school of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott in New York city. She was married in Boston, when just twenty-one (October 28, 1852), to Captain (afterwards

Major) Edward B. Hunt, United States Army, whom she had first met at Albany, New York, his brother, the Honorable Washington Hunt, being at that time Governor of the State. Captain and Mrs. Hunt led the usual wandering life of military households, and were quartered at a variety of posts. As an engineer officer he held high army rank, and he was also a man of considerable scientific attainments. Their first child, Murray, a beautiful boy, died of dropsy in the brain, when eleven months old, at Tarrytown, New York, in August, 1854. Major Hunt was killed, October 2, 1863, at Brooklyn, New York, while experimenting with an invention of his own, called a "sea-miner," for firing projectiles under water. Mrs. Hunt still had her second boy, named Warren Horsford, after her friends, General G. K. Warren and Professor Horsford, but commonly called "Rennie." He had, by testimony of all, a rare combination of gifts and qualities, but died suddenly of diphtheria at his aunt's home in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, on April 13, 1865. Mrs. Hunt was thus left utterly bereaved, and the blow was crushing. It shows the strong relation between mother and child, and the precocious character of her boy, that he made her promise not to take her own life after he should be gone. She made him promise, in return, that if it were a possible thing he would overcome all obstacles and come back from the other world to speak to her; and the fact that this was never done kept her all her life a disbeliever in Spiritualism: what Rennie could not do, she felt must be impracticable. For months after his death she shut herself up from her nearest friends; and when she appeared among them at last, she was smiling, vivacious, and outwardly unchanged.

Up to this time, although her life had been full of variety and activity, it had been mainly domestic and social, and she had shown no special signs of a literary vocation. She loved society, was personally very attractive, dressed charmingly, and had many friends of both sexes. Through her husband she knew many superior men, but they belonged almost wholly to the military class, or were those men of science whom she was wont to meet at the scientific gatherings to which she accompanied Major Hunt. It was not till she went, at the age of thirty-four, to live in Newport, Rhode Island, that she was brought much in contact with people whose pursuits were literary; and it was partly, no doubt, through their companionship that a fresh interest and a new employment opened most unexpectedly before her. How wholly she regarded her life as prematurely ended at the close of its first phase, may be seen by a letter written soon after establishing herself in Newport, when she had gone to West Point to superintend the removal of the remains of her husband and children to that spot. After speaking of the talents and acquirements whose career was finished, she bitterly added: "And I alone am left, who avail nothing." She had yet to learn how much her own life was to avail.

II.

When she went to live in Newport (February 10, 1866), she had already written poems, and had shown them to her friends. She had, indeed, when in her teens, published some girlish verses in the Boston "Press and Post," but her mature compositions had all related, so far as I know, to her personal bereavements. Of these she had published one in the "Nation" (July 20, 1865), this being in the very first volume of that periodical, which was edited by a personal friend, and which gave at first more space to poetry than now. This poem was called "Lifted Over," and consisted of fourteen lines of blank verse, referring to the death of her boy, and signed "Marah." The fact of its publication makes it likely that, wherever she had taken up her residence, she would have published more poetry of the elegiac kind; but it is doubtful whether her lyre would have reached a wide variety of notes, or whether she would have been known as a prose writer at all, but for the stimulus and fresh interests developed by her change of abode. In the society of her new friends she began for the first time to make a study of literary style and methods; she interchanged criticism with others, and welcomed it as applied to her own attempts; she soon ventured to publish more poems, and then to try herself in prose. The signature "H. H." first appeared, I believe, in connection with the first thing she published after her removal to Newport. This was a poem called "Tryst," in the "Nation" (April 12, 1866), followed soon by a translation — almost the only one she ever made — from Victor Hugo's "Le Soir" ("Nation," April 26, 1866), and by two poems called "A Burial Service" (May 22) and "Old Lamps for New" (May 29) — this last being, perhaps by accident, unsigned.

These were soon followed by poems in the New York "Independent," beginning with "Hagar" (August 2, 1866) and "Bread on the Waters" (August 9, 1866) — she still keeping mainly to her experiences of sorrow. Her first attempt in prose, under her own signature, appeared in the same newspaper for September 13, 1866, and was entitled "In the White Mountains." It was a sketch of a walk up Mount Washington from the Glen House,

and, though spiritedly written, gave little indication of her rising so far above the grade of the average summer correspondent as she ultimately attained. She also wrote an unsigned review of "Felix Holt," in the same number. From this time till her death she was an occasional correspondent of that journal, writing for it, as its editors say, three hundred and seventy-one articles in all. She wrote also in "Hearth and Home," and published a few poems in the New York "Evening Post."

Thus launched into literature, she entered with the enthusiasm of a child upon her new work. She distrusted herself, was at first fearful of each new undertaking, yet was eager to try everything, and the moment each plunge was taken lost all fear. I remember the surprise with which she received the suggestion that no doubt publishers would be happy to send her their books if she would only review them; and her delight, as in a new world, when she opened the first parcels. From the beginning she composed with great rapidity, writing on large sheets of yellow post-office paper, eschewing pen and ink, and insisting that a lead-pencil alone could keep pace with the swiftness of her thoughts. The remarkable thing was that, with all this quickness, she was always ready to revise and correct, and was also a keen and minute critic on the writings of others. It was very surprising that one who was not really familiar with any language but her own — for the Latin of her school-days had already faded and even her French was at that time very imperfect — should have such a perception of the details of style. She had, however, been well trained in English at school, and used to quote Kames's "Elements of Criticism" as one of the books she had read there. Both her father and mother had also taken an interest in her early school compositions.

A statement has been lately made, on the authority of the late Mr. R. W. Emerson, that she sent poems to the "Atlantic" in those early days, and that they were rejected. It is possible that my memory may not include all the facts, but I am confident that this statement is an error. It is certain that she was repeatedly urged to send something in that direction by a friend who then contributed largely to the magazine, but she for a long time declined; saying that the editors were overwhelmed with poor poetry, and that she would wait for something of which she felt sure. Accordingly she put into that friend's hands her poem called "Coronation," with permission to show it to Mr. Fields and let him have it if he wished, at a certain price. It was a high price for a new-comer to demand; but she was inexorable, including rather curiously among her traits that of being an excellent business woman, and generally getting for her wares the price she set upon them. Fields read it at once, and exclaimed, "It's a good poem"; then read it again, and said, "It's a *devilish* good poem," and accepted it without hesitation. It appeared in the "Atlantic" for February, 1869, and another poem, "The Way to Sing," followed it a year after; but Fields never quite did justice to her poetry, while he greatly admired her prose, so that she offered but little verse to that magazine. Her "German Landlady" appeared there (October, 1870), and was followed by a long line of prose papers, continuing nearly until her death. Her little volume of "Verses" was printed rather reluctantly by Fields, Osgood & Co. (1870), she paying for the stereotype plates, as was also the case with her first prose volume, "Bits of Travel" (1873), published by their successors, James R. Osgood & Co. Soon after this she transferred her books to Roberts Brothers, who issued "Bits of Talk about Home Matters" (1873), and a much enlarged edition of "Verses" (1874).

She spent in all five winters at Newport, always at the same hospitable home,— Mrs. Hannah Dame's boarding-house,— and always going somewhere among the mountains in summer, early enough to keep off hay-fever, from which she suffered. Then she returned, late in autumn, preceded by great trunks and chests full of pressed ferns and autumn leaves, which she dispensed royally among her friends during the whole winter-time. These Newport seasons were interrupted by an absence of some fourteen months in Europe (November, 1868, to February, 1870), and she had several serious illnesses toward the latter part of the period. Indeed, she had an almost fatal attack while in Rome. and I am informed by the friend with whom she traveled, Miss Sarah F. Clarke, of a peculiarly characteristic act of hers when convalescent. Going to Albano to recruit, she refused to carry with her a professed nurse, as her friends desired, but insisted on taking a young Italian girl of sixteen, who had never had a vacation in her hard-working life, and to whom the whole period of attendance would be a prolonged felicity.

In May, 1872, she went to California with her friend Miss Sarah C. Woolsey; and in 1873–4, being convinced that her health needed a thorough change of climate, tried the experiment of a winter in Colorado. This State became soon after her permanent home; she being married in October, 1875, at her sister's house in Wolfboro, New

Hampshire, to Mr. William Sharpless Jackson, of Colorado Springs. They were married by the ceremonial of the Society of Friends, the bridegroom being of that persuasion. For the remaining ten years of her life she had a delightful abode and a happy domestic life, although the demands of her health and her literary work, joined with a restless and adventurous disposition, kept her a great deal in motion between her new and her old haunts. Nobody was ever a more natural wanderer. She always carried with her a compact store of favorite pictures, Japanese prints, and the like; so that, within an hour after she had taken possession of a room at the Parker House in Boston or the Berkeley in New York, she would be sitting in a tasteful boudoir of her own arranging. With this came an equally ready acceptance of the outdoor surroundings of each place; and in migrating farther west, she soon knew more of Omaha or San Francisco than the oldest inhabitant. Her wonderful eye for external nature traveled with her; she planned her house at Colorado Springs with an unerring adaptation to the landscape, and on one occasion welcomed a friend with more than twenty different vases of the magnificent wild flowers of that region — each vase filled with a great sheaf of a single species. She had always lavished so much adornment on one or two rooms that her friends had wondered what she would do with a whole house; and those who visited her at Colorado Springs beheld the fulfillment of their wonderings.

III.

For the second time she was to encounter a wholly new intellectual experience after adopting a new abode. The literary development, which had begun somewhat late, was to be merged into a moral enthusiasm, beginning still later. She wrote to an intimate friend (January 17, 1880):

> "I have done now, I believe, the last of the things I had said I never would do; I have become what I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in life, 'a woman with a hobby.' But I cannot help it. I think I feel as you must have felt in the old abolition days. I cannot think of anything else from night to morning and from morning to night. . . . I believe the time is drawing near for a great change in our policy toward the Indian. In some respects, it seems to me, he is really worse off than the slaves; they did have, in the majority of cases, good houses, and they were not much more arbitrarily controlled than the Indian is by the agent on a reservation. He can order a corporal's guard to fire on an Indian at any time he sees fit. He is 'duly empowered by the Government.'"

In this same letter she announces her intention of going to work for three months at the Astor Library on her "Century of Dishonor"; and it is worth noticing that with all her enthusiasm she does not disregard that careful literary execution which is to be the means to her end; for in the same letter she writes to this friend, one of her earliest critics: "I shall never write a sentence, so long as I live, without studying it over from the stand-point of whether you would think it could be bettered." This shows that she did not, as some have supposed, grow neglectful of literature in the interest of reform; as if a carpenter were supposed to neglect his tools in order to finish his job.

Her especial interest in the Indians was not the instantaneous result of her Colorado life, but the travels and observations of those first years were doubtless preparing the way for it. It came to a crisis in 1879, when she heard the Indians "Standing Bear" and "Bright Eyes" lecture in Boston on the wrongs of the Poncas, and afterwards met them in New York, at the house of her friend Mrs. Botta. Her immediate sympathy for them seemed very natural to those who knew her, but it was hardly foreseen how strong and engrossing that interest would become. Henceforth she subordinated literature not to an ulterior aim merely, for that she had often done before, but to a single aim. It must be remembered, in illustration of this, that at least half the papers in her "Bits of Talk" were written with a distinct moral purpose, and so were many of her poems; and from this part of her work she had always great enjoyment. So ready were her sympathies that she read with insatiable pleasure the letters that often came to her from lonely women or anxious school-girls who had found help in her simple domestic or religious poems, while her depths of passion would only have frightened them, and they would have listened bewildered to those sonnets which Emerson carried in his pocket-book and pulled out to show his friends. No, there was always a portion of her literature itself which had as essentially a moral motive as had "Ramona"; and, besides, she had always been ready to throw aside her writing and devote whole days, in her impulsive way, to some generous task. For instance, she once, at the risk of great unpopularity, invoked the aid of the city solicitor and half the physicians in Newport to investigate the case of a poor boy who was being, as she believed, starved to death, and whom the investigation came too late to save.

Nor was the Indian question the first reform that had set her thinking, although she was by temperament fastidious, and therefore conservative. On the great slavery question she had always, I suspect, taken regular-army views; she liked to have colored people about

her as servants, but was disposed to resent anything like equality; yet she went with me to a jubilee meeting of the colored people of Newport, after emancipation, and came away full of enthusiasm and sympathy, with much contrition as to things she had previously said and done. She demurred at her Newport hostess's receiving a highly educated young quadroon lady as a temporary boarder in the house, but when the matter was finally compromised by her coming to tea, Mrs. Hunt lavished kindnesses upon her, invited her to her private parlor, and won her heart. The same mixture of prejudice and generosity marked her course in matters relating to the advancement of her own sex. Professedly abhorring woman suffrage, she went with me to a convention on that subject in New York, under express contract to write a satirical report in a leading newspaper; but was so instantly won over — as many another has been — by the sweet voice of Lucy Stone, that she defaulted as a correspondent, saying to me, "Do you suppose I ever could write against anything which that woman wishes to have done?" Afterwards she hospitably entertained the same lecturer when on the canvass in Colorado; and a few months before her death she gave an English advocate of the cause a letter to one of her Eastern friends, saying that her old prejudices were somewhat shaken. A California friend states, indeed, that she sometimes felt moved to write something on the legal and other disabilities of women.

But if other reforms had touched her a little, they had never controlled or held her, until the especial interest in the Poncas arose. After that she took up work in earnest, studied the facts, corresponded with statesmen, and finally wrote her "Century of Dishonor," as has been said. Over this she fairly worked herself sick, and was forced to go to Norway for refreshment with her friends the Horsfords, leaving the proof-reading to be done by a literary ally. Several charming memorials of this trip appeared in the magazines. She afterwards received an appointment from the United States Government to report on the condition and needs of the California "Mission Indians," in connection with Abbott Kinney, Esq.; and she visited all or most of those tribes for this purpose, in the spring of 1883. The report of the commissioners, which is understood to have been mainly prepared by her, is as clear, as full, and as sensible as if it had been written by the most prosaic of mankind. She also explored the history of the early Spanish missions, whose story of enthusiasm and picturesqueness won her heart; and she wrote the series of papers in regard to these missions which appeared in this magazine.

During this whole period, moreover, she did not neglect her earlier productions, but gathered them into volumes; publishing "Bits of Talk for Young Folks" (1876) and "Bits of Travel at Home" (1878). She also issued separately (1879) a single poem, "The Story of Boon." This was founded on a tale told in "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, a lady whose enthusiasm and eloquence found ardent sympathy in Mrs. Hunt, who for her sake laid down her strong hostility to women's appearance on the platform, and zealously organized two lectures for her friend. She published also a little book of her mother's, "Letters from a Cat" (1880), and followed it up by "Mammy Tittleback's Stories" (1881), of her own; and "The Hunter of Cats of Connorloa" (1884). Another book, for rather older children, was "Nelly's Silver Mine" (1878), and she wrote a little book called "The Training of Children" (1882). Then came "Ramona," first published in the "Christian Union" in 1884, appearing there because it had been written, as it were, at a white heat, and she could not wait for the longer delays of a magazine. It was issued in book form that same year, and completes the list of her acknowledged works. It was no secret, however, that she wrote, in the "No Name" series, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (1876) and "Hetty's Strange History" (1877). Into the question of other works that may have been rightly or wrongly attributed to her, the present writer does not propose to enter.

The sad story of her last illness need not here be recapitulated. She seemed the victim of a series of misfortunes, beginning with the long confinement incident to a severe fracture of the leg in June, 1884, this being followed by her transfer to a malarious residence in California, and at last by the discovery of a concealed cancerous affection that had baffled her physicians and herself. During all this period — much of it spent alone, with only a hired attendant, far from all old friends, though she was cheered by the constant kindness of newer ones — her sunny elasticity never failed; and within a fortnight of her death she wrote long letters, in a clear and vigorous hand, expressing only cheerful hopes for the future, whether she should live or die. One of the last of these was to President Cleveland, to thank him for sustaining the rights of the Indians. Her husband, who had been imperatively detained in Colorado by important business, was with her at the last, and she passed away quietly but unconsciously, on the afternoon of August 12, 1885. A temporary interment took place in San Francisco, the services being performed by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who read, very appropriately, the "Last

Words," with which her little volume of verses ends. It was the precise memorial she would have desired; and the burial-place assigned to her was also in accordance with her own expressed wishes—it being a spot near the summit of the Cheyenne Mountains, about four miles from Colorado Springs.

IV.

THE poetry of Mrs. Jackson unquestionably takes rank above that of any American woman, and in the opinion of many above that of any Englishwoman but Mrs. Browning. Emerson, as is well known, rated it above that of almost all American men. Her works include, first, the simple poetry of domestic life; secondly, love-poems of extraordinary intensity and imaginative fullness; thirdly, verses showing most intimate sympathy with external nature; and lastly, a few poems of the highest dignity and melody in the nature of odes, such as "A Christmas Symphony" and "A Funeral March." The poem which combines the most of depth and the most of popular sympathy is that called "Spinning," where a symbol drawn from common life assumes the sort of solemn expressiveness that belongs to the humble actions of peasants in the pictures of the French Millet. Emerson's favorite was her sonnet called "Thought"; and other critics have given the palm for exquisiteness of musical structure to her "Gondolieds." But her poetry was only a small portion of her literary work; and of the range and value of this product, a good conception will be given when we say that a plan was at one time seriously formed by the late Dr. Holland and his associate in charge of this magazine, to let Mrs. Jackson's contributions accumulate sufficiently to fill one number of the periodical — poetry, fiction, travels, criticism, and all — and then send it all forth as the product of one person. The plan was finally dismissed, as I am assured, not from the slightest doubt of its practicability, but only because it might be viewed as sensational. It is probably the greatest compliment ever yet paid by editors, in the whole history of magazine literature, to the resources of a single contributor.

There is in her prose writings an even excellence of execution which is not always to be found in her poetry, and which is surpassed by hardly any American writer. It is always clear, strong, accurate, spirited, and forcible; she had a natural instinct for literary structure, as well as style, and a positive genius for giving characteristic and piquant titles to what she wrote. It was her delight not merely to explore the new, but to throw novel and unexpected freshness around the old. Before she had become so wide a traveler she used to plan a book, to be called "Explorations" or some such title, in which all the most familiar scenery was to be described under fictitious names; and only the map appended would gradually reveal, through its new local phraseology, that "Hide and Seek Town"* was Princeton, Massachusetts, and so on indefinitely. Her poetry sometimes offered deeper enigmas than these superficial ones, and some of the best of it will never be fully comprehended but by the few who had the key to the events or emotions that called it forth. So ardent were her sympathies that everything took color from her personal ties; and her readiness to form these ties with persons of all ages, both sexes, and every condition not only afforded some of her greatest joys, but also brought the greatest perils of her life; often involving misconception, perplexity, and keen disappointment to herself and others. Her friendships with men had the frankness and openness that most women show only to one another; and her friendships with women had the romance and ideal atmosphere that her sex usually reserves for men. There was an utterly exotic and even tropical side of her nature, strangely mingled with the traits that came from her New England blood. Where her sympathy went, even in the least degree, there she was ready to give all she had,—attention, time, trouble, money, popularity, reputation,—and this with only too little thought of the morrow. The result was found not merely in many unreasonable requests, but in inconvenient and unlooked-for expectations. During the middle period of her life there was never any security that the morning postman might not bring an impassioned letter from some enamored young girl, proposing to come and spend her life with her benefactress; or a proffer of hand and heart from some worthy man, with whom she had mistakenly supposed herself to be on a footing of the plainest good-fellowship. It sometimes taxed all her great resources of kindness and ready wit to extract herself from such entanglements; and she never could be made to understand how they had come about or why others succeeded them.

She had great virtues, marked inconsistencies, and plenty of fascinating faults that came near to virtues. She was never selfishly ungenerous, but she was impulsive in her scorn of mean actions, and was sometimes cruelly unjust to those whom she simply did not understand; this misconception very often occurring, however, in the too Quixotic defense of a friend or a principle. To those

* See this magazine for August, 1876.

who knew her best she was a person quite unique and utterly inexhaustible; and though her remoteness of residence during the last ten years had separated her from the society of many of her earlier friends, there is not one of them who does not feel the world deeply impoverished by her going out of it. She did not belong to a class; she left behind her no second; and neither memory nor fancy can restore her as she was, or fully reproduce, even for those who knew her best, that ardent and joyous personality. And those who recall her chiefly in gayer moods will find their remembrance chastened by the thought that she could write, when finally face to face with death, such poems as "Habeas Corpus," "Acquainted with Grief," and "A Last Prayer,"—poems which are here first published, and which add a new dignity to the falling away of the flesh and a new nobleness to human nature.

THE LAST POEMS OF HELEN JACKSON (H. H.).

ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

DOST know Grief well? Hast known her long?
So long, that not with gift or smile,
Or gliding footstep in the throng,
She can deceive thee by her guile?

So long, that with unflinching eyes
Thou smilest to thyself apart,
To watch each flimsy, fresh disguise
She plans to stab anew thy heart?

So long, thou barrest up no door
To stay the coming of her feet?
So long, thou answerest no more,
Lest in her ear thy cry be sweet?

Dost know the voice in which she says,
"No more henceforth our paths divide;
In loneliest nights, in crowded days,
I am forever by thy side"?

Then dost thou know, perchance, the spell
The gods laid on her at her birth,—
The viewless gods who mingle well
Strange love and hate of us on earth.

Weapon and time, the hour, the place,
All these are hers to take, to choose,
To give us neither rest nor grace,
Not one heart-throb to miss or lose.

All these are hers; yet stands she, slave,
Helpless before our one behest:
The gods, that we be shamed not, gave,
And locked the secret in our breast.

She to the gazing world must bear
Our crowns of triumph, if we bid;
Loyal and mute, our colors wear,
Sign of her own forever hid.

Smile to our smile, song to our song,
With songs and smiles our roses fling,
Till men turn round in every throng,
To note such joyous pleasuring,
And ask, next morn, with eyes that lend
A fervor to the words they say,
"What is her name, that radiant friend
Who walked beside you yesterday?"

July 1st.

FEALTY.

THE thing I count and hold as fealty,
The only fealty to give or take,
Doth never reckoning keep, and coldly make
Bond to itself with this or that to be
Content as wage; the wage unpaid, to free
Its hand from service, and its love forsake,
Its faith cast off, as one from dreams might wake
At morn, and smiling watch the vision flee.
Such fealty is treason in disguise.
Who trusts it, his death-warrant sealed doth bear.
Love looks at it with angry, wondering eyes;
Love knows the face true fealty doth wear,
The pulse that beats unchanged by alien air,
Or hurts, or crimes, until the loved one dies.

VISION.

BY subtile secrets of discovered law
Men well have measured the horizon's round,
Kept record of the speed of light and sound,
Have close defined by reasoning without flaw
The utmost human vision ever saw
Unaided, and have arrant sought and found
Devices countless to extend its bound.
Bootless their secrets all! My eyes but stray
To eastward, and majestic, bright, arise
Peaks of a range which three days distant lies!
And of the faces, too, that light my day
Most clear, one is a continent away,
The other shines above the farthest skies!

THE POET'S FORGE.

HE lies on his back, the idling smith,
A lazy, dreaming fellow is he;
The sky is blue, or the sky is gray,
He lies on his back the livelong day;
Not a tool in sight; say what they may,
A curious sort of a smith is he.

The powers of the air are in league with him;
The country around believes it well;
The wondering folk draw spying near;
Never sight nor sound do they see or hear;
No wonder they feel a little fear;
When is it his work is done so well?

Never sight nor sound to see or hear;
The powers of the air are in league with him;
High over his head his metals swing,
Fine gold and silver to shame the king;
We might distinguish their glittering,
If once we could get in league with him.

High over his head his metals swing;
He hammers them idly year by year,
Hammers and chuckles a low refrain:
"A bench and book are a ball and chain,
The adze is better tool than the plane;
What's the odds between now and next year!"

Hammers and chuckles his low refrain,
A lazy, dreaming fellow is he:
When sudden, some day, his bells peal out,
And men, at the sound, for gladness shout;
He laughs and asks what it's all about;
Oh, a curious sort of smith is he!

July 12th.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name!

Red clover's sweetest, well the bee knows;
No bee can suck it; lonely it blows.

Deep lies its honey, out of reach, deep;
What use in honey hidden to keep?

Robbed in the autumn, starving for bread;
Who stops to pity a honey-bee dead?

Star-flames are brightest, blazing the skies;
Only a hand's breadth the moth-wing flies.

Fooled with a candle, scorched with a breath;
Poor little miller, a tawdry death!

Life is a honey, life is a flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name?

Swinging and circling, face to the sun,
Brief little planet, how it doth run!

Bee-time and moth-time, add the amount;
White heat and honey, who keeps the count?

Gone some fine evening, a spark out-tost!
The world no darker for one star lost!

Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name

HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
Than I do where it can be found!
This shriveled lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee nought that thou must take!

Stay! I have lied; I grudge thee one,
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—
Two members which have faithful done
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine,
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart;
They never gave me coward sign,
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine
Poor little hand, so feeble now;
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
Its veins so pallid and so slow—

. . . (Unfinished here.)

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is—take hand and heart;
There must be somewhere work to do.

August 7th.

A LAST PRAYER.

FATHER, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,
Let me repentant work for thee!

August 8th.

THE LESSON OF GREEK ART.*

PART I. THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

THE very difficulty which we must feel in expressing by means of words the chief artistic characteristics of the works of Greek art points to one of the cardinal virtues inherent in it, namely, its simplicity.

The works were meant to be gazed upon, and not to be the subject of learned commentaries; they were intelligible to the people, appealed to their senses, their feelings, their moral and intellectual nature, by means of their own substance and form, without the need of a verbal explanation. But the remains are comparatively scanty and in a fragmentary condition, and therefore require instruction and study in order to be appreciated. Furthermore, they belong to an age removed from us by more than two thousand years, to a people differing from us in the natural, social, and religious conditions of life; and thus it is not only from the purely artistic, but especially from the historical point of view that we must regard them. Here it is that art becomes perhaps the chief, at least one of the most important means of apprehending and realizing the civilization of ancient Hellas.

Still, we must never forget that art to the Greeks was a great reality; that it was a part of their daily life, covering and affecting their smallest, humblest needs, as it was evoked by and expressed their highest aspirations. And, above all, the modern student must remember that the works were not meant to be stowed away in museums, by which most of us mean repositories of curious, outlandish, and fractured articles, of all out-of-the-way things that have nothing to do with the needs of daily life, and from the contemplation of which we return with the sense of having done something uncommon, almost amounting to a moral penance which is followed by a stern but pleasant self-approval.

Art with the Greeks was above all the outcome of a real need felt among the people, as it was at the same time the means of conveying to the whole public the most unalloyed and edifying pleasure. It was to the people a really intelligible language which conveyed to them in its impressive form the highest fruits of the culture of their time. And this it is which makes the position of Greek art so unique in the history of the world's civilization: the fact that, on the one hand, it was the adequate expression of the very best that the intellectual life of the people could offer, the highest and deepest of their thought; and that, on the other hand, its expressions were intelligible to the lowliest and humblest of Greek citizens. I will refer you to but one well-known instance in illustration of this fact: In the eastern pediment of the Parthenon Pheidias represented in the forms of mythology, in the most sensuous and easily intelligible form, one of the widest conceptions of cosmogony. The birth of Athene out of the head of Zeus is the cosmical conception of the birth of the clear atmosphere out of the depths of heaven. The clear-eyed daughter of Zeus is born on the heights of Olympus, in the presence of the gods, surrounded by the broadest personifications of nature. The scene is bounded at the one angle of the pediment by the rising sun-god, Helios, with his chariot, and at the other angle by the moon-goddess, Selene, descending into the regions of darkness with her steeds. We here have the widest metaphysical conceptions, Time and Space incorporate. And, moreover, they are put in such a form that these widest conceptions were intelligible and appealed to the most childlike of

* The essay here printed was originally delivered as a lecture at Chickering Hall, New York, January 29, 1884. It has been revised and amplified for publication here.—EDITOR.

minds among the Greek citizens.* The questions must present themselves to us: How came Greek art to be possessed of these attributes? And can this state of art be reproduced? As regards the second of these questions, most people answer hastily, "No, the time has gone by; that age will never again return," as if there were some mysterious essence underlying the growth and flower of Hellenic culture. But if we study the main conditions which led to this peculiar growth of Greek art, we may find that these conditions are to a certain degree reproducible; nay, that there is always something abnormal and wrong in the social constitution of a civilized community when the conditions are not similar.

The conditions which made Greek art intelligible to the mass of the population and adequately expressive of the highest culture of the age are above all to be found (1) in the education of the art-appreciating public, and (2) in the education of the productive artist.

In the first place, the chief characteristic of Greek popular education was, that it above all meant to produce men who were mentally as well as physically fully and normally developed on all sides of their nature. It is the roundness and versatility of the types of Greek social and political history which most strike us who belong to an age of over-specialization. A political leader like Pericles was at the same time a skilled soldier with full athletic training, a keen student of philosophy and of literature, and a votary of the highest art. A dreaming philosopher like Socrates was keenly alive to the political questions of his time, and, as a brave and hardy soldier, took part in the warlike expeditions of his country. As in the Palæstra the normally and fully developed human body was held up as the aim of physical education, and the defective growth of any one member was remedied by a series of athletic exercises; so the *musical* side, the intellectual training, and the full and normal development of the human mind on all sides was the supreme aim, and any deficiency in power or taste was vigorously counteracted.

But the chief distinctive feature of Greek education must be referred back to the distinctive Greek conception of the life for which this education was to prepare. Aristotle distinguishes two main aspects of the human soul: the active, laboring soul (νοῦς ποιητικός), and the passive, enjoying soul (νοῦς παθητικός). Education was not only to prepare for the life which consists in the material struggle for existence; but life to the Greeks had another half of equal importance with and practical bearing upon the material subsistence of the individual: it is the life of intellectual relaxation and enjoyment. Food was here to be provided to satisfy the moral and intellectual appetites of rational beings, in a manner most conducive to the moral health and vigor of the individual citizen and the people as a whole. Education was thus not only elementary or technical in character, but set itself the immediate aim of bestowing upon the fully-grown youth a fund of interests and appreciative power which would restore to its normal condition the mind strained in one direction during the hours of toil, and would furnish with interest old age when toil was no longer possible.

Finally, public feeling in Greece was so real a power that it drove the Greeks to demand and to create those forms of enjoyment that are essentially public in themselves, namely, the great works of art. It was not only the imminent danger of the advancing Persian foe which drove the citizens of Athens to concerted action, but after the war was over they joined with the same vigor and public-spirited eagerness not only to rebuild their needed homes, but to adorn them with the greatest works of art the world has ever seen; for art was to them a real need, as it responds to one side of human nature and life which remains the same throughout all ages.

In the second place, the education of the productive artists was equally characterized by this roundness and versatility of interest and training. They were not only carefully educated in the technical manipulation of their art, so that they could express with facility and clearness of form whatever they desired to express, but their education, even after the period that we should call school-days, as well as their intercourse with men of varied interests, were such as to make them conversant and in sympathy with all the varied intellectual interests and pursuits of their age. The artist as a man stood on the highest scale of the intellectual culture of his age. As a man he was the highest type of the civilized Greek; while as an artist he had the power to express clearly, in the sensuous language of his art, the high culture of which he himself was a living type. That Pheidias had

* Some readers may here object that the many theories which exist concerning the interpretation of this very work tend to prove the opposite of the simplicity which I claim for Greek art. I need but remind them that the interpretation of the whole scene and of Helios and Selene are beyond dispute, and that the differences which exist with regard to the meaning of the figures are caused by the fact that the arms holding the distinct attributes are all lost. A Greek child would recognize a male figure holding the thunderbolt as Zeus, a reclining female with fruits or corn as Demeter, or one with sea-animals as Thalassa. For further information on this subject I must refer the reader to Essay V. in my work on the art of Pheidias.

political interests, that in daily intercourse with Pericles he shared with him the anxiety of overcoming political crises, that he was well read in the ancient and contemporary literature of his country, that he was a student of philosophy and of mechanical science, made him no less careful a student of the human form, no less skillful a modeler and draughtsman, though it made him more adequately an exponent of the highest that was in his age.

Such were the conditions which made Greek art the clear and intelligible expression of the highest culture of that great age and people.

Human nature and the needs of human life have remained the same as they were in ancient Hellas, yet the expression of one side of human nature and the satisfaction of one need of human life are not the same. The best art is not clearly intelligible to the lowliest and most childlike of modern citizens; and our best art is not fully and adequately expressive of the highest culture that our age has produced. Why should this be? Some thoughtful people say that it is necessary. Historical evolution, they say, made the Greeks a great artistic people, and us not. We have developed in the direction of science which requires an attitude of mind opposed to the artistic spirit, and the more we have grown in the one the less can we grow in the other. It appears to me that out of the doctrine of evolution, so fruitful in advancing the sphere of human knowledge, there has grown an excrescence of historical generalization as vicious as it is faulty and readily accepted. And this becomes still more vicious when the study of the past is used to regulate action in the future. I would call it Fatalistic Evolutionism. The dictum of such a hasty social philosopher would run thus: "The Greeks were the great artistic people; natural and social evolution have made us the great scientific and *therefore* unartistic people; it is necessary that it should be so." There are many scientific errors in this reasoning; such is the oversight of the fact that the Greeks in their time were as scientific, that they expressed as fully the intellectual, cognitive side of their spirit, as they were artistic, and manifested the emotional, creative side of their genius. But among these fallacies the most interesting is the implied analogy between the life of one individual man and the life of a nation; another is the misconception of the nature of the individual human mind, its needs and functions. Because the individual man is limited in the exercise of his intellectual functions by time and physical power, the diffusion of his interests and attention over many things is to a certain extent at the expense of the power directed towards the consummation of one definite end. Still we must not forget that, as the human body is an organism, so the human mind is organic in its constitution; that, as such, the existence of the whole depends upon the proper and normal relation of all the organs and parts to one another; and that, though definite outer demands in the conditions of life may require a greater development of one organ, still the body and the mind, as a whole, will cease to exist and act if the proper relation of the parts to one another is fundamentally disturbed. Specialization has its limits so long as an organism is not a mechanism, as "*l'homme machine*" is nothing more than an exaggerated epigram. If this is the case even in the individual mind, it is still more the case in so complex an organism as a community, a state, or an age. The chief characteristic of the life of a whole people is its variety and change, and in a large community there is no fear of the same limitation of function and physical power; for its constituent units are so numerous and varied in their individuality that, if the conditions are properly regulated, full and normal expression will be found for the cultured life of the people on every side. In such a healthy community we shall meet with the proper expression of the immediate needs of the whole people for security and facility of intercourse; the full expression of the highest intellectual life of the people in the sphere of pure intellect and thought in science; and the adequate expression of the highest culture of the people in the direction of public enjoyment and the more emotional life of art. I should not like to overshoot the mark and state boldly that the great man is great all round; for history has given instances apparently showing that great specialists may be imperfectly developed or educated in directions not peculiarly their own; but I do not hesitate to say that a great age and a great people are great in all spheres, unless there be peculiar causes for some weakness either positively pernicious or positively inert. Because we are a great scientific age, we ought *therefore* also to be great in artistic creation; for it is the greatness and spiritual vitality of the age as a whole which show themselves in this one aspect.

Now, while the conditions of modern life have been favorable to the adequate expression of the highest intellectual culture in various directions, they have not been so in art. The study of the conditions which gave Greek art its chief characteristics will enable us to see where the weak points lie, and with concerted action on our part a good deal may in time be remedied. It is not in the spirit of fault-finding that I would point to

our weaknesses, but it is because I have the full faith that much may be done, and will be done, to remedy the evils, and moreover because I would fain believe that, from the indications of the present and the promise of the future, it is to the American Republic that this task is given.

The reasons which make it appear probable that to this country may belong this vocation will partly become evident as we proceed with this investigation. I may here briefly enumerate them as follows: Because we are comparatively unhampered by existing traditions and institutions which might impede the progress of a new or bold step. Because by the nature of our people we are representative of the various currents of culture characterizing European nations, and also by this fact we are predisposed to be historically sympathetic in an age in which historical (I do not mean romantic) feeling is a leading feature. Because, furthermore, we are a people possessed of the most general diffusion of education, in an age when, more than ever (for I maintain that to a certain degree the highest art was always so), great art must be democratic, must rise from the public demand, and must bear in itself the public character. And because, finally (and I consider this of great practical importance), there is in this country no recognized and stereotyped upper class which would lower the social status of the followers of art, and would thus counteract the highest natural selection of the artist from among the most distinguished members of a cultured community.

We differ from the Greeks as regards the artistic expression of the culture of the age in that our highest art is not readily intelligible to the simplest understanding of the modern citizen, and in that, though our age is a great one, we have no "great art," the art that is adequately expressive of the best and highest in us. In minor, especially in what I would call domestic art, we stand very high; but in an age moved by the very widest conceptions of human brotherhood, there ought to be a high art not merely corresponding to the home of the individual citizen and the secluded life of the private mansion, but expressive of the highest moral and intellectual attainments of the age, as our scientific attainments are fully representative of its culture.

We have traced back in the art of Greece the possession of these qualities to the education of the art-appreciating people and the producing artist; we must trace their want in our time to defects in the education of both these classes. We must examine, then, first, the education of the art-appreciating public, and see where its defects lie, and secondly, the education of the producing artists, and endeavor to discover the weakness in this sphere.

It is the just pride of this nation that more is done here by the government, central and local, for popular education than in any other country, Germany not excepted. The founders of the republic and the devisers of its constitution recognized from the very beginning the fundamental importance of popular education in a republican country, as it is, no doubt, the basis of a well-regulated commonwealth whatever be the actual form of government. And these great men had not in view merely that education which should prove of immediate use to the individual, in assisting him in gaining the means of honest subsistence or the power of reading and writing his voting papers, but they had in view the less apparent, though from the social and political point of view the most important, result of general education in its bearing upon the general welfare of the citizen, and in its tendency to create a high intellectual and moral tradition in the political community as a whole. This was expressed tersely by Washington in his farewell address. "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion," he says, "it is essential that the public opinion be enlightened." Now an interesting article by Mr. Charles F. Thwing, in Harper's Monthly Magazine (February, 1884), gives ample evidence of the great efforts made in this country for public education; while at the same time it shows how narrow and ill-conceived has been this notion of education, and especially how neglectful it has been of that side which would prepare the public for the appreciation of the highest art, and, by the need created in them for great works, would lead them to act upon the art-producing portion of the community, modifying the character of their work and encouraging their noblest efforts. According to Mr. Thwing, "the total amount by which the general government has aided the several states in education consists of the gift of 125,000 square miles, or about one-thirtieth part of the entire national domain, and of the gift of nearly thirty millions of dollars."

No doubt this proves the keenest appreciation of the value of public education, but it is important to remember that this is only for what must be called primary education, not for the highest education of the university, and still less of art academies. The exception to this rule quoted by Mr. Thwing is most interesting, as manifesting the general spirit which underlies this neglect of higher education. "In 1862 an act was passed donating lands to states and towns for colleges *for the*

benefit of agricultural and mechanical arts." The limitation of these grants towards higher education to purposes of agricultural and mechanical arts betrays the general tenor of mind actuating not only the majority of our political leaders, but also the vast majority of our thinking population. It is that most ill-conceived and vicious idea of "the practical" and "the useful." Against this watchword of coarse-minded demagogues and conscientious dupes of "experience in the struggle of life" (as misdirected and viciously egotistical in its generalized form and application as it is oftentimes of long standing and dearly bought) all well-disposed reasonable people ought to make war.

In order to gain the moral support of a community for an institution directly or indirectly educational in purpose, it is but necessary to show that it is what is termed practically useful. The whole community will then feel that there is a moral justification in the expenditure, while they consider this justification wanting if the institution can be classed under what might be termed the luxuries of education and civilization. The grounds upon which their sympathy is based and their moral conscientiousness soothed are the following: The utility of any purpose is clearly defined to most people if it can definitely appeal to the personal interest of each individual, or if he can at least conceive of himself as directly benefiting by it. We can all readily conceive of ourselves as gaining a livelihood as joiners, or at least we can appreciate the utility of this vocation from the need we have of its products in the surroundings of our daily life; and thus there would be no doubt in our mind of the decided utility of a school for joiners. But what is here ignored is the fact that in such cases public action is invoked, and that there is a difference between public and private utility. The very nature of public utility, as such, is often that its immediate application to any individual person is vague and more difficult to accomplish. Nay, we may almost put it as a formula, that the more public in character any institution grows, the smaller grows its apparent individual applicability to the use of any individual. The practice of individual doctors is of more apparent and direct utility than the action of a city board of health, and the work of this board of health than that of a national sanitary commission investigating recondite questions of medical science. The action of the one body of individuals directly concerns individuals, and is supported by them; that of the other concerns the public as a whole, and would hardly receive support from individuals, but is maintained by public administration. The practical utility of the policeman for the promotion of public peace and safety is more easily perceived and demonstrated than is that of the United States Supreme Court, of the postman than of the Postmaster-General; of an elementary village school than of a national university in which are studied and solved the great questions of highest science. But we must here note and insist upon the difference between public and private utility, and remember that in most cases private utility does and ought to stimulate private efforts, while institutions with public utility as their purpose are entirely dependent upon public support. But we find that the public action taken as regards education is the very reverse, and educational institutions the character of whose utility is essentially public (namely, the universities and the art academies) are left to the precarious liberality of individuals and corporations, on the very ground (confessed or implied) that they are not possessed of that utility which is chiefly characterized by its ready application to the individual citizen. It is, however, but fair to point to another ground which often actuates those who oppose the claims to public support of these highest institutions of education, as compared with the claims of the immediately useful schools. It is on the ground of the more generous feeling of democracy, in which the duty of the government is above all conceived as being directed towards the good of the many, and to let the few (who are capable of doing so) look after themselves. But it is against this very vicious circle that we are arguing, concerning which the Greeks teach us the great lesson. We shall see that the very spirit of art is democratic. If it be true that hitherto in our communities the higher education which produces the need of intellectual pleasure and its satisfaction has been restricted to the few, it is this very evil which ought to be remedied, and from the many ought no longer to be withheld their birthright of the faculty of enjoying what is beautiful and true and good. If it were true (which fortunately it is not in our country) that all superior education is restricted to the wealthy few, it is high time, in a republican country, that this be altered. I do not mean to propose the (for the present) impracticable idea that every citizen is to be sent to the university or art academy; but the spirit of which these institutions are the embodiment must be made a reality, a recognized tradition; its public utility must be acknowledged; its fruits must respond, as was the case with the Greeks, to a real need of daily life, of which an admixture is to be infiltrated from the earliest educational years into the system of every boy and girl. But

this is not the case with the spirit of our public schools; nay, even the many rich people among us do not avail themselves of the existing means of giving their sons and daughters the opportunities of acquiring the highest fruits of civilization, in sending them to universities, bestowing an enlightened and refined taste upon those who will have the material opportunities for encouraging the higher art-production, in beautifying their homes, and in showing their public spirit and liberality in the munificent donations which have distinguished our countrymen.

That art is aristocratic in contradistinction to democratic is fundamentally untrue, from whatever side we view it: *a priori* in its inner meaning, and historically as regards the facts of art history. Art is, and has been in its splendid periods, essentially democratic; that is, it has appealed to larger masses of people in contradistinction to individuals. Kant and Schiller have drawn the true distinction between ordinary pleasures and the pleasures of art; the first are selfish, the others are public. The ordinary, selfish pleasures depend upon possession or consumption by one person or one group of individuals; the æsthetic pleasures are those of contemplation or of sympathy common to many. An apple is eaten by one person or a horse possessed by him, and the possibility of some other person enjoying the fruit or using the horse is thereby debarred. The acquisition of these pleasures by any individual is potentially always at the cost of the possession of the same pleasure by some other person. In æsthetic pleasures it is not so. The monumentality of a great edifice, the beauty of a picture, the nobility of a statue, the harmony of a musical composition, the thrilling interest of a drama, and the charm of a book are not diminished in their virtue by the fact that a large number of people enjoy them. On the contrary, we might almost say that they gain in virtue, that they receive the "soul" of their existence through being admired and enjoyed. A building hidden from view, a picture unseen, a statue unveiled, a drama unperformed, a book unpublished or not read, are robbed of the soul of their æsthetic existence. Of course there are good souls and bad souls, and it is well that the latter should not live. The whole essence of art is its public, unselfish character, as its pleasures are disinterested and free from the grasping voracity of selfish possession, and it is thus essentially democratic in spirit.

Historically, too, the democratic character of art has ever manifested itself. The periods in history which are marked by the artistic development are also marked by the spread of appreciation among the people, and republican forms of government. Even if these republics were aristocratic in their constitution, the fact remains that the mass of the population in these periods and countries were thoroughly responsive to the higher artistic delights; nay, that they demanded them as a real need. There exists a common notion, as widespread as it is fallacious, that the splendid growth of art was peculiar to the reign of enlightened tyrants and languished under more democratic forms. This is so neither during the highest period of Greek art nor in the history of mediæval and renaissance art. With regard to Greece, what we have already said confirms the established fact that art was the popular expression of the genius of a people to whom it appealed strongly as a clear and intelligible language. In its highest period, as well as in the period of transition to this perfection, Greece was republican. It is true that in Greece, as well as in the Italian renaissance, individual rulers and usurpers, such as Alexander the Great, Attalus of Pergamon, the Medici, and the Popes, were liberal patrons of art, giving it especially a character of splendor. But this only means that these tyrants and rulers found in the composition of the people over whom they ruled or had just succeeded in gaining sway the existence of art and the need of its works, and that they felt driven by interest or inclination to increase or maintain this pursuit and to satisfy this popular demand. Art had reached its highest point in Greece more than a century before the rule of Alexander the Great, and the great artists, like Skopas, Praxiteles, and even Lysippus, were bred and inspired in the generation preceding him. The Pergamene and Rhodian period marks the decline of Greek art, and the splendor which princes like Attalus and Eumenes infused into it was a futile attempt consciously to reproduce the past culture of Greece proper.

In mediæval and renaissance history the same facts present themselves. In the North it is a free town like Nuremberg, with its guilds and craftsmen, that produces the highest art. Never were art and literature more thoroughly popular than in the springtide of prosperity at Nuremberg. In Flanders, at Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges, art had the same homely and popular character; and though Bruges became the home of emperors and their court, it was in the merchant community that the princes found the means of satisfying their need for splendor and luxury. It must be remembered that the noblest order of the Golden Fleece is originally symbolical of the commercial prosperity of this market of textile fabrics. And when we come to the South, to Italy, we must not forget that it was not

in the *cinque cento* that began the spread of art in Italy, not with the Popes nor with the Medici, but that it was already a part of the mental condition of every Italian city long before this period, and had produced works of stupendous importance. As early as the thirteenth century we have the popular spread of the fruits of culture in Italy. Each city of any importance was anxious to possess a university. Beginning with Bologna and Modena in the twelfth century, follow Vicenza, Padua, Naples, Arezzo, Treviso, Pisa, Pavia,— in short, all the great free cities. At this early period the whole country was thus checkered with centers of high culture, and from these, immediately through each student of even lowly family, the realization of the existence and the appreciation of higher culture filtered through the whole population, and manifested itself in their desire and finally need for intellectual pleasures. In modern times it is because of this diffusion throughout the whole empire, this decentralization and multiplication, of the highest class of universities in Germany that the country ranks highest in the general spread of intellectual appreciativeness among modern nations. And the thirteenth century universities in Italy were well attended; and though at the more famous ones there were many foreign students, they were no doubt largely recruited from Italy. The University of Bologna at one time had about ten thousand students, a number never attained by a university of modern times. But even in small towns, where there was no hope of attracting large numbers of foreign students bringing immediate gain to the citizens, we have proof of the same recognition of learning and culture. Thus we hear that the small town of San Gimignano gave a special salary to a learned town clerk who was to give public lectures on civic law; that the same town gave pecuniary help to gifted young men to enable them to study abroad; that they received and honored with a public festival one of their citizens who had gained fame as a professor of law. But this sense for intellectual acquirement on the part of the population itself not only manifested itself in this indirect and passive form, but led them to desire to enjoy its fruits directly,— on the one hand in the lasting monuments of art which beautified their cities, on the other in the more ephemeral form of public festivals. The communalities had the duty of looking after the embellishment of the town, to buy private houses if needed to make a public square, to build palaces for public business and splendid cathedrals, and to erect artistic fountains and monuments. They would even assist with contributions the monasteries or private persons who undertook to build beautiful churches. It is frequently possible to prove in the present day how the example of one city in erecting a fine city-hall or fountain stimulated the neighboring town to erect another which was to surpass it in beauty. The Florentine document of the year 1300 is well known, in which Florence bestows immunity from taxation on Arnolfo, the architect of the baptistery, because she hoped thereby to possess a more beautiful temple than any other town in Tuscany.

The public amusements, illuminations, processions, races, dances, plays, and ingenious conceits of all kinds were recognized by the communities as a real material need of the people, and were therefore provided at public expense; they were considered by them as being useful. The grand notion of "play" as being neither useless nor frivolous marks a truly healthy community. What can be more simple and touching than the account of the festival given by the city of Treviso to which the neighboring towns were invited? The chief feature was the storming of a fortress, defended by the most beautiful ladies and their servants, by noblemen who made war with fruits, flowers, sweetmeats, and perfumes.

This will suffice to show that the growth of art in its highest form in Greece and Italy rose from the ground of a populace educated to and encouraged in the desire for intellectual edification, and that art is thus thoroughly democratic in spirit, and ought to appeal to the mass of the population. It will be so if the public education acknowledges the claim and stimulates the satisfaction of the need.

The whole spirit of modern education must be modified in this respect; that is, it must not be guided by this misconceived notion of "the useful." It is Goethe who said, with epigrammatic exaggeration: "See to the beautiful, the useful will look after itself." It is often most practical to begin with that which is least manifestly useful, especially when it is most in need of support and encouragement; while the manifestly useful is more likely to enforce the satisfaction of its own wants. The German architect Ferstel, who died recently, was in the rare position of seeing the completion, while comparatively young, of an immense cathedral-like church built on subscription. The secret of this singular *practical* success is to be found in the good advice which King Louis of Bavaria gave to the young architect. As he was beginning the *Votiv-Kirche* at Vienna, "Begin with the tower and finish it," said the King in Bavarian dialect; "the others will see to the nave when they can't use the church." Had he not followed this advice, it is almost certain that the beautiful church would, to

the present day and for some time to come, stand with uncompleted tower.

Well, in the organization of public education in this country, so far as public support is concerned, it may be most practical "to begin with the tower and to complete it"; but with a real tower, one existing for its beautiful form and from which there is a view far into distant lands, and not one conceived merely as a buttress to the nave.

We must begin with ordinary school education; and here the action which is to counteract the neglect of popular artistic feeling is to be direct and indirect: direct in the immediate teaching of art-appreciation; indirect in the modification of the spirit of general teaching.

I have said "the direct teaching of art-appreciation," and not art, because I hold that the two things ought to be kept distinctly separate, the distinction, namely, between art-appreciation and art-production,— art-appreciation, which constitutes one side of every normally developed intellectual citizen, and art-production, which constitutes the vocation of but a few. It is the confusion of these two distinctly different modes of viewing art that causes much mischief in our day. The artist labors and studies the causes with which he may produce certain effects, while the spectator is to enjoy the fruits of these labors, to feel the effects rather than to study the causes; nay, the obtrusion of these causes, or rather of the intention and labor which are meant to produce artistic illusion, is at the very cost of this illusion.

This is not the occasion for the exhaustive discussion of this most important point. Suffice it to state that the teaching which I wish to advocate is the teaching of the history of art with a view to the appreciation of artistic works, and not drawing and painting, for it is this side which has been entirely neglected. I do not wish it to be understood that I disfavor the teaching of drawing in schools. On the contrary, I think that to express ourselves with pencil and brush, by means of the representation of things, ought to be a natural and normal part of the power of expression of civilized beings. In modern times we are too prone to believe, and to act in accordance with the belief, that words are the only means of communicating thought. Nay, I go so far as to regret the defection of the old system of "accomplishments"— education for young ladies in one point; namely, that the *purely amateur* spirit of teaching sketching in water-colors or pencil is going out in England. It has given way either to the great multiplication of would-be professional artists who fail to give pleasure to others with their work, and have left for themselves after their efforts the pain of unattained aims, or to the complete neglect of this delightful guide to the pleasant study and the most complete appreciation of nature, and lasting recorder of beautiful places seen and pleasant days spent. Surely the practice of sketching from nature is as pleasure-bringing and refining as the power of performing on a musical instrument.

But it is the teaching of art-appreciation in schools which must be impressed upon all those concerned with education, in order that with regard to general education we might in a direct way apply the lesson of Greek Art, and be like them in the normal constitution of a healthy civilization, equally developed on all sides. In England there is on foot at the present moment a movement which we sincerely hope will receive widest support. It is the Art for Schools Association, which sets itself the aim of distributing, at the very lowest price, reproductions of works of art to the various schools that ask for them. It required an association of individuals in England, where education is not to so high a degree in the hands of the public administration as is the case in this country with public schools. Still, even there the richly endowed institutions called public schools ought to take the matter into their own hands. Rugby has already set an excellent example in the establishment of a school museum. Harrow, too, has the beginning of one. But generally this side of education is completely neglected. In this country this branch of education ought to be thoroughly organized. Each school ought to be provided with a set of reproductions of the most representative works of art from all periods and countries. Photo-engravings, casts from works of sculpture, nay, even the chromo-lithographs with which the Arundel Society has won a well-deserved fame— these works should adorn the walls of school-rooms, and should accustom the eyes of the children from the earliest age to what is excellent in art, thus watching over and cultivating taste as well as sharpness of reasoning and clearness of intellect. Out of many testimonies to the lasting influence of early contemplation of good art, I will but recall the public testimony recently given by Mr. Lowell to the lasting effect which certain reproductions from the antique had upon him as a child when taken to the Boston Athenæum. But we are not to stop at the selected decoration of school-rooms. Each school is further to be provided with a complete set of reproductions systematically chosen to represent the chief stages in the history of art; and the teachers of history, and literature, and language are to be competent to illustrate

and explain the artistic manifestation of any period they are treating of, or any passages in ancient or modern authors which refer to the works of art under consideration. In the higher classes, finally, there ought to be a definite course of instruction in the history of art, without which no boy or girl ought to pass into the world or enter the university. The subjects just mentioned are not the only ones in connection with which the study of art might well be used to supplement and vitalize knowledge. The study of geography, for instance, as at present conceived, is one of the studies the restricted acceptation of which is a crying evil. It is true that it has been supplemented by physical geography, but it ought also to be supplemented by the study of the history of localities in the widest sense; that is, the knowledge not only of the political events marking the various localities, but also the culture that prevailed there, and the appearance of the country, illustrated by photographs of such places, and of the famous works of art which they contain. The various studies ought to be used to illustrate each other; the connection between the groups of studies is to be insisted upon; they are, in short, to be endowed with their own life as they are to be living in the mind of the student, a part of his own intellectual vitality, and not merely an alien element introduced for the time being under a mechanical process of pressure, and discarded as soon as the pressure is withdrawn.

But this leads us to the question of the indirect modification of the spirit of general teaching which is required in order to remedy the diseased state of the development of art. Expressed or only implied, there is a fear in teachers lest, in giving life, say, to the study of geography, in thus illustrating it by means of pictures and the stories of its men, the study be not made too amusing and interesting to maintain the serious character of work. This is the same spirit which we met before swaying the wand of practical utility. In this case it is the domination of the ethical and moral over the intellectual and artistic. The effect of compulsory learning upon the pupils is no doubt often good in making them realize the idea of duty, and in teaching them to control their inclination towards self-indulgence. But life presents so many occasions for teaching and practicing these moral qualities that they need hardly be multiplied for the young, generally overburdened with the feeling of renunciation and with all that counteracts the spirit of joyousness. At all events, immediate moral discipline is not the chief and direct aim of the pursuit of definite studies, and every means which tends to make systematic knowledge complete and to infuse it into the mental system of the pupil with greatest power or promise of tenacity is highly commendable. The general tone of school education is, above all, to be altered in its groundwork in this very direction. The teacher is to realize that one noble thing to strive after is the creation in the pupil of lasting interests and the joy of learning and apprehending. The *nous patheticos* of the Greeks, and not only the *nous poieticos*, is to be watched over and developed. The aim of school-teaching will not only be to fit man and woman best for the active struggle of existence, for the practically useful, but equally to create in them a great capital of interests which will refresh them when wearied with the active struggle, and will give them lasting elevating interests and pleasures when the power of active work has ceased; a capital of interests which do not depend upon possession or consumption, that are open to the rich and the poor, that are in themselves ennobling and strengthening as well as satisfying; in short, the artistic or æsthetic attitude of mind, whether applied to actual works of art or to intellectual and moral pursuits. Let the teacher infuse some of this spirit into whatever subject he teaches. Let him stop and dwell upon the beauty or truth of the passage he is translating, upon the fascination and charm in the history of words, and the graceful fretwork of the huge grammatical structure; let him call back to life the study of the past, and ennoble and mellow the study of the present by showing its systematic interrelation with all things which form the lasting whole of the universe. Surely it will not be to the detriment of the appreciation of truth or the practical application of facts acquired, but it will satisfy another need which is highly practical, inasmuch as it concerns the mental health and happiness of every man. Thus trained in school, the average boy will grow to a man capable of appreciating the best art of his time.

But education does not cease with the boy, and it is in the appreciation of this fact that again in this country we are peculiarly wanting. The capital of interests, once acquired, must be renewed and even increased, or else it will soon die away under the heavy calls from the eager life of interested work. In this country a hard-and-fast line is drawn between the life of play of the boy and the "serious" life of work of the man. A certain amount of toleration exists (though even here too little) towards the more playful thoughts and distractions of the boy at school; but when these years are over, play is to cease and work is to begin, and thereafter the one great and engrossing aim is in some form or other to gain

the means of subsistence, or to increase them as much as possible. All the previous thoughts of play are to be and are at once dismissed.

This is especially the case with athletic games. The boy who wins laurels as a base-ball player ceases this healthy amusement the moment he enters the active life of manhood, and leaves the adult playing to professionals. Even in the universities where athletic games are still cultivated there is with us a certain feeling that the student who rows or is prominent in other games is so, to a certain degree, at the expense of his reading habits. In England, I would venture to say, the most distinguished students, the high wranglers and senior classics, are generally, and have been, boating men. From two to four o'clock in the afternoon it is customary in the English universities, not only for students, but also for teachers, to take their outdoor exercise in some form. I have in my mind at this moment a number of gray-haired university teachers at Cambridge, each one of them a distinguished representative of his branch of science, who all indulge in some form of athletic exercise, be it tennis, rackets, fives, rowing, or riding. Of these a large number merely indulge in constitutional walks; but even of these there are few who would not at times take part in some game. There exists at Cambridge a rowing crew called the Ancient Mariners, consisting exclusively of "dons," and the "stroke" is generally a tutor of Trinity Hall who ceased to be an undergraduate forty years ago. A frequent oarsman of this crew was the late professor of political economy and postmaster-general, who, as is well known, despite his arduous duties and the grievous misfortune of blindness, skated and took all forms of horse-exercise. Luckily for England, adult games are not so exclusively in the hands of professionals, and have retained the freshness and charm of their attraction and the noble purpose which they are destined to serve. I dwell upon this matter of the comparative cultivation of athletic games, though at first sight it might appear alien to the main question before us, because their neglect in this country shows the general neglect of the spirit of play, the *nous patheticos*, struggling for recognition against the all-destroying domination of the spirit of work, the *nous poieticos*. It is at bottom the same spirit of play which underlies the cultivation of art, as with the Greeks it was the same impulse which on the physical side led them to develop so highly their athletic games as on the intellectual side it made them the great artistic nation. Herein we might follow the example of England, especially those who are in the happy position of being able to create leisure, if only they would desist from considering the acquisition of wealth the one great aim of their existence (would that the means were given to all!). I do not mean the establishment of a "leisure class" of which we hear so much. On the contrary, we are most fortunate in not having a class which distinguishes itself from the remainder of the population in that it is not actually productive and does not take an active position in the great coöperative community. May we never desist from withholding our complete respect from those who have no distinct vocation in life; only let us not consider the less apparently and immediately useful avocations as not being an active coefficient in this coöperative social community. But what we do require is the infusion of leisure into all our working classes, and the recognition of its just and moral claim to our consideration.

To return to the less physical aspect of the power of enjoying. It is here that in this country, especially with men, the same abrupt transition from the preparatory life at school to this serious life of business or profession takes place. The capital of interests and intellectual pleasures is no longer increased, but is slowly consumed, until all thoughts and aspirations are completely absorbed by the wearing cares or eager desires of gain and advancement. How often do we meet with the sad sight of the awkwardness or helplessness of people of fair intellect when circumstances have for the time being prevented them from following the ordinary pursuits of life; they are then deprived of the one object which can still exercise a stimulating influence upon their minds, the influence of which is wearing and not refreshing. And it is still sadder to meet with the frequent instances of people who have arrived at that age when the active vigor required for the ordinary vocations of life has been spent, when the "active mind" can no longer exercise its functions, and the "passive mind" has degenerated from early neglect; to see them either vegetating in comatose selfishness (they who before were active and unselfish), or worrying themselves and others with petulant seeking after something of interest which they fail to find (they who before were cheerful and burning with interest). We have instances of this before our eyes every day in this country.

Then picture to yourself, on the other hand, a retired veteran from the bloodless battle of modern economical life, whose vigor just fails to suffice for business or profession, but leaves him free to follow and then to be refreshed by the intellectual pursuit the germs of which took root in his school-days, and have grown

and budded by the side of the sturdy tree of earnest life-work; until, when the sap no longer suffices to nourish the great tree, life is not yet extinct, for the flower and shrub now bud and give growth and beauty to the whole life as it wanes. When they can no longer go to their office or their work, there remains to them the interest in books, in pictures or bric-à-brac, in prints, in some study of science, in music, the theater, their garden and botany, in shells, or beetles, or butterflies. Above all, they have learnt the art of being alone. The first and most common symptom of intellectual vulgarity, of intellectual anæmia, if I may use the term, is the incapacity of people to remain alone or quiet. They are so poor in the intellectual life-blood that the pulse of interest will not throb unless they have the outer stimulus of the chatter of people. A book, a beautiful scene, not to mention their own thoughts, cannot fascinate them even for an hour, and they must beg for the offal of interest from the social banquet. I hold that to teach people the art of being alone and enjoying it, is of more practical use than the immediate good that comes from much of the most practical school-teaching. And this power of moral enjoyment is not, and ought not to be, restricted to the rich or the well-to-do. It ought to be a popular good, as it was with the Greeks.

It is, moreover, the duty of popular government to foster and cultivate this power among the people, which they can do by means of the encouragement of those pleasures the very nature of which is that they are common and belong to the many, that they increase with the degree of participation; namely, the democratic pleasures of art. Nor do I conceive the term art in the narrow acceptation of painting, and sculpture, and architecture. The art that is to be encouraged by public administration is all that comes under the head of *intellectual play* common to the many and productive of moral edification. Public feasts. music, the drama, museums, libraries, reading-rooms, and the more immediately instructive amusement of lectures,—all these ought to be the great care of state, as they were in ancient Hellas; nay, even more so in a time which has not the restricted notions of national duties requiring the chief energy of the people to guard or to aggrandize their national domain against aliens whom they considered as their enemies, or at least not their friends. I see the day coming when this fact will have grown in the public consciousness until it will come to be realized by the government, that it is the supreme duty of the state to foster and cultivate the higher amusements of the people more than to play at antiquated Talleyrandism in foreign policy.

How little this is realized at present, especially in Europe, is shown most strikingly in England. Eastern and Egyptian questions are of such absorbing importance that the public care of intellectual pursuits and amusements would naturally appear trivial to most persons concerned with government. A relatively small sum for the acquisition of a work of art or the maintenance of a museum is withheld or granted after much discussion, where millions are devoted unhesitatingly to some object of "foreign policy."

As one of the most curious instances of the neglect, not to say contempt, which this group of public institutions suffers in England, I need but point to the administration of the British Museum. Of all the civil service of which the administration of this museum forms a part, this institution requires in its officers and assistants the greatest previous preparation and initial capital of intelligence; and still its appointments are lowest in the scale of salaries in the civil service. A clerk whose duty it is to add up the salaries of non-commissioned officers, or to copy letters and fill out forms, starts with a higher salary, rises at a higher ratio, and ends with a higher final salary, than an assistant who must catalogue and identify Greek and Oriental coins, who must watch over rare manuscripts, and is responsible for priceless articles of science and art. The principal officers of this greatest institution of the kind in the world, who ought all to be the highest representatives of their study, are paid far less than chief-assistant secretaries in the government offices. And this neglect is in a country where the larger schools and universities are richly endowed by private donations and bequests, and where the museums and libraries have been greatly enriched by the same means; where, in short, the burden is comparatively much smaller than it is in this country or in Germany. But it is encouraging to find that of late there is an awakening to the public duties in this direction, both with regard to school and after-school education of the people. Though not yet the act of the Government, the establishment of the Royal Academy of Music remains a public act. The recent Fisheries, Health, and Inventions exhibitions, with their concerts and promenades, have been made a means towards the cultivation of higher popular amusement.

It is here in America, however, where luckily there is no Eastern or Egyptian question, no oppressive standing army, and where the duty of public action with regard to education has been recognized from the very foun-

dation of the Republic, that more ought to be done in the direct intervention of public administration. Entertainments and lectures in the town and city halls, establishment and maintenance of museums, embellishment of towns in every respect,—these are to form an integral part of governmental function. As a rule government grants for artistic purposes are limited to architecture; but after the building is complete, a new sphere of public artistic activity ought to begin. The great sculptors and painters and decorators ought to be called in to make of each city hall, each government or public building, in itself a museum, a representative type of the highest advance in art that the place or period has been able to make. Our national capitol is to a certain degree decorated; but I should be sorry, not to say ashamed, to think that this is all the country can produce of highest art. If it is answered that the great art is wanting, I would but point to the fact that artistic demand will produce supply. I have on several occasions urged talented artists painting small domestic pictures, or modeling statuettes and reliefs, to try something great and worthy. Their answer has been: "Where can we find a market for our great works? We must work for the house of the well-to-do art patron, and the house will not hold a monumental work." I dare say that some, perhaps most, of these artists would have failed in this "great" work; but others, if only one, might have had the noble soul, the *alma gentile*, awakened, and a genius might have been born to us.

There are two broad classes of artistic works, the domestic and the monumental. The latter class is public in character, and ought either to be in a museum or part of some public building. Domestic art is growing every day and will find its support; it is the monumental art, beyond the reach of the individual (as it ought to be), which must be public property and ought to be encouraged by the representatives of the people.

Charles Waldstein.

BIRD ENEMIES.

HOW surely the birds know their enemies! See how the wrens and robins and bluebirds pursue and scold the cat, while they take little or no notice of the dog! Even the swallow will fight the cat, and, relying too confidently upon its powers of flight, sometimes swoops down so near to its enemy that it is caught by a sudden stroke of the cat's paw. The only case I know of in which our small birds fail to recognize their enemy is furnished by the shrike; apparently the little birds do not know that this modest-colored bird is an assassin. At least I have never seen them scold or molest him, or utter any outcries at his presence, as they usually do at birds of prey. Probably it is because the shrike is a rare visitant, and is not found in this part of the country during the nesting season of our songsters.

But the birds have nearly all found out the trick of the jay, and when he comes sneaking through the trees in May and June in quest of eggs, he is quickly exposed and roundly abused. It is amusing to see the robins hustle him out of the tree which holds their nest. They cry, "Thief, thief!" to the top of their voices as they charge upon him, and the jay retorts in a voice scarcely less complimentary as he makes off.

The jays have their enemies also, and need to keep an eye on their own eggs. It would be interesting to know if jays ever rob jays, or crows plunder crows; or is there honor among thieves even in the feathered tribes? I suspect the jay is often punished by birds which are otherwise innocent of nest-robbing. One season I found a jay's nest in a small cedar on the side of a wooded ridge. It held five eggs, every one of which had been punctured. Apparently some bird had driven its sharp beak through their shells, with the sole intention of destroying them, for no part of the contents of the eggs had been removed. It looked like a case of revenge; as if some thrush or warbler, whose nest had suffered at the hands of the jays, had watched its opportunity and had in this way retaliated upon its enemies. An egg for an egg. The jays were lingering near, very demure and silent, and probably ready to join a crusade against nest-robbers.

The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm.

One season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly

began about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly "shrieked out their affright." The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see that owl in the cherry-tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl indoors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds would alight upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings.

The chirp and chatter of the young of birds which build in concealed or inclosed places, like the woodpeckers, the house wren, the high-hole, the oriole, etc., is in marked contrast to the silence of the fledglings of most birds that build open and exposed nests. The young of the sparrows,—unless the social sparrow be an exception,—warblers, fly-catchers, thrushes, etc., never allow a sound to escape them, and on the alarm note of their parents being heard sit especially close and motionless; while the young of chimney swallows, woodpeckers, and orioles are very noisy. The latter, in their deep pouch, are quite safe from birds of prey, except perhaps the owl. The owl, I suspect, thrusts its leg into the cavities of woodpeckers and into the pocket-like nest of the oriole, and clutches and brings forth the birds in its talons. In one case which I heard of, a screech-owl had thrust its claw into a cavity in a tree, and grasped the head of a red-headed woodpecker; being apparently unable to draw its prey forth, it had thrust its own round head into the hole, and in some way became fixed there, and had thus died with the woodpecker in its talons.

The life of birds is beset with dangers and mishaps of which we know little. One day, in my walk, I came upon a goldfinch with the tip of one wing securely fastened to the feathers of its rump, by what appeared to be the silk of some caterpillar. The bird, though uninjured, was completely crippled, and could not fly a stroke. Its little body was hot and panting in my hand, as I carefully broke the fetter. Then it darted swiftly away with a happy cry. A correspondent writes me that one of his orioles got entangled with a cord while building her nest, and that, though by the aid of a ladder he reached and liberated her, she soon afterward died. He also found a chippie, or social sparrow, suspended from a branch by a horse-hair, beneath a partly finished nest. I heard of a cedar-bird caught and destroyed in the same way, and also of two young blue-birds around whose legs a horse-hair had become so tightly wound that the legs withered up and dropped off. The birds grew just the same, and finally left the nest with the others. A record of all the accidents and tragedies of bird life for a single season would show many curious incidents. A friend of mine opened his box stove one fall to kindle a fire in it, when he beheld in the black interior the desiccated forms of two blue-birds. The birds had probably taken refuge in the chimney during some cold spring storm, and had come down the pipe to the stove, from whence they were unable to ascend. A peculiarly touching little incident of bird life occurred to a caged female canary. Though unmated, it laid some eggs, and the happy bird was so carried away by her feelings that she would offer food to the eggs, and chatter and twitter, trying, as it seemed, to encourage them to eat! The incident is hardly tragic, neither is it comic.

The first nest-builders in spring, like the first settlers near hostile tribes, suffer the most casualties. A large proportion of the nests of April and May are destroyed; their enemies have been many months without eggs, and their appetites are keen for them. It is a time, too, when other food is scarce, and the crows and squirrels are hard put. But the second nests of June, and still more the nests of July and August, are seldom molested. It is rarely that the nest of the goldfinch or cedar-bird is harried.

Certain birds nest in the vicinity of our houses and outbuildings, or even in and upon them, for protection from their enemies, but they often thus expose themselves to a plague of the most deadly character. I refer to the vermin with which their nests often swarm, and which kill the young before they are fledged. In a state of nature this probably never happens; at least I have never seen or heard of its happening to nests placed in trees or under rocks. It is the curse of civilization falling upon the birds which come too near man. The vermin, or the germ of the vermin, is probably conveyed to the nest in hens' feathers, or in straws and hairs picked up about the barn or hen-house. A robin's nest upon your porch or in your summer-house will occasionally become an intolerable nuisance from the swarms upon swarms of minute vermin with which it is filled. The parent birds stem the tide as long as they can, but are often compelled to leave the young to their terrible fate.

One season a phœbe-bird built on a projecting stone under the eaves of the house, and all appeared to go well till the young were nearly fledged, when the nest suddenly became a bit of purgatory. The birds kept their places in their burning bed till they could hold out no longer, when they leaped forth and fell dead upon the ground.

After a delay of a week or more, during which I imagine the parent birds purified themselves by every means known to them, the couple built another nest a few yards from the first, and proceeded to rear a second brood; but the new nest developed into the same bed of torment that the first did, and the three young birds, nearly ready to fly, perished as they sat within it. The parent birds then left the place as if it had been accursed.

I imagine the smaller birds have an enemy in our native white-footed mouse, though I have not proof enough to convict him. But one season the nest of a chickadee which I was observing was broken up in a position where nothing but a mouse could have reached it. The bird had chosen a cavity in the limb of an apple-tree which stood but a few yards from the house. The cavity was deep, and the entrance to it, which was ten feet from the ground, was small. Barely light enough was admitted, when the sun was in the most favorable position, to enable one to make out the number of eggs, which was six, at the bottom of the dim interior. While one was peering in and trying to get his head out of his own light, the bird would startle him by a queer kind of puffing sound. She would not leave her nest like most birds, but really tried to blow, or scare, the intruder away; and after repeated experiments I could hardly refrain from jerking my head back when that little explosion of sound came up from the dark interior. One night, when incubation was about half finished, the nest was harried. A slight trace of hair or fur at the entrance led me to infer that some small animal was the robber. A weasel might have done it, as they sometimes climb trees, but neither a squirrel nor a rat could have passed the entrance.

Probably few persons have ever suspected the cat-bird of being an egg-sucker; I do not know that she has ever been accused of such a thing, but there is something uncanny and disagreeable about her, which I at once understood when I one day caught her in the very act of going through a nest of eggs.

A pair of the least fly-catchers, the bird which says *chebeque*, *chebeque*, and is a small edition of the pewee, one season built their nest where I had them for many hours each day under my observation. The nest was a very snug and compact structure placed in the forks of a small maple about twelve feet from the ground. The season before a red squirrel had harried the nest of a wood-thrush in this same tree, and I was apprehensive that he would serve the fly-catchers the same trick; so, as I sat with my book in a summer-house near by, I kept my loaded gun within easy reach. One egg was laid, and the next morning, as I made my daily inspection of the nest, only a fragment of its empty shell was to be found. This I removed, mentally imprecating the rogue of a red squirrel. The birds were much disturbed by the event, but did not desert the nest as I had feared they would. After much inspection of it and many consultations together, they concluded, it seems, to try again. Two more eggs were laid, when one day I heard the birds utter a sharp cry, and on looking up I saw a cat-bird perched upon the rim of the nest, hastily devouring the eggs. Seizing my gun, her career as an egg-sucker ended then and there.

Then this pair of little fly-catchers did what I had never seen birds do before: they pulled the nest to pieces and rebuilt it in a peach-tree not many rods away, where a brood was successfully reared. The nest was here exposed to the direct rays of the noonday sun; and to shield her young when the heat was greatest, the mother bird would stand above them with wings slightly spread, as other birds have been known to do under like circumstances.

To what extent the cat-bird is a nest-robber I have no evidence, but that feline mew of hers, and that flirting, flexible tail, suggest something not entirely bird-like.

Probably the darkest tragedy of the nest is enacted when a snake plunders it. All birds and animals, so far as I have observed, behave in a peculiar manner toward a snake. They seem to feel something of the same loathing toward it that the human species experience. The bark of a dog when he encounters a snake is different from that which he gives out on any other occasion; it is a mingled note of alarm, inquiry, and disgust.

One day a tragedy was enacted a few yards from where I was sitting with a book; two song-sparrows were trying to defend their nest against a black snake. The curious, interrogating note of a chicken who had suddenly come upon the scene in his walk, first caused me to look up from my reading. There were the sparrows, with wings raised in a way peculiarly expressive of horror and dismay, rushing about a low clump of grass and bushes. Then, looking more closely, I saw the glistening form of the black snake, and the quick movement of his head as he tried to seize the birds. The sparrows darted about and through the grass and weeds, trying to beat the snake off. Their tails and wings were spread, and, panting with the heat and the desperate struggle, they presented a most singular spectacle. They uttered no cry, not a sound escaped them; they were plainly speechless with horror and dismay. Not once did they drop their wings, and the peculiar expression of those

uplifted palms, as it were, I shall never forget. It occurred to me that perhaps here was a case of attempted bird-charming on the part of the snake, so I looked on from behind the fence. The birds charged the snake and harassed him from every side, but were evidently under no spell save that of courage in defending their nest. Every moment or two I could see the head and neck of the serpent make a sweep at the birds, when the one struck at would fall back, and the other would renew the assault from the rear. There appeared to be little danger that the snake could strike and hold one of the birds, though I trembled for them, they were so bold and approached so near to the snake's head. Time and again he sprang at them, but without success. How the poor things panted, and held up their wings appealingly! Then the snake glided off to the near fence, barely escaping the stone which I hurled at him. I found the nest rifled and deranged; whether it had contained eggs or young I know not. The male sparrow had cheered me many a day with his song, and I blamed myself for not having rushed at once to the rescue when the arch enemy was upon him. There is probably little truth in the popular notion that snakes charm birds. The black snake is the most subtle, alert, and devilish of our snakes, and I have never seen him have any but young, helpless birds in his mouth.

We have one parasitical bird, the cow-bird, so called because it walks about amid the grazing cattle and seizes the insects which their heavy tread sets going, which is an enemy of most of the smaller birds. It drops its egg in the nest of the song-sparrow, the social sparrow, the snow-bird, the vireos, and the wood-warblers, and as a rule it is the only egg in the nest that issues successfully. Either the eggs of the rightful owner of the nest are not hatched, or else the young are overridden and overreached by the parasite and perish prematurely. The young of the cow-bird is disproportionately large and aggressive, one might say hoggish. When disturbed it will clasp the nest and scream and snap its beak threateningly. One hatched out in a song-sparrow's nest which was under my observation, and would soon have overridden and overborne the young sparrow which came out of the shell a few hours later, had I not interfered from time to time and lent the young sparrow a helping hand. Every day I would visit the nest and take him out from under the pot-bellied interloper and place him on top, so that presently he was able to hold his own against his enemy. Both birds became fledged and left the nest about the same time. Whether the race was an even one after that I know not.

When the cow-bird finds two or more eggs in a nest in which it wishes to deposit its own, it will remove one of them. I found a sparrow's nest with two sparrow's eggs and one cow-bird's egg, and another egg lying a foot or so below it on the ground. I replaced the ejected egg, and the next day found it again removed, and another cow-bird's egg in its place; I put it back the second time, when it was again ejected, or destroyed, for I failed to find it anywhere. Very alert and sensitive birds like the warblers often bury the strange egg beneath a second nest built on top of the old.

Among the worst enemies of our birds are the so-called "collectors," men who plunder nests and murder their owners in the name of science. In the majority of cases the motive is a mercenary one; the collector expects to sell these spoils of the groves and orchards. Robbing nests and killing birds becomes a business with him. He goes about it systematically, and becomes an expert in circumventing and slaying our songsters. Every town of any considerable size is infested with one or more of these bird-highwaymen, and every nest in the country round about that the wretches can lay hands on is harried. Their professional term for a nest of eggs is "a clutch," a word that well expresses the work of their grasping, murderous fingers. They clutch and destroy in the germ the life and music of the woodlands. The various natural history journals are mainly organs of communication between these human weasels. They record exploits at nest-robbing and bird-slaying in their columns. One collector tells with gusto how he "worked his way" through an orchard, ransacking every tree, and leaving, as he believed, not one nest behind him. He had better not be caught working his way through my orchard. Another gloats over the number of Connecticut warblers, a rare bird, he killed in one season in Massachusetts. Another tells how a mocking-bird appeared in southern New England and was hunted down by himself and friend, its eggs "clutched," and the bird killed. Who knows how much the bird-lovers of New England lost by that foul deed? The progeny of the birds would probably have returned to Connecticut to breed, and their progeny, or a part of them, the same, till in time the famous Southern songster would have become a regular visitant to New England. In the same journal still another collector describes minutely how he outwitted three humming-birds and captured their nests and eggs,—a clutch he was very proud of. A Massachusetts bird-harrier boasts of his clutch of the eggs of that dainty little warbler, the blue yellow-back. One season he took two

sets, the next five sets, the next four sets, besides some single eggs, and the next season four sets, and says he might have found more had he had more time. One season he took, in about twenty days, three sets from one tree.

Thus are our birds hunted and cut off, and all in the name of science; as if science had not long ago finished with these birds. She has weighed and measured and dissected and described them and their nests and eggs, and placed them in her cabinet, and the interest of science and of humanity now is that this wholesale nest-robbing cease. I can pardon a man who wishes to make a collection for his own private use, though he will find it much less satisfactory and less valuable than he imagines, but he needs but one bird and one egg of a kind; but the professional nest-robber and skin-collector should be put down, either by legislation or with dogs and shot-guns.

John Burroughs.

FAITH-CURES.

A STUDY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

A FAITH-CURE is a cure wrought by God in answer to prayer, *without any other means*, such as medicine, surgery, change of climate, or indeed any external or internal remedies.

THE THEORY.

1. ALL sickness is the result of sin. Sin is the cause, sickness the effect. This sin may or may not be that of the individual afflicted. But the race of man being sinful, sickness has invaded the mortal body as a consequence. Hence sin and sickness go together, and the soul and body are indissolubly connected.

2. Christ's Atonement avails for sin and all its consequences. Since sickness is one of these consequences, the Atonement makes complete provision for its cure. In proof of this, reference is made to Isaiah liii. 4, where we read: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Here the word griefs is rendered "sickness," and this passage, taken in connection with Matt. viii. 17, they claim, establishes the point. Psalm ciii. 3, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," they claim, is also a proof of the completeness of the Atonement as affecting bodily ills as well as spiritual malady.

3. Spiritual redemption provided by Christ is of no avail unless accepted by the individual needing it. So the ample provision for bodily healing made in the Atonement is of no avail unless appropriated by the individual in an act of faith. Further, as soul-health is sustained only by a continually repeated exercise of faith, so bodily health is to be retained in the same way.

4. Death is one of the effects of sin. Since the Atonement avails for sin and all its consequences, it also can release mortals from the power of death. In this connection it is fair to say that, so far as we know, the English and American school of faith-healers do not claim this; but Pastor Stockmayer, of the German school, openly takes this position. When asked why all believers still die, he constructs an argument based on the "solidarity which exists between the members of the body of Christ," which prevents the individual believer from rising very much above the average experience and faith of the church. He claims that the average faith of the church of to-day is so low, that while here and there believers rise to the privilege of "faith-healing," they are not yet able to reach the climax of deliverance from death. When the church at large has risen to the height of "faith-healing," then we may expect the vanguard to reach deathless life.

5. In consequence of the above theory of the completeness of Christ's Atonement, as availing for bodily ailments, true faith will refuse to use any other than the divinely appointed way of healing. All remedies, external or internal, are "works," and are not germane to faith. An unwavering faith will discard them all. Here, again, it is fair to say that Doctor Cullis of Boston (himself an M. D.) considers the use of medicinal and surgical means allowable, where the patient has not the requisite faith. The Rev. Mr. Simpson of New York, however, and most of the leaders of the American school, hold that the use of any means other than that of anointing and prayer is sinful, because tainted with unbelief.

THE FALLACY.

1. WE admit that sickness is the result of sin, and death its consummate flower; we also admit that the Atonement of Christ avails for sin and all its consequences.

2. But we do not admit that Christ's Atonement avails for all the consequences of sin in this world. Here lies the fallacy of the school of "faith-healers." Not until after the resurrection can the full redemption of man's body be attained. This is positively taught in the Word. Nor do we find in the Scriptures any evidence that sickness, as one of the consequences of sin, is to be completely conquered this side of the grave.

3. If Christ's Atonement, as claimed, avails for all the consequences of sin in this world, then all evils, such as extreme poverty, accidents, etc., should be overcome, since they, too, are consequences of sin. Yet no "faith-healer" will dare march down the line of his premises to this conclusion.

4. Vaccination prevents small-pox. If remedies are wrong, then they and the temptation to use them come from Satan. Therefore, in this case, we have Satan prompting men to use his evil remedies to overcome the consequences of sin. But if Satan thus cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand? But, on the other hand, if vaccination is not from Satan, then it is from God. But if from God, it is wrong not to avail ourselves of a God-given remedy. The same is true of every tested remedy for any bodily ailment. The same, also, is true of any surgical appliances, and even of any changes of climate undertaken for the sake of health. There is no way out of this "small-pox argument," excepting to deny that vaccination prevents small-pox.

5. The analogy (chapter 1, section 3) between spiritual health and bodily soundness is vain and deceitful; for faith is absolutely essential for spiritual healing, but it is not absolutely essential for bodily restoration, as witness thousands of cures of unbelievers. The analogy does not hold.

6. The "solidarity of a corrupt church," in the days of Ahab or of Paul, never prevented Elijah or Paul from the exercise of miraculous power. The church of to-day, taken as a whole, is far purer than that of Ahab's or Paul's day. Therefore, by Pastor Stockmayer's argument, she should work greater works than Elijah or the apostle. But she does not and can not.

BIBLE CURES.

1. WHETHER in the Old or New Testament, they had two uniform characteristics: they were instantaneous and complete. Only one instance can be given where this seems not to have been the case. It is found in Mark viii. 22–26. The first touch of Jesus's hand seems to have restored the sight of the patient only partially, so that he saw "men as trees walking." The second touch completed the healing. But to all intents and purposes the cure was immediate, and all agree that it was complete. The claims of faith-healers that the cure of the ruler's son was gradual, is not good. The case is given in John iv. 46–54. Here the father's question as to "when he *began* to amend" is claimed as proving that the convalescence was gradual. The answer is simply, "At the seventh hour the fever left him." Now the only other instance where the phrase "the fever left" is used is in Matthew viii. 15. In this case, as soon as the fever left her Peter's mother-in-law arose and began household duties, without any long period of convalescence. The presumption, therefore, in the case of the Ruler's son, is that the healing power of the Master worked in the same way, viz., instantly and completely.

Should any quote the case of the Shunamite's son (2 Kings iv. 33–35) as one of gradual cure, we answer, that even this was practically instantaneous, for the cure was wrought within *minutes*, and not within hours, or even days and weeks, as is so often the case in modern "faith-cures."

2. There are at least two cases of the use of means in the Word: in the Old Testament, that of Hezekiah (see 2 Kings xx. 1, and Isaiah xxxviii. 21–22); in the New Testament, that of Timothy, 1 Timothy v. 23.

3. Paul's estimate of the value of "gifts of healing" was not very exalted. He ranks them as far below "love," as is apparent from his whole discussion of the subject in 1 Corinthians xii and xiii. The Church in Corinth was quarreling about these "gifts," and was forgetting the "graces" of character which are the best fruits of the Spirit. This conduct he rebukes. This wrong relative estimate of the spiritual and the temporal appeared in the seventy when "they returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us." This excessive joy the Master rebuked, saying, "In this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." See Luke x. 17–20. In all their epistles, neither Paul, nor Peter, nor James, nor John once refers to his gifts of healing, excepting in two instances, viz., in Romans xv. 19, and 2 Corinthians xii. 12, in both of which instances Paul merely alludes to his exercise of miraculous power as a proof of his apostleship. This is in marked contrast with the literature of modern faith-healers, who with pen and tongue have never done with this one theme. Christ and the apostles evidently thought *relatively* little of these temporal "gifts" as compared with spiritual "graces."

4. The gifts of healing in apostolic times

were, by God's providence, confined to a few. See 1 Corinthians xii. 9, 28, 30. But modern faith-healers claim this gift as the prerogative of any believer with sufficient faith, and they claim, furthermore, that every believer *should have this faith.*

THE PRACTICE.

1. GREAT claims are put forth at conventions and meetings, and in published works, of numerous and marvelous "cures" wrought by anointing and prayer, without the use of any other means. But, first, let it be well noted, hundreds are not healed at all, who yet want to be healed and who believe they can be. At Mannedorf in Switzerland, where Dorothea Trudel had her faith-cure home, Dr. Cullis says he saw one hundred and fifty patients *waiting to be healed.* The doctor himself says that he receives "hundreds of letters" asking for his prayers. In all the homes, such as that at Mannedorf, in Bethshan in London, Berachah in New York, and Dr. Cullis's various homes in Boston, many are not healed at all. But of these cases the faith-healers give no detailed account, nor do they even indicate the proportion of healed and not healed. Is this honest?

2. Of those reported as "cured" many are not at all "cured." In two volumes entitled "Faith-cures," there are one hundred and fifty cures reported. Of these we find seventy-one, or nearly one-half, are not "cured," but at the best only "benefited," yet they are reported under the head of "Faith-*cures.*" Any ordinary hospital acting thus would be rightly reprimanded as "fraudulent" in its reports. Again, of the one hundred and fifty cases, we find twenty-seven so unclear in their statements that we can make nothing of them. This leaves fifty-two cases which, according to the testimony of the patients themselves, are really cured. The cases reported cover a period of ten years. To be honest in this matter, we claim that all faith-healers should report as do our hospitals, as follows: Patients treated,——. Died,——. Discharged healed, ——. Discharged benefited, ——. Not benefited, ——. Then, and then only, can men judge of the true results of faith-healing.

3d. The enormous majority of the apparently "cured" are very slow in their convalescence, taking weeks, months, and even years to recover. This is far from the scriptural way, which, as we have seen, was practically sudden and complete.

4. But even in the fifty-two cases above mentioned, we are left in doubt as to the reality of the cure, by the singular use of language which faith-cure folk permit themselves to employ. They are taught by their leaders to claim that they are healed as soon as they have been anointed and prayed over, and that in spite of any subsequent symptoms that may remain. The following quotation from directions to patients, given by a clergyman, is but a sample of all their teaching: "When anointed, BELIEVE THAT YOU DO NOW RECEIVE, *i. e.*, say, I am healed *now*; do not say, I *expect* to be healed. Believe against contrary physical evidence. After having CLAIMED THE PROMISE, be not surprised at the continuance of symptoms and physical pains. You may expect sudden and powerful returns of your sickness after anointings and prayers. But carefully note that they are ONLY TESTS OF YOUR FAITH. You ought not to recognize any disease, believing that God has rebuked it." Such unwonted use of language staggers ordinary mortals, and makes them wary in receiving testimony from those who allow themselves such liberties. The writer addressed a letter to Captain C., who claims to have been "cured" by prayer, asking him, "Are you now perfectly well?" Answer: "Praise the Lord; I am entirely well." Question: "Do your bodily senses bear witness with your faith that you are healed; or do you have to believe in spite of the evidence of your senses?" Answer: "Both; *i. e.*, my bodily senses assure me that for six years I have done everything reasonable for a well man, and have suffered no serious (or any) injury whatever; while I have always to rely on the promises and am tempted by the devil at every possible point. *E. g.*, if I attempt any unusual exertion, Satan says, You will hurt your heart, *and sometimes succeeds in causing a few symptoms*; but I look to Jesus only, and am perfectly delivered." (The italics are ours.) To understand the "true inwardness" of this reply, we must remember that faith-healers make a distinction between disease and "symptoms" so marked that they claim to be healed of disease even while the "symptoms" continue. This being the case, Captain C. can in one sentence affirm that he is "entirely well," while in the next he admits having "a few symptoms." How many, then, of the fifty-two cases out of the one hundred and fifty are of this nature, it is impossible to say without a detailed examination of each case and an inquisitorial form of questioning. Another of the cases widely advertised is that of a lady whose story may be found in Miss Carrie Judd's book entitled "The Prayer of Faith." The second question asked Captain C. was also put to her, with the following answer: "I have walked by faith for eight years, *regardless of the senses.*"

(The italics are hers.) Yet another person said to the writer, "I am healed by faith." When asked if the bodily senses bore witness to the healing, the reply was: "I am healed by faith, but not by my senses." When asked why language was so strangely used, the reply came: "I do not exactly like this way of speaking myself, but the leaders tell us we must say so." Now imagine any hospital physician giving such instructions to his patients, and then advertising them as "cured."

In further elucidation of the singular mental attitude of some of these faith-cure folk, the following is given as a fair specimen of many cases of "cure":

"I have been troubled with headache since I was six years of age. My head would ache violently for three or four hours, then I would become sick at my stomach, and throw off everything I had eaten. I had tried every remedy I knew of, until I was discouraged, and concluded that, perhaps, this was my 'thorn in the flesh,' and that it was not God's will that I should be cured of it. Yet I could not *rest* in that thought; and I want to say, just here, that I believe this is one of the devil's best arguments to keep souls from finding out God's power and love to us poor mortals. But on the 21st of January, Satan had God's own voice to set at nought, and he was, bless the Lord, unable to do it.

"In my attacks of headache I was totally unfitted for duties of any kind, and the day following I would be so weakened that I was almost useless. Well, this day I speak of, I felt my old complaint coming on, and I had a good many other ills pressing me besides. Then God spoke to me by his Word, saying, 'Cast your care on me; *I care for you.*' I did so. I cast everything, unbelief, doubt, headache, 'perhaps it is not God's will,' and all, all, on the Lord. In less time than it takes me to write it my headache was gone.

"But the fight was not over yet. The next day I caught a severe cold, which, with me, is always followed by a raging headache. I awoke the next morning with a very severe one. I asked the Lord what that meant. I had my message the night before; it was this: 'The Lord shall be seen over them.' Zech. ix. 14." [In this connection we may say that many of these faith-healers get their "message" by simply opening the Bible at random, and taking the first verse on which the eye rests. As in this case, they often strike passages which have no more application to them than the command to Peter to go and catch a fish has.] "The Spirit showed me that the Lord would be seen over that headache; so I prayed God to cure me of it. After I had prayed, this came to me: 'Do you believe it will be done?' I said, 'Yes.' Then the suggestion came, 'If you believe the Lord will do it, you will go about your work just as though it was done.' It had not stopped, but I got up and went to my work, my head aching violently all the time. Satan was as busy as a bee, asking why my head did not stop aching: I had asked and believed, and yet it had not stopped! But God's Word rose above him, '*The Lord shall be seen over them.*' So I fought the devil with these words until near noon, when my faith began to stagger. The devil very cunningly suggested that God would not do it for me, and I began to think so; when these words came with powerful weight: '*It is impossible for God to lie.*' I did not remember at the time to have seen these words anywhere, but I felt sure they were God's words, because the devil fled in an instant. I went home and ate dinner, a thing I never before attempted to do when in such a condition, because I could not keep food on my stomach. But I sat down by faith! and ate, and God rewarded me. But I had a hard fight all the afternoon, and when I came home to supper I felt as though I could not eat a mouthful, I was so sick; yet I believed God would cure me, and I sat down and ate, and then went out to my duties as usual. Finally, when I was all alone, and my faith nearly gone, and when I felt I could hold out no longer, these words came with strength to my soul: '*Thy word is settled in heaven.*' I thought, 'But not on earth,' when a rebuke, kind and gentle, but oh how powerful, came to me: 'If we believe not, yet *he abideth faithful.*' It was enough. It *settled* me. I stopped doubting and trusted; yes, *rested* in the belief that God *would cure me.* It did not make any difference if it was not done till next year; anyway, I would believe, and God would give me the victory. And in a twinkling of an eye the pain left me, and I am cured, bless the Lord. I have not had a headache since (*i. e.*, from Jan. 23–Feb. 18, 1880), but only little trials" [does he mean "symptoms"?], "which have left me as soon as my soul returned to its rest. I am growing stronger every day. Your brother in the Lord, W. M. H."

This sad case of self-deception is given in full (and it does not stand alone, by any means) chiefly because a physician in regular standing, who ought to know better, publishes it as a "faith-cure," thereby indorsing it. Imagine any such narrative of apostolic healing, and realize how utterly incongruous and pitiful it would appear alongside of such stories as the restoration of Æneas, of Dorcas, or of the ten lepers!

QUESTIONS IN CONCLUSION.

1. ARE not the leaders of this movement guilty either of gross ignorance or of dishonesty when they thus instruct their followers?

2. Do they not pervert the Word of God, and draw deceitful analogies between spiritual healing and bodily cure?

3. Are not the leaders of this movement also dishonest or grossly careless when they fail to publish lists of the unhealed, of the relapsed, and of the dead?

4. Are not the leaders of this movement inconsistent in not daring (with the exception of Pastor Stockmayer) to face the full logical consequence of their fundamental postulate that the Atonement of Christ avails in this world for sin and its consequences?

A. F. Schauffler.

THE HAUNTED HEART.

AT the parting-hour we stood
In the doorway dim, the night
Underneath a cloudy hood
Hid her jeweled brow from sight.
Like a guest who cometh late,
Wind of Winter as it passed,
Rudely shook the garden-gate,
Angry that the latch was fast—
For the year was dark and cold,
And the frost was on the wold.

Then my lover, straight and tall,
Graceful as the gods of Greece,
Breathed in murmurs musical
Of a land beyond the seas.
Pleading softly: "Come away,
With me, far across the foam,
To the shores of some bright bay
Where the summer makes her home,
Where the year is never cold,
Nor the white frost on the wold.

"Let your blue eyes on my hours,
Stars of beauty, ever shine.
O'er the seas to lands of flowers
Sail with me, and so be mine."
Half a sob, and half a sigh,
Was my answering "No!" Ah me!
Duty then not love chose I,
Though I knew my life would be
Like the year, both dark and cold,—
Frost forever on the wold.

Round me close his arms had been,
When he heard my faltered "No!"
Coldly, sadly, did he then
Loose his hold, and let me go—
Lifted to his lips my hand
In a passion of regret;
Leaned a little forward and
Kissed my cheek—with tears 'twas wet—
Then was gone into the cold,
And the frost, across the wold.

Snow of Winter! some may tell
What a merry guest thou art;
But to me each flake that fell,
Fell and froze upon my heart.
Wind of Winter! when thy wail
Rose at midnight, from my sleep
I have wakened, but to quail
At my loneliness and weep,
While the house was dark and cold,
And the snow lay on the wold.

When the days were short and drear,
And the nights long, and a mouse
In the wall would make you fear,—
Came a Presence in the house;
Semblance of my love it wore,
Eyes, and hair, and manner too,
Just the same as weeks before,
When he sighed that long adieu,—
Ere he passed into the cold,
And the frost, across the wold.

First one night when raged a storm,
And I started from a dream
Of him, I beheld his form
In the firelight's ruddy gleam—
Arms outstretched in pleading way,
Eyes that with entreaty shone,—
Since that time by night or day,
I am nevermore alone,
Though the year be hot or cold,—
Frost or flower upon the wold.

If I read, at noon or night,
He is just behind my chair;
If I walk in broad daylight
Through the rooms, I see him there;
When I talk with others now,
I can feel his finger-tips
On my arm, or on my brow
Soft the touch of shadowy lips.
But the lips and hands are cold,—
As the frost upon the wold.

I am haunted, and shall be
Till Death's slumber, deep and long,
Seals for all Eternity
Eyes to sight and lips to song.
'Mong the lilies on my breast,
Will the ghost be laid, forgot,
When I lie in dreamless rest—
When to me it matters not
If the year be dark and cold,
And the frost upon the wold.

Minna Irving.

THE MONITORS.*

THE introduction of General Paixhans's brilliant invention, the shell-gun, in 1824, followed, in 1858, by the successful application of armor-plating to the steam-frigate *La Gloire*, under Napoleon III., compelled an immediate change in naval construction which startled the maritime countries of Europe, especially England, whose boasted security behind her "wooden walls" was shown to be a complete delusion. The English naval architects, however, did not overlook the fact that their French rivals, while producing a gun which rendered wooden navies almost useless, had also by their armor-plating provided an efficient protection against the destructive Paixhans shell.

Accordingly, the Admiralty without loss of time laid the keel of the *Warrior*, an armored iron steam-frigate 380 feet long, 58 feet beam, 26 feet draught, and 9200 tons displacement. The work being pushed with extraordinary vigor, this iron-clad ship was speedily launched and equipped, the admiration of the naval world.

Shortly after the adoption of armor-plating as an essential feature in the construction of vessels of war, the Southern States seceded from the Union, some of the most efficient of the United States naval officers resigning their commissions. Their loss was severely felt by the Navy Department at Washington; nor was it long before the presence of great professional skill among the officers of the naval administration of the Confederate States became manifest. Indeed, the utility of the armor-plating adopted by France and England proved to be better understood at Richmond than at Washington. While the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, and his advisers were discussing the question of armor, news reached Washington that the partly burnt and scuttled steam-frigate *Merrimac*, at the Norfolk Navy Yard, had been raised and cut down to her berth-deck, and that a very substantial structure of timber, resembling a citadel with inclined sides, was being erected on that deck.

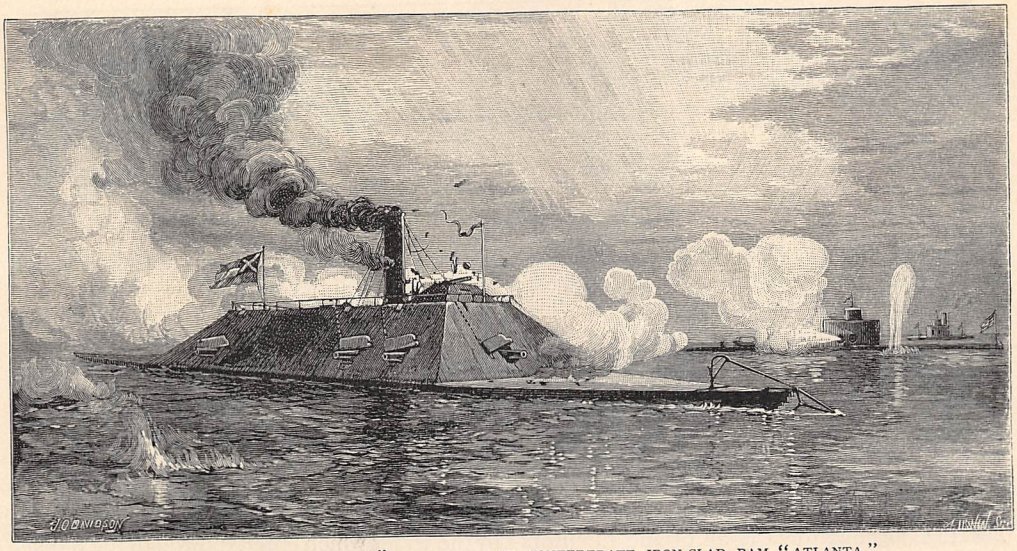
The Navy Department at Washington had previously advertised for plans and offers for iron-clad steam-batteries to be built within a stipulated time. My attention having been thus called to a subject which I had thoroughly considered during a series of years, I was fully prepared to present plans of an impregnable steam-battery of light draught, suitable to navigate the shallow rivers and harbors of the Confederate States. Availing myself of the services of a friend who chanced to be in Washington at the time, proposals were at once submitted to a board of naval officers appointed by the President; but the plans presented by my friend being rejected by the board, I immediately set out for Washington and laid the matter personally before its members, all of whom proved to be well-informed and experienced naval experts. Contrary to anticipation, the board permitted me to present a theoretical demonstration concerning the stability of the new structure, doubt of which was the principal consideration which had caused the rejection of the plan presented. In less than an hour I succeeded in demonstrating to the entire satisfaction of the board appointed by President Lincoln that the design was thoroughly practical, and based on sound theory. The Secretary of the Navy accordingly accepted my proposal to build an iron-clad steam-battery, and instructed me verbally to commence the construction forthwith. Returning immediately to New York, I divided the work among three leading mechanical establishments, furnishing each with detailed drawings of every part of the structure; the understanding being that the most skillful men and the best tools should be employed; also that work should be continued during night-time whenever practicable. The construction of nearly every part of the battery accordingly commenced simultaneously, all hands working with the utmost diligence, apparently confident that their exertions would result in something of great benefit to the national cause. Fortunately no trouble or delay was met at any point; all progressed satisfactorily; every part sent on board from the workshops fitted exactly the place for which it was intended. As a consequence of these favorable circumstances, the battery, with steam-machinery complete, was launched in one hundred days from the laying of the keel-plate. It should be mentioned that at the moment of starting on the inclined ways toward its destined element, the novel fighting-machine was named *Monitor*.

Before entering on a description of this *fighting-machine* I propose to answer the question frequently asked: What circumstances dictated its size and peculiar construction?

1. The work on the *Merrimac* had progressed so far that no structure of large dimensions could possibly be completed in time to meet her.

2. The well-matured plan of erecting a citadel of considerable dimensions on the am-

* See also articles on the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, in THE CENTURY for March, 1885.—EDITOR.



THE MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" CAPTURING THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD RAM "ATLANTA," WARSAW SOUND, GEORGIA, JUNE 17, 1863.

ple deck of the razeed *Merrimac* admitted of a battery of heavy ordnance so formidable that no vessel of the ordinary type, of small dimensions, could withstand its fire.

3. The battery designed by the naval constructor of the Confederate States, in addition to the advantage of ample room and numerous guns, presented a formidable front to an opponent's fire by being inclined to such a degree that shot would be readily deflected. Again, the inclined sides, composed of heavy timbers well braced, were covered with two thicknesses of bar iron, ingeniously combined, well calculated to resist the spherical shot peculiar to the Dahlgren and Rodman system of naval ordnance adopted by the United States Navy.

4. The shallow waters on the coast of the Southern States called for very light draught; hence the upper circumference of the propeller of the battery would be exposed to the enemy's fire unless thoroughly protected against shot of heavy caliber. A difficulty was thus presented which apparently could not be met by any device which would not seriously impair the efficiency of the propeller.

5. The limited width of the navigable parts of the Southern rivers and inlets presented an obstacle rendering manœuvring impossible; hence it would not be practicable at all times to turn the battery so as to present a broadside to the points to be attacked.

6. The accurate knowledge possessed by the adversary of the distance between the forts on the river banks within range of his guns, would enable him to point the latter with such accuracy that unless every part of the sides of the battery could be made absolutely shot-proof, destruction would be certain. It may be observed that the accurate knowledge of range was an advantage in favor of the Southern forts which placed the attacking steam-batteries at great disadvantage.

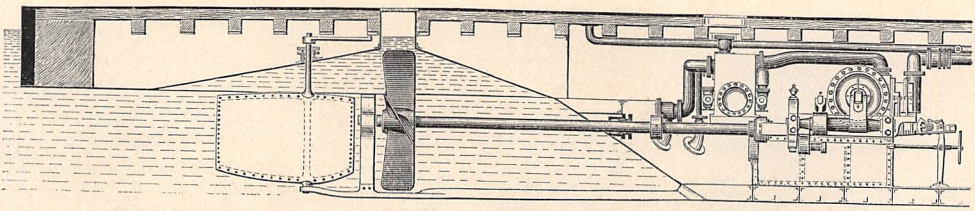
7. The difficulty of manipulating the anchor within range of powerful fixed batteries presented difficulties which called for better protection to the crew of the batteries than any previously known.

Several minor points familiar to the naval artillerist and naval architect presented considerations which could not be neglected by the constructor of the new battery; but these must be omitted in our brief statement, while the foregoing, being of vital importance, have demanded special notice.

The plans on pages 282–3 represent a longitudinal section through the center line of the battery, which, for want of space on the page, has been divided into three sections, viz., the forward, central, and aft sections, which for ready reference will be called *forward*, *central*, and *aft*.

Referring particularly to the upper and lower sections, it will be seen that the hull consists of an upper and lower body joined together in the horizontal plane not far below the water-line. The length of the upper part of the hull is 172 feet, beam 41 feet; the length of the lower hull being 122 feet, beam 34 feet. The depth from the underside of deck to the keel-plate is eleven feet two inches, draught of water at load-line ten feet.

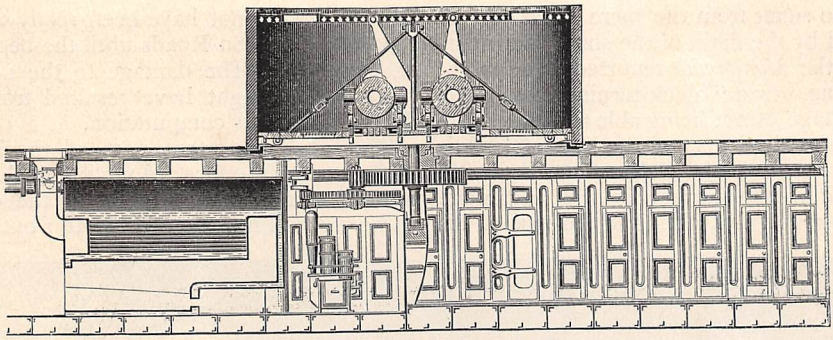
Let us now examine separately the three sectional representations.



1. AFT SECTION. LONGITUDINAL PLAN THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

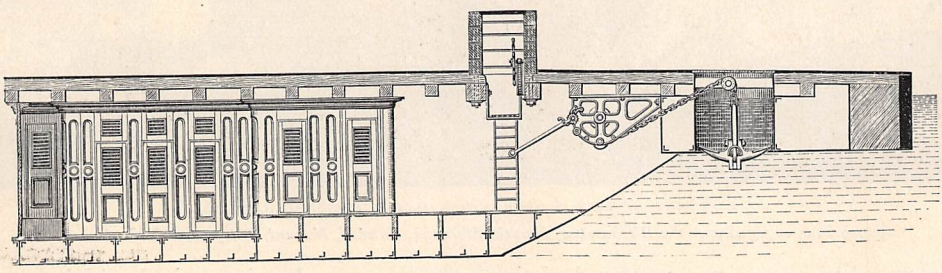
Forward Section. The anchor-well, a cylindrical perforation of the overhanging deck, near the bow, first claims our attention. The object of this well being to protect the anchor when raised, it is lined with plate iron backed by heavy timbers, besides being protected by the armor-plating bolted to the outside of the overhang. It should be noticed that this method proved so efficient that in no instance did the anchor-gear receive any injury during the several engagements with the Confederate batteries, although nearly all of the monitors of the *Passaic* class were subjected to rapid fire at short range in upwards of twenty actions. It will be remembered that the unprotected anchor of the *Merrimac* was shot away during the short battle with the *Congress* and the *Cumberland.* Having described the method of protecting the anchors, the mechanism adopted for manipulating the same remains to be explained. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that a windlass is secured under the deck-beams near the anchor-well. The men working the handles of this mechanism were stationed on the bottom of the vessel, and hence were most effectually protected against the enemy's shot, besides being completely out of sight. The Confederate artillerists were at first much surprised at witnessing the novel spectacle of vessels approaching their batteries, then stopping and remaining stationary for an indefinite time while firing, and then again departing, apparently without any intervention of anchor-gear. Our examination of this gear and the anchor-well affords a favorable opportunity of explaining the cause of Lieutenant Greene's alarm, mentioned in a statement recently published by a military journal, concerning a mysterious sound emanating from the said well during the passage of the *Monitor* from New York to Fortress Monroe. Lieutenant Greene says that the sound from the anchor-well "resembled the death-groans of twenty men, and was the most dismal, awful sound [he] ever heard." Let us endeavor to trace to some physical cause this portentous sound. The reader will find, on close examination, that the chain cable which suspends the anchor passes through an aperture ("hawse-pipe") on the aft side of the well, and that this pipe is very near the water-line; hence the slightest vertical depression of the bow will occasion a flow of water into the vessel. Obviously, any downward motion of the overhang will cause the air confined in the upper part of the well, when covered, to be blown through the hawse-pipe along with the admitted water, thereby producing a very discordant sound, repeated at every rise and fall of the bow during pitching. Lieutenant Greene also states that apart from the reported fearful sound, the battery was flooded by the water which entered through the hawse-pipe; a statement suggesting that this flooding was the result of faulty construction, whereas it resulted from gross oversight on the part of the executive officer,—namely, in going to sea without stopping the opening round the chain-cable at the point where it passes through the side of the anchor-well.

The pilot-house is the next important object represented in the forward section of the illustration now under consideration. This structure is situated ten feet from the anchor-well, its internal dimensions being three feet six inches long, two feet eight inches wide, three feet ten inches high above the plating of the deck, the sides consisting of solid blocks of wrought iron, twelve inches deep and nine inches thick, firmly held down at the corners by three-inch bolts passing through the iron-plated deck and deck-beams. The wheel, which by means of ordinary tiller-ropes operates the rudder, is placed within the pilot-house, its axle being supported by a bracket secured to the iron blocks as shown by the illustration. An ordinary ladder resting on the bottom of the battery leads to the grated floor of the pilot-house. In order to afford the commanding officer and the pilot a clear view of objects before and on the sides of the battery, the first and second iron blocks from the top are kept apart by packing pieces at the corners; long and narrow sight-holes being thereby formed extending round the pilot-house, and giving a clear view which sweeps round the entire horizon, all but that part which is hidden by the turret, hardly twelve degrees on each side of the line of keel. Regarding the adequacy of the elongated sight-hole formed between the iron blocks in the manner described, it should be borne in mind



2. CENTRAL SECTION, SAME PLAN.

that an opening of five-eighths of an inch affords a vertical view eighty feet high at a distance of only two hundred yards. More is not needed, a fact established during trials instituted by experts before the constructor delivered the battery to the Government. Unfortunately the sight-holes were subsequently altered, the iron blocks being raised and the opening between them increased to such an extent that at sea, to quote Lieutenant Greene's report, the water entered "with such force as to knock the helmsman completely round from the wheel." It may be shown that but for the injudicious increase of the sight-holes, the commander of the *Monitor* would not have been temporarily blinded during the conflict at Hampton Roads, although he placed his vessel in such an extraordinary position that, according to Lieutenant Greene's report, "a shell from the enemy's gun, the muzzle not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house." The size of the sight-hole, after the injudicious increase, may be inferred from the reported fact that the blast caused by the explosion of the Confederate shell on striking the outside of the pilot-house had the power of "partly lifting the top." This "top," it should be observed, consisted of an iron plate two inches thick, let down into an appropriate groove, but not bolted down—a circumstance which called forth Lieutenant Greene's disapprobation. The object of the constructor in leaving the top plate of the pilot-house loose, so as to be readily pushed up from below, was that of affording egress to the crew in case of accident. Had the monitor *Tecumseh*, commanded by Captain T. A. T. Craven, when struck by a torpedo during the conflict in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, been provided with a similar loose plate over the main hatch, the fearful calamity of drowning officers and crew would have been prevented. In referring to this untoward event it should be observed that means had been provided in all the sea-going monitors to afford egress in case of injury to the hull: an opening in the turret floor, when placed above a corresponding opening in the deck, formed a free passage to the turret, the top of which was provided with sliding hatches. Apparently the officer in charge of the turret-gear of Captain Craven's vessel was not at his post, as he ought to have been during action, or else he had not been taught the imperative duty of placing the turret in such a position that these openings would admit of a free passage from below.



3. FORWARD SECTION, SAME PLAN.

Lieutenant Greene's report with reference to the position of the pilot-house calls for particular notice, his assertion being that he "could not fire ahead within several points of the bow." The distance between the center of the turret and the pilot-house being fifty-five feet, while the extreme breadth of the latter is only five feet, it will be found that by turning the turret through an angle of only *six degrees* from the center line of the vessel, the shot will clear the pilot-house, a structure too sub-

stantial to suffer from the mere aërial current produced by the flight of the shot. Considering that the *Monitor*, as reported by Lieutenant Greene, was a "quick-turning vessel," the disadvantage of not being able to fire over the bow within *six degrees* of the line of keel is insignificant. Captain Coles claimed for his famous iron-clad turret-ship the advantage of an all-round fire, although the axis of his *Monitor* would not have been ready to proceed to Hampton Roads until the beginning of April, 1862. The damage to the national cause which might have resulted from that delay is beyond computation.

The next important part of the battery delineated on the forward section of the illustration, namely, the quarters of the officers and crew, will now be considered; but before



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER AND ADJACENT FORTS, APRIL 7, 1863.

The monitors engaged were the *Weehawken*, *Passaic*, *Montauk*, *Catskill*, *Nahant*, *Patapsco*, and *Nantucket*.

turret guns had many times greater deviation from the line of keel than that of the *Monitor*.

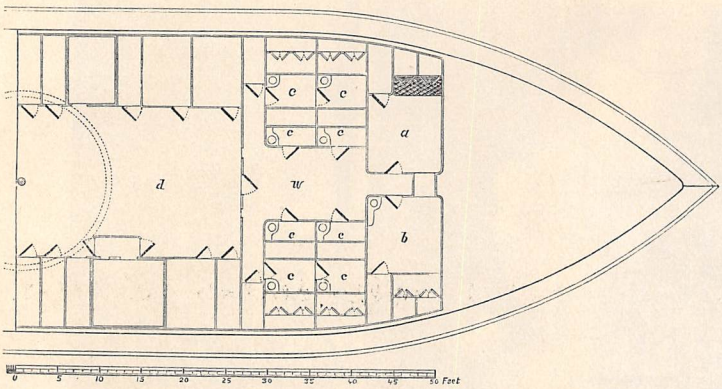
The statement published by Lieutenant Greene, that the chief engineer of the battery immediately after the engagement in Hampton Roads "suggested the clever plan of putting the pilot-house on top of the turret," is incorrect and calls for notice. The obvious device of placing the pilot-house in the center and above the turret was carefully considered before the *Monitor* turret was constructed, but could not be carried out for these reasons:

1. The turret of the battery was too light to support a structure large enough to accommodate the commanding officer, the pilot, and the steering-gear, under the severe condition of absolute impregnability against solid shot from guns of ten-inch caliber employed by the Confederates.

2. A central stationary pilot-house connected with the turret involved so much complication and additional work (see description of turret and pilot-houses further on), that had its adoption not been abandoned the entering on a description it should be mentioned that in a small turret-vessel built for fighting, only one-half of the crew need be accommodated at a time, as the other half should be in and on the turret, the latter being always covered with a water-proof awning. Referring again to the forward and to part of the central section, it will be seen that the quarters extend from the transverse bulkhead under the turret to within five feet of the pilot-house, a distance of fifty feet; the forward portion, twenty-four feet in length, being occupied by the officers' quarters and extending across the battery from side to side. The height of the aft part of these quarters is eight feet six inches under the deck-beams; while the height of the whole of the quarters of the crew is eight feet six inches. A mere glance at the illustrations showing a side elevation [page 283] and top view of internal arrangement [page 286] gives a correct idea of the nature of the accommodations prepared for the officers and crew of the battery which Lieutenant Greene



CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1864. (DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON, FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY ENDICOTT & CO.)



PLAN OF THE BERTH-DECK OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR, DRAWN TO SCALE.

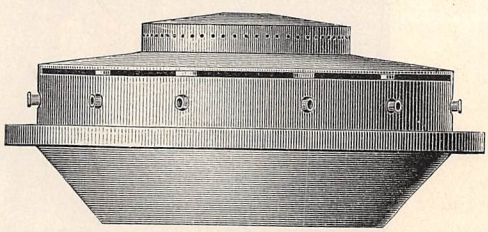
a, captain's cabin; *b*, his state-room; *c*, state-rooms of the officers; *w*, ward-room; *d*, quarters of the crew, with store-rooms on the sides.

regards as a "crude" structure, and of which he says: "Probably no ship was ever devised which was so uncomfortable for the crew." If this opinion were well founded, it would prove that submerged vessels like the monitors are unfit to live in.

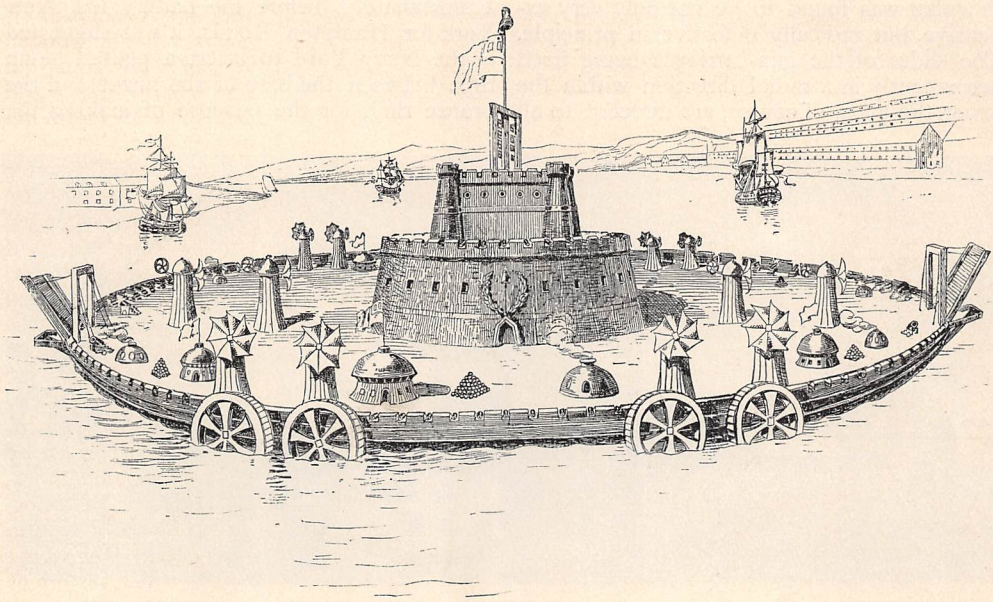
Fortunately, the important question whether crews can live permanently below water-line has been set at rest by the report of the chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery to the Secretary of the Navy, 1864. This minute and carefully considered report enabled the naval administration, organized by President Lincoln, to prove the healthfulness of the monitors, by the following clear presentation of the subject: "The monitor class of vessels, it is well known, have but a few inches of their hulls above the water-line, and in a heavy sea are entirely submerged. It has been doubted whether under such circumstances it would be possible long to preserve the health of the men on board, and consequently maintain the fighting material in a condition for effective service. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that an examination of the sick-reports, covering a period of over thirty months, shows that, so far from being unhealthy, there was less sickness on board the monitors than on the same number of wooden ships with an equal number of men and in similar exposed positions. The exemption from sickness upon the iron-clads in some instances is remarkable. There were on board the *Saugus*, from November 25th, 1864, to April 1st, 1865, a period of over four months, but four cases of sickness (excluding accidental injuries), and of these two were diseases with which the patients had suffered for years. On the *Montauk*, for a period of one hundred and sixty-five days prior to the 29th of May, 1865, there was but one case of disease on board. Other vessels of the class exhibit equally remarkable results, and the conclusion is reached that no wooden vessels in any squadron throughout the world can show an equal immunity from disease."

Apart from the ample size of the quarters on board the battery, shown by the illustration, it should be mentioned that the system adopted for ventilating those quarters furnishes an abundant supply of fresh air by the following means. Two centrifugal blowers, driven by separate steam-engines, furnished seven thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air per minute by the process of suction through standing pipes on deck. Part of the air thus drawn in supported the combustion of the boiler furnaces, the remainder entering the lower part of the hull, gradually expelling the heated and vitiated air within the vessel. It has been imagined that the fresh air supplied by the blowers ought to have been conveyed to the quarters at the forward end of the vessel, by a system of conducting pipes. The laws of static balance, however, render the adoption of such a method unnecessary, since agreeably to those laws the fresh cold air, unless it be stopped by closed doors in the bulkheads, will find its way to every part of the bottom of the hull, gradually rising and expelling the upper heated strata through the hatches, and lastly through the grated top of the turret. Naval constructors who speculate on the cause of the extraordinary healthfulness of the monitors need not extend their researches beyond a thorough investigation of the system of ventilation just described.

Turret Department. The most important object delineated on the *central* section of the illustration, namely, the rotating turret, will now be considered; but before describing this essential part of the monitor system, it will be well to observe that the general belief is quite



SIDE ELEVATION OF A FLOATING REVOLVING CIRCULAR TOWER, PUBLISHED BY ABRAHAM BLOODGOOD IN 1807.



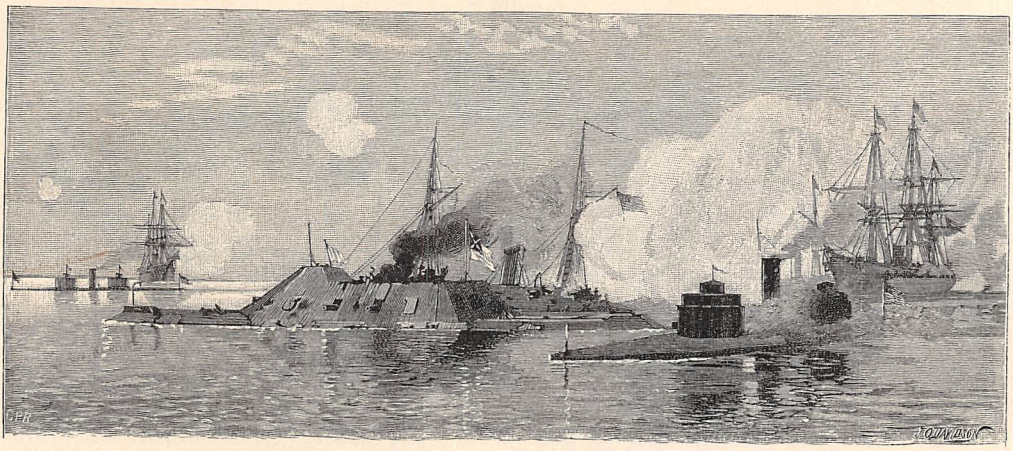
FLOATING CIRCULAR CITADEL, SUBMITTED TO THE FRENCH DIRECTORY IN 1798.

erroneous that a revolving platform, open or covered, is a novel design. So far from that being the case, this obvious device dates back to the first introduction of artillery. Sixty-four years ago the writer was taught by an instructor in fortification and gunnery that under certain conditions a position assailable from all sides should be defended by placing the guns on a turn-table. Long before building the *Monitor* I regarded the employment of a revolving structure to operate guns on board ships as a device familiar to all well-informed naval artillerists. But although constructors of revolving circular gun-platforms for naval purposes, open or covered, have a right to employ this ancient device, it will be demonstrated further on that the turret of the monitors is a distinct mechanical combination differing from previous inventions. The correctness of the assumption that revolving batteries for manipulating guns on board floating structures had been constructed nearly a century ago will be seen by the following reference to printed publications.

The "Nautical Chronicle" for 1805 contains an account of a "movable turning impregnable battery, invented by a Mr. Gillespie, a native of Scotland, who completed the model of a movable impregnable castle or battery, impervious to shot or bombs, provided with a cannon and carriage calculated to take a sure aim at any object." It is further stated that "the invention proposed will be found equally serviceable in floating batteries. Its machinery is adapted to turn the most ponderous mortars with the greatest ease, according to the position of the enemy." Again, the Transactions of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Arts in the State of New York, 1807, contains an illustration representing a side elevation of a circular revolving floating battery constructed by Abraham Bloodgood (see cut on page 286). The guns of this battery, as the inventor points out, "would be more easily worked than is common, as they would not require any lateral movement." It is also stated, as a peculiar feature of this floating battery, that "its rotary motion would bring all its cannon to bear successively, as fast as they could be loaded, on objects in any direction"; and that "its circular form would cause every shot that might strike it, not near the center, to glance." Thirty-five years after the publication of the illustration and description of the circular floating revolving tower of Abraham Bloodgood, Theodore R. Timby proposed to build a tower on land for coast defense, to be composed of iron, with several floors and tiers of guns, the tower to turn on a series of friction-rollers under its base. The principal feature of Timby's "invention" was that of arranging the guns radially within the tower, and firing each gun at the instant of its coming in line with the object aimed at during the rotary motion of the tower, precisely as invented by Bloodgood. About twenty years ago certain influential citizens presented drawings of Timby's revolving tower to the authorities at Washington, with a view of obtaining orders to build such towers for coast defense; but

the plan was found to be not only very expensive, but radically defective in principle. The slides of the gun-carriages being fixed permanently in a radial direction within the tower, the guns, of course, are directed to all points of the compass. Hence, during an attack by a hostile fleet, with many ships abreast, only one assailant can be fired at, its companions being scot-free in the dead angle formed between the effective gun and the guns on either side. In the mean time the numerous guns, distributed round the tower on the several floors, cannot be fired until their time comes during the revolution of the tower. The enemy's fleet continuing its advance, of course, calls for a change of elevation of the pieces, which, considering the constant revolution of the tower and the different altitudes above the sea of the several tiers, presents perplexing difficulties. Nothing further need be said to explain why the Government did not accept the plans for Timby's revolving towers.

The origin of rotating circular gun-platforms being disposed of, the consideration of the central section of the illustration will now be resumed. It will be seen that the turret which protects the guns and gunners of the *Monitor* consists simply of a short cylinder resting on the deck, covered with a grated iron roof provided with sliding hatches. This cylinder is composed of eight thicknesses of wrought-iron plates, each one inch thick, firmly riveted together, the inside course, which extends below the rest, being accurately faced underneath. A flat, broad ring of bronze is let into the deck, its upper face being very smooth in order to form a water-tight joint with the base of the turret without the employment of any elastic packing, a peculiar feature of the turrets of the monitors, as will be seen further on.



BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864. THE MONITORS CAPTURING THE IRON-CLAD RAM "TENNESSEE."

Unfortunately, before the battery left New York for Hampton Roads, it was suggested at the Navy Yard to insert a plaited hemp rope between the base of the turret and the bronze ring, for the purpose of making the joint perfectly water-tight. As might have been supposed, the rough and uneven hemp rope did not form a perfect joint; hence during the passage a great leak was observed at intervals as the sea washed over the decks. "The water came down under the turret like a waterfall," says Lieutenant Greene in his report. It will be proper to observe in this place that the "foundering" of the *Monitor* on its way to Charleston was not caused by the "separation of the upper and lower part of the hull," as was imagined by persons who possessed no knowledge of the method adopted by the builders in joining the upper and lower hulls. Again, those who asserted that the plates had been torn asunder at the junction of the hulls did not consider that severe strain cannot take place in a structure nearly submerged. The easy motion at sea, peculiar to the monitors, was pointed out by several of their commanders. Lieutenant Greene in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the *Monitor*, March 27, 1862, says with reference to sea-going qualities:

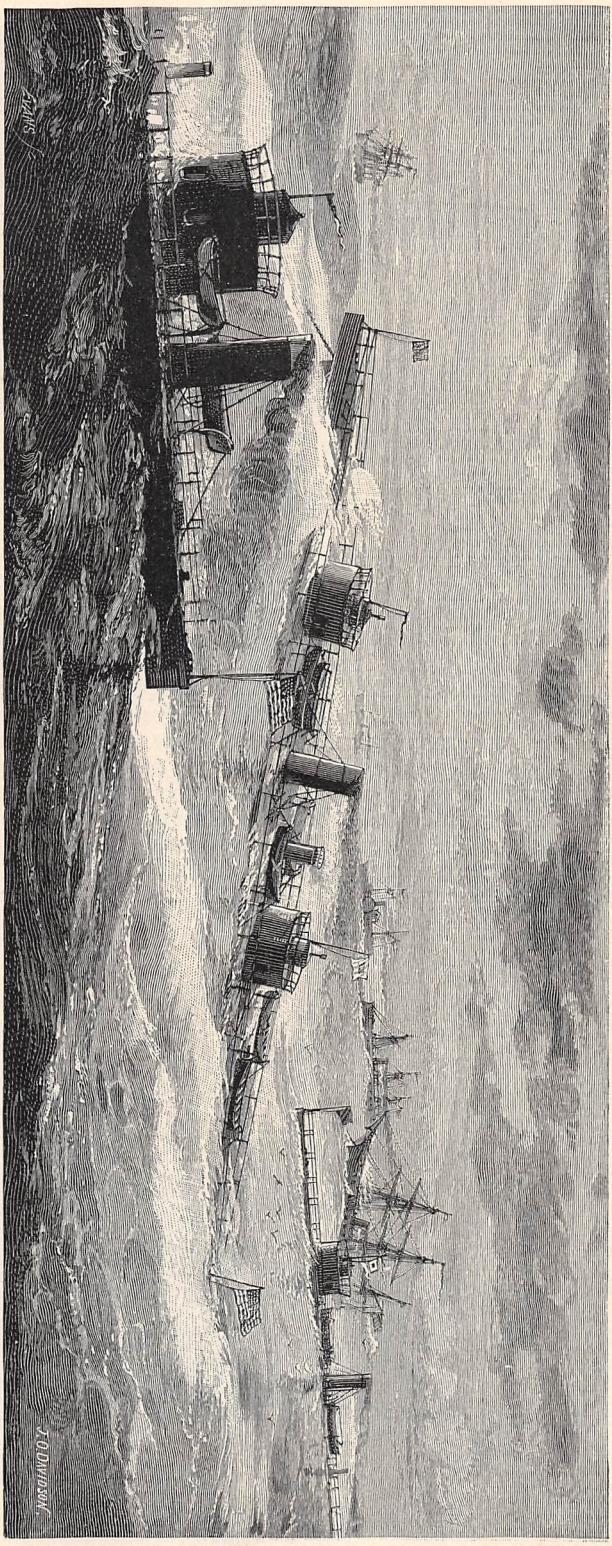
> "During her passage from New York her roll was very easy and slow and not at all deep. She pitched very little and with no strain whatever."

Captain John Rodgers's report to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the monitor *Weehawken*, January 22, 1863, refers specially to the easy motion of his vessel:

> "On Tuesday night, when off Chincoteague shoals, we had a very heavy gale from the E. N. E. with a very heavy sea, made confused and dangerous by the

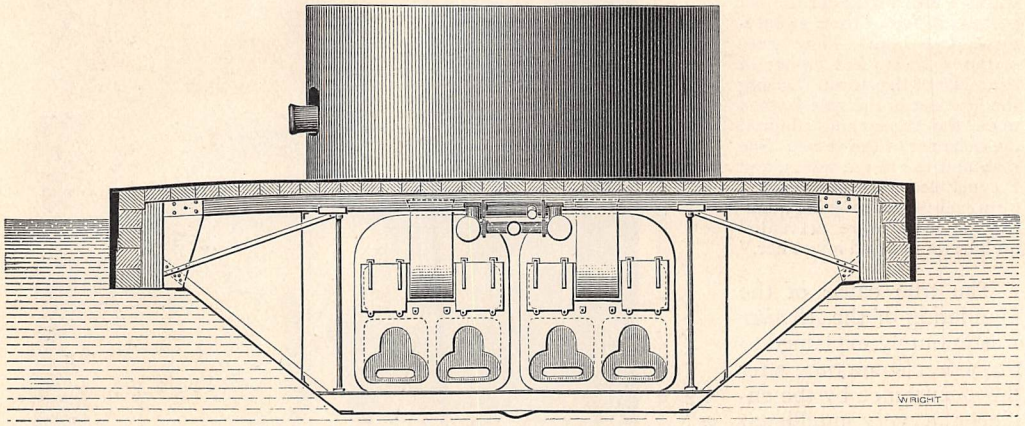
proximity of the land. The waves I measured after the sea abated; I found them twenty-three feet high. They were certainly seven feet higher in the midst of the storm. During the heaviest of the gale I stood upon the turret and admired the behavior of the vessel. She rose and fell to the waves, and I concluded that the monitor form had great sea-going qualities. If leaks were prevented no hurricane could injure her."

The true cause of the foundering of the *Monitor* was minutely explained to the writer some time after the occurrence by the engineer, a very intelligent person, who operated the centrifugal pumping-engine of the battery at the time. According to his statement, oakum was packed under the base of the turret before going to sea, in order to make sure of a water-tight joint; but this expedient failed altogether, the sea gradually washing out the oakum in those places where it had been loosely packed, thereby permitting so large a quantity of water to enter under the turret, fully sixty-three feet in circumference, that the centrifugal pumping-engine had not sufficient power to expel it. The hull consequently filled gradually and settled, until at the expiration of about four hours the battery went to the bottom. It will be asked, in view of the preceding explanation of the construction of the monitor turrets, namely, that the smooth base of the turret forms a water-tight joint with the ring on the deck, why was oakum packed under the turret before going to Charleston? The commander of the battery, Captain Bankhead, in his report of the foundering, adverts to the admission of water under the turret, but does not duly consider the serious character of



THE MONITORS "MONADNOCK," "CANONICUS," "MAHOPAC," AND "SAUGUS" AT ANCHOR NEAR FORT FISHER DURING A GALE. (AFTER LITHOGRAPH BY ENDICOTT & CO.)

Their commanders were surprised to find that not one of the turret vessels dragged its anchor, while the remainder of the fleet was in great danger owing to the inability of the ground tackle to hold out against the pressure of the wind on the top hampers, from which the monitors were free.

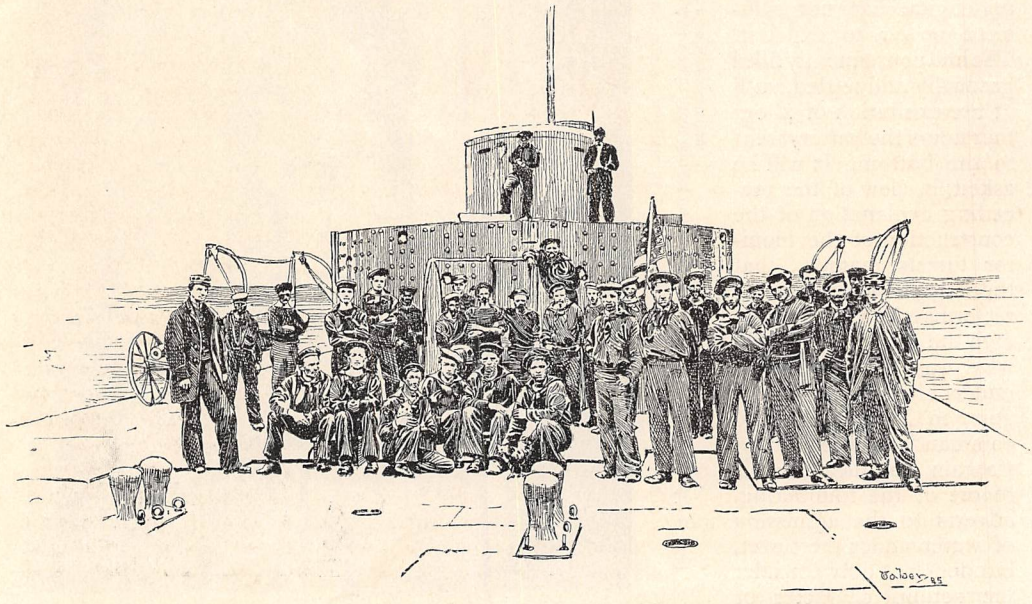


TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE HULL OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

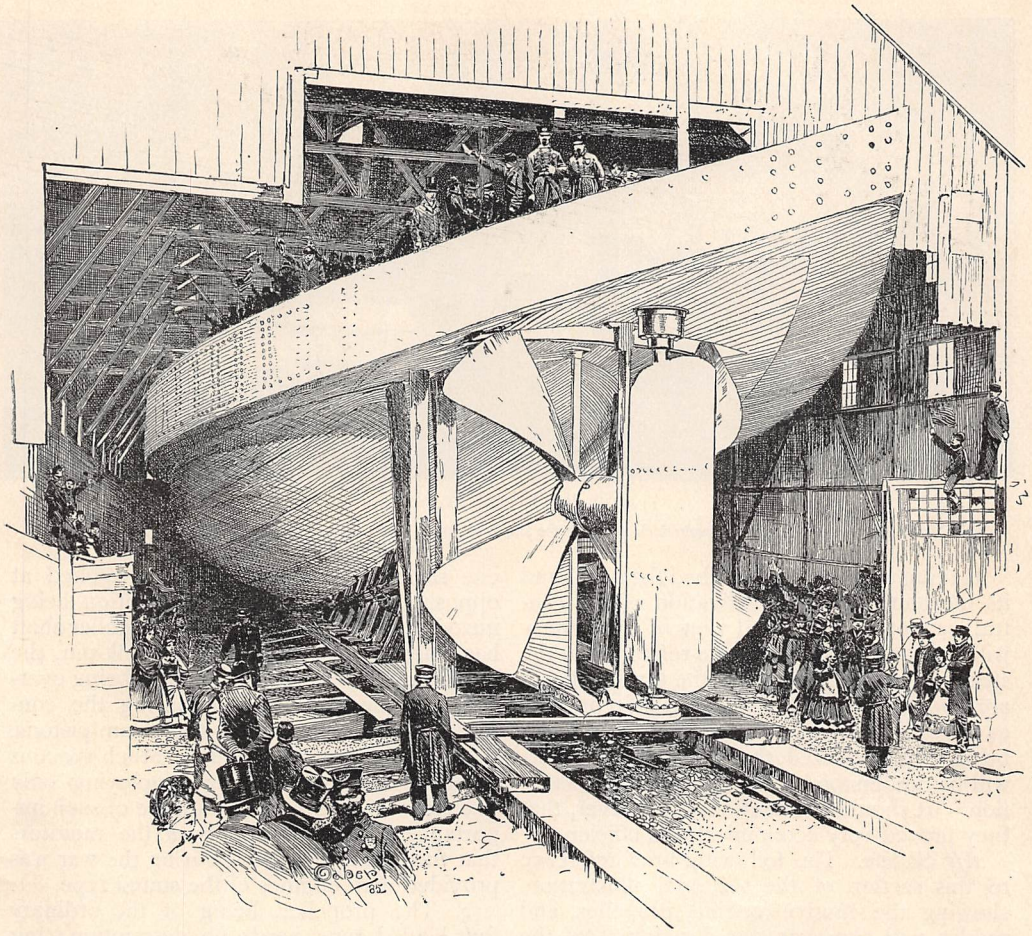
The diagram gives a front view of the boilers and furnaces; also a side elevation of the rotating cylindrical turret which proved impregnable against ten-inch solid shot fired with battering charges at very short range.

the leak, sixty-three feet in length. Captain Bankhead evidently had not carefully investigated the matter when he attributed the accident to an imaginary separation of the upper and lower hull. It should be observed, in justice to this officer, that having commanded the *Monitor* only during a brief period he possessed but an imperfect knowledge of his vessel, and probably knew nothing regarding the consequence of employing packing,— namely, that it might cause "water to come down under the turret like a waterfall," as previously reported by the second officer in command. Having explained that Captain Bankhead had not commanded the battery long enough to become fully acquainted with its construction, it will be proper to mention as a mitigating circumstance in favor of the second officer, Lieutenant Greene, that previous to the battle in Hampton Roads he had "never performed any but midshipman duty." The important question, therefore, must remain unanswered, whether the *Monitor*, like the other vessels of her type, might not in the hands of an older and more experienced executive officer have reached Charleston in safety.

Referring again to the central part of the

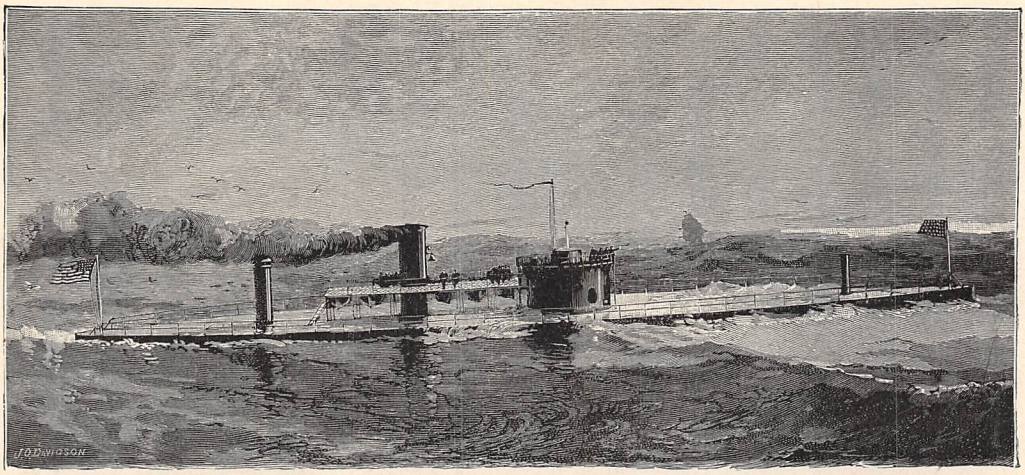


ON DECK.



LAUNCH OF THE "DICTATOR" FROM THE DELAMATER IRON WORKS, DECEMBER 27, 1863.

illustration, page 283, and the sectional representation of the turret, it will be found that the guns are placed across the vessel, consequently only the end of the breech and upper part of the port-hole are seen. The object of the pendulum port-stoppers suspended under the roof is to afford protection to the turret crew while loading the guns. Generally, however, the turret should be moved, and the port-holes thereby turned away from the enemy. Much time was lost during the conflict with the *Merrimac* by closing the port-stoppers in place of merely moving the turret, the latter operation being performed by a small steam-engine controlled by a single hand; while opening and closing the port-stoppers, as reported by Lieutenant Greene, required the entire gun-crew. The slow fire of the *Monitor* during the action, complained of by critics, was no doubt occasioned by an injudicious manipulation of the port-stoppers. There are occasions, however, when the turret should not be turned, in which case the port-stoppers are indispensable. The method adopted for turning the turret will be readily understood. The small steam-engine controlled by one man, before referred to, drives a double train of cog-wheels connected with the vertical axle of the turret, this axle being stepped in a bronze bearing secured to the central bulkhead of the battery. The mechanism thus described was carefully tested before the *Monitor* left New York for Hampton Roads, and was found to move very freely, the turret being turned and the guns accurately pointed by the sailing-master without aid. The trouble reported by Lieutenant Greene regarding the manipulation of the turret was caused by inattention during the passage from New York; the working-gear having been permitted to rust for want of proper cleaning and oiling while exposed to the action of salt water entering under the turret, from causes already explained.



THE "DICTATOR" AT SEA.

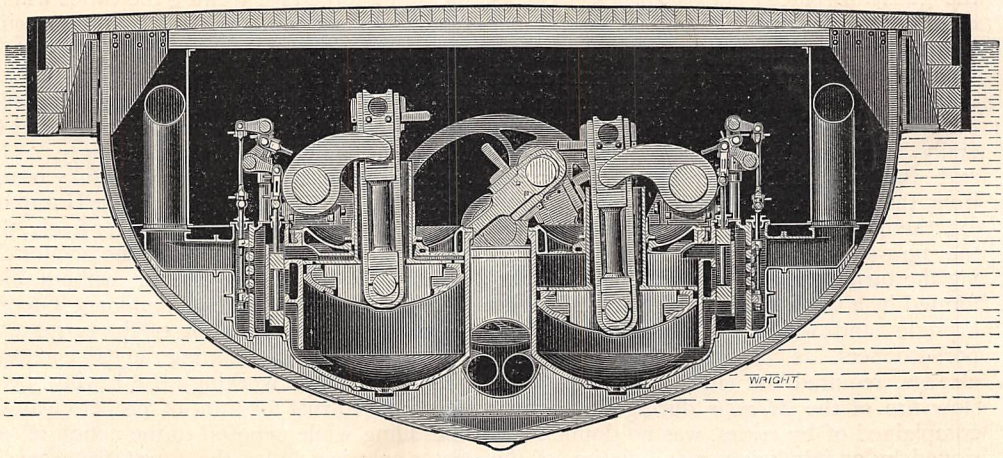
Amidships is seen the elevated promenade deck to which the ship's company resort when driven from the main deck by the seas.

Having thus briefly described the turret and its mechanism, our investigation of the central part of the sectional view of the battery will be completed by a mere reference to the steam-boilers placed aft of the turret. There are two of these boilers placed side by side, as shown in the cut on page 290. Two views being thus presented, the nature of the boilers will be understood without further explanation. It should be mentioned, however, that they proved very economical and efficient.

Aft Section. The following brief reference to this section of the sectional illustration, showing the motive engine, propeller, and rudder, will complete our description of the battery:

1. The motive engine, the construction of which is somewhat peculiar, consists of only one steam-cylinder with pistons applied at opposite ends, a steam-tight partition being introduced in the middle. The propeller-shaft has only one crank and one crank-pin, the difficulty of "passing the centers" being overcome by the expedient of placing the connecting-rods, actuated by the steam-pistons, at right angles to each other. Much space is saved within the vessel by employing only one steam-cylinder, an advantage of such importance in the short hulls of the monitors that the entire fleet built during the war was provided with engines of the stated type.

2. The propeller, being of the ordinary four-bladed type, needs no description; but the mode of protecting the same against shot demands full explanation. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that the under side



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE MONITOR "DICTATOR" THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE STEAM CYLINDERS.

The diagram shows the application of rock-shafts and vibrating levers by which the problem of placing engines with vertical cylinders below the water-line has been solved.

of the overhang near the stern is cut out in the middle, forming a cavity needed to give free sweep to the propeller-blades; the slope of the said cavity on either side of the propeller being considerably inclined in order to favor a free passage of the water to and from the propeller-blades.

3. The extreme beam at the forward side of the propeller-well is thirty-one feet, while the diameter of the propeller is only nine feet; it will therefore be seen that the deck and side armor projects eleven feet on each side, thus protecting most effectually the propelling instrument as well as the equipoise rudder applied aft of the same. It will be readily admitted that no other vessel constructed here or elsewhere has such thorough protection to rudder and propeller as that just described.

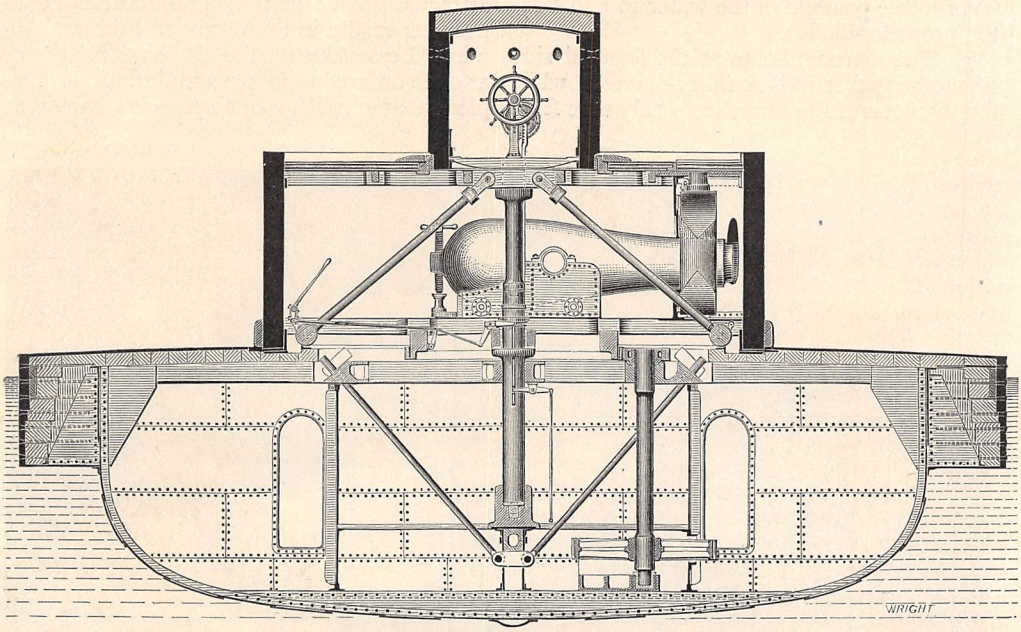


THE MONITOR "MONTAUK" DESTROYING THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER "NASHVILLE," OGEECHEE RIVER, GEORGIA.

THE foregoing description of the hastily constructed steam-battery proves that, so far from being, as generally supposed, a rude specimen of naval construction, the *Monitor* displayed careful planning, besides workmanship of superior quality. Experts who examined the vessel and machinery after completion pronounced the entire structure a fine specimen of naval engineering.

The conflict in Hampton Roads, and the immediate building of a fleet of sea-going monitors by the United States Government, attracted great attention in all maritime countries, especially in the north of Europe. Admiral Lessoffsky of the Russian navy was at once ordered to be present during the completion and trial of our sea-going monitors. The report of this talented officer to his government being favorable, the Emperor immediately ordered a fleet of twelve vessels on the new system, to be constructed according to copies of the working drawings from which the American sea-going monitors had been built. Sweden and Norway also forthwith laid the keels of a fleet of seven vessels of the new type, Turkey rapidly following the example of the northern European nations. It will be remembered that during the naval contest on the Danube the Russian batteries and torpedo boats subjected the Turkish monitors to severe tests. England, in due course, adopted our turret system, discarding the turn-table and cupola.

Many prominent naval architects in the European maritime countries warmly advocated our system of war-vessels with turrets and low freeboard. In England the subject was critically investigated by ship-constructors of the highest standing; the following epitome presents their views of the monitor system:



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE HULL OF A SEA-GOING MONITOR THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE TURRET AND PILOT-HOUSE.

"1. It is a creation altogether original, peculiarly American, admirably adapted to the special purpose which gave it birth. Like most American inventions, use has been allowed to dictate terms of construction, and purpose not prejudice has been allowed to rule invention. The ruling conditions of construction for the inventor of the American fleet were these: the vessels must be perfectly shot-proof; they must fight in shallow water; they must be able to endure a heavy sea, and pass through it, if not fight in it. The American iron-clad navy is a child of these conditions. Minimum draught of water means minimum extent of surface; perfect protection means thickness to resist the heaviest shot, and protection for the whole length of the ship; it also means perfect protection to guns and gunners. Had they added, what English legislators exact, that the ports shall lie in the ship's side, nine feet above the water, the problem might at once have become impossible and absurd; but they wanted the work done as it could be done, and allowed the conditions of success to rule the methods of construction.

"2. The conditions of success in the given circumstances were these: that you should not require the sides of the ship to rise much above the water's edge; that you should not require more protection to the guns than would contain the guns and gunners; that you should be content with as many guns as the ship could carry, and no more. To do the work, therefore, the full thickness of armor required to keep out the enemy's shot was taken, but the ship was made to rise a few inches above water, and no more; and so a narrow strip of thick armor, all along the upper edge of the ship's side, gave her complete protection. Thus the least quantity of thickest armor did most work in protecting the ship, engines, boilers, and magazine. Next, to protect the guns, a small circular fortress, shield, or tower encircled a couple of guns, and, if four guns were to be carried, two such turrets carried the armament and contained the gunners. Thus, again, weight of armor was spared to the utmost, and so both ship and armament were completely protected. But the consequences of these conditions are such as England, at least for sea-going ships, would reluctantly accept. The low ship's side, in a seaway, allows the sea to sweep over the ship, and the waves, not the sailors, will have possession of the deck. The American accepts the conditions, removes the sailors from the deck, allows the sea to have its way, and drives his vessel through, not over, the sea to her fighting destination by steam, abandoning sails. The American also cheerfully accepts the small round turret as protection for guns

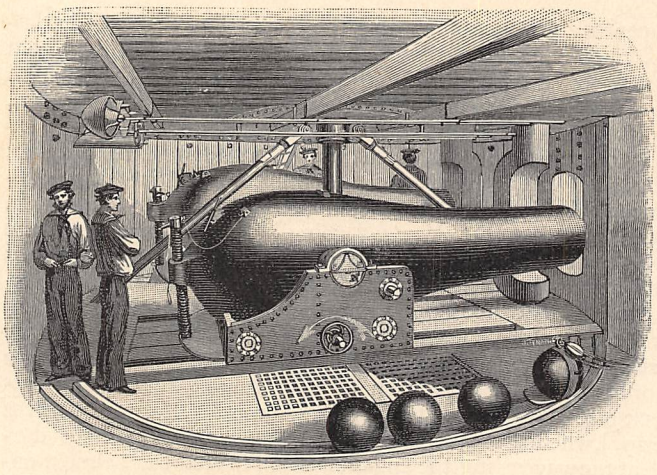
and men, and pivots them on a central turntable in the middle of his ship, raising his port high enough to be out of the water, and then fighting his guns through an aperture little larger than its muzzle. By thus frankly accepting the conditions he could not control, the American did his work and built his fleet. It is beyond doubt that the American *Monitor* class, with two turrets in each ship, and two guns in each turret, is a kind of vessel that can be made fast, shot-proof, and sea-going. It may be uncomfortable, but it can be made secure. The sea may possess its deck, but in the air, above the sea, the American raises a platform on the level of the top of his turrets, which he calls his hurricane-deck [see illustration of the *Dictator* at sea, page 292], whence he can look down with indifference at the waves furiously foaming and breaking themselves on the abandoned deck below. His vessel, too, has the advantage, as he thinks it, of not rolling with the waves; so that he can take his aim steadily and throw his shot surely. Thus, if he abandons much that we value, he secures what he values more. It may be shown that the American turret ships, of the larger class, with two turrets and four guns, are successful vessels — successful beyond the measure of English estimate of their success. Like so many American inventions, they are severely subject to the conditions of use, and successful by the rigidity and precision with which they fit the end and fulfill the purpose which was their aim. The design of these vessels has about it all the characteristics of American audacity. Every conventionality has been despised and discarded; in the sailor's sense of the word, there is nothing 'ship-shape' about this original *Monitor;* everything is unusual. She has neither keel, nor bilges, nor bulwarks. She is covered by a great horizontal platform of timber, projecting beyond her deck and descending below the water-line. This great upper platform in no way conforms to the shape of the under-ship which carries it; it is obviously meant to shelter the rudder and the stern from every attempt to damage them by shot or collision. At the bow the entire hull is equally protected by the overhanging platform of the deck."

The correctness of the views entertained by the English naval constructors was practically demonstrated by the performance of the monitors during the civil war. Impregnability proved by capability to keep out Confederate shot, being demanded by President Lincoln and promised by the constructor of the fleet which was built during the early part of 1862, it will be proper to inquire how far the performance accorded with anticipation. Admiral Dahlgren, the distinguished naval artillerist, commanding the blockading fleet at Charleston, reported to the Navy Department that from July 18 to September 8, 1863, a period of fifty-two days, the monitors *Weehawken*, *Patapsco*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Catskill*, and *Passaic* engaged Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Wagner, Gregg, and the batteries on Morris and Sullivan's islands, on an average ten times each, the *Montauk* going before the muzzles of the enemy's guns fifteen times during the stated period, while the *Patapsco* was engaged thirteen times and the *Weehawken* twelve times. The number of hits received by the six vessels mentioned amounted to 629; yet not a single penetration of side armor, turret, or pilot-house took place. Admiral Dahlgren observes that the *Montauk* was struck 154 times during the engagements referred to, "almost entirely," he states, "by ten-inch shot." Considering that the hull of the *Montauk* was nearly submerged, hence presenting a very small target, the recorded number of hits marked splendid practice on the part of the Confederate gunners. The report of the experienced commander concludes thus: "What vessels have ever been subjected to such a test?" It merits special notice that the same monitors which Admiral Dahlgren thus found to possess such remarkable power of endurance had led the unsuccessful attack at Charleston three months previously,— a circumstance which shows that difficulties presented themselves during that attack which had not been foreseen, or the magnitude of which had not been properly estimated. The attack referred to being one of the leading incidents of the civil war, the following facts connected with the same cannot properly be withheld in this place, more particularly since these facts rebut the allegation that injudicious advice to certain officers induced the Navy Department to adopt hazardous expedients in connection with the attack on Charleston. A letter from the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy in reference to the contemplated attack, written before the news of its failure had been received, contained the following sentence:

"Though everybody is despondent about Charleston, and even the President thinks we shall be defeated, I must say that I have never had a shadow of a doubt as to our success, and this confidence arises from careful study of your marvelous vessels."

To this letter the following reply was forwarded the next day:

"I confess that I cannot share in your confidence relative to the capture of Charleston. I am so much in the habit of estimating force and resistance that I cannot feel sanguine of success. If you succeed, it will not be a mechanical consequence of your 'marvelous' vessels, but because you are marvelously fortunate. The most *I* dare hope is, that the contest will end without

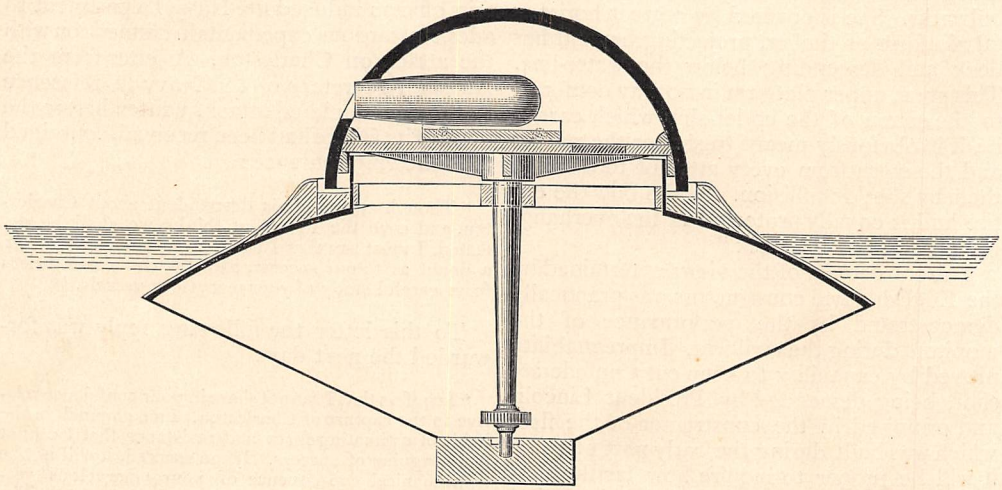


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE TURRET OF A SEA-GOING MONITOR.

The compact form of the gun-carriages, the simplicity of the massive port-stoppers, and the enormous size of the spherical projectiles (15-inch diameter) surprised naval experts.

the loss of that prestige which your iron-clads have conferred on the nation abroad. A single shot may sink a ship, while a hundred rounds cannot silence a fort, as you have proved on the Ogeechee. The immutable laws of force and resistance do not favor your enterprise. Chance, therefore, can alone save you."

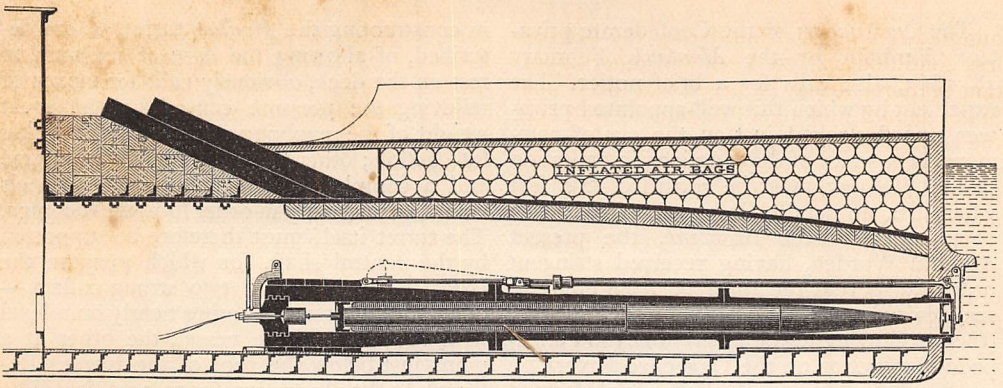
The discomfiture of the "marvelous" vessels before Charleston, however, did not impair their fitness to fight other battles. It will be recollected that the *Weehawken*, commanded by the late Admiral John Rodgers, defeated and captured the Confederate ram *Atlanta*, in Warsaw Sound, June 17, 1863, ten weeks *after* the battle of Charleston; consequently, *previous* to the engagements in which this monitor participated, as reported by Admiral Dahlgren. The splendid victory in Warsaw Sound did not attract much attention in the United States, while in the European maritime countries it was looked upon as an event of the highest importance, since it established the fact, practically, that armor-plating of the same thickness as that of *La Gloire* and the *Warrior* could be readily pierced, even when placed at an inclination of only twenty-nine degrees to the horizon. Moreover, the shot from the *Weehawken* struck at an angle of fifty degrees to the line of keel, thereby generating a compound angle, causing the line of the shot to approach the face of the armor-plate within twenty-two degrees. The great amount of iron and wood dislodged by the fifteen-inch spherical shot entering the citadel, protected by four-inch armor-plating and eighteen-inch wood backing, was shown by the fact that forty men on the *Atlanta's* gun-deck were prostrated by the concussion, fifteen being wounded, principally by splinters; a circumstance readily explained, since penetration at an angle of twenty-two degrees means that, independent of deflection, the shot must pass through nearly five feet of obstruction, — namely, eleven inches of iron and four feet of wood. Rodgers's victory in Warsaw Sound, therefore, proved that the four-and-a-half-inch vertical plating of the magnificent *Warrior* of nine thousand tons — the pride of the British Admiralty — would present a mere pasteboard protection against the fifteen-inch monitor guns.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF AN IRON-CLAD STEAM-BATTERY THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF ITS REVOLVING SEMI-SPHERICAL TURRET — SUBMITTED TO NAPOLEON III. IN THE LATTER PART OF 1854.

The destruction of the Confederate privateer *Nashville* by the *Montauk*, February 28, 1863, also calls for a brief notice. The expedient by which this well-appointed privateer was destroyed, just on the eve of commencing a series of depredations in imitation of the *Alabama*, must be regarded as a feat which has no parallel in naval annals. The commander of the *Montauk*, the present Admiral Worden, having received stringent orders to prevent the *Nashville* from going to sea, devised a plan for destroying the privateer (then occupying a safe position beyond a torpedo obstruction on the Ogeechee River), by means of the fifteen-inch shells which formed part of his equipment; but in order to get near enough for effective shelling, he was compelled to take up a position under the guns of Fort McAllister, then commanded by a Confederate officer of distinguished ability. Obviously, the success of the daring plan of not returning the concentrated flanking fire from the fort while shelling the privateer depended on the power of endurance of the *Montauk*, then for the first time subjected to such a crucial test. The result proved that Worden had not overestimated the resisting power of his vessel. The fifth shell had scarcely reached its destination when signs of serious damage on board the privateer were observed; a few additional shells being dispatched, a volume of black smoke was seen rising above the doomed *Nashville*. The shelling was continued for a short time, with the result that the entire hull of the intended depredator was enveloped in flames. The magazine ultimately exploded with terrific violence, tearing part of the structure into fragments. The gunners in the Confederate fort, McAllister, had in the mean time continued to practice against the *Montauk;* but no serious damage having been inflicted, the anchor was raised and the victor dropped down the river, cheered by the crews of the blockading fleet.

The cut on page 294 represents a transverse section through the turret and pilot-house of the *Montauk* and other sea-going vessels of the monitor type. It will be noticed that the pilot-house is placed above the turret, an arrangement which for lack of time could not be adopted in the original *Monitor*, as before particularly referred to. Evidently the pilot-house must remain stationary while the turret is being turned for the purpose of directing the guns; consequently it can derive no support from the turret; a stationary central shaft of wrought iron resting on the bottom of the vessel has therefore been introduced to carry the weight of the pilot-house, the substantial wrought-iron floor of which rests on the top of the shaft. The method adopted in constructing the *Monitor* turret, before described, of allowing the base of the same to rest on the deck, obviously calls for means of relieving the pressure caused by the great weight of the revolving structure before going into action; otherwise a very powerful engine and a complex arrangement of cog-wheels would be necessary in order to point the guns. The turret itself must therefore be supported by the central shaft, for which purpose the latter is provided with two strong collars,—one under the turret flooring nearly on a level with the deck of the vessel, the other at a point just below the roof of the turret. Referring to the illustration (page 294), it will be seen that diagonal braces connect the central part of the turret roof with the ends of the gun-slides, which latter consist of heavy girders of wrought iron stretching across the turret, to which they are firmly bolted. Corresponding diagonal braces applied below connect the ends of the gun-slides with the bearings into which the vertical shaft is stepped. The turret, the base of which is accurately faced underneath, rests on a smooth ring composed of bronze let into the deck, the base and this ring forming a water-tight joint at all times, even when the weight of the turret is partially relieved by keying up the central shaft. The port-stopper consists simply of a massive crank of wrought iron placed vertically, turning on a central pivot, readily operated by two men, and requiring only a few seconds in opening and closing. When turned in a line with the axis of the gun it closes the port, and when turned at right angles, as shown in the illustration, permits the gun to be run out. By means of a small steam-engine and a train of cog-wheels, the turret is turned and the guns pointed, as previously explained. The turret and pilot-house are perfectly cylindrical, each being composed of eleven plates of wrought iron, one inch thick, riveted together by "lapping" the same in a very peculiar manner insuring great strength. The pilot-house, provided with numerous sight-holes, generally elongated, is sufficiently large to accommodate the commanding officer, pilot, and helmsman. The mechanism for transmitting the power from the wheel to the tiller-ropes which control the rudder is quite novel. The success of this apparently complex mechanism has called forth favorable comments among European naval engineers, who all admit that a closed rotating gun-platform is not complete unless it is provided with an impregnable stationary protection for the commanding officer, pilot, and helmsman. A device which allows the commander to watch in perfect safety the movements of his opponent, instruct his helmsman, and direct the



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE BOW OF AN IRON VESSEL OF THE "DESTROYER" TYPE, SHOWING ITS SUBMARINE GUN, EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE, AND SEA-VALVES.

gunners under his feet, without changing his position, may well be deemed a mechanical triumph.

Regarding the plan of the *Monitor* and its origin, it should be stated that during the month of September, 1854, I presented a drawing and description of an iron-clad steam-battery to the Emperor Napoleon III.* This battery, like the *Monitor*, carried in its center a rotating circular gun-platform protected by a semi-spherical cupola composed of wrought iron six inches thick, the rotary platform and cupola being supported by a vertical axle resting on the bottom of the battery and operated by a steam-engine and a train of cog-wheels geared to the axle, as in the *Monitor*. The deck of this original battery was composed of plate iron three inches thick, curved upwards, the sides being entirely submerged, as shown by the illustration representing a transverse section of the hull through the center of the gun-platform and cupola. The peculiar form of this transverse section calls for an explanation,— namely, the keel consists of a square hollow box filled with cast iron, the weight of which is necessary to give stability to the structure. The illustration (page 296), it should be mentioned, is a facsimile of the drawing presented to the French Emperor. Regarding the internal arrangement of the battery, the fact calls for special notice that it was provided with a cylindrical tube for expelling submarine projectiles charged with explosives for destroying ships. The original battery submitted to Napoleon III. may, therefore, be regarded as a duplex fighting-machine, capable of attacking an enemy by an improved method of firing above water, together with the application of *submarine artillery* for expelling projectiles under water, capable of piercing the lower part of the hull of iron-clads, thereby rendering the employment of armor-plating as a means of protection practically useless.

The nautical community is aware that I have recently built a vessel, the *Destroyer* (now lying at the wharf in the United States Navy Yard at Brooklyn), provided with a submarine gun. The *Destroyer* is an iron vessel one hundred and thirty feet long, seventeen feet wide, eleven feet deep, protected by a wrought-iron breastwork of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of sixteen-inch caliber and thirty feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through an opening in the stem, as shown by the illustration representing a longitudinal section of the bow of the *Destroyer*. The projectile expelled by the submarine gun is twenty-five feet long, its weight being fifteen hundred pounds, including an explosive charge of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton, its form being shown by the above illustration. It is hardly necessary to point out that the carrier of the submarine gun is intended to supersede the costly ships called steam-rams, admitted to be the most powerful offensive weapons for naval purposes hitherto constructed. The *Destroyer* attacks bows on, and discharges the projectile at a distance of three hundred feet from the ship attacked. Experts need not be told that the explosion of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing water-tight compartments will be of no avail. Naval experts who have been present during the trials of the submarine gun of the *Destroyer* can give good reasons for not taking a warm interest in the present contest between armor-plates two feet thick and one-

* The Emperor promptly acknowledged the receipt of the plans, through General Favé, who said in his letter: "L'Empereur a examiné lui-même avec le plus grand soin le nouveau système d'attaque navale que vous lui avez communiqué. S. M. me charge d'avoir l'honneur de vous informer qu'elle a trouvé vos idées trés ingénieuses et dignes du nom célèbre de leur auteur."

hundred-ton guns. Considering the defenseless condition of New York and other important seaports, it may be urged that the United States should no longer lose time by watching the contest between the plate manufacturers of Sheffield and Essen; nor should time be lost by investigations intended to decide the merits of Krupp and Armstrong guns.

The Committee of Naval Affairs of the Senate, during the last session of Congress, in view of the fact that this country possesses no plant for producing either thick armor-plates or big guns, reported a bill (passed by the Senate February 27, 1885) for purchasing the *Destroyer*, in order to enable the Navy Department to test experimentally the efficacy of submarine artillery. The defense of the seaports of the United States by the new method of piercing iron-clads in spite of their thick armor-belt will in due time demonstrate that a conflict between an *Inflexible* and a *Destroyer* will be shorter and more decisive than that between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*.

John Ericsson.

THE LOSS OF THE MONITOR.*

BY A SURVIVOR.

AT daybreak on the 29th of December, 1862, at Fort Monroe, the *Monitor* hove short her anchor, and by ten o'clock in the forenoon she was under way for Charleston, South Carolina, in charge of Commander J. B. Bankhead. The *Rhode Island*, a powerful side-wheeled steamer, was to be our convoy, and to hasten our speed she took us in tow with two long twelve-inch hawsers. The weather was heavy with dark, stormy-looking clouds and a westerly wind. We passed out of the Roads and rounded Cape Henry, proceeding on our course with but little change in the weather up to the next day at noon, when the wind shifted to the south-south-west and increased to a gale. At twelve o'clock it was my trick at the lee wheel, and being a good hand I was kept there. At dark we were about seventy miles at sea, and directly off Cape Hatteras. The sea rolled high and pitched together in the peculiar manner only seen at Hatteras. The *Rhode Island* steamed slowly and steadily ahead. The sea rolled over us as if our vessel were a rock in the ocean only a few inches above the water, and men who stood abaft on the deck of the *Rhode Island* have told me that several times we were thought to have gone down. It seemed that for minutes we were out of sight, as the heavy seas entirely submerged the vessel. The wheel had been temporarily rigged on top of the turret, where all the officers, except those on duty in the engine-room, now were. I heard their remarks, and watched closely the movements of the vessel, so that I exactly understood our condition. The vessel was making very heavy weather, riding one huge wave, plunging through the next as if shooting straight for the bottom of the ocean, and splashing down upon another with such force that her hull would tremble, and with a shock that would sometimes take us off our feet, while a fourth would leap upon us and break far above the turret, so that if we had not been protected by a rifle-armor that was securely fastened and rose to the height of a man's chest, we should have been washed away. I had volunteered for service on the *Monitor* while she lay at the Washington Navy Yard in November. This going to sea in an iron-clad I began to think was the dearest part of my bargain. I thought of what I had been taught in the service, that a man always gets into trouble if he volunteers.

About eight o'clock, while I was taking a message from the captain to the engineer, I saw the water pouring in through the coal-bunkers in sudden volumes as it swept over the deck. About that time the engineer reported that the coal was too wet to keep up steam, which had run down from its usual pressure of eighty pounds to twenty. The water in the vessel was gaining rapidly over the small pumps, and I heard the captain order the chief engineer to start the main pump, a very powerful one of new invention. This was done, and I saw a stream of water eight inches in diameter spouting up from beneath the waves.

About half-past eight the first signals of distress to the *Rhode Island* were burned. She lay to, and we rode the sea more comfortably than when we were being towed. The *Rhode Island* was obliged to turn slowly ahead to keep from drifting upon us and to prevent the tow-lines

* By the courtesy of the Rhode Island Historical Society we are permitted to print the following interesting paper condensed from one of its pamphlets, of which only a very small edition has been published. —[EDITOR.

from being caught in her wheels. At one time, when she drifted close alongside, our captain shouted through his trumpet that we were sinking, and asking the steamer to send us her boats. The *Monitor* steamed ahead again with renewed difficulties, and I was ordered to leave the wheel and was kept employed as messenger by the captain. The chief engineer reported that the coal was so wet that he could not keep up steam, and I heard the captain order him to slow down and put all steam that could be spared upon the pumps. As there was danger of being towed under by our consort, the tow-lines were ordered to be cut, and I saw James Fenwick, quarter-gunner, swept from the deck and carried by a heavy sea leeward and out of sight in attempting to obey the order. Our daring boatswain's mate, John Stocking, then succeeded in reaching the bows of the vessel, and I saw him swept by a heavy sea far away into the darkness.

About half-past ten o'clock our anchor was let go with all the cable, and struck bottom in about sixty fathoms of water; this brought us out of the trough of the sea, and we rode it more comfortably. The fires could no longer be kept up with the wet coal. The small pumps were choked up with water, or, as the engineer reported, were drowned, and the main pump had almost stopped working from lack of power. This was reported to the captain, and he ordered me to see if there was any water in the ward-room. This was the first time I had been below the berth-deck. I went forward, and saw the water running in through the hawse-pipe, an eight-inch hole, in full force, as in dropping the anchor the cable had torn away the packing that had kept this place tight. I reported my observations, and at the same time heard the chief engineer report that the water had reached the ash-pits and was gaining very rapidly. The captain ordered him to stop the main engine and turn all steam on the pumps, which I noticed soon worked again.

The clouds now began to separate, a moon of about half size beamed out upon the sea, and the *Rhode Island*, now a mile away, became visible. Signals were being exchanged,* and I felt that the *Monitor* would be saved, or at least that the captain would not leave his ship until there was no hope of saving her. I was sent below again to see how the water stood in the ward-room. I went forward to the cabin and found the water just above the soles of my shoes, which indicated that there must be more than a foot in the vessel. I reported this to the captain, and all hands were set to baling,—baling out the ocean, as it seemed,—but the object was to employ the men, as there now seemed to be danger of excitement among them. I kept employed most of the time taking the buckets from through the hatchway on top of the turret. They seldom would have more than a pint of water in them, however, the balance having been spilled out in passing from one man to another.

The weather was clear, but the sea did not cease rolling in the least, and the *Rhode Island*, with the two lines wound up in her wheel, was tossing at the mercy of the sea, and came drifting against our sides. A boat that had been lowered was caught between the vessels and crushed and lost. Some of our seamen bravely leaped down on deck to guard our sides, and lines were thrown to them from the deck of the *Rhode Island*, which now lay her whole length against us, floating off astern; but not a man would be the first to leave his ship, although the captain gave orders to do so. I was again sent to examine the water in the ward-room, which I found to be more than two feet above the deck; and I think I was the last person who saw Engineer S. A. Lewis as he lay seasick in his bunk, apparently watching the water as it grew deeper and deeper, and aware what his fate must be. He called me as I passed his door, and asked if the pumps were working. I replied that they were. "Is there any hope?" he asked; and feeling a little moved at the scene, and knowing certainly what must be his end, and the darkness that stared at us all, I replied, "As long as there is life there is hope." "Hope and hang on when you are wrecked," is an old saying among sailors. I left the ward-room, and learned that the water had gained so as to choke up the main pump. As I was

* The method of communication from the *Monitor* was by writing in chalk on a black-board which was held up to view; the *Monitor* had no mast on which to hoist the regular naval code used by the *Rhode Island*. As night approached, the captain of the *Monitor* wrote, while we could yet see, that if they were forced to abandon their ship, they would burn a red light as a signal. About ten o'clock the signal was given. When the steamer stopped to allow the hawsers to be cast off the *Monitor* forged ahead under the impetus of her headway, and came so close up under the steamer's stern, that there was great danger of her running into and cutting the steamer down. When the engines of the *Rhode Island* were started to go ahead to get out of the way it was discovered that the hawser had got afoul of the paddle-wheel, and when they were put in motion, instead of getting clear of her, the rope wound up on the wheel and drew the vessels together. This was an extremely dangerous position, for they were being pitched and tossed about so much by the heavy seas, that if the iron-clad had once struck the steamer they must both have gone down together. However, a fireman went into the wheel at the risk of his life, and with an axe cut the hawser away so that the steamer was enabled to get away at a safe distance.—From a letter to the Editor from H. R. SMITH, then of the *Rhode Island*.

crossing the berth-deck I saw our ensign, Mr. Fredrickson, hand a watch to Master's Mate Williams, saying, "Here, this is yours; I may be lost." The watch and chain were both of unusual value. Williams received them into his hand, then with a hesitating glance at the time-piece said, "This thing may be the means of sinking me," and threw it upon the deck. There were three or four cabin-boys pale and prostrate with seasickness, and the cabin cook, an old African negro, under great excitement, was scolding them most profanely.

As I ascended the turret ladder the sea broke over the ship, and came pouring down the hatchway with so much force that it took me off my feet; and at the same time the steam broke from the boiler-room, as the water had reached the fires, and for an instant I seemed to realize that we had gone down. Our fires were out, and I heard the water blowing out of the boilers. I reported my observations to the captain, and at the same time saw a boat alongside. The captain again gave orders for the men to leave the ship, and fifteen, all of whom were seamen and men whom I had placed my confidence upon, were the ones who crowded the first boat to leave the ship. I was disgusted at witnessing the scramble, and, not feeling in the least alarmed about myself, resolved that I, an "old haymaker," as landsmen are called, would stick to the ship as long as my officers. I saw three of these men swept from the deck and carried leeward on the swift current.

Baling was now resumed. I occupied the turret all alone, and passed buckets from the lower hatchway to the man on the top of the turret. I took off my coat — one that I had received from home only a few days before (I could not feel that our noble little ship was yet lost) — and rolling it up with my boots, drew the tampion from one of the guns, placed them inside, and replaced the tampion. A black cat was sitting on the breech of one of the guns, howling one of those hoarse and solemn tunes which no one can appreciate who is not filled with the superstitions which I had been taught by the sailors, who are always afraid to kill a cat. I would almost as soon have touched a ghost, but I caught her, and placing her in another gun, replaced the wad and tampion; but I could still hear that distressing yowl. As I raised my last bucket to the upper hatchway no one was there to take it. I scrambled up the ladder and found that we below had been deserted. I shouted to those on the berth-deck, "Come up; the officers have left the ship, and a boat is alongside."

As I reached the top of the turret I saw a boat made fast on the weather quarter filled with men. Three others were standing on deck trying to get on board. One man was floating leeward, shouting in vain for help; another, who hurriedly passed me and jumped down from the turret, was swept off by a breaking wave and never rose. I was excited, feeling that it was the only chance to be saved. I made a loose line fast to one of the stanchions, and let myself down from the turret, the ladder having been washed away. The moment I struck the deck the sea broke over it and swept me as I had seen it sweep my shipmates. I grasped one of the smoke-stack braces and, hand-over-hand, ascended to keep my head above water. It required all my strength to keep the sea from tearing me away. As it swept from the vessel I found myself dangling in the air nearly at the top of the smoke-stack. I let myself fall, and succeeded in reaching a life-line that encircled the deck by means of short stanchions, and to which the boat was attached. The sea again broke over us, lifting me feet upward as I still clung to the life-line. I thought I had nearly measured the depth of the ocean, when I felt the turn, and as my head rose above the water I was somewhat dazed from being so nearly drowned, and spouted up, it seemed, more than a gallon of water that had found its way into my lungs. I was then about twenty feet from the other men, whom I found to be the captain and one seaman; the other had been washed overboard and was now struggling in the water. The men in the boat were pushing back on their oars to keep the boat from being washed on to the *Monitor's* deck, so that the boat had to be hauled in by the painter about ten or twelve feet. The first lieutenant, S. D. Greene, and other officers in the boat, were shouting, "Is the captain on board?" and, with severe struggles to have our voices heard above the roar of the wind and sea, we were shouting "No," and trying to haul in the boat, which we at last succeeded in doing. The captain, ever caring for his men, requested us to get in, but we both, in the same voice, told him to get in first. The moment he was over the bows of the boat Lieutenant Greene cried, "Cut the painter! cut the painter!" I thought, "Now or lost," and in less time than I can explain it, exerting my strength beyond imagination, I hauled in the boat, sprang, caught on the gunwale, was pulled into the boat with a boat-hook in the hands of one of the men, and took my seat with one of the oarsmen. The other man, named Thomas Joice, managed to get into the boat in some way, I cannot tell how, and he was the last man saved from that ill-fated ship. As we were cut loose I saw

several men standing on top of the turret, apparently afraid to venture down upon deck, and it may have been that they were deterred by seeing others washed overboard while I was getting into the boat.

After a fearful and dangerous passage over the frantic seas, we reached the *Rhode Island*, which still had the tow-line caught in her wheel and had drifted perhaps two miles to leeward. We came alongside under the lee bows, where the first boat, that had left the *Monitor* nearly an hour before, had just discharged its men; but we found that getting on board the *Rhode Island* was a harder task than getting from the *Monitor*. We were carried by the sea from stem to stern, for to have made fast would have been fatal; the boat was bounding against the ship's sides; sometimes it was below the wheel, and then, on the summit of a huge wave, far above the decks; then the two boats would crash together; and once, while Surgeon Weeks was holding on to the rail, he lost his fingers by a collision which swamped the other boat. Lines were thrown to us from the deck of the *Rhode Island*, which were of no assistance, for not one of us could climb a small rope; and besides, the men who threw them would immediately let go their holds, in their excitement, to throw another — which I found to be the case when I kept hauling in rope instead of climbing.

It must be understood that two vessels lying side by side, when there is any motion to the sea, move alternately; or in other words, one is constantly passing the other up or down. At one time, when our boat was near the bows of the steamer, we would rise upon the sea until we could touch her rail; then in an instant, by a very rapid descent, we could touch her keel. While we were thus rising and falling upon the sea, I caught a rope, and rising with the boat managed to reach within a foot or two of the rail, when a man, if there had been one, could easily have hauled me on board. But they had all followed after the boat, which at that instant was washed astern, and I hung dangling in the air over the bow of the *Rhode Island*, with Ensign Norman Atwater hanging to the cat-head, three or four feet from me, like myself, with both hands clinching a rope and shouting for some one to save him. Our hands grew painful and all the time weaker, until I saw his strength give way. He slipped a foot, caught again, and with his last prayer, "O God!" I saw him fall and sink, to rise no more. The ship rolled, and rose upon the sea, sometimes with her keel out of water, so that I was hanging thirty feet above the sea, and with the fate in view that had befallen our much-beloved companion, which no one had witnessed but myself. I still clung to the rope with aching hands, calling in vain for help. But I could not be heard, for the wind shrieked far above my voice. My heart here, for the only time in my life, gave up hope, and home and friends were most tenderly thought of. While I was in this state, within a few seconds of giving up, the sea rolled forward, bringing with it the boat, and when I would have fallen into the sea, it was there. I can only recollect hearing an old sailor say, as I fell into the bottom of the boat, "Where in —— did he come from?"

When I became aware of what was going on, no one had succeeded in getting out of the boat, which then lay just forward of the wheel-house. Our captain ordered them to throw bowlines, which was immediately done. The second one I caught, and, placing myself within the loop, was hauled on board. I assisted in helping the others out of the boat, when it again went back to the *Monitor;* it did not reach it, however, and after drifting about on the ocean several days it was picked up by a passing vessel and carried to Philadelphia.*

It was half-past twelve, the night of the thirty-first of December, 1862, when I stood on the forecastle of the *Rhode Island*, watching the red and white lights that hung from the pennant-staff above the turret, and which now and then were seen as we would perhaps both rise on the sea together, until at last, just as the moon had passed below the horizon, they were lost, and the *Monitor*, whose history is familiar to us all, was seen no more.

The *Rhode Island* cruised about the scene of the disaster the remainder of the night and the next forenoon in hope of finding the boat that had been lost; then she returned direct to Fort Monroe, where we arrived the next day with our melancholy news.

Francis B. Butts.

*After making two trips there were still four officers and twelve men on the *Monitor*, and the gallant boat's crew, although well-nigh exhausted by their labors, started for the third time on its perilous trip, but it never reached them, for while all on board the steamer were anxiously watching the light in the turret and vainly peering into the darkness for a glimpse of the rescuing boat, the light suddenly disappeared and forever, for after watching for a long time to try and find it again they were forced to the conclusion that the *Monitor* had gone to the bottom with all that remained on board. The position of the *Rhode Island* at this time was about eight or ten miles off the coast directly east of Cape Hatteras.— H. R. S. (See page 300.)

DANGERS IN FOOD AND DRINK.

FANCY, if you please, the state of mind of a citizen of New York as to the deceptions and dangers which may exist for himself and his family in the food and drink they consume. That the milk may be watered or skimmed, that the butter may be oleomargarine, or that the sweetening for his buckwheat cakes may be glucose syrup, he has long since learned. Notwithstanding this, he manages to make a tolerable breakfast, only reflecting, as he sips his morning coffee, that not long since he has heard that raw coffees are frequently "painted," as those in the trade term it, with various colors, some of which contain poisons. At his dinner he would like some vermicelli, but he has recently read in the papers of prosecutions in the courts for coloring vermicelli with the poisonous chromate of lead; he would like a salad, but remembers that a few months ago there was a stir about the sale of mustard colored with a poisonous coal-tar color; he would console himself with pickles by way of condiment, but hesitates to swallow what may contain a full medicinal dose of copper compounds; he might slake his thirst with lager beer, but again fears that he will only imbibe copper or lead in another form; an effervescent mineral water might serve as a substitute, but he has been informed that many manufacturers of mineral water in the city use for their wares water contaminated with drainage. In despair, he thinks to refresh himself with ice-cream, but again hesitates, since it is reported that one of the ingredients may be gelatine whitened with zinc white. The good citizen, knowing not which way to turn, experiences a reaction, concludes to take his chances, and eats and drinks heartily, philosophically reflecting on the added significance of the saying, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die."

It is my purpose here to give a brief account of some of the dangers which have been discovered, and, it is to be hoped, materially diminished, by the action of the New York City Health Department during the past few months.

As to coffee: Two forms of treatment have been applied to raw coffee in order to affect the color and general appearance of the bean —"sweating," as it is sometimes termed, and revolving in cylinders. The latter process is termed "polishing" when powdered soapstone or nothing whatever is mixed with the coffee, and "painting" when mineral pigments are added to change the color. The coffee is usually moistened to soften the exterior; sometimes a little gum arabic is dissolved in the water used.

When coffee was brought here in sailing vessels, requiring a long time for the voyage, the coffee underwent a change in the hold analogous to the sweating process in curing tobacco, or that used in the preparation of some kinds of tea. It is worthy of remark that a decided improvement in flavor is imparted by such a process to articles of the kind. The effect on the coffee was not only to improve the flavor, but to alter somewhat the form of the bean, while the color was changed from a brownish green to a more decided brown. When steamers began to carry coffee, the time of the voyage was too short to permit this sweating process to produce such an effect, and a method of treating the coffee by moist heat (140° to 150° Fahrenheit) was devised, which imitated in some respects the conditions produced in the hold of a sailing vessel. With some coffees this treatment produced a perceptible increase in the size of the bean, as well as the alteration in flavor and tint, and in this way, except in point of color, some South American coffees could be made to imitate the more popular "Java."

"Polishing" was originally practiced, without the addition of any mineral substances, to improve the general appearance of the raw coffee; but it was accidentally discovered that the addition of small amounts of pulverized soapstone effects a much more decided improvement. This led to the use of mineral substances and pigments to affect the color, until now coffee can be "painted" any desired shade by those skilled in this branch, just as one can get from a dyer any desired shade on woven fabrics. A list of the substances used in this "painting" may here find a place: gum arabic; Venetian red; French chalk, or soapstone; Silesia blue; chrome yellow; Prussian blue; turmeric; burnt umber; yellow ochre; drop-black.

The Silesia blue consists of a mixture of Prussian blue and barytes. In the sample examined a small amount of lead (probably there as white lead) was detected. The "drop-black" is ground bone-black. The other names require no explanation. Of these

colors only chrome yellow (chromate of lead) is *per se* poisonous. The ochres, however, are sometimes the product of the weathering and decomposition of pyrites containing arsenic or copper, and those elements can frequently be detected in them. In the colors examined, only the burnt umber showed arsenic; still, in consequence of careless handling, poisonous materials sometimes get mixed with the substances used.

The use of colors containing poisons for "painting" coffee has been forbidden, and to a large extent stopped by the prompt action of the Health Departments of New York and Brooklyn. Although the aggregate number of pounds of coffee thus treated is no doubt very large, the proportion to the entire amount of coffee sold has been small, and in cases of "painting," as has been seen, but few of the colors have poisonous constituents. Nevertheless, so long as buyers of raw coffee follow the older traditions, depending upon color as their guide, and

> "Do not care for dirty greens
> By any means,"

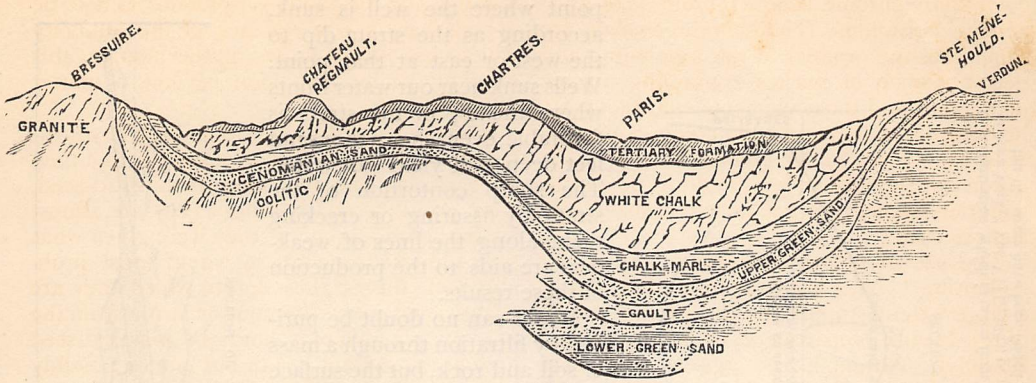
or the reverse, some encouragement is given to these practices in defiance of the law, and only the enlightenment of buyers to suit the changed conditions of the coffee-trade can effectually stop "painting." At the present time the most expert buyers depend very little upon color, but judge of the samples by the appearance and aroma of the roasted beans, and the flavor of the infusion.

The coloring of vermicelli with chrome yellow seems to have come about in this wise: A large proportion of our population, chiefly Germans, are very fond of what they term "Eier Nudeln," a yellow vermicelli, the color being supposed to be imparted by the admixture of eggs with the flour used in the manufacture. Some unscrupulous manufacturers, having found that for their trade a yellow color in the vermicelli was sufficient to work upon the imaginations of their customers, omitted the expensive egg, and added instead some yellow coloring material. Turmeric, Martius' yellow (a coal-tar dye), and chrome yellow (chromate of lead) are colors which have been used. The last is by far the most dangerous addition, and at least one case of lead-poisoning in this city has been traced directly to this source. In some families the custom of making the nudeln at home prevails, which is certainly a safe plan. In some cases the manufacturers were most probably ignorant of the properties of the yellow coloring matter (chrome yellow) which they used. They simply used the material because other manufacturers did, and they found a sale for goods so colored. It is to be hoped that, in consequence of the publicity which has been given to this matter, this form of danger may soon become a matter of history only.

Some persons imagine, when they buy mustard from a grocer of good standing, that they are receiving only the flour of mustard-seed, after grinding and bolting. They are almost invariably mistaken. If they were given what they supposed, the article would most probably lack the bright color to which they are accustomed, since the flour or farina from the four or five different kinds of mustard-seed now in the market has in but one or possibly two cases that brilliant tint; as a condiment, the genuine mustard flour would be thought to be too sharp and bitter, and as an ingredient in mustard plasters, it would be unendurable. It is also asserted that pure mustard farina does not keep well. What is ordinarily sold under the name of mustard is a mixture of mustard farina — after partial extraction of the oil — with flour or starch and turmeric; and this method of preparing the condiment has become so general, that it is not regarded as an adulteration by the manufacturers. By regulation of the New York State Board of Health, of March, 1883, manufacturers of mustard are allowed to add sixty per cent. of flour and turmeric to mustard farina, provided that fact is distinctly stated on the label of the package. These additions are not harmful. Turmeric is itself a condiment, being a constituent of the well-known curry-powder. Its physiological effects are described by the United States Dispensatory as similar to those of ginger.

A few months since it was discovered that some manufacturers were not only using in their lower grades of mustard excessive quantities of flour, but were replacing the flour in part with terra alba, and were substituting for the turmeric a coal-tar color — Martius' yellow, scientifically termed "calcium dinitronaphthalate." This color, besides being as explosive as gunpowder when unmixed with anything else, was proved by experiments on dogs to be poisonous.

That copper compounds have frequently been used to give a bright green tint to pickles and preserved green vegetables generally has long been known. It may perhaps not be known that minute quantities of copper have been found in almost all vegetable products, apparently as an accidental constituent, since the amount varies according to the soil upon which the cereals, potatoes, etc., have been grown, and the element is sometimes entirely absent. In an experiment connected with this investigation, copper to the extent of 2.57 parts of the



SECTION OF THE STRATA UNDERLYING PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS. HORIZONTAL SCALE, EIGHTY MILES TO AN INCH. VERTICAL SCALE, TWO THOUSAND FEET TO AN INCH. (FROM HUMBER'S "WATER SUPPLY OF CITIES AND TOWNS.")

metal per million was found in fresh cucumbers bought in market. In some mollusks, and in the coloring matter of the feathers of certain tropical birds, copper is an essential constituent; it has frequently been detected in the human body.

The question as to whether copper compounds are really poisonous has been vigorously disputed, and cannot be regarded as positively settled. It seems probable that to certain persons, possibly the larger proportion of mankind, they are poisonous, while to others they are not.

The westerner who visits this city on business or pleasure may "forget to taste" the Croton water; but how would he feel if he were told that the sparkling effervescent water which he drank with his claret at some fashionable club, even though it bore some well-known foreign brand with the label and cork-fastening looking as though the bottle had just come from abroad, was water drawn from a well sunk on Manhattan Island, and was contaminated with the drainage of some of its busy streets and leaky sewers.* Yet that has been often the fact.

The assertion that New York wells are liable to be bad has been received with skepticism on the part of some. Artesian wells sunk in Paris or London yield good water, it is said; why not those in New York? In the first place, it must be said that the wells on this island, from which many manufacturers of effervescent waters draw their supplies, are not artesian wells; and in the next, that most of them are shallow, varying in depth from but little over twenty feet to seventy-five or eighty; and still further, that the geological formation of our island is such that we cannot expect to draw from these wells any other water than that which has soaked into the ground not very far from where the well is sunk. A glance at the illustrations will make this clear. London and Paris both happen to be situated in geological basins, and stand on an impervious clay; and wells sunk in those cities which failed to penetrate to the strata below have frequently been proved to be centers for the propagation of disease.

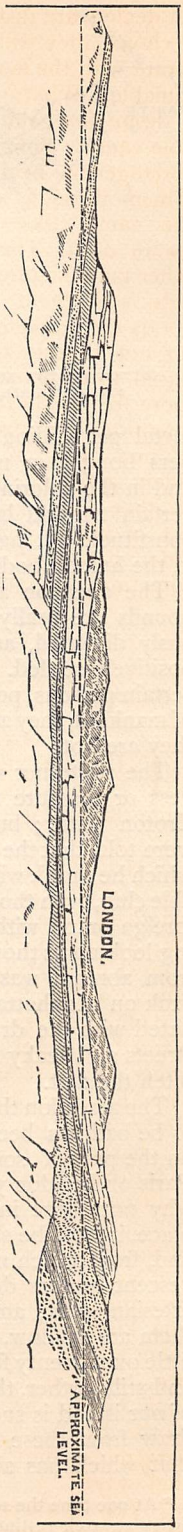
The tendency of subterranean water is to follow the trend of the strata, especially when the strata have been bent. An artesian well in Paris or London, then, when sunk into the strata forming the basin, will draw not from the surface immediately above, but from the supplies which have filtered through the upturned edges of the strata on the hills outside those cities. Manhattan Island, on the other hand, is, so to speak, all "upturned edges." The strata, originally deposited horizontally, were in some past age thrown into sharp folds. Subsequently, a glacier moved across the surface, grinding off the tops of the folds, and filling the hollows with débris. The lower part of the island, below Fourteenth street in some places, and up to Twentieth street or higher up in others, is more or less deeply covered with similar débris. The western end of Long Island is the terminal moraine of that glacier. "Glacier scratches" are still to be found on the rocks at the upper end of the island. The strata stand nearly vertical, in some places dipping to the westward, in others to the eastward. The "strike" or direction of the edges is nearly parallel to the avenues. The consequence is, that wells sunk in the glacier débris fill up from the water which reaches the ground in the immediate neighborhood, while those sunk into the rock receive the water which has worked its way through the slanting strata from a short distance to the eastward or westward of the

* At one time the sewers of New York were built without being closed at the bottom — to all intents and purposes an arch resting upon the earth below, affording the best possible opportunity for the liquid contents of the sewer to soak into the soil. Some sewers of this pattern still exist in the lower portion of the city.

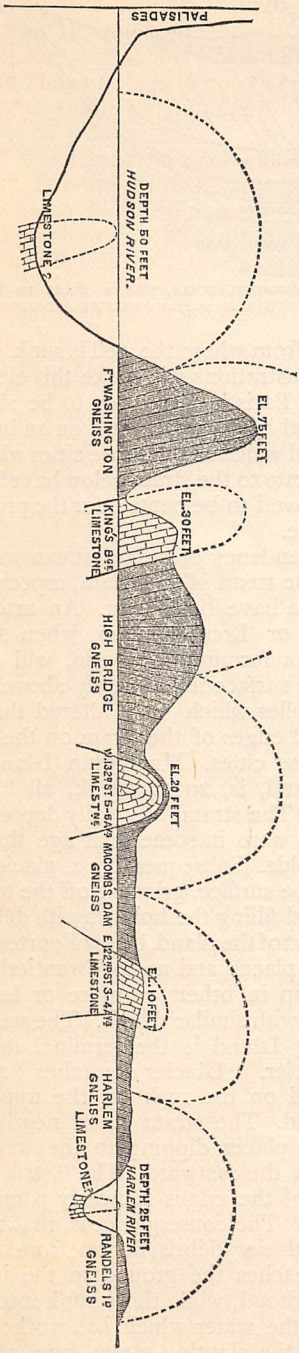
point where the well is sunk, according as the strata dip to the west or east at that point. Wells sunk near our water fronts where the dip of the strata is favorable, even when a thousand feet deep, will yield salt water. The sharp contortion of the strata by fissuring or cracking them along the lines of weakness are aids to the production of these results.

Water can no doubt be purified by filtration through a mass of soil and rock, but the surface water of New York city, containing as it does so much that is, to say the least, objectionable, would require a long journey through rock and soil to make it fit for use; so that a depth of two thousand feet for a well, even if surface water were excluded (which is seldom the case), if we consider the constant accumulations in our streets, would probably be insufficient.

It must not be rashly inferred from the items which from time to time are published that *everything* which we purchase in the way of food and drink is bad or adulterated. Probably if the proportion of adulterated articles to the whole number of sales, say in a day, a month, or a year, could be calculated, it would be found to be small; and if those articles which were really dangerous or had received dangerous additions were only reckoned, the proportion would be still smaller. People may be horrified to read that of more than six thousand samples examined in the Paris municipal laboratory last year, over fifty per cent. were found to be bad; but an important point must not be overlooked. Chemists, or, as they prefer to call them in England, "analysts," do not frequently examine an article of food except to confirm or disprove a suspicion that it is "no better than it should be"; as a consequence, the percentage of adulterations discovered is usually high. In other words, the "analyst" is apt to see the worst side of the question.



SECTION OF THE STRATA UNDERLYING LONDON AND ENVIRONS. (FROM HUMBER'S "WATER SUPPLY OF CITIES AND TOWNS.")



SECTION ACROSS NEW YORK ISLAND ALONG THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF SPUYTEN-DUYVIL CREEK AND HARLEM RIVER. (FROM "ANNALS OF THE LYCEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY," VOL. VIII.)

This illustration, which is taken from a paper by Dr. R. Stevens, on the "Past and Present History of the Geology of New York Island" ("Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York," Vol. VIII., 1867, p. 108), was intended to show the occurrence of limestone at the northern end of Manhattan Island. Further south the limestone does not appear, but the strata have been folded in essentially the same manner. The dotted lines represent the supposed position of the surface before it was ground off by glacial action.

It is unfair in the extreme to assume that all dealers are dishonest, or that if they have a choice they will invariably prefer to adulterate with the most deleterious substance obtainable. What is at the bottom of all this is a desire for gain, and results from innumerable causes. Some manufacturers and dealers endanger the health or the lives of their customers through sheer ignorance, and take the same risks themselves without being aware of it. They imitate the practices of other manufacturers so as to be able to compete with them, and only know that their goods are marketable. Questions of casuistry do not trouble them. Adulteration is supposed to embrace the element of fraud, yet, more frequently than is supposed, fraudulent intentions are absent. The moral standards of men also are variable. One man considers anything moral which is not illegal; another goes a step farther, and regards any act of his as consistent with morality, provided he doesn't get caught. Adulteration is sometimes technical, rather than actual. For instance: some grocers buy strong vinegar, and dilute it to the point which they find their customers prefer. In Massachusetts, if vinegar contains less than five per cent. of acetic acid, it is regarded as adulterated. In England, three per cent. is the limit. If now a grocer should dilute his vinegar so that it contains but four per cent. of acid, it would be adulterated in Boston, and not adulterated in London.

The general laws of the State of New York are so constructed, or interpreted, that *injurious* adulterations or additions to food are illegal, while the plea of ignorance is seldom, if ever, accepted as a bar to conviction in the courts, though it may have weight when sentence is pronounced. Our citizens must be protected from the ignorance and carelessness as well as from the dishonesty of dealers in articles of food and drink. The law rightly assumes that dealers have sufficient acquaintance with articles in their line to be able to distinguish between what is good and what is bad.

Elwyn Waller.

AT MRS. BERTY'S "TEA."

"THANKS, yes, with pleasure. It's awfully good of you, Mrs. Berty. She's charming; quite the prettiest girl in the room, I should say."

"Miss Malbrook, permit me to present to you Mr. Widdle. Mr. Widdle has been everywhere, my dear, even in Japan. No doubt he can give you, out of his Japanese experiences, a great many valuable hints in regard to your china painting."

"Oh, how very interesting. I always have wanted to travel in the far East. Was it *very* queer, Mr. Widdle?"

"Ah, exceedingly, I assure you. Mrs. Berty tells me that your china painting is charming. Indeed, she has shown me that lovely vase — with the violets on the crimson ground, you know. It is positively delightful. Isn't it a dreadfully difficult sort of thing to do?"

"No, not difficult, at least not very; but dreadfully bothersome. The paints dry so, you know — that is, when you don't want them to dry; when you're done, and want to fire, then they just never dry at all! And then, one has so many interruptions in one's work. Really, I assure you, several of my very nicest things have been spoiled in just that way."

"Yes. It's beastly to be interrupted. Puts one out so, you know. I remember once being interrupted in a murder —— Mayn't I take you out to the tea-room?"

"Thanks. I do want a cup of tea. Mrs. Berty always has such good tea, you know. I beg your pardon. In a murder, did you say, Mr. Widdle?"

"Yes; it was awfully annoying, I assure you."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You see the circumstances were a little trying, any way. It was my grandfather, you know —— These are shockingly awkward stairs, aren't they?"

"Dreadfully. I wonder why Mrs. Berty will keep on living in this old-fashioned house. Your grandfather?"

"Quite an old gentleman, you know. In his youth he had been strikingly handsome, and as an old man there was an imposing grandeur in his presence that I never shall forget."

"I can very well believe you, Mr. Widdle."

"Ah, you are quite too good. Mrs. Berty has told me how very good you are. Thank you very much indeed. Yes, he was a grand old man. For all his seventy-one years he was erect and vigorous. His snow-white hair and beard flowed in great masses about his head, giving him a positively leonine appearance. His dark eyes shone brilliantly beneath his shaggy gray brows. His voice was rich

and full. I was very fond of my grandfather, I assure you, Miss Malbrook, and that I had to murder him really tried me a good deal."

"It must have, I'm sure."

"Thank you. You are very good to be so sympathetic. Yes, it really did. But I had no choice in the matter, you know. I was determined, though, that I would make the murder as pleasant for him as possible. Do you take sugar and cream?"

"Yes, thanks. Only one lump, please."

"I thought over the matter a good deal, and I finally concluded that probably the most agreeable way to him would be to kill him in his sleep. Is it quite right? May I not give you a little more cream?"

"No more, thanks. It is delightful."

"The way in which we lived at the time made this, also, the most practicable method. My grandfather occupied the suite of rooms in the west wing, and my own apartments were over his on the floor above. In my great-grandfather's time these upper rooms had been used as a laboratory,— my great-grandfather was an amateur chemist of considerable celebrity for the period,— and a stairway had been constructed that led directly from my grandfather's room to my own. This stairway now was disused, and the lower door was locked. I took occasion, while my grandfather was taking his daily drive, to remove all but one of the screws which held the lock in place. This one I took out, oiled, and then returned. The door still was firmly closed, but in five minutes I could draw the screw noiselessly, lift off the lock, and have the way clear. My grandfather, who was in excellent health, was a heavy sleeper; a fact that I had counted upon, both for his convenience and my own, in laying my plans.

"Everything being thus satisfactorily prepared, I waited the approach of night with a considerable degree of impatience. My grandfather and I, as was our usual custom, dined together very pleasantly. He was a most agreeable old gentleman, with a quite surprising fund of general information and a very happy faculty for telling a good story in a pleasant way. I remember that night he gave me a very interesting account of one of his adventures in Paris with Washington Irving. They both were young men at the time, of course,— it was when Irving first went abroad, you know, in thirty something,— and ——

"You would rather hear about the murder? It's very good of you to say so, I'm sure. Really, the story scarcely is worth telling. But if you like it — of course. We had a very pleasant dinner, as I was saying, and I tried to do what I could to be agreeable to my grandfather. Since it was to be his last dinner, I really wished him to enjoy it; and I think he did. The old gentleman and I always got along very nicely together, for he was sincerely attached to me — as I certainly was to him. I assure you, I never have met a more delightful old man than my grandfather was. There was a courtly grace and ease in his manner that always reminded me of that of a French nobleman of the last century. Yet with all his courtliness he was genial to a degree. There was a benevolence in his disposition, a tenderness in his nature, that endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact. Of course, knowing him as intimately as I did, I positively idolized him!

"How I must have grieved for him after he passed away? Indeed I did, I assure you. Often and often, even now, do I think of that dear old man and long to hear his kindly voice again.

"When we had finished our wine — my grandfather never drank heavily, but his wines were of the best — we separated for the night. My grandfather always went early to his apartment, but usually sat late over his books. I also retired to my quarters, and made the trifling preparations yet to be attended to. I wished my work to be done noiselessly, as no doubt you will readily understand."

"Certainly."

"With this end in view I had already provided myself with a stiletto; but as I deemed it more prudent to stun him before delivering the fatal blow —— *Do* let me get you another rasped roll."

"Thanks. No, not a sandwich, thanks."

"—— to stun him before delivering the fatal blow, I looked about me for something that would answer the purpose of a heavy club. In a closet I was so fortunate as to find an old air-pump, a part of my great-grandfather's philosophic apparatus, and the long heavy handle of this was just what I required. I detached it carefully, so that it might be returned without injury to the air-pump, and laid it upon the table beside the knife. Then all was ready; I had only to wait until my grandfather slept.

"As you may suppose, I found waiting dreadfully tedious. Fortunately, though, I had that clever story of Crawford's, 'Mr. Isaacs,' you know. Don't you like it *very* much, Miss Malbrook? What a fine scene that is where they play polo! I'm really quite devoted to polo. I remember a match that I was in last summer that was the most tremendously exciting thing that I ever had anything to do with. My side ——

"Oh, I beg your pardon, the murder? Yes, I had to wait for several hours, you know. It

was a regular bore. At last, however, I heard some slight sounds in my grandfather's rooms — of steps, of a chair being moved, once of his voice a little raised as he petulantly rebuked his man for some piece of stupidity — and then I heard his door close as his man retired, and presently all was still. To make quite sure that he slept, I waited while I smoked a *regalia*.

"Do you know, I have rather a fancy for measuring the flight of time in odd ways? One of the poet fellows, you know, says something about how 'the dancing hours' are 'measured by the opening and the closing of the flowers.' Pretty idea, isn't it? I'd like to do it that way too; but a man cannot carry a whole conservatory around with him, you know. So I do it with cigars — *Conchas* for the quarters, *Londres* for the halfs, and *regalias* for the whole hours. You have no idea how precisely it works when once you get into the way of it.

"When my cigar was finished I knew that the hour must be up, and as all remained still below, I proceeded to my work without further delay. Putting on the list slippers with which I had provided myself—— If you are troubled with cold feet, Miss Malbrook, you will find list slippers really delightful. I mention them because, unless you should chance to require them as I did, you might never think of them; and they are the greatest comfort, I assure you. Putting on my slippers, and taking the stiletto in my hand and the handle of the air-pump under my arm, I went down the narrow stairs noiselessly. I had a screw-driver in readiness in my pocket, and, having struck a match, I had no difficulty in removing the well-oiled screw. I laid the heavy lock softly on the stairs behind me, softly pushed open the door, and so stood in my grandfather's bedchamber. The curtains were pushed back from the high windows and a flood of moonlight poured into the room — a brilliant ray striking full upon my grandfather's face and snowy beard and hair as he lay wrapped in peaceful sleep. Never had he appeared to me so strikingly, so majestically handsome as he was then; never had the gracious benevolence of his gentle nature shone out more clearly than it shone out then from his placidly beautiful face revealed to me there in the soft moonlight.

"Ah, have you ever heard, Miss Malbrook, that it isn't wholesome to have moonlight shine on you when you're asleep? Some people say it isn't, you know. But I don't see what harm there can be in it, do you? I'm sure it must be a mistake, for my grandfather slept that way for years, and it certainly didn't do him the least bit of harm. As I have told you, for his age he was a most extraordinarily vigorous man. I couldn't help thinking at the time that his case quite upset the theory; and as I knew his taste for scientific research of all sorts, I was sorry that I had not thought sooner to obtain from him his opinion in the matter. However, it now was too late.

"Grasping the stiletto firmly in my left hand, and holding the handle of the air-pump, ready for vigorous use, above my head in my right, I stole cautiously across the moonlit floor until I stood close beside the bed. My grandfather's sleep was deep and tranquil as a child's. Indeed, he could not have slept in a more entirely satisfactory way. I could not repress an exclamation of thankfulness, for his sake, that he slept so well. Planting my feet firmly, I tightened my grip upon the handle of the air-pump, and then brought it down—— Let me give you an ice now. This frozen coffee is delicious. Clever idea to freeze coffee, wasn't it? Oh, I *beg* your pardon. It didn't spill, I hope. No? How glad I am.

"The effect of the blow was admirable. My grandfather was thoroughly stunned in the nicest possible sort of way. Of course, I had had very little practice at this sort of thing then, and I was a good deal pleased to see how nicely my work was done. I hope that you won't think me very vain, Miss Malbrook, but I really can't help being a little proud of the way that I easily do things at sight which most people find quite hard to do even after a good deal of study and practice. I don't mean in just this one instance of murdering my grandfather, you know, but in a whole lot of things. It was just the same way, for example, when I began to play jack-straws. I played a good game from the very start, I assure you. And jack-straws is a very difficult game to play well, you know. To be quite fair, though, I must admit that in this murder matter my lawn-tennis practice was of great service to me — made me strike straight and hard, you know.

"Don't you like lawn-tennis, Miss Malbrook? I am ever so fond of it. It's such capital exercise, you know — a great deal better than croquet ever was. Isn't it queer how completely croquet has gone out? Nobody plays it, and you never even hear of it now. I remember when I was quite devoted to it. It was my grandfather, by the way, who gave me the first set of croquet that I ever owned. He and I used to play together on the lawn for hours at a time. I was quite a little fellow then, you know, and I remember my mother used to say that it was ever so pretty a sight to see us two — 'Youth and Age,' as she used to call us — playing that way together. My grandfather always was very kind to me. I

was his first grandchild, you know, and he took a great pride in me and was ever so fond of me from the very day that I was born.

"Oh, about my killing him? As I was saying, the blow stunned him beautifully. The handle of the air-pump was a desperately heavy affair, you see. After this there remained only to finish my work with the stiletto. I raised my arm to strike again — and just then there was a knock at the door! It was this, you remember, that made me think of the whole matter when you spoke of how annoying you found interruptions in your china painting. I know just how it must make you feel. It was very absurd, of course, but the interruption really made me quite angry. Could I, at the moment, conveniently have spoken to the person who was knocking, I am afraid that I should have said something quite unkind, really quite harsh, you know. But I could not very well open the door just then, nor did I altogether like to continue the matter in hand until the person who had knocked had gone away. I remained quite still, therefore, in the hope that the knocker would conclude that my grandfather was asleep and would be too polite to make further effort to wake him. But this hope was unfounded. There was another, louder knock; and presently one louder still. It was very displeasing, I assure you. Obviously, I had to act in some way that would bring this annoying interruption to an end. Simulating my grandfather's voice, therefore, I cried out in a sleepy tone:

"'What's the matter?'

"'If you please, sir,'— I recognized the voice of my grandfather's valet,— 'the house is on fire.'

"'Clear out!' I replied testily — and made a motion with the pillows like that of a man settling himself to sleep again. My grandfather, I should observe, while most gracious in his manner at all times when thoroughly awake, was apt to be a trifle short in his temper when aroused suddenly from sleep.

"'Very good, sir,' the man answered, and I heard his steps retreating down the passage. My grandfather made it a rule to require from his servants implicit obedience.

"Unfortunately, in shaking the pillows about I had dropped the stiletto, and I had ever so much trouble in finding it again. Somehow it had managed to work down under my grandfather in the bed, and the contact of the cold steel with his person aroused him a little. He moved slightly, and for a moment I feared that I should be compelled to use the handle of the air-pump again. Fortunately, though, before this became necessary I found the stiletto, and once more held it aloft to strike. The slight movement that he had made had placed him in a most favorable position, and I struck with all my force ——

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I did not see that your plate was empty. How careless I am! Pray let me get you something more. No? Then permit me to take you back to the drawing-room. The crowd is dreadful here, and people push so. Don't you think that people are dreadfully rude about their eating at teas? Positively, they fight over their food quite like wild animals. Oh, I *beg* your pardon. I hope that I haven't torn it. No? I am ever so glad. I am an awfully clumsy brute, and it is ever so nice of you to be so nice about it. At Mrs. Welterton's, yesterday, I positively assure you that Miss Ruddle — the pretty Miss Ruddle, you know, not the freckled one — had her skirt almost torn to pieces by that horrible Reggy Smith. I'm not quite as bad as that, any way.

"About my grandfather? Oh, really, there is nothing more to tell; indeed, I'm quite ashamed of myself for having bored you with such a long story about such a trifle. It was only that you happened to speak about being interrupted, you know. Of course, after the man went away I had no further trouble. I killed my grandfather very comfortably and satisfactorily; and as the house was quite burned down within two hours,— I think I forgot to tell you that I set fire to it before I went at the other work,— the whole affair was glossed over very nicely.

"You must go now? I'm really very sorry. Thank you so much for the very pleasant half hour that I have had. And I do hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing some more of your lovely china painting soon, Miss Malbrook. Really, I quite adore it, you know."

Thomas A. Janvier.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mercantilism Transfigured.

IN that most significant speech made two years ago by President White of Cornell to his classmates at Yale, and entitled "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth," the influence on our national life of what the orator aptly describes as "mercantilism" is most cogently set forth. This "combination of the industrial spirit with the trade spirit" has been, as he shows, the dominant element in our American civilization; under its sway there has been a marvelous development of the physical resources of this country, but along with this a too evident decline of the higher forces. The genuine political spirit, the devotion to the public service which leads the citizen to give time and thought to the affairs of the city or the state, has been gradually dying out. Men are so consumed with business cares that they find little time or strength for public service. In education and in the cultivation of pure science progress has been made, no doubt; but how little compared with the enormous increase of the national wealth! In literature and art the movement, as he views it, is retrograde; and a good proportion of our foremost pulpits are supplied by importations from the Old World. Mercantilism is drawing into its vortex the intellectual strength of the nation. The energies of its most promising young men are enlisted in the pursuit of wealth. Such is the complaint of his own generation made by a man who is by nature an optimist, but who is a careful student of history and a close observer of the manners of his time. "I believe," he declares, "that we shall find that, so far from relatively diminishing, it [mercantilism] is relatively increasing; that, so far from begetting better elements of civilization, it is now beginning to stifle them; that it is now beginning to show itself a despotic element, crushing other elements of civilization which are to add anything to the earth's history; that, in fact,—and I say it in all soberness,—mercantilism in great cities and in small towns, in society and in the individual, is becoming a disease, certainly feverish, possibly cancerous." To those who are not too busy with money-making to think much about it, this judgment of existing social conditions will appear to be sane and moderate.

But these words of faithful warning and reproof are not words of despair. The orator expects that these ruinous tendencies will be checked; that other forces will be evoked to counteract mercantilism, and to prevent the "weakening, decline, and sterility" toward which it is hurrying the nation. His own prediction of the quarter from which deliverance will come we shall not here repeat; because we desire to make record of a most hopeful answer to the question which he raises, contained in another speech no less significant —an address by Mr. Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, at a dinner given by the Commercial Club of Boston to its guests from the three chief cities of the West.

The manner of this speech as well as the matter of it commend it to all lovers of good literature. After-dinner oratory is not often so graceful; its delicate wit, its bright allusions, and its deftly turned sentences exhibit a mind of fine grain and careful culture. It would be hard to find a professional talker, East or West, who could put his thoughts into better form. Evidently here is one man who, though he proclaims himself a trader, has contrived to extract some sweetness from the barren pastures of mercantilism.

But the art of the performance does not hide its purpose. The business man's responsibility to society is the serious theme on which he finally lights; and the view which he takes of the matter leaves nothing to be desired by patriot or philanthropist. The estimate of the trader's function here laid down, if it were accepted by all business men, or even by the better part of them, would speedily correct those evil tendencies of which Mr. White has warned us. The Chicago trader protests, indeed, against the undue disparagement of the mercantile vocation. "Trade," he says, "is a much-abused benefactor. It would not do to take seriously the foppish views of trade held by the idle end of society. To them nothing is dignified but idleness. This mediæval survival of prejudice is chiefly cherished by the useless part of the nobility and their admirers in America,—by that part of the *noblesse* whom the English wit must have had in mind when he made his classification of 'the men of a-bility and the men of no-bility.'"

The dignity of any calling depends first on its aims, secondly on the qualities developed in its pursuit. "Let us frankly admit," this orator goes on to say, "that the aims of trade have not been all that they might have been. But what, on the other hand, shall we not claim for those high qualities of mind and character, for the untiring enterprise, the wise judgment, and the undaunted courage that from the very beginning of history have made commerce the bearer of civilization from every center to every circumference; that made her the origin of cosmopolitan life, the solvent of the antagonisms of custom, the necessary foundation for every enlargement of the life of nations? And shall we not now claim that the ideals, the aims of trade are widening and deepening? Is it not true that men more and more are associating with the dream of wealth a sense of public responsibility and an aspiration for public usefulness? And is it not true that the good works of the nation largely depend upon the intelligent sympathy and coöperation of business men?"

If these last questions can be confidently answered in the affirmative, the future of this nation is secure. And it is certainly a good sign that from one of our chief centers of business activity should come so full and strong a statement of a doctrine that offers a solution of the gravest questions now before us. We quote in full the next two paragraphs of this noteworthy speech:

"It is a great temptation, Mr. Chairman, now that I have gotten so far on the way, to go ahead and claim

that we men of affairs are altogether perfect. But a reluctant honesty obliges me to confess that before we shall be quite all we might be to the world, wealth must be sought still more generally for its good uses. Of course men must be left free to accumulate property for their own purposes. A form of society which should prevent the free accumulation and possession of property would simply stagnate progress, and is impossible. But, on the other hand, it is not difficult to believe that the avenues to exceptional wealth can only be held by the few, as at present, through the intervention of important concessions to that spirit of democracy which is entering upon a new stage of its mastery of the world; for democracy, after all, is not more a governmental revolution than it is a social revolution. The greatest concession, it seems to me, that will be demanded of wealth by democracy — a concession that will answer the demands of progress as well — will be the frank acknowledgment of a moral trusteeship, of a moral obligation to freely use surplus wealth for the general good.

"Happy the necessity, beneficent the tyranny that will thus rule trade and wealth to their own glorious enfranchisement. When such an acknowledgment is generally made, wealth and trade shall be lifted up to the level of the highest and the best. Once inspire trade with such an aim,—free wealth from its spiritual bondage through this great ideal, give to all the pursuits of business such a right royal sanction that they shall take rank and dignity with all the work that is done by humanity in its best estate, with poetry, with every form of literature, with every form of art, with statesmanship, with apostleship,— Crœsus hugging his millions to his bosom as his own, in the narrow sense of ownership, rejecting the idea of trusteeship, will be overwhelmed in the rush of the current of modern ideas; Crœsus accepting the idea of trusteeship will be the new force in civilization for which the world is waiting."

We ask whether there be not condensed into these two paragraphs from the speech of a Chicago "trader" more solid statesmanship, more true insight into existing social conditions, a wiser solution of the greatest question of our time, than was contained in all the stump speeches of the last presidential campaign. The prediction here uttered respecting the challenge which a militant democracy will soon be flinging at the feet of a too confident plutocracy is one that may well be heeded. And the answer that Mr. MacVeagh proposes to make is the right answer. Such a recognition of moral trusteeship as he urges will pluck the sting from socialism, and save to the world the fruits of enterprise. Mercantilism, transfigured through these higher aims, will cease to be the peril of the state, and become its protection and defense.

The Sunday-school and Good Literature.

WHATEVER may be said of the moral and religious aims of the Sunday-school, it is evident that its relation to the literary life of the young must be of considerable importance. That it has much to do with the formation of the literary taste of a good share of the people who read is obvious. This function of the Sunday-school is, of course, subordinate to its work of moral and religious education; nevertheless, the two objects are closely related, and the building of character may be greatly helped by good habits of reading and good taste in the selection of books; while the foundations of character are often undermined by the reading of foolish and worthless books.

If, then, in imparting to its pupils the necessary knowledge of religious truth and the fundamental laws of Christian morality, the Sunday-school can also contrive to instill into their minds a healthy craving for good literature, its service will be twice blessed. That it has done something in this direction cannot be doubted, neither can its neglect and its misdoing be denied.

The Sunday-school library furnishes to a large number of the children of this country the only books save their school-books that they are permitted to handle. Cheap story-papers of one sort or another make their way into most of the homes in which these children live; but books would not often be seen in them if it were not for the Sunday-school library. If these libraries were always well chosen, many children would be guided by them into the formation of habits of reading which would prove through all their lives a safeguard and a solace. If the books which they find in these libraries are, as a rule, silly and shallow fictions, their intellectual tastes may be so depraved by their reading, that they will become visionary and restless creatures, wholly unfit for the serious business of life. That a book should be hurtful to young readers, it is not necessary that it should teach bad morals; the mischief is done quite as effectually by an overwrought sentimentalism as by a lax morality. All this is merest commonplace, but it is one of those commonplaces that need to be dinned into the ears of the people who provide reading for the young. How far many of the managers of the Sunday-schools are from comprehending it may be learned by an inspection of the shelves of the Sunday-school libraries. The trashy fiction still disseminated through them is sufficient to addle unnumbered brains and injure unnumbered lives.

The flood of silly literature has, however, begun to abate in this quarter, and the existing libraries are much superior to those in use twenty years ago. The censor has been abroad among the Sunday-schools, and his strictures upon their methods have not been wasted.

The Sunday-school hymns, for one thing, are greatly improved. The doggerel that was rife a few years since has been laughed out of the churches; the hymns now printed, though not always of a high poetic order, are generally free from that rattling vulgarity which was formerly in vogue. That the tastes of the children, as well as their devotional feelings, may be greatly cultivated or grievously depraved through the hymns they sing needs not to be said; and the improvement noticeable in this department is matter of encouragement. There is no reason why children should not be taught, through the Sunday-school hymnology, to appreciate good poetry.

Many of the libraries also, as we have said, have been subjected to a careful scrutiny, and the trashy books have been eliminated. Several years ago an association of teachers and librarians, connected with the schools of the Protestant Episcopal churches, began the preparation of a list of Sunday-school library books, into which no volume was admitted that had not been carefully read and approved by several persons of sound literary judgment. This list has been extensively sought and used by Sunday-schools in other communions, and it has determined the selection

of many libraries. Other lists of a similar character, more or less judiciously made up, have been offered to the public. All this indicates a quickened sense of the importance of this matter, and promises a general improvement in Sunday-school literature. The most ambitious project of this nature is a recent proposition to form an association of Sunday-school librarians and others interested in the support and improvement of church and Sunday-school libraries, which shall have annual meetings, with reports and discussions of the best methods of selection and management. The secular librarians, though far less numerous, have such an association and are greatly helped by their conferences; it is urged that similar coöperation among Sunday-school librarians would be equally useful.

There is one other department of Sunday-school literature in which the censor should at once be let loose. The quarterlies, the leaflets, and the various lesson-helps call aloud for his judgment. Whatever may be said about the theology or the religion of these contrivances, it is certain that good literature is a heavy loser by the quiet revolution which has practically banished the Bible from the Sunday-school, and substituted for it the lesson-helps. It is true that bits of the Bible are printed upon these scrappy commentaries, but it is only a small part of it that the average Sunday-school scholar ever sees; and the habit of handling and reading the sacred Book seems to be much less common now than it was twenty years ago. Such familiarity with its contents as John Ruskin gained and Matthew Arnold commends was by no means uncommon when these two were boys; and the loss to the children of this generation of this noble instrument of literary culture cannot be computed. "The pure and the noble, the graceful and dignified simplicity of language," said Alexander Pope, "is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scriptures and in Homer." What Carlyle says of the Book of Job is hardly less true of many other parts of the Bible: "A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem — man's destiny and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free, flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its epic melody and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart, so *true* every way; true eyesight and vision for all things, material things no less than spiritual." The practical banishment of this book from the Sunday-school can hardly be a gain to religion; certainly it is a loss to literature. Daily familiarity with the noble simplicity of the Bible would prove an excellent corrective of vitiated taste, and a healthy stimulant of pure imagination.

But the lesson-helps become a detriment to literature, not only by discouraging the familiar handling of the Bible, but also, in many cases, by the extravagances of their own composition. Especially is this true of the illustrations by which they seek to "explain" the lesson. A pile of these absurdities lies before us from which it would be easy to cull many delectable instances. Most of them occur in connection with the object lesson, presented on the blackboard or otherwise, so that pictorial as well as literary art suffers from their dabbling. Thus in one of these "helps" the topics of the lessons for the quarter are so phrased that each one begins with the letter B, and the following instruction is given: "At the opening of the first lesson, ask the class if they would like you *(sic)* to show them a picture of a whole hive of pretty bees. . . . . Tell them you are now going to put your first *bee* on the board — a bee with a pretty sharp sting, too, may be, for some of them, and write out the teaching." The propriety of training the present generation in the arts of the punster may well be called in question. After a parable of two climbing vines, the teacher is admonished to "draw a red heart with a few curly green tendrils running out from it," and then enforce the lesson of personal attachments, harmful and helpful. To show "that anything can be made an idol by being loved more than God and his service," the teacher is instructed to "draw a fishing-pole and line in a heart." To illustrate fidelity to God the following object lesson is suggested: "Cut *two hearts* just alike, and mucilage them; then in class stick them together and notice how they cling together, how they have become as *one;* so *stick* to God." The italics are not ours. To teach children what an abomination to the Lord is, "first offer a child a bottle of cologne to smell, and immediately afterward a piece of asafetida or gamboge."

It is scarcely necessary to particularize further. Many of these illustrations are so gross and ludicrous that we shall not repeat the sacrilege by quoting them. It is enough to say that in the craze for illustration with which these lesson-helps are afflicted, that wise law of literary art which forbids the linking of sacred and sublime themes with trifling or disgusting similitudes is constantly set at naught. How much mental injury may result from this straining after sensational representations of spiritual facts no one could easily estimate. The effect must be most unhappy both upon the teachers and the pupils, and it is clear that judicious criticism has a great work to do in correcting the extravagances of these hebdomadal commentaries. Is not the age we live in sufficiently earthly and sensual without permitting our Sunday-schools to be virtually used for the teaching of a new form of materialism?

OPEN LETTERS.

"What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?"

THE open letter, "What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?" which appeared in the August number of THE CENTURY, has called out many interesting and suggestive contributions on the subject, some criticising favorably and others unfavorably the plan there proposed. At the request of the editor, Mr. Francis Wharton, Solicitor of the Department of State, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, and Senator George F. Edmunds have given expression to the following opinions on the subject:

OPINION OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

I HAVE yours of the 18th instant, asking my opinion on the subject of "What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?" The suggestions in the open letter you sent have been sometimes discussed at Washington, and I do not think they meet with favor. There are many considerations against disturbing the present autonomy of the Senate, which I have not time to go into. There is nothing that I know of in the nature of republican government which makes it necessary that an ex-President should have any other station or title than that of an eminent private citizen who has done his country important service in the most trying and difficult of all its public employments.

Whether suitable pecuniary provision for the maintenance of a retiring President might not well be made, is a question worthy of serious consideration.

George F. Edmunds.

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 28, 1885.

OPINION OF JUDGE COOLEY.

THE open letter in THE CENTURY for August to which you direct my attention, brings before the public a supposed wrong, done alike to our ex-Presidents and to the country, by allowing the head of the government to retire immediately to private life on the expiration of his term of office. The remedy proposed is to make him life senator with a large salary.

The wrong to the man is forcibly depicted. "But yesterday a king; to-day 'none so poor to do him reverence.'" Strangely inconsistent with this is the further remark, that he is "an object of perpetual and costly curiosity," condemned thereby, at great expense, "to sustain the dignity of the first citizen of the republic for the remainder of his life." Surely this does not indicate a want of regard, nor that he is cast aside "like the peel of an orange as worthless." Indeed, it is only the reverence of the people that makes him in the public mind, as the writer says, "disqualified for subordinate positions."

The peculiarity of the wrong to the man is, that it is incidental to conferring upon him for a time an office which crowns his ambition; an office which the ablest men long and labor for, and receive, when they attain it, with the liveliest satisfaction. The crowning glory and the incidental wrong are accepted together; the one merely qualifies the other, making it a little less complete and perfect. No one has ever yet declined the imperfect gift, and it may be safely predicted no one ever will. The question on this branch of the case, however, is rather one of pensions than of life senators, and I do not care to pursue it.

The wrong to the country consists in our being deprived of the services of the first citizen of the republic "at the very time when his availability as a public servant is presumably greatest, and when he deserves to be regarded as one of the nation's most valuable assets." This naturally suggests the query whether the nation has probably lost anything by not having the like senatorial services hitherto.

Washington in his retirement, disconnected from party politics, was an object of profound reverence and respect. The people idealized him somewhat, and it is well that they did so, for their reverence for him tended to elevate the national character, and was thus a public benefaction. Had he entered Congress, something of this would have been lost; and possibly he might have come down to us more as a party leader than as the Father of his Country. This would have been a great national misfortune. Unwillingly, perhaps, but inevitably, he would have been head of the Federal party, and would be held responsible for its mistakes during the next four years, to the serious impairment of a reputation which now in its grandeur is to the country "one of its most valuable assets."

John Adams, descending from the Presidency to the Senate, could scarcely have been useful. He was for the time discredited with both parties, and without the influence justly belonging to his abilities and patriotism. He would have been the target for abuse, and subjected to the mortification of seeing himself subordinated in the public counsels to mere party hacks and tricksters. It was happier for him that he was not subjected to such a trial,—and as well for the country.

It would not have been well for Jefferson to enter the Senate. He was a partisan at his retirement as much as ever; he had thereafter his full share of influence on public affairs; and the regret is that he had so much to do with them, rather than that he participated so little. His domestic life, as we have it portrayed to us by his family, was beautiful, and we love to dwell upon it, and are the better for it; but we must ever regret that his uncharitable views of his political antagonists, which he kept putting on paper, were left where biographers and editors could pounce upon them.

I cannot follow down the list. There was good senatorial timber among the Presidents, but there was an obvious want of the senatorial quality in some cases, and I do not believe that so far the losses have been greater than the gains in the ex-Presidents retiring to private life. It is a great mistake to assume that a man would be less partisan after four years of party abuse in the Presidency than before; the experience of the country disproves the assumption. Think of Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, or Johnson — to name no others — as non-partisan senators!

But there is one case in which we ought to be thankful every day of our lives that an ex-President was not made senator on the plan proposed; for we should then have missed the most resplendent portion of his career, and the country the most important part of his life-service. That was the case of John Quincy Adams: the Old Man Eloquent; the triumphant champion of free speech in Congress. In the Senate he would have failed of his true destiny: his true place was in the House as the chosen representative of a great State; he needed the inspiration and the antagonism of numbers, and he needed also the backing of a constituency.

And right here is one of the weaknesses of the proposed plan: the senator would have no constituency. Chester A. Arthur, as senator for New York and with New York behind him, would be a man of power; but Chester A. Arthur, offered the senatorship from sympathy and to save his dignity, might well decline the doubtful honor. He would not in influence be a

peer among equals, and small minds would be likely often to remind him that he only lingered superfluous on the stage.

Important sentimental considerations are against the plan. It is a great and blessed thing for a country when it has among its citizens those who hold no office, but who stand before the public mind disconnected from the exciting questions of the day, as representatives of an honorable national history. If among them are men who have attained the first station, it might possibly be thought beneath their dignity to accept election to a lower; but how much more should it be so thought if the lower were offered as a mere favor, irrespective of the public choice, and might be held on to until perhaps the senility of old age should make the attempt to perform public duty a public mortification!

The answer, then, to the question, "What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?" is this: Allow them gracefully and with dignity — if they will — to enjoy the proud position of "first citizen of the republic." Their lives in retirement, if they be such as belong to an illustrious career, will be a continuous and priceless public benefaction. If they bore themselves worthily in office, party asperities will begin immediately to wear off; their virtues will be exalted in public estimation, and their homes will become the pilgrim shrines of patriotism. If they have been incompetent or otherwise unworthy, the shortest dismission to oblivion is best for them and best for the country.

Thomas M. Cooley.

ANN ARBOR, August 31, 1885.

OPINION OF THE HONORABLE FRANCIS WHARTON.

IT has been lately proposed in the columns of THE CENTURY that ex-Presidents of the United States should be *ex-officio* senators, and should have a pension for life of half the presidential salary. To the first branch of this proposition I think there are serious objections.

1. Our legislative structure is exclusively electoral; and the possession of a permanent seat in the Senate would be an anomaly to which public opinion could with difficulty be reconciled.

2. There would be no prospect of obtaining a constitutional amendment for such a purpose; and the adoption of such an amendment, even if it were possible, might be a dangerous precedent. It is not safe to amend a constitution, unless for reasons far stronger than those given for the proposed alteration.

3. Composed as the Senate is, such an addition would often so far determine its character as to give it a bias in opposition to what may be a salutary popular tendency. Supposing, for instance, that the interests of the country would be best subserved by the Administration of President Cleveland receiving the hearty support of the Senate, and supposing that the Senate, in Mr. Cleveland's third year, should be equally divided, it will be at once seen that the control of the body, if ex-Presidents were admitted to seats, would be in the hands of ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur. Or let us take the period between 1849 and 1868, embracing the eras of slavery agitation, of civil war, and of reconstruction, and let us see how the proposed addition to the Senate would have affected the course of events by which the burden of slavery was ultimately removed. From 1849 to 1852 the President-senators, according to your correspondent, would have been Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, and Polk; from 1852 to 1856, Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, and Fillmore; from 1856 to 1861, Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, and Pierce; from 1861 to 1862, Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan; from 1862 to 1868, Messrs. Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan. Of all these ex-Presidents, Mr. Van Buren was the only one who had any sympathy with anti-slavery agitation; and even Mr. Van Buren declared that the fugitive-slave law should be retained on the statute-book, and that there should be no compulsory abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. At the most critical period of the civil war, there would have been five ex-presidential votes which, on disputed issues, would have been blocks in the way of getting rid of slavery. As it was in the past, so it would be likely to be in the future. Men who have possessed power, especially those who have controlled the destinies of a nation, are generally unwilling to see pulled down the system they helped to build up; yet there is no country which has been in the advance line of civilization whose history has not been marked by a pulling down of old systems and a building up of new. To such an advance the amendment proposed would be a serious obstruction. Mr. Jefferson's policy of peace and of progress, beneficial as it was, could never, at least in the earlier years of his administration, have been carried out, if there had been in the Senate a platoon of Federalist ex-Presidents who would have made up a majority to veto his nominations and defeat his reforms; and the same fate might have befallen Mr. Lincoln's policy of limiting slavery and then abolishing it when incompatible with the maintenance of the Union, had the then living ex-Presidents been in the Senate taking an active part in politics.

It may be said that by giving ex-Presidents seats in the Senate without votes, the political equilibrium of the Senate would not be disturbed, while the ex-Presidents would be elevated to a post at once innocuous and dignified. I do not think that the conferring on ex-Presidents of such an office would be an elevation. When Napoleon went to Egypt, he took with him some French scientists. They were captured by an Arab chief, who asked them what their occupation was, thinking that at least they might accompany his cavalcade as mounted interpreters. They answered, so it was related, that their habits were sedentary. Now to the Arab there was then only one industry that was exclusively sedentary, and that was sitting on eggs, to which some of the fatter of the philosophic captives were condemned. Not much more practically useful would be the seats without votes which the project before us in this view would assign to ex-Presidents. The right to address the Senate would add nothing to their influence, since they could at any time address the Senate through the press. But depriving them of a vote, while giving them a seat, would impress on them, what no other human power could have impressed — the character of ciphers.

The objections just stated do not apply to the proposition to give to ex-Presidents a pension amounting to half the presidential salary. Such a measure would not be unconstitutional. We have had precedents of

granting thanks to ex-Presidents, and of allowances to Presidents' widows. If such provisions are constitutional, then unconstitutionality could not be predicated of pensions to ex-Presidents. But a stronger argument can be given for such a provision. The President is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and as such is as much entitled to a retiring pension as is any officer in the service he commands.

There is reason, in fact, for such a provision far greater than exists in respect to the officers of the army and navy. An officer on service is not required to give expensive official entertainments; nor after his retirement is he likely to be overborne with visitors who exact from him hospitalities which he cannot without breach of courtesy avoid. It is notorious that few of our older Presidents were able to live within their official income, and that some of them were greatly embarrassed after their retirement by the expenses which their political distinction brought on them. General Washington and Mr. John Adams may be put out of consideration, since the former possessed a large fortune, and the latter's frugal if not unsocial habits relieved him from many expenses now considered inseparable from the office. Mr. Jefferson, whose hospitality though simple was genial and profuse, found that what properly remained to him after his expenditures as President was swept away by expenses in keeping up an establishment made in a large measure incumbent on him by the fame which, as President, he obtained. Mr. Madison, having no family, was able, by severe economy, to preserve a part of his modest patrimony to the end; but Mr. Monroe died insolvent, and General Jackson's estate was so impoverished by his Presidency as to make it necessary for him, childless as he was, to borrow largely, when returning to private life, to be able to re-stock his farm. It is true that since then the President's salary has been doubled; but his expenses have *pari passu* increased, and in the same proportion has increased the feeling of the unfitness of an ex-President engaging in business or in professional life.

Two concluding observations may be made:

1. Such a pension would take away the excuse for undue and disreputable economy at the White House.

2. Giving a suitable pension to an ex-President is more kind, more just, and more constitutional than withholding help from him when he is in poverty, and then, after he is dead and has suffered all the distress of believing that he is leaving his family without provision, buying his manuscripts or library and erecting to him a tomb.

Francis Wharton.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1885.

[From an interesting letter by Allen G. Bigelow we quote the argument given below.— EDITOR.]

EVERY United States senator represents a State. It could hardly be hoped that a President-senator should do otherwise. Hence, if Presidents became senators, now one State and now another would have one, perhaps two, even possibly three more senators in Congress than the constitution now permits, doing violence to our ideas of representation. Could it be expected that Mr. Arthur, were he now in the Senate, would be much more or less than a senator from New York? But New York is not entitled to another senator, and no sister State would consent to such an arrangement. By the proposed plan New York and Ohio would now each have three senators; while in 1888, should Messrs. Cleveland, Arthur, and Hayes survive, New York would have twice as many senators as every other State in the Union except Ohio, which would still have three. In 1825 Virginia would have had five senators, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe being her life-senators, in addition to the two regularly elected from that State.

Allen G. Bigelow.

The Poetic Outlook.*

FROM the coal-fields and the oil-regions the reports are reassuring. There seems to be no doubt that the supply is ample for the wants of the world yet these many years. Whatever comfort there may be in physical light and heat we may have without scrimping. But what of poetry? Is the supply of that running short?

Of verses there is no lack. Never before was there a time when so many people of both sexes had the knack of garnishing some sort of measure with some sort of rhymes. But is not the dearth of poetry somewhat alarming? Of our own leading poets (Bryant and Longfellow and Emerson and Whittier and Lowell and Holmes), three have gone over to the majority, and although the voices of the others are yet heard among us, and will be, we trust, for many days, the youngest of them is above three-score. In England the names that stand out with like distinctness are those of Tennyson and the Brownings; of these, one has been silent now for twenty-four years, and the others are gray-haired men, to whom the solemn chant, "*Morituri Salutamus*," is already familiar. Who are rising up to take the places of these poets of the people on both sides of the sea? It is a strange but not a singular fact that they have no successors by natural descent. What great English poet was the son or daughter of a great poet? Great engineers, great lawyers, great statesmen, transmit their power to their children; but poetry seems to defy the laws of heredity. In other paths of mental activity the children of poets are often eminent, but not in the path by which their parents climbed to glory.

The biologists say that traits often skip a generation, appearing in the third and fourth, though wanting in the second. The commandment of the decalogue which threatens calamities upon "the third and fourth generation," and says nothing about the second, is thus sometimes supposed to follow a physiological law. That notion is probably more curious than scientific. But even on this theory poetical genius does not appear to be hereditary. A glance over a chronological list of English poets shows that the great names do not reappear. Neither Chaucer, nor Spenser, nor Ben Jonson, nor Shakspere, nor Milton, nor Dryden, nor Pope, nor Wordsworth, nor Scott, nor Byron, nor Shelley left any near progeny who have been distinguished as poets. Mental power can be transmitted, but poetical genius seems to be an individual possession, not subject to physiological laws.

But not only is it true that the sons of the poets do

* It should be stated that this paper was written before the publication of Mr. Stedman's essay in the September CENTURY, on "The Twilight of the Poets."—EDITOR.

not take the places of their fathers; it is much to be feared that few successors are arising to them from any other source. In England who are the coming poets? William Morris and Swinburne and Robert Buchanan and Matthew Arnold — these are names somewhat noted, but which of them holds any such rank, or has won any such fame as Tennyson and the Brownings had won, and were holding, twenty-five years ago? In our own country it is not best to particularize; sweet and inspiring singers are among us; of the tuneful women, especially, there are not a few; but the fact remains that the places of our elder bards are not likely to be filled when they have passed away. The younger poets of this generation have gained no very strong hold on the multitude of their contemporaries. There is not one of them whose name is now known as Longfellow's or Bryant's name was known in a past generation; not one of them who is, in any large sense of the word, the poet of the people.

Is this because the present generation is less hospitable than the past generation to this high art? Something of this, no doubt. The arts of design and decoration, the arts that deal with things rather than with words, are occupying the thoughts of our contemporaries, to the exclusion of the finer art of rhythmic speech. Whether this change in the direction of the artistic motive is sufficient to account for the decadence of poetry may, however, be doubted.

It was sixty-four years ago that Mr. Bryant read his Phi Beta Kappa poem on "The Ages" at Harvard Commencement, and one of the seniors who listened to the poem was Ralph Waldo Emerson; it was fifty-four years ago that Mr. Whittier's "Legends of New England" was published; forty-six years ago that Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" appeared; forty-four years ago that Lowell's "A Year's Life" first saw the light. The times of which these poems were the product were different times from ours. They were times in which certain great questions of human welfare began to be hotly discussed. At the time when Bryant's first considerable poem appeared, a movement in church and in state was beginning to gain some headway, into which a large number of young men threw themselves with all the ardor of their nature. It is not necessary to describe all the phases of this revolution; it may be shortly characterized as the uprising of the sentiment of justice against certain long-cherished political and theological ideas. It was an ethical revolution; its strength was in its appeal to the hatred of wrong, to the love of equity and fair play. So far as the statement applies to the anti-slavery reform, it needs no argument; but it is equally true of the theological reforms simultaneously urged in various quarters. When Dr. William E. Channing wrote his critique on "Calvinism" in 1820, and when Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor preached his Concio ad Clerum in 1828, the two men were far enough apart in their theology, no doubt; but the plea of both was a plea for justice against injustice; for equity against absolutism. They agreed in declaring that God had been represented to men as a tyrant, in protesting indignantly against this representation; and in insisting that the Judge of all the earth would do right. The root out of which the new theology grew was an ethical conviction; and this was true of it in all its varying phases. Whether this protest against the old theology was justified by the facts or not is a question into which we do not enter; it is enough to say that the men who made it believed it to be just; that the impulse that led them on was a passionate love of righteousness. Certain philosophical notions became entangled in this debate, and it was round these, at length, that much of the battle raged; but it still remains true that the theological revolutions of fifty years ago had their source in a revolt of the moral sense of men against what was believed to be immoral in certain theological dogmas.

It was this battle against injustice, organized into the institutions of the state and framed, as some thought, into the creeds of the church, that was raging when these great poets of ours began to find their voices. It is not necessary to tell on which side of this battle they enlisted. From their earliest years all of them were witnesses for righteousness. They are all endowed with vision, music, sense of beauty; they know how, as Mr. Austin has lately said, to transfigure life; but the fire by which all their gifts were kindled was the love of righteousness. Vassals they gladly owned themselves, not first of beauty, but of all highest Truth; and they hastened, in words of one of them, to

> "Lay on her altar all the gushings tender,
> The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth."

The poet, as the same voice in the same ode bears record, is one

> "Who feels that God and heaven's great deeps are nearer
> Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh;
> Who doth not hold his own soul's freedom dearer
> Than that of all his brethren, low or high;
>
> Who to the Right can feel himself the truer
> For being gently patient with the wrong;
> Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,
> And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song."

Such was the inspiration of our greatest poets; such the passion that mastered them; it is not possible to conceive of any of them as existing without this enthusiasm of humanity, this genius of righteousness.

Their brethren on the other side have been of the same mind. In the last great singers of the English tongue the ethical temper and the Christian spirit have found full and masterful utterance.

Unhappily no such strenuous strife for moral values enlists the energies of our contemporaries. The particular causes to which we have referred no longer call for championship; slavery is dead and the protest against absolutism in theology has done its work, — overdone it, no doubt; for while no one now believes that God is a tyrant, there be many who seem to doubt whether he has any authority at all. The "advanced thought" of fifty years ago found expression in the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men; what is regarded as the advanced thought of to-day finds expression in the dismal negations of a materialistic pessimism. The poetry that exhales from this abyss is of a clammy and spectral sort; the breath of life is not in it.

It is plain that the conditions are not favorable at present for the production of great poetry. A stronger faith in spiritual realities and a broader and more genuine humanity are needed for the nourishing of high poetic inspirations. There are some signs of a resurrection of faith, and there are great questions of human rights yet to be settled, not, there is reason to fear, with-

out the confused noise of the warrior and garments rolled in blood. The Christian law has been roughly applied to the distribution of political power; it is yet to be much more fully applied to the distribution of property. Before that thought and that fact are wedded, there is likely to be "a bridal dawn of thunder-peals," and the bard will not be wanting to sing the nuptial song.

Washington Gladden.

Wanted — a Universal Tinker.

In some of our cities the introduction of the French eight-day clock created a new occupation — that of general clock-winder. Householders found that their clocks required a good deal of setting, and regulating, and encouraging, and scolding, and winding; so a score of them would club together and hire a man to call around once a week and do all of these things. This made the French clock endurable, and life went smoothly on again.

Good modern houses are now so elaborate, that what we sorely need is an expansion of the clock-winder idea; that is to say, there is room for a new occupation — that of Universal Tinker. Nearly every day in the year, in a large dwelling-house, you will find a mechanic of some sort at work. To-day a slater is renewing a slate on the roof; to-morrow a plumber will be renewing a washer in a bath-tub; yesterday a joiner was adding a shelf in the china closet. These men must be paid one or two dollars apiece for service worth from ten to fifty cents. The Universal Tinker — under a regular salary of three dollars a month, paid to him by each of forty or fifty householders along a street or in a neighborhood — would have done the three jobs in an hour, and the expense to you would be nothing but his trifle of wages and the trifle of material he would use.

At first the Universal Tinker would be pretty busy — until he got your house in ship-shape everywhere; after that he would become largely a *preventer* of mischief, by watching for it and checking it before it got a fair start; and so, as a rule, ten minutes a day would be all the time he would need to spend there. And what rest and peace he would give you after all these years of fretting and harassment!

The coming benefactor — the Universal Tinker — will do such things as these for you, to-wit:

Put in window-panes.

Mend gas-leaks.

Keep the waste-pipe and other water-pipe joints tight.

Make periodical search for sewer-gas and head it off, instead of waiting for an unaccountable death in the family to suggest possible sewer-gas and an examination.

Watch the zinc and things in the electric bell batteries, and renew them; add water before the water gets out; reënforce the strength of the sal ammoniac while it yet has some strength to reënforce.

Find out why a certain door or a certain window won't go on the burglar alarm, and apply the remedy.

Find out why the alarm clock persists in taking the alarm off the house in the night and in putting it on in the daytime, and cure the defect.

Keep all the clocks in the house in repair, properly set, and going.

Mend roof-leaks, with slates, tin, or shingles.

Glue the children's broken toys, especially those costly French dolls whose heads are always coming off, and whose parts have to be sent all the way to New York to be fixed together again.

Paint newly inserted joints of tin eaves-pipes the color of the rest of the pipe. The tinner never does that, but leaves a three-minute two-dollar job for the painter.

Glue and otherwise repair the havoc done upon furniture and carved wood by the furnace heat.

Keep the cats out of the cold-air boxes, and put wire netting over the box-ends.

Pack water-pipes in sawdust, where the thoughtful plumber has left them a chance to freeze.

Silence the skreaking door-hinges with soap or oil.

Jack-plane the edges of doors that won't shut.

Reset door-lock sockets which have become too high up or too low down by the settling of the house-walls.

Supply lost door-keys.

Fix the window-catches so they will catch.

Correct obstinate sashes that refuse to slide up and down.

Readjust window-ropes that have gotten out of the pulleys and won't work.

Put up a shelf here and there where it is wanted.

Repair the crumbling chimney-tops from year to year.

Dig up and repair the earthenware drains now and then.

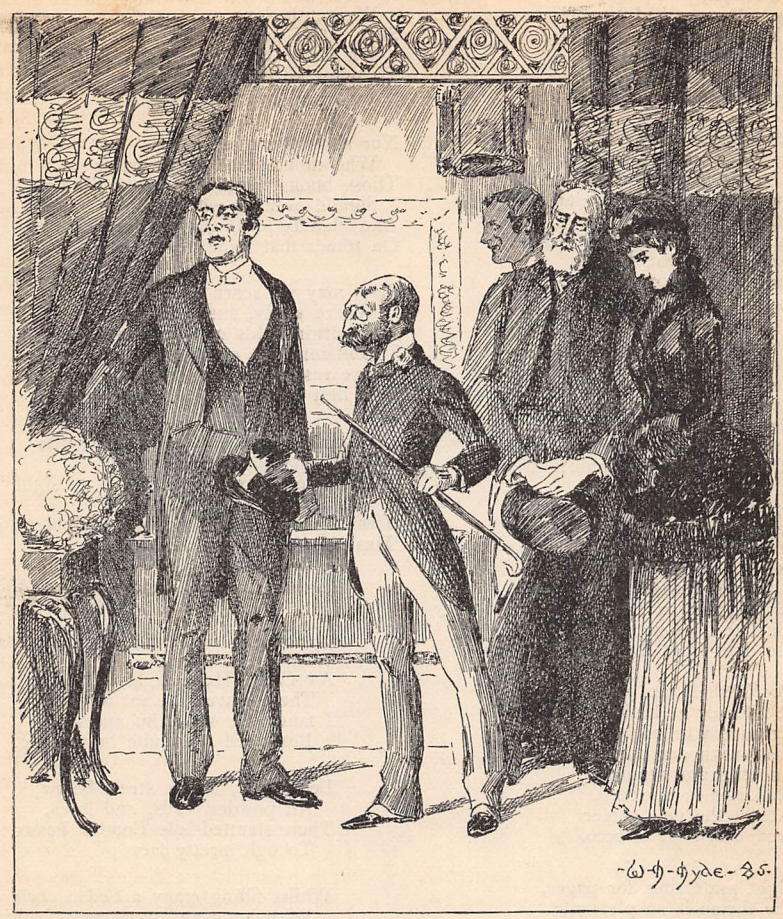
From time to time unchoke the pipes that drain the roof.

Level the billiard table and tighten the screws.

Put a dab of paint or putty or something here and there where needed.

Any bright, handy fellow can learn to do all of these things in a little while. The writer knows a householder who does them all, and is entirely self-taught. The Universal Tinker could earn eighteen hundred dollars a year, be idle an hour or two a day, and save you five hundred dollars a year at an expense not worth mentioning.

X. Y. Z.



AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

Footman (announcing): "Mister Stuyvesant Van Rennsselaer Schermerhorn-Binks."

IN THE LIBRARY.*

The Sultan of My Books.

"There is many a true word spoken in doggerel."—*Czech Folk-song.*

COME hither, my Wither,
My Suckling, my Dryden!
My Hudibras, hither!
My Heinsius from Leyden!
Dear play-books in quarto,
Fat tomes in brown leather,
Stray never too far to
Come back here together!

Books writ on occult and
Heretical letters,
I, I am the Sultan
Of you and your betters.
I need you all round me;
When wits have grown muddy,
My best hours have found me
With you in my study.

I've varied departments
To give my books shelter;
Shelves, open apartments
For tomes helter-skelter;
There are artisans' flats, fit
For common editions,—
I find them, as that's fit,
Good wholesome positions.

But books that I cherish
Live under glass cases;
In the waste lest they perish
I build them oases;
Where gas cannot find them,
Where worms cannot grapple,
Those panes hold behind them
My eye and its apple.

And here you see flirting
Fine folks of distinction:
Unique books just skirting
The verge of extinction;
Old texts with one error
And long notes upon it;
The "Magistrates' Mirror"
(With Nottingham's sonnet);

Tooled Russias to gaze on,
Moroccos to fondle,

* These original poems are taken by permission from "Ballads of Books," a volume to be edited by Mr. Brander Matthews.

My Denham, in blazon,
My vellum-backed Vondel,
My Marvell,—a copy
Was never seen taller,—
My Jones's "Love's Poppy,"
My dear little Waller;

My Sandys, a real jewel!
My exquisite "Adamo!"
My Dean Donne's "Death's Duel!"
My Behn (naughty madam O!);
Ephelia's! Orinda's!
Ma'am Pix and Ma'am Barker!—
The rhymsters you find, as
The morals grow darker!

I never upbraid these
Old periwigged sinners,
Their songs and light ladies,
Their dances and dinners;
My book-shelf's a haven
From storms puritanic,—
We sure may be gay when
Of death we've no panic!

My parlor is little,
And poor are its treasures;
All pleasures are brittle,
And so are my pleasures;
But, though I shall never
Be Beckford or Locker,
While fate does not sever
The door from the knocker,

No book shall tap vainly
At latch or at lattice
(If costumed urbanely,
And worth our care, that is);
My poets from slumber
Shall rise in morocco,
To shield the new comer
From storm or sirocco.
. . .
I might prate thus for pages,
The theme is so pleasant;
But the gloom of the ages
Lies on me at present;
All business and fear to
The cold world I banish.
Hush! like the Ameer, to
My harem I vanish!

Edmund Gosse.

De Libris.

TRUE — there are books and books. There's Gray,
For instance, and there's Bacon;
There's Longfellow, and Monstrelet,
And also Colton's "Lacon,"
With "Laws of Whist" and those of Libel,
And Euclid, and the Mormon Bible.

And some are dear as friends, and some
We keep because we need them;
And some we ward from worm and thumb,
And love too well to read them.
My own are poor, and mostly new,
But I've an Elzevir or two.

That as a gift is prized, the next
For trouble in the finding;
This Aldine for its early text,
That Plantin for the binding;
This sorry Herrick hides a flower,
The record of one perfect hour.

But whether it be worth or looks
We gently love or strongly,
Such virtue doth reside in books
We scarce can love them wrongly;
To sages an eternal school,
A hobby (harmless) to the fool.

Nor altogether fool is he
Who orders, free from doubt,
Those books which "no good library
Should ever be without,"
And blandly locks the well-glazed door
On tomes that issue never more.

Less may we scorn his cases grand,
Where safely, surely linger
Fair virgin fields of type, unscanned
And innocent of finger.
There rest, preserved from dust accurst,
The first editions — and the worst.

And least of all should we that write
With easy jest deride them,
Who hope to leave when "lost to sight"
The best of us inside them,
Dear shrines! where many a scribbler's name
Has lasted — longer than his fame.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

On the Fly-leaf of a Book of Old Plays.

AT Cato's-Head in Russell street
These leaves she sat a-stitching;
I fancy she was trim and neat,
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her, in the street below,
All powder, ruffs, and laces,
There strutted idle London beaux
To ogle pretty faces;

While, filling many a Sedan chair
With hoop and monstrous feather,
In patch and powder London's fair
Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap
They sauntered slowly past her,
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap
For Steele, went trotting faster.

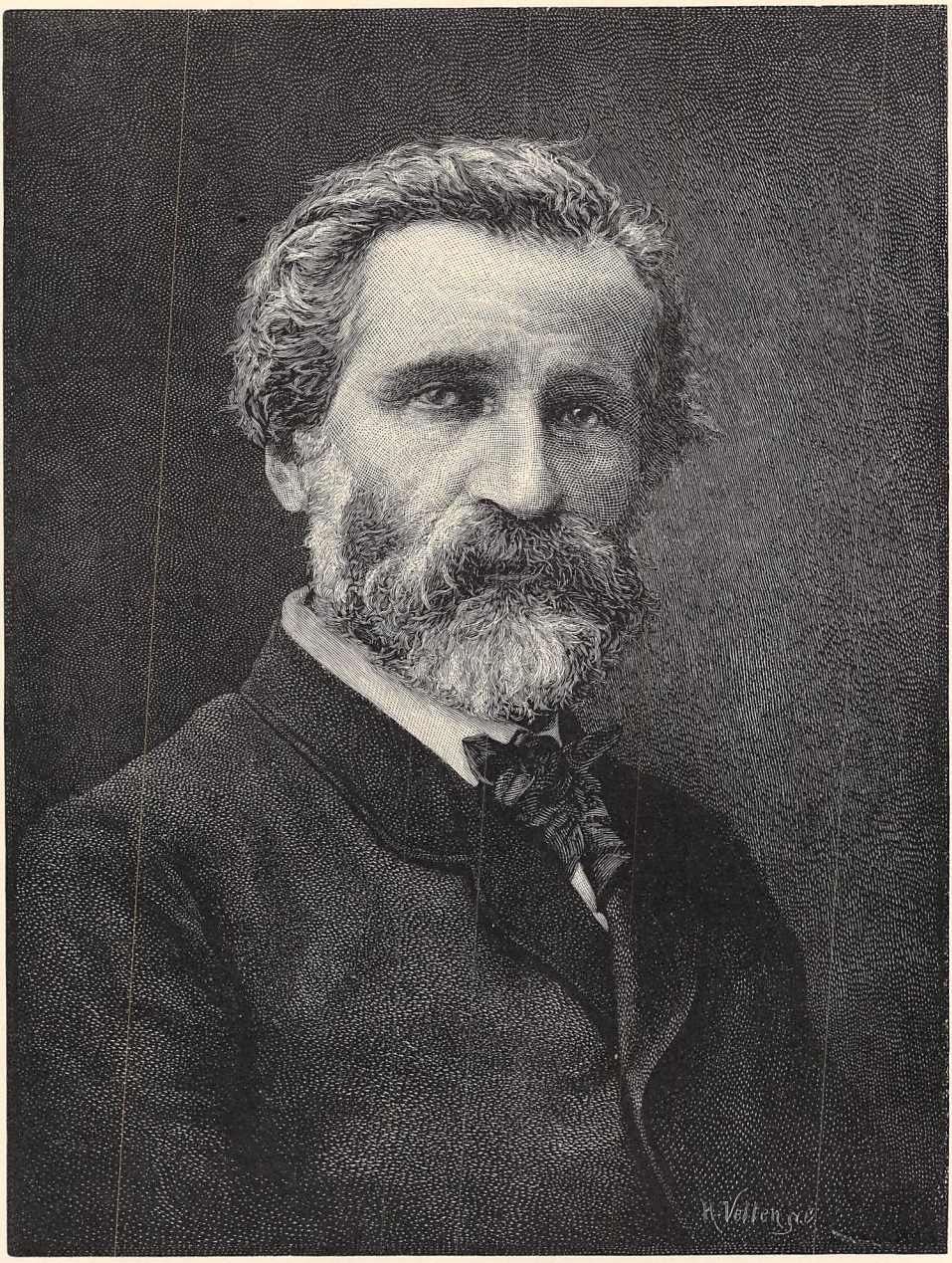
For beau nor wit had she a look,
Nor lord nor lady minding;
She bent her head above this book,
Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,
Caught on her nimble fingers,
Was stitched within this volume, where
Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair;
Wigs, powder, all out-dated;
A queer antique, the Sedan chair;
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd old plays,
This single stray lock finding,
I'm back in those forgotten days
And watch her at her binding.

Walter Learned.



Affectueusement à mon ami Arrivabene

G. Verdi

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. JANUARY, 1886. NO. 3.

THE CITY OF TEHERÂN.

SECOND PAPER.

IN such a climate as that of Teherân life is naturally passed chiefly in the open air. The chill of winter, rarely severe, seems to make little difference in the habits of the people. The shops are all open to the streets; the customers stand outside, and even the shop-keeper attends to most of his business from the exterior of the shop. If he is a baker, grocer, or costermonger, in all probability he and the customer both stand in the street, retreating into the shop only when a string of camels or a dashing cortége forces them to move out of the way. A carpenter may frequently be seen arranging a piece of joinery on the pavement in front of his shop. The schools often in no wise differ from the shops; in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare one may see twenty or thirty lads seated on their heels repeating the lesson together in monotonous tone.

Another common sight in the streets of Teherân is the itinerant barber. The Koran enjoins the masculine Mohammedan to shave his crown. The Sunnees shave the entire head excepting a long lock in the center whereby, it is said, the archangel may pluck them out of the grave. But the Sheahs or Persian Mussulmans shave from the forehead to the nape of the neck, leaving a highly prized lock on each side. It is therefore common to see a man of the lower classes seated on the pavement, going through the operation of having his head shaved. The remaining hair and the beard are dyed, and it is rare that one sees gray hairs in Teherân. The first tint applied is henna, an orange-yellow vegetable dye. Many consider this so handsome as to prefer it without the further application of indigo which most select. The last tint, combined with the henna, imparts a durable and rather agreeable dark-brown color to the hair. The women also have their hair dyed and join the eyebrows with the pencil. All classes make use of the bath at least once a week, the wealthy having steam-baths attached to their dwellings. No Christian is ever permitted admittance to the baths of the Persians. The public baths answer the purpose of clubs and sewing circles; the women go in the morning, take their sewing with them, and, after being thoroughly steamed and scrubbed, devote several hours to smoking the *kaliân*, embroidering, and discussing the scandal of the neighborhood, which they assiduously circulate on their return home.

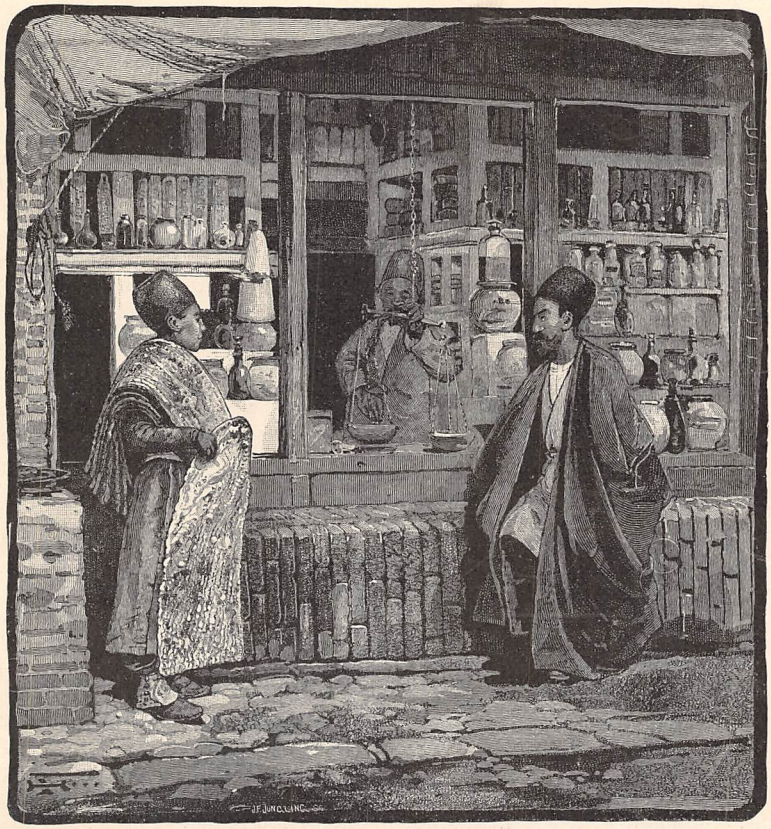
Another street sight of Teherân is the tea-house, equivalent to the coffee-house of Constantinople or the beer-garden of Munich. These establishments are generally thronged towards the close of the day. It is a curious fact that although Persia adjoins the coffee plantations of Araby the Blest, tea flavored with lime juice or lemon is more the beverage of Teherân than coffee. This is owing partly to contact with the Tartars on the north-eastern frontier, and in all likelihood, also, to the fact that from the tenth to the thirteenth century there was considerable commerce between Persia and China, at which period a colony of Chinese was imported into Persia, who produced the famous Perso-Chinese ware called Kashee, good examples of which are now rare and costly. Both wine-drinking and card-playing are forbidden to true believers, and therefore neither is seen in these places of public resort. But both are freely indulged in at home. The card-players of Persia use a set of twenty cards in five suits of four each. These suits are called the

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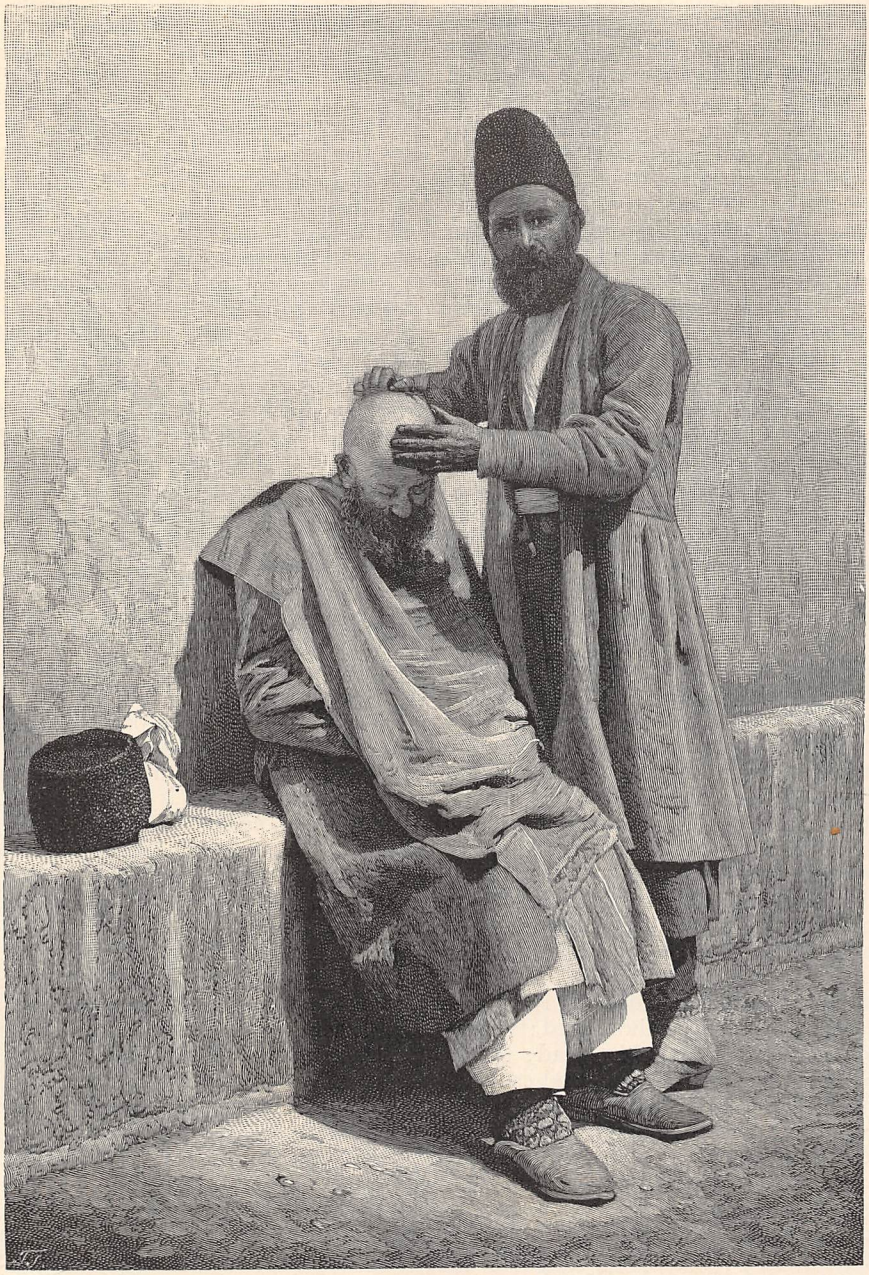
Hunter, the Child, the Courtesan or Woman, the Prince, and the Soldier. They are made by hand, and preserved by a thick, glossy coat of varnish. While following the idea suggested by the name of the card, each artist varies the design according to his fancy, sometimes giving them high finish and rich chromatic effects, the colors being applied on a gold ground or decorated with gold tincture. Some of the sets used by the wealthy are valued at fifty dollars. The famous artist of Shirâz, Agâ Nedjêf, who lived early in this century, did not disdain to display his talents on playing-cards. It is an interesting fact that America must relinquish the claim of having invented the gambler's favorite game of poker, for it was known in Persia centuries ago. The game played by the Persians is in principle poker or brag pure and simple, and betting often runs high with them.

Another characteristic sight in the streets of Teherân is the bread. Persian bread is made in sheets the thickness of sole leather; the best quality is somewhat thinner. It is formed in the shape and size of a side of leather. The baker with bare arms dexterously raises a sheet of this dough from the counter where it is rolled out, tosses and rolls it over his left arm until reduced to the proper tenuity. With a rapid fling of both arms he then spreads it over the hot floor of the oven. In a few moments it is baked and spread out to cool. If there is a convenient ledge in the street near the shop, one may see it covered with layers of bread. This bread is cheap, one cent a sheet, and what is more it is sweet and nourishing, and, with curds, cheese, and fruits, forms a staple article of diet with a large part of the population. Consequently, one constantly meets with people carrying sheets of bread home with them, the women holding them in front like leather aprons.

Speaking of fruit reminds me that the market of Teherân is in this respect one of the best in the world. Many varieties of grapes of excellent flavor abound for five months at less than a cent a pound. The melons of Persia are famous, especially the muskmelons. They cost a mere trifle, and the crop lasts for four months. A quality I have never seen elsewhere is the sugar-melon; in external shape and color it is like other muskmelons, but the inside presents a uniform gray-white color, and in texture and



CONFECTIONER IN THE BAZAAR.



A PERSIAN BARBER.

flavor it suggests the jelly cocoanut. The quinces are unsurpassed in size and flavor, and the same may be said of the pomegranate, which continues all winter and takes the place of our winter apples. The layers of ruby fruit shading off to a coral hue are exquisitely beautiful. The apricots and peaches are also good and abundant. The oranges of Ghilân are large and handsome, but inferior in flavor to those of Sicily. Figs, apples, and pears are also common, but not equal in quality to the other fruits of Teherân. The abundance of grapes in Persia affords a capital opportunity for making excellent pure wine. Several varieties are made by the Armenians, but they are not properly prepared, and do injustice to the vineyards from which they come. Although forbidden by the laws, wine-making is

winked at; and there is little doubt that a European expert in wine-making who should come to Persia would find means to obtain permission to develop the wine product of the country to a degree beneficial at a time when the vineyards of France are yielding less than their average supply.

Although the bazaars and shops of Teherân are well stocked with the goods of native and foreign markets, yet the upper classes and the European population make most of their purchases through a numerous and intelligent class of itinerant venders who carry their wares from house to house on little donkeys. Keats, in his "Eve of St. Agnes," gives a delicious descriptive catalogue of Oriental fruits and sweets; what poetic figures, what glowing strophes would he employ if he were to behold the wares unfolded by these peddlers to the wondering sight of the purchaser! The imagination is kindled, the yearning to possess is stimulated to an unusual degree when the lover of the beautiful beholds the floor of his apartment spread with the various exquisite articles which the turbaned *dellâl* unfolds to his gaze. Not a day passes but one or more of these men appear. Bowing low, they beg permission to display their wares, holding up at the same time some choice antique rug, embroidery, or porcelain, such as you are known to prize. It is useless to resist; whether intending to buy or no, you order the saddle-bags to be brought in and their contents revealed. Then shall you behold rugs, ancient and modern, of Kurdistân, Turkistân, or Kermân; shawls of price from Cashmere; dazzling embroideries from Resht and Shirâz; kaliâns of silver and gold inlaid, with superb boxes carved and painted with scenes of Persian life or inlaid with delicate ivory patterns; veils exquisitely embroidered; velvets massive with silver and gold thread; blades from Khorassân; wavy daggers and coats of mail inlaid with silver and gold; bowls and plaques of Kashee ware; reflet tiles seven hundred to one thousand years old; antique coins and gems, engraved with verses from Hafiz or the Koran; rare old manuscripts of the poets, illuminated and illustrated with quaint and characteristic designs; peacocks, elephants, salvers, vases, and bowls beautifully and elaborately engraved or wrought in open designs of brass; diamonds, rubies, pearls, and turquoises for which Persia is famous; coffee sets in silver filigree and bracelets wrought in yellow gold; tigers' skins from Mazanderân; furs from Astrakhân; old flint-locks with inlaid stocks, and even swords captured from the English in the Afghân wars; chess-men curiously carved; silk sashes fit for the person of royalty; gayly wrought saddle-cloths; and superb bits of mosaic from the mosques and palaces of Ispahân.

Such is a brief *résumé* of the character of the wares almost daily exhibited at my house. One soon learns that if he does not buy an article when offered him, thinking he can get one like it at another time, the opportunity of doing so rarely returns. It is the great attraction of Oriental art that it is individual. Until a European firm in Persia unfortunately employed some of the carpet-makers to reproduce certain ancient designs, it was impossible to find two rugs or carpets in Persia identical in design. The same holds true about all Persian decorative art. Each artisan there stamps his own individual taste and fancy on the products of his labor. This is indeed art; how different from that everlasting repetition of the same design which is the bane and the blessing of European and American decorative art, especially in textile fabrics and furniture. It is a blessing for the poor, who can obtain pretty things for a price within their means, but a bane for the well-to-do who wish original objects, but cannot afford to pay the price demanded by European and American artists who produce only unique results for sale.

Therefore, if a Persian peddler offers a certain object that you desire, it must be bought then and there, or it will be snatched up by some one else. This is especially the case with antique curios. These dellâls generally sell on commission. It is not uncommon for a lady of rank, who wishes to realize on her treasures, to place a costly Cashmere shawl or embroidery in the hands of a dellâl, of a quality which, perhaps, one might seek for in vain through the bazaars. By shrewd management and much chaffering such an article may sometimes be bought at a great bargain.

The old armor is also difficult to find now, while the demand for this and also for old coins is such that the artisans of Hamadân and Ispahân, taking advantage of their genius for imitation and the low price of labor, make many fine reproductions of the antique, which are shipped to Europe or sold to European residents or travelers. The old armor of Persia is justly renowned for the picturesque beauty of the designs lavished upon it, and the admirable temper of the metal. Both are cleverly imitated now to the eye, and he who cannot secure the genuine antique may well purchase the imitations to decorate his dining-room or studio. The process of bargaining with these dellâls is very amusing. Their favorite phrases are "*Mali kadeem est*" (It belongs to the old time), and "*B'cheshm*" (On my eyes be it; *i. e.*, I swear by my eyes), a phrase constantly met in the "Arabian Nights."



VILLAGE ON THE ROAD FROM RESHT TO TEHERÂN.

Another form of expression, when they wish to assure one of the truth of their statements, is to swear by their own beards, or to pluck hold of the beard of the purchaser and swear by that. They are courteous and patient to a degree, never showing any spite if, after an hour's chaffering and unpacking and repacking their goods, they have only sold a few cents' worth. In case an article is of value, it is common to leave it for a day or two to give the purchaser ample time to consider its attractions. It is a pleasant thing to deal with Persians, even if their slow ways sometimes try the patience of the more expeditious Westerner, for they are good-natured and respectful. It is another peculiarity of these dellâls that if one does not make a purchase they rarely return. It is well, therefore, to buy some trifle of them in order to have another chance at their wares at a more convenient hour. If an important sale is made, it is soon known among the whole fraternity, and for several days other dellâls will frequent the house with similar goods. There is also a somewhat annoying custom, not easily avoided, which allows the servants to levy a commission from the dellâl. If he does not agree to the terms, then the porter excludes him, and thus one may miss some rare article, which is then grabbed by a fortunate neighbor.

The art in brass to which I alluded above is one of the most interesting now pursued in Persia. Fine examples are fortunately within the reach of every one, for the material is inexpensive and the cost of labor trifling. It would be impossible to surpass the beauty of form exhibited in some of these ewers, vases, censers, candlesticks, and salvers or lamp standards. They are generally of light, open tracery, the solid spaces being finished with engraved designs representing bits from the poets and intricate hunting, court, battle, or dramatic scenes, or public dancers and acrobats, interwoven with arabesques of extreme intricacy and beauty. Many of these articles in brass are purely ornamental, such as a pair of mantel ornaments in the possession of the writer whose form was suggested by the gracefulness of the Oriental cypress. A candlestick in my possession was also undoubt-

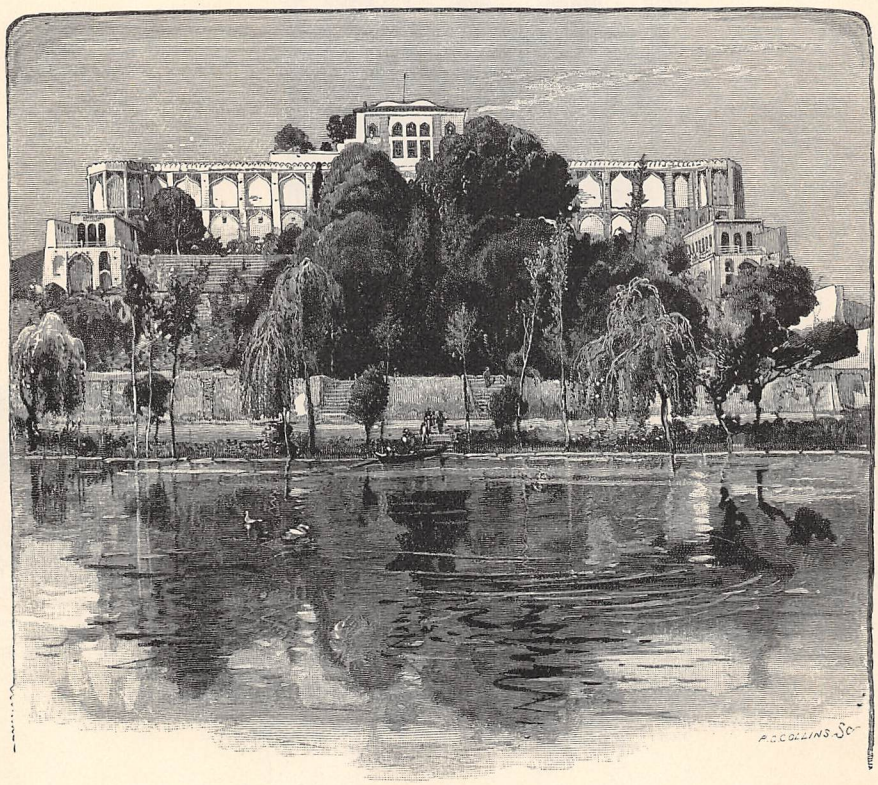


WATER-CARRIER, TEHERÂN.

edly suggested by the palm-trees along the shores of the Persian Gulf.

As regards the rugs now for sale in Persia, it may be well to add that after the discovery of aniline dyes the embroideries and textile fabrics of Persia were injured by a large introduction of aniline colors. This affected both the beauty and durability of the design. One way to test them is to pass a wet cloth over the suspicious tints. No article that leaves a stain on the cloth can be recommended. But the importation of aniline dyes into Persia has been at last forbidden by the Government, who are well aware of the injury eventually to follow from them if used in the manufacture of one of the most important articles of the Persian export trade. There are many varieties of Persian carpets and rugs; the most important bear the name of the province where they are made. The most valued are those having more or less silk; these are used chiefly for portières. Another highly prized sort are the rugs of Turkistân, which are distinguished by a fine velvety surface and a pattern of extraordinary richness. While the same general design enters into most of the Turkistân rugs, no two are exactly alike. The old Turkistân rugs are of great value; some which are undoubtedly fifty to eighty years old are still brilliant, while the colors are toned by time and the texture is admirable. As the Turkomans have opportunities of procuring aniline dyes from Russia, they sometimes use them in the rugs they now

produce, which must therefore be examined with great care, however attractive their appearance. The colors of old Persian carpets can invariably be relied upon.

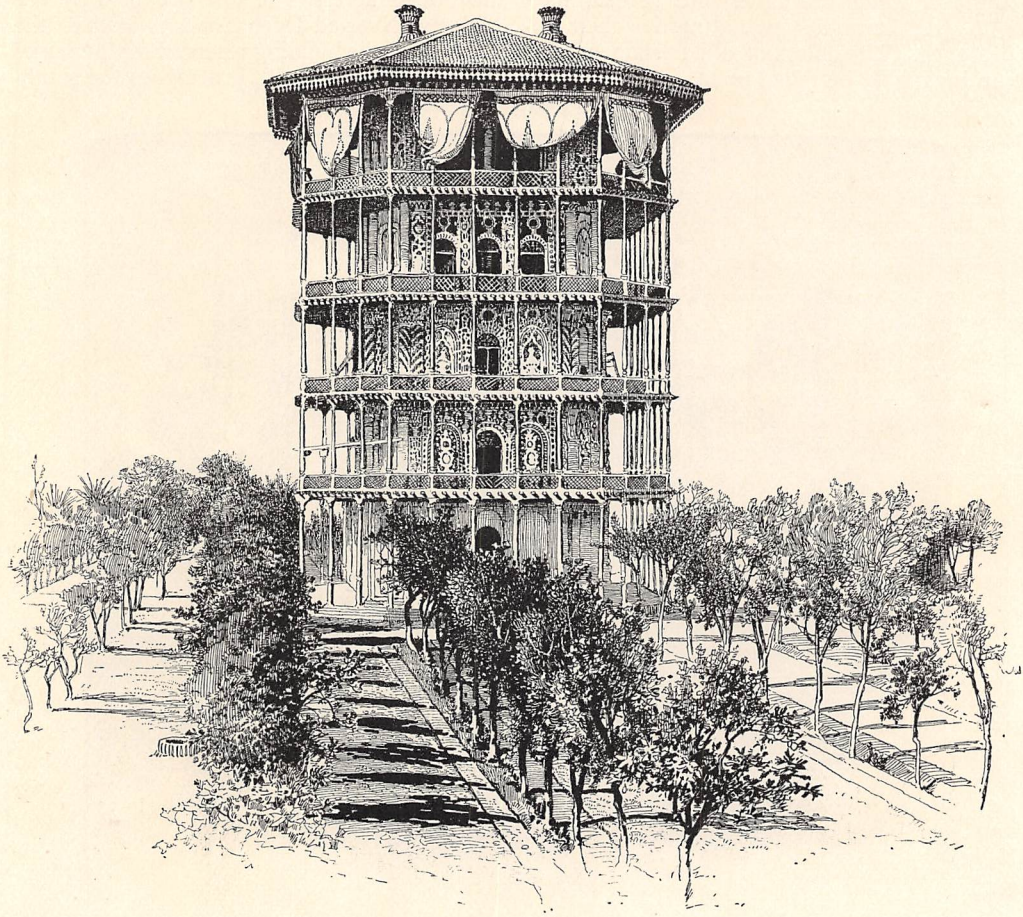


ROYAL SUMMER RESORT, KASR-KHAJÂR, NEAR TEHERÂN.

Another Persian fabric that has great beauty, but is now becoming scarce, is the intricate embroidery of silk formerly worn by the women. A change of costume or fashion has superseded these embroidered pantaloons. They present a solid mass of needle-work, and are admirably suited to cover ottomans or chairs in a drawing-room. The embroideries of Resht commend themselves for their wealth of decoration, but should be carefully examined as being liable to have aniline dyes. The designs of the best have many parts of the ground cut out and the colors represented by pieces delicately sewed into the apertures. The embroideries of Shirâz resemble those of Resht in appearance, but are executed by a reverse process, the colors being represented by pieces, often of velvet, applied to the ground cloth.

Among the most interesting objects in Teherân are the palaces and neighboring resorts of the King. (See the December CENTURY for illustrations of some of the buildings mentioned here.) The one occupied by His Majesty Nusr-ed-Deen Shah is called the Ark. With the building reserved for the ladies of the royal household, it occupies the southeastern portion of a large district of the city devoted to the arsenal, the Government offices, the stately residence of the Prince Naïb Sultanêh, Minister of War, and the magnificent square of the barracks previously described where the garrison is chiefly quartered. The palace is surrounded by numerous courts and gardens handsomely laid out and abounding in shade-trees. The exterior of the palace is picturesque rather than imposing, having reached its present form by additions made from time to time. Much of it is pleasingly decorated with rich Oriental designs in tiles and glazed bricks. The interior apartments are planned on a spacious scale, elegantly combining European with Oriental luxury, and presenting a magnificence commensurate with a great and celebrated empire.

To many the most interesting spectacle in the Ark is the Museum or Treasury of Crown Jewels. The royal permission is necessary to an admittance to this inestimable storehouse of riches. A number of the royal houses of



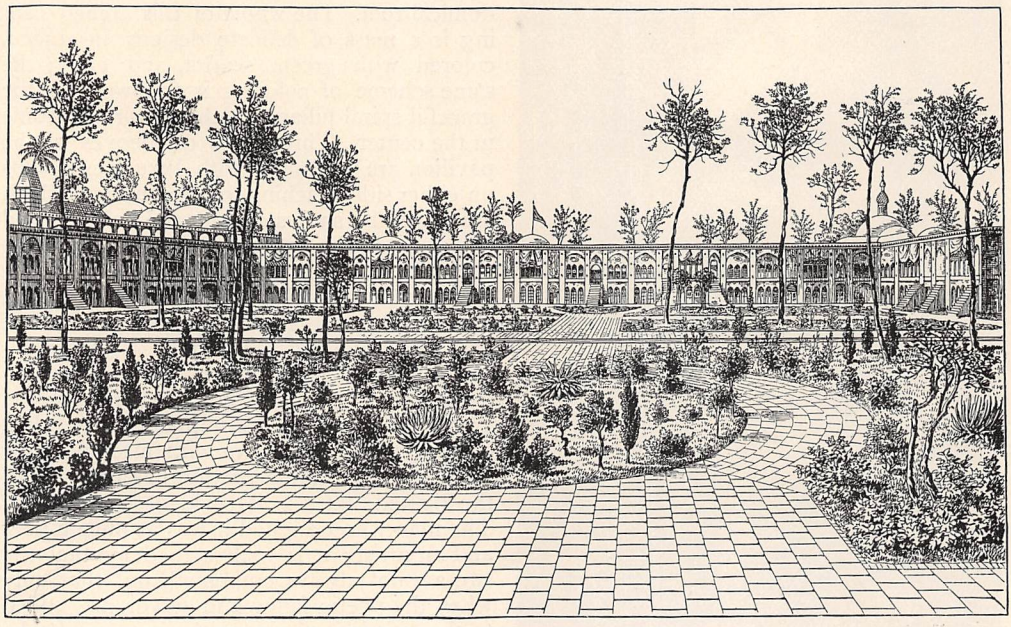
SUMMER-HOUSE OF THE SHAH AT ENZELI.

Europe and Asia possess collections of crown jewels, such as that of Dresden or Constantinople; but it is safe to say that there is none which surpasses the splendor and importance of the one belonging to the crown of Persia. Let one consider the many ages of Persia's national existence, the pageantries for which her court has always been renowned, the vast extent of territory she once held, from the Oxus and the Crimea to the Indian Ocean, and from the Mediterranean to the Ganges; let him consider that it is less than two centuries since Nadir Shah returned from the sack of Delhi, his army loaded with treasure, while the conqueror reserved for his share gems and riches valued at upwards of one hundred millions of money. In this treasure-house at the Ark one sees, therefore, diamonds of the largest and rarest quality, including the famous Dar-i-Noor, or Sea of Light, and rubies and emeralds and other gems of like degree; several crowns and suits of armor of enormous price; the choicest examples of all that Oriental art has produced in metals, enamels, shawls, embroidery, swords of matchless temper whose hilts and scabbards are a solid mass of diamonds, together with presents innumerable received from the crowned heads of Europe and Asia for ages past. Prominent amid this dazzling profusion of splendor is the renowned Peacock throne, which is variously estimated to be worth from $13,000,000 to $25,000,000. Of less pecuniary value, but highly interesting as showing the wide range of subjects which occupy the attention of the Shah, is a finely arranged collection of specimens of all the minerals of Persia. One leaves the Treasury with his imagination dazed; it is indeed as if he had been studying the concentrated essence of the "Arabian Nights," and at last realized the "gorgeous East, or wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

A feature the visitor will notice at the Ark is the crimson curtains and awnings which protect the windows and doors from the heat of the noon-time. This hue for curtains, awn-

ings, and umbrellas is reserved for the royal family; the use of it for such purposes by any others in Persia is strictly forbidden.

Nusr-ed-Deen Shah, the present occupant of this stately palace, is one of the best known of modern Oriental sovereigns because of the two visits he has made to Europe. The fact of his undertaking these distant and costly excursions is in itself a decided indication of the progressive character of this distinguished monarch. It is the fashion for the diplomats of certain courts to decry Persia, her court, and her King. This is done either through ignorance or with the secret but distinct intention of lowering the influence and power of Persia for the purpose of preventing that progress which would better enable her to resist the encroachments of ambitious and unscrupulous neighbors. There is no living sovereign more talented or more swayed by generous and progressive views than Nusr-ed-Deen Shah. He has been on the throne forty-five years, and is very popular in Persia. Humane in disposition, widely informed and patriotic, if his projects for the elevation of his dominions do not always succeed, it is partly because time is required to transform the habits and prejudices of an old, long-established people; partly because of the corrupt character of his *entourage*, who may not be more corrupt than Persian courtiers have been for ages, but who yet are corrupt; partly because of the natural opposition of the Mohammedan clergy, who must not be too overtly resisted, as the system of government and laws is theocratic; and partly because any important radical measures the Shah may propose for the improvement of his dominions are hindered by the intrigues of powerful neighbors, whom it is not expedient to arouse to open opposition. If the powers would only let Persia alone, she has a vitality that would carry her to another epoch of national greatness. But under present circumstances her progress is constantly hindered and even her existence is menaced.



THE WOMEN'S APARTMENTS OF A ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN. (REPRODUCED FROM A DRAWING IN A PERSIAN PAPER.)

Nusr-ed-Deen Shah has three sons. The eldest, and probably the ablest and most ambitious, is the Zelee Sultân, governor of the central provinces, whose capital is Ispahân. But he cannot inherit the throne because his mother was of plebeian birth. He is a man of great force of character, who has been in office, as he told me, since his tenth year. The heir-apparent is the second son, who has the title of Valy-ahed, and is governor *ex officio* of the important frontier province of Azerbaïjân. It is my impression that he is playing a part, purposely concealing his aims and abilities. The third son, entitled the Naïb Sultanêh, is Minister of War, and a man of very affable disposition.

Another interesting and important palace of Teherân is Negaristân. It was built by Agâ Mohammed Shah, and added to by the great-grandfather of the present King, Feth Alee Shah. At that time it stood nearly a mile beyond the city; but now Teherân has grown

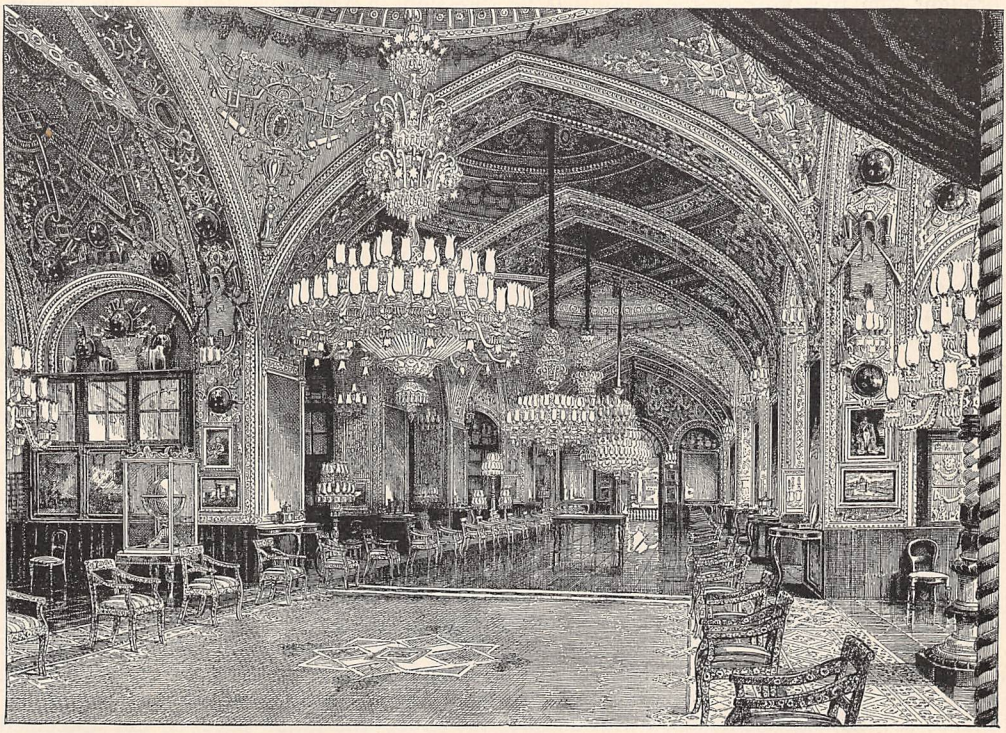


VALY-AHED, OR HEIR-APPARENT.

some distance beyond it. The entrance faces a large square, whither, on the feast of Courbân Baïrâm, a camel is led forth decked with ribbons and drapery and slaughtered for a sacrifice. Over the gate is a graceful *balahanêh*, or lodge, supported by a row of elegant pillars. The carriage enters a spacious garden, beautified with a triple avenue of venerable plane-trees girt with ivy. No other building than a modest porter's lodge is visible. But on entering a winding passage in this structure we are surprised to find that it leads to an extensive continuation of the park, which is here laid out with graveled walks by whose side are stone channels filled with running streams. About the whole scene is such an air of rural quietude, broken only by the twitter of sparrows or the rapturous melody of nightingales, that one can hardly imagine that he is still within the limits of a large city. The paths lead to a marble tank and a small but exquisitely beautiful pavilion beside it, whose exterior is decorated with the most beautiful stucco-work I have seen in Persia. The interior consists of a single cruciform apartment covered with a domical roof. The whole of this arched ceiling is a mass of delicate designs in stucco, colored with green, scarlet, and gold; the same scheme of coloring is followed on the graceful spiral pillars which support the dome in the center. Three arms or alcoves of the pavilion are furnished with luxurious divans on either side, reaching to the windows, which are closed by sashes capable of being raised and opening the entire side to the air and the prospect. The sashes are designed with the intricacy of a Gothic rose window, and are filled with stained glass. The floors are spread with expensive rugs. The plan is symmetrical, while the details are so rich and harmonious as to be highly poetical and artistic. The central truth which impresses one when comparing this little gem with attempts now made at elaborate decoration in England and the United States is its evident spontaneity. The man who designed it was at once a poet and an artist; it is useless to deny that the two are not always combined, and that only when the poetic fancy and fervor are added to the artistic instinct can the best results be achieved in art. In modern decorative art one perceives, notwithstanding its occasional successes, that it is wholly intellectual. The artist has studied the art of other ages, and out of this acquired knowledge deliberately seeks to evolve something original. The consequence is just what might be expected; there is an absence of spontaneity, the effect is scattered, the combinations are strained, and one is ever reminded of something he has seen elsewhere in a much more correct style. Now in Oriental art the artist or architect is not disturbed by what he has learned by study, nor is he striving after effect, but his imagination teems with original thoughts, and he cannot rest until he has given expression in his own way to his love of the beautiful. We, too, in time may have such decorative artists, but there is no question that they do not yet exist in the United States. To bestow too much praise on the present phase of American household and decorative art is to retard the coming of the genuine school that is to supersede it.

From this pavilion we reënter the park, and

continue our walk until it brings us to another broad tank and the apartments formerly occupied by the King. An interesting feature of this building is a small reception-room whose two largest sides are capable of being opened and protected from the sun by large awnings. At each end of the room is a life-size painting representing the sons of Feth Alee Shah. From this apartment we pass into an octagonal court around which the chief



AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF THE ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN.

building has been erected. The area of this court for a space of nearly eighty feet is occupied by an immense tank. Thence another walk through the park takes one to the anderoon, formerly occupied by some of the numerous wives of Feth Alee Shah. The parlor of the King in the lower story of this building offers another highly interesting example of Persian art. The vestibule is low, but richly tinted and gilded, and is separated from the parlor by light pillars of wood, whose form and capitals suggest the grand columns of Persepolis. The ceiling of the apartment is high, considering the small size of the room. Every portion is enriched with green, scarlet, and gold, alternated with panels representing hunting-scenes painted directly on the plaster. These pictures, although blending agreeably with the other decorations, are of a coarse style of art, evidently borrowed from cheap European prints. But one soon forgets to notice them in the magnificent historical frescoes which on every side fill the upper half of the walls. We see before us in well-arranged groups full-length, life-size portraits of Feth Alee Shah on his golden throne, with his thirty sons gathered around him, and on either hand the English, French, and Russian ambassadors, and the chief courtiers and officers of the realm. The portraits are evidently characteristic likenesses, while the various court costumes of eighty years ago, silks, embroidered sashes, tunics of Cashmere shawls, and glittering decorations and armor are represented with a fidelity that gives great historic value to the painting. Feth Alee Shah was a patron of the arts, and also one of the chief poets of modern Persia; his poems partake of the style of Hafiz. He was a man of striking appearance, giving much attention to the care of his person, and especially of the magnificent beard for which he was celebrated.

It was in this palace that the great Kaimakâm or prime minister of Mohammed Shah met his untimely fate. This monarch, third in the succession of the Khajar dynasty, was not more cruel than most Oriental des-

pots, but was naturally made suspicious and jealous by his position. The Kaimakâm was not only a famous poet, he was also a statesman who had the address to acquire a very prominent part in the administration of affairs. This finally aroused the jealousy or apprehension of Mohammed Shah, although there seems to have been little reason for the tyrant's fears. One pleasant afternoon, when the vizier was sitting in the park of Negaristân, quietly sipping a cup of tea, the executioner brought him the order of the King that he had but five minutes to live. The vizier received the summons with calmness, and composed two lines on the spot, which have become proverbial in Persia: "Such is life; now it overwhelms us with honors, and anon it clothes us with thorns. Fortune, like a juggler, delights to play us a thousand tricks like this." Five minutes later he was suffocated, it is said, by a mattress laid over him in an apartment of the palace, although one living at the time told me he died by the cord.

Before leaving the anderoon we were taken to the bath, where the royal ladies were wont to disport themselves. Proceeding down an inclined plane, we entered a subterranean hall of marble supported by pillars clustered around a circular pool. Opposite to where we entered was a steep slide of polished marble. This was built to enable Feth Alee Shah to indulge in an original sport which reminds one of the delights of the gardens of Armida. From the upper story of the anderoon his wives proceeded, somewhat thinly clad, to the top of the slide, and with much merriment deftly slipped into the arms of the royal husband, who waited for them below. The bath is connected with this subterranean hall, and consists of several apartments faced with marble and floral designs on glazed tiles. No more are peals of laughter heard there, nor the song warbled by ruby lips. All are gone who once imparted life to this lovely scene. The livelong summer day the nightingale trills in the rose-bush and the turtle-dove coos in the *chenârs*, and the murmuring water dashes down its marble channels, but no one dwells there now save the solitary sentinel and the venerable guardian.

The Persians are a mercurial people, far different from most Orientals. They are passionately fond of poetry, and the stanzas of Ferdoüsee and Hafiz are familiar to all classes. Shah Djemsheed and Rustêm, the hero of the Shah-na-meh, or Chronicle of Kings, are household words, even more than the Cid in Spain or King Arthur in England. The Persians are also influenced by what appears to the eye beyond any other people. "If you wish to reach a Persian's heart you must touch his eye," said a distinguished Persian. For this reason they are greatly taken with spectacular effects, and find it difficult to regard with respect foreigners who live in simple style and avoid display when abroad. Power that is unostentatious is to them difficult of comprehension.

If Teherân should ever have a theater or opera, and Persians should be permitted to attend them, they would develop a passion which at present finds only incomplete expression in numerous feasts or the mourning festivities of the Moharrem. The greatest annual occasion in Persia is probably the Noh Rooz, or New Year, which comes in the spring. This festival, although sanctioned by the Sheahs, undoubtedly had its origin in the time when the Zendavesta was the acknowledged guide of religion in Persia. The Noh Rooz comes when the sun again asserts his brilliant reign over the earth in March, and drives away clouds and rain and storm for nine months from its special favorite, the land of Irân. Then the trees bourgeon and bloom, and the fields and gardens are resplendent with flowers. The Noh Rooz continues for ten days. One of these days is celebrated at Teherân with races held at the race-course outside the city walls. A handsome royal pavilion, furnished with arches and alcoves, affords a fine point of observation for the King and his wives, the latter guarded from view by lattices. The legations and principal Persian grandees erect tents adjoining the royal pavilion, and give receptions to their friends. The scene is gay with streamers and banners. The horses are fine steeds from the Arab breed of Shirâz, superb animals of grace and fire. But their gait is the run instead of the trot; the latter pace is not esteemed in the East for riding-horses, and justly, as it appears to me. Of course the entire population of Teherân turns out to see the races.

Another very important occasion at Teherân is what is called the Moharrem, or month of mourning. It is the celebration of the slaughter of Husseïn, the son of Alee, and his family by the army of Moawiyêh, who had usurped the Caliphate. To the Sheahs the occasion is one of the highest importance. For nine days groups of fanatics, chiefly fakirs, go through the streets, chanting and howling "Ya Husseïn!" Their clothes are rent, sometimes, indeed, entirely dispensed with, and their black locks hang disheveled over bloodshot eyes. With knives they gash themselves or pierce their limbs and cheeks with steel spikes, sometimes falling dead in the street from loss of blood. By the eighth, ninth, and tenth days these enthusiasts have wrought

themselves up to such a pitch of religious frenzy that it is prudent for Europeans to remain at home. He who has once seen one of these processions, or in the still of evening has heard the lamentation from all parts of the city, can never forget the singular impression produced.

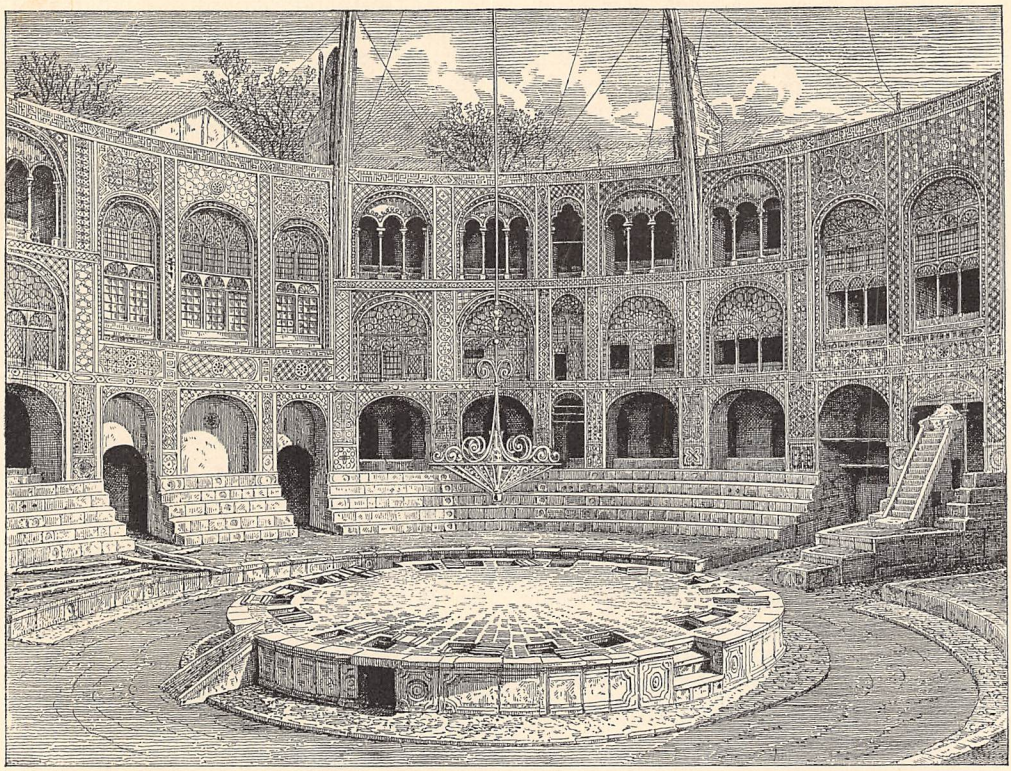
A marked feature of the last days of the Moharrem is the Tazieh, or Passion Play, representing the death of Husseïn. Many of the wealthy Persians give presentations of the play in the court or patio of their own houses, which is covered with awnings, and all the faithful are invited to attend. To the women especially the opportunity of thus diverting themselves is so valuable, that this reason alone will probably render it difficult to abolish the custom for many years, were it, indeed, desirable to do so. But, of course, the royal Tazieh offers the most elaborate and complete representation of the Passion Play, if it may be so termed for want of a more descriptive phrase. The King has constructed a special building for this drama, surmounted by a light domical frame for supporting the awning. Galleries are ranged around the arena divided into boxes. Each minister is expected to furnish his loggia in a costly manner, with Cashmere shawls and elegant rugs.

Much of the representation reminds one of the scene in "Midsummer Night's Dream" where *Bottom* figures as the lion with *Moonshine* and his precious companions. A man brings a bush into the arena, sticks it in the ground, and says "This is a tree." Another actor on all fours, with a lion's skin on his back, personates the devouring king of beasts. Notwithstanding such absurdities, which the lively fancy of the spectators causes them to accept as real, the general effect becomes solemn and impressive as the tragedy proceeds and the martyrs are slain by a multitude of assailants. The audience is moved to tears, and a wild wailing proceeds from every quarter of the house. The impersonation has been sometimes carried to such a realistic point that men have allowed themselves to be buried up to the neck in the ground, or concealed their heads in a hole, in order to represent a field strewn with headless trunks and bloody heads. The effort was, however, so violent that actors representing such objects in the above manner have been known to be suffocated when the weather has been warm.

It appears singular to proceed from the Tazieh to the College of Teherân, the former representing Oriental and reactionary and the latter modern and Western ideas. Although the standard of instruction in the college leaves much to be desired, the existence of such an institution indicates a progressive spirit, and must eventually produce valuable results for Persia. It is, of course, under government auspices; it includes instruction in languages, geology, painting, medicine, and other branches. Several of the instructors are Englishmen and Germans. The Persians show much aptitude in the acquisition of languages, and especially of the French tongue, which is understood and spoken by the King himself, and by many of his ministers and numerous subordinate officers. The study of anatomy is pursued with a manikin. It would be impossible to introduce dissection in Persia at present; and the practice of surgery, when involving amputation or complicated cases, is attended with difficulties, for if the surgeon should lose his patient, the latter being a Mussulman, he would be liable to pay what is called blood-money, and might even risk his own life.

Want of space forbids a further account of a city which offers the stranger many novel attractions. But we may allude, in closing, to the numerous charming villas, pleasure-houses, and retreats in the suburbs of Teherân. Doshantépê is a favorite resort of the King, three miles from the city. It is perched on the summit of a lofty, isolated rock, and is approached by a picturesque winding stairway. At the foot of the eminence lies a spacious garden containing an interesting menagerie composed largely of native animals. One observes there several noble lions from the vicinity of Persepolis. Another very interesting palace is that called Kasr-i-Khajâr or Castle of the Khajârs. It is one of the most pleasing objects in the landscapes of Teherân. The present Shah inherits the love of the chase peculiar to the monarchs of Persia from the oldest periods, and often resorts to these choice retreats in order to be in the neighborhood of his hunting-grounds.

The European colony spends the summer at the Shimrân in the villages of Tejrisch, Gulahêk, and Zergendêh. The two latter were royal gifts to the English and Russian legations respectively. Besides the extensive grounds occupied by the two legations, these villages include houses rented to Europeans and Persians alike. The carriage-roads are numerous in the vicinity of Teherân, and most of them are excellent, and in several cases well protected by avenues of shade-trees. The most charming and romantic drive in the neighborhood is that of Yusufabâd. It gently ascends towards the mountains, and commands a superb prospect of Demavênd and the nearer ranges as well as the plains of Teherân far to the south beyond Kanaregîrd. When there is a slight haze or mirage, as often hap-



ROYAL THEATER, WHERE THE GREAT PASSION PLAY, OR TAZIEH, IS EXHIBITED ANNUALLY FOR TEN DAYS AT MOHARREM. CURTAINS ARE DRAWN OVER THE FRAME-WORK ABOVE.

pens, the plain assumes the deep purple of the sea when a fresh breeze is blowing over it; the rosy ridges beyond resemble islands as seen at sea, and the white houses glistening here and there, mere gleaming specks, look like white-caps, while the walls of Teherân suggest surf beaten into foam on far-extending reefs.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE CRICKETS IN THE FIELDS.

ONE, or a thousand voices?—filling noon
With such an undersong and drowsy chant
As sings in ears that waken from a swoon,
And know not yet which world such murmurs haunt:
Single, then double beats, reiterant;
Far off and near; one ceaseless, changeless tune.

If bird or breeze awake the dreamy will,
We lose the song, as it had never been;
Then suddenly we find 'tis singing still
And had not ceased.—So, friend of mine, within
My thoughts one underthought, beneath the din
Of life, doth every quiet moment fill.

Thy voice is far, thy face is hid from me,
But day and night are full of dreams of thee.

Anthony Morehead.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

IT is to be feared, indeed, that Verena was easily satisfied (convinced, I mean, not that she ought to succumb to him, but that there were lovely, neglected, almost unsuspected truths on his side); and there is further evidence on the same head in the fact that after the first once or twice she found nothing to say to him (much as she was always saying to herself) about the cruel effect her apostasy would have upon Olive. She forbore to plead that reason after she had seen how angry it made him, and with how almost savage a contempt he denounced so flimsy a pretext. He wanted to know since when it was more becoming to take up with a morbid old maid than with an honorable young man; and when Verena pronounced the sacred name of friendship, he inquired what fanatical sophistry excluded him from a similar privilege. She had told him, in a moment of expansion (Verena believed she was immensely on her guard, but her guard was very apt to be lowered), that his visits to Marmion cast in Olive's view a remarkable light upon his chivalry; she chose to regard his resolute pursuit of Verena as a covert persecution of herself. Verena repented, as soon as she had spoken, of having given further currency to this taunt; but she perceived the next moment no harm was done, Basil Ransom taking in perfectly good part Miss Chancellor's reflections on his delicacy, and making them the subject of much free laughter. She could not know, for in the midst of his hilarity the young man did not compose himself to tell her, that he had made up his mind on this question before he left New York — as long ago as when he wrote her the note (subsequent to her departure from that city) to which allusion has already been made, and which was simply the fellow of the letter addressed to her after his visit to Cambridge; a friendly, respectful, yet rather pregnant sign that, decidedly, on second thoughts, separation didn't imply for him the intention of silence. We know a little about his second thoughts, as much as is essential, and especially how the occasion of their springing up had been the windfall of an editor's encouragement. The importance of that encouragement, to Basil's imagination, was doubtless much augmented by his desire for an excuse to take up again a line of behavior which he had forsworn (small as had, as yet, been his opportunity to indulge in it) very much less than he supposed; still, it worked a considerable revolution in his view of his case, and made him ask himself what amount of consideration he should (from the most refined Southern point of view) owe Miss Chancellor in the event of his deciding to go after Verena Tarrant in earnest. He was not slow to decide that he owed her none. Chivalry had to do with one's relations with people one hated, not with those one loved. He didn't hate poor Miss Olive, though she might make him, yet; and even if he did, any chivalry was all moonshine which should require him to give up the girl he adored in order that his third cousin should see he could be gallant. Chivalry was forbearance and generosity with regard to the weak; and there was nothing weak about Miss Olive; she was a fighting woman, and she would fight him to the death, giving him not an inch of odds. He felt that she was fighting there all day long, in her cottage-fortress; her resistance was in the air he breathed, and Verena came out to him, sometimes, quite limp and pale from the tussle.

It was in the same jocose spirit with which he regarded Olive's view of the sort of standard a Mississippian should live up to that he talked to Verena about the lecture she was preparing for her great début at the Music Hall. He learned from her that she was to take the field in the manner of Mrs. Farrinder, for a winter campaign, carrying with her a tremendous big gun. Her engagements were all made, her route was marked out; she expected to repeat her lecture in about fifty different places. It was to be called "A Woman's Reason," and both Olive and Miss Birdseye thought it, so far as they could tell in advance, her most promising effort. She wasn't going to trust to inspiration this time; she didn't want to meet a big Boston audience without knowing where she was. Inspiration, moreover, seemed rather to have faded away; in consequence of Olive's influence, she had read

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and studied so much that it seemed now as if everything must take form beforehand. Olive was a splendid critic, whether he liked her or not, and she had made her go over every word of her lecture twenty times. There wasn't an intonation she hadn't made her practice; it was very different from the old system, when her father had worked her up. If Basil considered women superficial, it was a pity he couldn't see what Olive's standard of preparation was, or be present at their rehearsals, in the evening, in their little parlor. Ransom's state of mind in regard to the event at the Music Hall was simply this — that he was determined to "head it off" if he could. He covered it with ridicule, in talking of it to Verena, and the shafts he leveled at it went so far that he could see she thought he exaggerated his dislike to it. In point of fact he could not have overstated that; so odious did the idea seem to him that she was soon to be launched in a more infatuated career. He vowed to himself that she should never take that fresh start which would commit her irretrievably if she should succeed, and she would succeed (he had not the slightest doubt of her power to produce a sensation in the Music Hall), to the acclamations of the newspapers. He didn't care for her engagements, her campaigns, or all the expectancy of her friends; to "smash" all that, at a stroke, was the dearest wish of his heart. It would represent to him his own success, it would symbolize his victory. It became a fixed idea with him, and he warned her again and again. When she laughed and said she didn't see how he could stop her unless he kidnapped her, he really pitied her for not perceiving, beneath his ominous pleasantries, the firmness of his resolution. He felt almost capable of kidnapping her. It was palpably in the air that she would become "widely popular," and that idea simply sickened him. He felt as differently as possible about it from Mr. Matthias Pardon.

One afternoon, as he returned with Verena from a walk which had been accomplished completely within the prescribed conditions, he saw, from a distance, Doctor Prance, who had emerged bareheaded from the cottage, and, shading her hands from the red, declining sun, was looking up and down the road. It was part of the regulation that Ransom should separate from Verena before reaching the house, and they had just paused to exchange their last words (which every day promoted the situation more than any others), when Doctor Prance began to beckon to them with much animation. They hurried forward, Verena pressing her hand to her heart, for she had instantly guessed that something terrible had happened to Olive — she had given out, fainted away, perhaps fallen dead, with the cruelty of the strain. Doctor Prance watched them come, with a curious look in her face; it was not a smile, but a kind of mocking implication that she noticed nothing. In an instant she had told them what was the matter. Miss Birdseye had had a sudden weakness; she had remarked abruptly that she was dying, and her pulse, sure enough, had fallen to nothing. She was down on the piazza with Miss Chancellor and herself, and they had tried to get her up to bed. But she wouldn't let them move her; she was passing away, and she wanted to pass away just there, in such a pleasant place, in her customary chair, looking at the sunset. She asked for Miss Tarrant, and Miss Chancellor told her she was out — out walking with Mr. Ransom. Then she wanted to know if Mr. Ransom was still there — she supposed he was gone. (Basil knew, by Verena, apart from this, that his name had not been mentioned to the old lady since the morning he saw her.) She expressed a wish to see him — she had something to say to him; and Miss Chancellor told her that he would be back soon, with Verena, and that they would bring him in. Miss Birdseye said she hoped they wouldn't be long, because she was sinking; and Doctor Prance now added, like a person who knew what she was talking about, that it was, in fact, the end. She had darted out two or three times to look for them, and they must step in right off. Verena had scarcely given her time to tell her story; she had already rushed into the house. Ransom followed with Doctor Prance, conscious that for him the occasion was doubly solemn; inasmuch as if he was to see poor Miss Birdseye yield up her philanthropic soul, he was on the other hand doubtless to receive from Miss Chancellor a reminder that *she* had no intention of quitting the game.

By the time he had made this reflection he stood in the presence of Miss Chancellor and her venerable guest, who was sitting just as he had seen her before, muffled and bonneted, on the back piazza of the cottage. Olive Chancellor was on one side of her, holding one of her hands, and on the other was Verena, who had dropped on her knees, close to her, bending over those of the old lady. "Did you ask for me — did you want me?" the girl said, tenderly. "I will never leave you again."

"Oh, I won't keep you long. I only wanted to see you once more." Miss Birdseye's voice was very low, like that of a person breathing with difficulty; but it had no painful nor querulous note — it expressed only the cheer-

ful weariness which had marked all this last period of her life, and which seemed to make it, now, as blissful as it was suitable that she should pass away. Her head was thrown back against the top of the chair, the ribbon which confined her ancient hat hung loose, and the late afternoon light covered her octogenarian face and gave it a kind of fairness, a double placidity. There was, to Ransom, something almost august in the trustful renunciation of her countenance; something in it seemed to say that she had been ready long before, but as the time was not ripe she had waited, with her usual faith that all was for the best; only, at present, since the right conditions met, she couldn't help feeling that it was quite a luxury, the greatest she had ever tasted. Ransom knew why it was that Verena had tears in her eyes as she looked up at her patient old friend; she had spoken to him, often, during the last three weeks, of the stories Miss Birdseye had told her of the great work of her life, her mission, repeated year after year, among the Southern blacks. She had gone among them with every precaution, to teach them to read and write; she had carried them Bibles and told them of the friends they had in the North who prayed for their deliverance. Ransom knew that Verena didn't reproduce these legends with a view to making him ashamed of his Southern origin, his connection with people who, in a past not yet remote, had made that kind of apostleship necessary; he knew this because she had heard what he thought of all that chapter himself; he had given her a kind of historical summary of the slavery question which left her no room to say that he was more tender to that particular example of human imbecility than he was to any other. But she had told him that this was what *she* would have liked to do — to wander, alone, with her life in her hand, on an errand of mercy, through a country in which society was arrayed against her; she would have liked it much better than simply talking about the right from the gas-lighted vantage of the New England platform. Ransom had replied simply "Balderdash!" it being his theory, as we have perceived, that he knew much more about Verena's native bent than the young lady herself. This did not, however, as he was perfectly aware, prevent her feeling that she had come too late for the heroic age of New England life, and regarding Miss Birdseye as a battered, immemorial monument of it. Ransom could share such an admiration as that, especially at this moment; he had said to Verena, more than once, that he wished that he might have met the old lady in Carolina or Georgia before the war — shown her round among the negroes and talked over New England ideas with her; there were a good many he didn't care much about now, but at that time they would have been tremendously refreshing. Miss Birdseye had given herself away so lavishly all her life that it was rather odd there was anything left of her for the supreme surrender. When he looked at Olive he saw that she meant to ignore him; and during the few minutes he remained on the spot his kinswoman never met his eye. She turned away, indeed, as soon as Doctor Prance said, leaning over Miss Birdseye, "I have brought Mr. Ransom to you. Don't you remember you asked for him?"

"I am very glad to see you again," Ransom remarked. "It was very good of you to think of me." At the sound of his voice Olive rose and left her place; she sank into a chair at the other end of the piazza, turning round to rest her arms on the back and bury her head in them.

Miss Birdseye looked at the young man still more dimly than she had ever done before. "I thought you were gone. You never came back."

"He spends all his time in long walks; he enjoys the country so much," Verena said.

"Well, it's very beautiful, what I see from here. I haven't been strong enough to move since the first days. But I am going to move now." She smiled when Ransom made a gesture as if to help her, and added: "Oh, I don't mean I am going to move out of my chair."

"Mr. Ransom has been out in a boat with me several times. I have been showing him how to cast a line," said Doctor Prance, who appeared to deprecate too solemn a tone.

"Oh, well, then, you have been one of our party; there seems to be every reason why you should feel that you belong to us." Miss Birdseye looked at the visitor with a sort of misty earnestness, as if she wished to communicate with him further; then her glance turned slightly aside; she tried to see what had become of Olive. She perceived that Miss Chancellor had withdrawn herself, and, closing her eyes, she mused, ineffectually, on the mystery she had not grasped, the peculiarity of Basil Ransom's relations with his kinswoman. She was visibly too weak to concern herself with it very actively; she only felt, now that she seemed really to be going, a desire to reconcile and harmonize. But she presently exhaled a low, soft sigh — a kind of confession that it was too mixed, that she gave it up. Ransom had feared for a moment that she was about to indulge in some appeal to Olive, some attempt to make him join hands with that young lady, as a supreme satisfaction to herself. But he saw that her

strength failed her, and that, besides, things were getting less clear to her; to his considerable relief, inasmuch as, though he would not have objected to joining hands, the expression of Miss Chancellor's figure and her averted face, with their desperate collapse, showed him well enough how *she* would have met such a proposal. What Miss Birdseye clung to, with benignant perversity, was the idea that, in spite of his exclusion from the house, which was perhaps only the result of a certain high-strung jealousy on Olive's part of her friend's other personal ties, Verena had drawn him in, had made him sympathize with the great reform and desire to work for it. Ransom saw no reason why such an illusion should be dear to Miss Birdseye; his contact with her in the past had been so momentary that he could not account for her taking an interest in his views, in his throwing his weight into the right scale. It was part of the general desire for justice that fermented within her, the passion for progress; and it was also in some degree her interest in Verena — a suspicion, innocent and idyllic, as any such suspicion on Miss Birdseye's part must be, that there was something between them, that the closest of all unions (as Miss Birdseye at least supposed it was) was preparing itself. Then his being a Southerner gave a point to the whole thing; to bring round a Southerner would be a real encouragement for one who had seen, even at a time when she was already an old woman, what was the state of opinion in the cotton States. Ransom had no wish to discourage her, and he bore well in mind the caution Doctor Prance had given him about destroying her last illusion. He only bowed his head very humbly, not knowing what he had done to earn the honor of being the subject of it. His eyes met Verena's as she looked up at him from her place at Miss Birdseye's feet, and he saw she was following his thought, throwing herself into it, and trying to communicate to him a wish. The wish touched him immensely; she was dreadfully afraid he would betray her to Miss Birdseye — let her know how she had cooled off. Verena was ashamed of that now, and trembled at the danger of exposure; her eyes adjured him to be careful of what he said. Her tremor made him glow a little in return, for it seemed to him the fullest confession of his influence she had yet made.

"We have been a very happy little party," she said to the old lady. "It is delightful that you should have been able to be with us all these weeks."

"It has been a great rest. I am very tired. I can't speak much. It has been a lovely time. I have done so much — so many things."

"I guess I wouldn't talk much, Miss Birdseye," said Doctor Prance, who had now knelt down the other side of her. "We know how much you have done. Every one knows *your* life!"

"It isn't much — only I tried to take hold. When I look back from here, from where we've sat, I can measure the progress. That's what I wanted to say to you and Mr. Ransom — because I'm going fast. Hold on to me, that's right; but you can't keep me. I don't want to stay now; I presume I shall join some of the others that we lost long ago. Their faces come back to me now, quite fresh. You mustn't think there's no progress because you don't see it all right off; that's what I wanted to say. It isn't till you have gone a long way that you can feel what's been done. That's what I see when I look back from here; I see that the community wasn't half waked up when I was young."

"It is you that have waked it up more than any one else, and it's for that we honor you, Miss Birdseye!" Verena cried, with a sudden violence of emotion. "If you were to live for a thousand years, you would think only of others — you would think only of helping on humanity. You are our heroine, you are our saint, and there is no one like you!" Verena had no glance for Ransom now, and there was neither deprecation nor entreaty in her face. A wave of contrition, of shame, had swept over her — a quick desire to atone for her secret swerving by a renewed recognition of the nobleness of such a life as Miss Birdseye's.

"Oh, I haven't effected very much; I have only cared and hoped. You will do more than I have ever done — you and Olive Chancellor, because you are young and bright, brighter than I ever was; and besides, everything has got started."

"Well, you've got started, Miss Birdseye," Doctor Prance remarked, with raised eyebrows, protesting dryly but kindly, and putting forward, with an air as if, after all, it didn't matter much, an authority that had been superseded. The manner in which this competent little woman humored her patient showed sufficiently that the good lady was sinking fast.

"We will think of you always, and that will teach us singleness and devotion," Verena went on, in the same tone, still not meeting Ransom's eyes again, and speaking as if she were trying now to stop herself, to tie herself by a vow.

"Well, it's the thing you and Olive have given your lives to that has absorbed me most, of late years. I did want to see justice done — to us. I haven't seen it, but you will. And Olive will. Where is she — why isn't

she near me? And Mr. Ransom will — and he will be proud to have helped."

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" cried Verena, burying her head in Miss Birdseye's lap.

"You are not mistaken if you think I desire above all things that your weakness, your generosity, should be protected," Ransom said, rather ambiguously, but with pointed respectfulness. "I shall remember you as an example of what women are capable of," he added; and he had no subsequent compunctions for the speech, for he thought poor Miss Birdseye, for all her absence of profile, essentially feminine.

A kind of frantic moan from Olive Chancellor responded to these words, which had evidently struck her as an insolent mockery; and at the same moment Doctor Prance sent Ransom a glance which was an adjuration to depart.

"Good-bye, Olive Chancellor," Miss Birdseye murmured. "I don't want to stay, though I should like to see what you will see."

"I shall see nothing but shame and ruin!" Olive shrieked, rushing across to her old friend, while Ransom discreetly quitted the scene.

XXXIX.

He met Doctor Prance in the village the next morning, and as soon as he looked at her he saw that the event which had been impending at Miss Chancellor's had taken place. It was not that her aspect was funereal; but it contained, somehow, an implication that she had, for the present, no more thought to give to casting a line. Miss Birdseye had quietly passed away, in the evening, an hour or two after Ransom's visit. They had wheeled her chair into the house; there had been nothing to do but wait for complete extinction. Miss Chancellor and Miss Tarrant had sat by her there, without moving, each of her hands in theirs, and she had just melted away, towards eight o'clock. It was a lovely death; Doctor Prance intimated that she had never seen any that she thought more seasonable. She added that she was a good woman — one of the old sort; and that was the only funeral oration that Basil Ransom was destined to hear pronounced upon Miss Birdseye. The impression of the simplicity and humility of her end remained with him, and he reflected more than once, during the days that followed, that the absence of pomp and circumstance which had marked her career marked also the consecration of her memory. She had been almost celebrated, she had been active, earnest, ubiquitous beyond anyone else, she had given herself utterly to charities and creeds and causes; and yet the only persons, apparently, to whom her death made a real difference were three young women in a small "frame house" on Cape Cod. Ransom learned from Doctor Prance that her mortal remains were to be committed to their rest in the little cemetery at Marmion, in sight of the pretty sea-view she loved to gaze at, among old mossy head-stones of mariners and fisher-folk. She had seen the place when she first came down, when she was able to drive out a little, and she had said she thought it must be pleasant to lie there. It wasn't an injunction, a definite request; it had not occurred to Miss Birdseye, at the end of her days, to take an exacting line or to make, for the first time in eighty years, a personal claim. But Olive Chancellor and Verena had put their construction on her appreciation of the quietest corner of the striving, suffering world so weary a pilgrim of philanthropy had ever beheld.

In the course of the day Ransom received a note of five lines from Verena, the purport of which was to tell him that he must not expect to see her again for the present; she wished to be very quiet and think things over. She added the recommendation that he should leave the neighborhood for three or four days; there were plenty of strange old places to see in that part of the country. Ransom meditated deeply on this missive, and perceived that he should be guilty of very bad taste in not immediately absenting himself. He knew that to Olive Chancellor's vision his conduct already wore that stain, and it was useless, therefore, for him to consider how he could displease her either less or more. But he wished to convey to Verena the impression that he would do anything in the wide world to gratify *her* except give her up, and as he packed his valise he had an idea that he was both behaving beautifully and showing the finest diplomatic sense. To go away proved to himself how secure he felt, what a conviction he had that however she might turn and twist in his grasp he held her fast. The emotion she had expressed as he stood there before poor Miss Birdseye was only one of her instinctive contortions; he had taken due note of that — said to himself that a good many more would probably occur before she would be quiet. A woman that listens is lost, the old proverb says; and what had Verena done for the last three weeks but listen? — not very long each day, but with a degree of attention of which her not withdrawing from Marmion was the measure. She had not told him that Olive wanted to whisk her away, but he had not needed this confidence to know that if she staid on the field it was because she preferred to. She probably had an idea she was fighting, but

if she should fight no harder than she had fought up to now, he should continue to take the same view of his success. She meant her request that he should go away for a few days as something combative; but, decidedly, he scarcely felt the blow. He liked to think that he had great tact with women, and he was sure Verena would be struck with this quality in reading, in the note he presently addressed her in reply to her own, that he had determined to take a little run to Provincetown. As there was no one under the rather ineffectual roof which sheltered him to whose hand he could intrust the billet,— at the Marmion hotel one had to be one's own messenger,— he walked to the village post-office to request that his note should be put into Miss Chancellor's box. Here he met Doctor Prance, for a second time that day; she had come to deposit the letters by which Olive notified a few of Miss Birdseye's friends of the time and place of her obsequies. This young lady was shut up with Verena, and Doctor Prance was transacting all their business for them. Ransom felt that he made no admission that would impugn his estimate of the sex to which she in a manner belonged, in reflecting that she would acquit herself of these delegated duties with the greatest rapidity and accuracy. He told her he was going to absent himself for a few days, and expressed a friendly hope that he should find her at Marmion on his return.

Her keen eye gauged him a moment, to see if he were joking; then she said, "Well, I presume you think I can do as I like. But I can't."

"You mean you have got to go back to work?"

"Well, yes; my place is empty in the city."

"So is every other place. You had better remain till the end of the season."

"It's all one season to me. I want to see my office-slate. I wouldn't have staid so long for any one but her."

"Well, then, good-bye," Ransom said. "I shall always remember our little expeditions. And I wish you every professional distinction."

"That's why I want to go back," Doctor Prance replied, with her flat, limited manner. He kept her a moment; he wanted to ask her about Verena. While he was hesitating how to form his question she remarked, evidently wishing to leave him a little memento of her sympathy, "Well, I hope you will be able to follow up your views."

"My views, Miss Prance? I am sure I have never mentioned them to *you!*" Then Ransom added, "How is Miss Tarrant to-day? is she more calm?"

"Oh, no, she isn't calm at all," Doctor Prance answered, very definitely.

"Do you mean she's excited, emotional?"

"Well, she doesn't talk, she's perfectly still, and so is Miss Chancellor. They're as still as two watchers — they don't speak. But you can hear the silence vibrate."

"Vibrate?"

"Well, they are very nervous."

Ransom was confident, as I say; yet the effort that he made to extract a good omen from this characterization of the two ladies at the cottage was not altogether successful. He would have liked to ask Doctor Prance whether she didn't think he might count on Verena in the end; but he was too shy for this, the subject of his relations with Miss Tarrant never yet having been touched upon between them; and, besides, he didn't care to hear himself put a question which was more or less an implication of a doubt. So he compromised, with a sort of oblique and general inquiry about Olive; that might draw some light. "What do you think of Miss Chancellor — how does she strike you?"

Doctor Prance reflected a little, with an apparent consciousness that he meant more than he asked. "Well, she's losing flesh," she presently replied; and Ransom turned away, not encouraged, and feeling that, no doubt, the little doctress had better go back to her office-slate.

He did the thing handsomely, remained at Provincetown a week, inhaling the delicious air, smoking innumerable cigars, and lounging among the ancient wharves, where the grass grew thick and the impression of fallen greatness was still stronger than at Marmion. Like his friends the Bostonians he was very nervous; there were days when he felt that he must rush back to the margin of that mild inlet; the voices of the air whispered to him that in his absence he was being outwitted. Nevertheless, he staid the time he had determined to stay; quieting himself with the reflection that there was nothing they could do to elude him unless, perhaps, they should start again for Europe, which they were not likely to do. If Miss Olive tried to hide Verena away in the United States, he would undertake to find her — though he was obliged to confess that a flight to Europe would baffle him, owing to his want of cash for pursuit. Nothing, however, was less probable than that they would cross the Atlantic on the eve of Verena's projected début at the Music Hall. Before he went back to Marmion he wrote to this young lady, to announce his reappearance there and let her know that he expected she would come out to meet him the morning afterward. This was an implication that he

intended to take as much of the day as he could get; he had had enough of the system of dragging through all the hours till a mere fraction of time was left before night, and he couldn't wait so long, at any rate, the day after his return. It was the afternoon train that had brought him back from Provincetown, and in the evening he ascertained that the Bostonians had not deserted the field. There were lights in the windows of the house under the elms, and he stood where he had stood that evening with Doctor Prance and listened to the waves of Verena's voice, as she rehearsed her lecture. There were no waves this time, no sounds, and no sign of life but the lamps; the place had apparently not ceased to be given over to the vibrating silence described by Doctor Prance. Ransom felt that he gave an immense proof of chivalry in not calling upon Verena to grant him an interview on the spot. She had not answered his last note, but the next day she came out to meet him at the hour he had proposed; he saw her advance along the road, in a white dress, under a big parasol, and again he found himself liking immensely the way she walked. He was dismayed, however, at her face and what it portended; pale, with red eyes, graver than she had ever been before, she appeared to have spent the period of his absence in violent weeping. Yet that it was not for him she had been crying was proved by the very first words she spoke.

"I only came out to tell you definitely it's impossible! I have thought over everything, taking plenty of time — over and over; and that is my answer, finally, positively. You must take it — you shall have no other."

Basil Ransom gazed, frowning fearfully. "And why not, pray?"

"Because I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't!" she repeated passionately, with her altered, distorted face.

"Damnation!" murmured the young man. He seized her hand, drew it into his arm, forcing her to walk with him along the road.

That afternoon Olive Chancellor came out of her house and wandered for a long time upon the shore. She looked up and down the bay, at the sails that gleamed on the blue water, shifting in the breeze and the light; they were a source of interest to her that they had never been before. It was a day she was destined never to forget; she felt it to be the saddest, the most wounding of her life. Unrest and haunting fear had not possession of her now, as they had held her in New York when Basil Ransom carried off Verena, to mark her for his own, in the park. But an immeasurable load of misery seemed to sit upon her soul; she ached with the bitterness of her melancholy, she was dumb and cold with despair. She had spent the violence of her terror, the eagerness of her grief, and now she was too weary to struggle with fate. She appeared to herself almost to have accepted it, as she wandered forth in the beautiful afternoon with the knowledge that the "ten minutes" which Verena had told her she meant to devote to Mr. Ransom that morning had developed suddenly into an embarkation for the day. They had gone out in a boat together; one of the village worthies, from whom small craft were to be hired, had, at Verena's request, sent his little son to Miss Chancellor's cottage with that information. She had not understood whether they had taken the boatman with them. Even when it came (and it came at a moment of considerable reassurance) Olive's nerves were not plowed up by it as they had been, for instance, by the other expedition, in New York; and she could measure the distance she had traversed since then. It had not driven her away on the instant to pace in frenzy on the shore, to hail every boat that passed, and beg that the young lady who was sailing somewhere in the bay with a dark gentleman, with long hair, should be entreated immediately to return. On the contrary, after the first quiver of pain inflicted by the news she had been able to occupy herself, to look after her house, to write her morning's letters, to go into her accounts, which she had had some time on her mind. She had wanted to put off thinking, for she knew to what hideous recognitions that would bring her round again. These were summed up in the fact that Verena was now not to be trusted for an hour. She had sworn to her the night before, with a face like a wounded angel's, that her choice was made, that their union and their work was more to her than any other life could ever be, and that she deeply believed that should she forswear these holy things she should simply waste away, in the end, with remorse and shame. She would see Mr. Ransom just once more, for ten minutes, to utter one or two supreme truths to him, and then they would take up their old, happy, active, fruitful days again, would throw themselves more than ever into their splendid effort. Olive had seen how Verena was moved by Miss Birdseye's death, how at the sight of that unique woman's majestically simple withdrawal from a scene in which she had held every vulgar aspiration, every worldly standard and lure, so cheap, the girl had been touched again with the spirit of their most confident hours, had flamed up with the faith that no narrow personal joy could compare in sweetness with the idea of doing something for those who had always suffered and who waited still. This helped Olive to

believe that she might begin to count upon her again, conscious as she was at the same time that Verena had been strangely weakened and strained by her odious ordeal. Oh, Olive knew that she loved him — knew what the passion was with which the wretched girl had to struggle; and she did her the justice to believe that her professions were sincere, her effort was real. Harassed and embittered as she was, Olive Chancellor still proposed to herself to be rigidly just, and that is why she pitied Verena now with an unspeakable pity, regarded her as the victim of a malevolent spell, and reserved all her execration and contempt for the author of their common misery. If Verena had stepped into a boat with him half an hour after declaring that she would give him his dismissal in twenty words, that was because he had ways, known to himself and other men, of creating situations without an issue, of forcing her to do things she could do only with sharp repugnance, under the menace of pain that would be sharper still. But all the same, what actually stared her in the face was that Verena was not to be trusted, even after rallying again as passionately as she had done during the days that followed Miss Birdseye's death. Olive would have liked to know the pang of penance that *she* would have been afraid, in her place, to incur; to see the locked door which *she* would not have managed to force open!

This inexpressibly mournful sense that, after all, Verena, in her exquisite delicacy and generosity, was appointed only to show how women had from the beginning of time been the sport of men's selfishness and avidity, this dismal conviction accompanied Olive on her walk, which lasted all the afternoon, and in which she found a kind of tragic relief. She went very far, keeping in the lonely places, unveiling her face to the splendid light, which seemed to make a mock of the darkness and heaviness of her spirit. There were little sandy coves, where the rocks were clean, where she made long stations, sinking down in them as if she hoped she should never rise again. It was the first time she had been out since Miss Birdseye's death, except the hour when, with the dozen sympathizers who came from Boston, she stood by the tired old woman's grave. Since then, for three days, she had been writing letters, narrating, describing to those who hadn't come; there were some, she thought, who might have managed to do so, instead of dispatching her pages of diffuse reminiscence and asking her for all particulars in return. Selah Tarrant and his wife had come, obtrusively, as she thought, for they never had had very much intercourse with Miss Birdseye; and if it was for Verena's sake, Verena was there to pay every tribute herself. Mrs. Tarrant had evidently hoped Miss Chancellor would ask her to stay on at Marmion, but Olive felt how little she was in a state for such heroics of hospitality. It was precisely in order that she should not have to do that sort of thing that she had given Selah such considerable sums, on two occasions, at a year's interval. If the Tarrants wanted a change of air, they could travel all over the country — their present means permitted it; they could go to Saratoga or Newport if they liked. Their appearance showed that they could put their hands into their pockets (or into hers); at least Mrs. Tarrant's did. Selah still sported (on a hot day in August) his immemorial water-proof; but his wife rustled against the low tombstones at Marmion in garments of which (little as she was versed in such inquiries) Olive could see that the cost had been large. Besides, after Doctor Prance had gone (when all was over), she felt what a relief it was that Verena and she could be just together — together with the monstrous wedge of a question that had come up between them. That was company enough, great Heaven! and she had not got rid of such an inmate as Doctor Prance only to put Mrs. Tarrant in her place.

Did Verena's strange aberration, on this particular day, suggest to Olive that it was no use striving, that the world was all a great trap or trick, of which women were ever the punctual dupes, so that it was the worst of the curse that rested upon them that they must most humiliate those who had most their cause at heart? Did she say to herself that their weakness was not only lamentable but hideous — hideous their predestined subjection to man's larger and grosser insistence? Did she ask herself why she should give up her life to save a sex which, after all, didn't wish to be saved, and which rejected the truth even after it had bathed them with its auroral light, and they had pretended to be fed and fortified? These are mysteries into which I shall not attempt to enter, speculations with which I have no concern; it is sufficient for us to know that all human effort had never seemed to her so barren and thankless as on that afternoon. Her eyes rested on the boats she saw in the distance, and she wondered if in one of them Verena were floating to her fate; but so far from straining forward to beckon her home, she almost wished that she might glide away for ever, that *she* might never see her again, never undergo the horrible details of a more deliberate separation. Olive lived over, in her miserable musings, her life for the last two years; she knew, again, how noble and beautiful her scheme had been, but how

it had all rested on an illusion the very thought of which made her feel faint and sick. What was before her now was the reality, with the beautiful, indifferent sky pouring down its complacent rays upon it. The reality was simply that Verena had been more to her than she ever was to Verena, and that, with her exquisite natural art, the girl had cared for their cause only because, for the time, no interest, no fascination was greater. Her talent, the talent which was to achieve such wonders, was nothing to her; it was too easy; she could leave it alone, as she might close her piano, for months; it was only to Olive that it was everything. Verena had submitted, she had responded, she had lent herself to Olive's incitement and exhortation, because she was sympathetic and young and abundant and fanciful; but it had been a kind of hot-house loyalty, the mere contagion of example, and a sentiment springing up from within had easily breathed a chill upon it. Did Olive ask herself whether, for so many months, her companion had been only the most unconscious and most successful of humbugs? Here again I must plead a certain incompetence to give an answer. Positive it is that she spared herself none of the inductions of a reverie that seemed to dry up the mists and ambiguities of life. These hours of backward clearness come to all men and women, once at least, when they read the past in the light of the present, with the reasons of things, like unobserved finger-posts, protruding where they never saw them before. The journey behind them is mapped out and figured with its false steps, its wrong observations, all its infatuated, deluded geography. They understand as Olive understood, but it is probable that they rarely suffer as she suffered. The sense of regret for her baffled calculations burned within her like a fire, and the splendor of the vision over which the curtain of mourning now was dropped brought to her eyes slow, still tears, tears that came one by one, neither easing her nerves nor lightening her load of pain. She thought of her innumerable talks with Verena, of the pledges they had exchanged, of their earnest studies, their faithful work, their certain reward, the winter nights under the lamp, when they thrilled with previsions as just and a passion as high as had ever found shelter in a pair of human hearts. The pity of it, the misery of such a fall after such a flight, could express itself only, as the poor girl prolonged the vague pauses of her unnoticed ramble, in a low, inarticulate murmur of anguish.

The afternoon waned, bringing with it the slight chill which, at the summer's end, begins to mark the shortening days. She turned her face homeward, and by this time became conscious that if Verena's companion had not yet brought her back there might be ground for uneasiness as to what had happened to them.

It seemed to her that no sail-boat could have put into the town without passing more or less before her eyes and showing her whom it carried; she had seen a dozen, freighted only with the figures of men. An accident was perfectly possible (what could Ransom, with his plantation habits, know about the management of a sail?), and once that danger loomed before her — the signal loveliness of the weather had prevented its striking her before — Olive's imagination hurried, with a bound, to the worst. She saw the boat overturned and drifting out to sea, and (after a week of nameless horror) the body of an unknown young woman, defaced beyond recognition, but with long auburn hair and in a white dress, washed up in some far-away cove. An hour before, her mind had rested with a sort of relief on the idea that Verena should sink forever beneath the horizon, so that their tremendous trouble might never be; but now, with the lateness of the hour, a sharp, immediate anxiety took the place of that intended resignation; and she quickened her step, with a heart that galloped too as she went. Then it was, above all, that she felt how *she* had understood friendship, and how never again to see the face of the creature she had taken to her soul would be for her as the stroke of blindness. The twilight had become thick by the time she reached Marmion and paused for an instant in front of her house, over which the elms that stood on the grassy wayside appeared to her to hang a blacker curtain than ever before.

There was no candle in any window, and when she pushed in and stood in the hall, listening a moment, her step awakened no answering sound. Her heart failed her; Verena's staying out in a boat from ten o'clock in the morning till nightfall was too unnatural, and she gave a cry, as she rushed into the low, dim parlor (darkened on one side, at that hour, by the wide-armed foliage, and on the other by the veranda and trellis), which expressed only a wild personal passion, a desire to take her friend in her arms again on any terms, even the most cruel to herself. The next moment she started back, with another and a different exclamation, for Verena was in the room, motionless, in a corner,— the first place in which she had seated herself on reëntering the house,— looking at her with a silent face which seemed strange, unnatural, in the dusk. Olive stopped short, and for a minute the two women remained as they were, gazing at each other in the dimness. After that, too, Olive still said nothing; she only went to Verena

and sat down beside her. She didn't know what to make of her manner; she had never been like that before. She was unwilling to speak; she seemed crushed and humbled. This was almost the worst — if anything could be worse than what had gone before; and Olive took her hand with an irresistible impulse of compassion and reassurance. From the way it lay in her own she guessed her whole feeling — saw it was a kind of shame, shame for her weakness, her swift surrender, her insane gyration, in the morning. Verena expressed it by no protest and no explanation; she appeared not even to wish to hear the sound of her own voice. Her silence itself was an appeal — an appeal to Olive to ask no questions (she could trust her to inflict no spoken reproach); only to wait till she could lift up her head again. Olive understood, or thought she understood, and the wofulness of it all only seemed the deeper. She would just sit there and hold her hand; that was all she could do; they were beyond each other's help in any other way now. Verena leaned her head back and closed her eyes, and for an hour, as nightfall settled in the room, neither of the young women spoke. Distinctly, it was a kind of shame. After a while the parlor-maid, very casual, in the manner of the servants at Marmion, appeared on the threshold with a lamp; but Olive motioned her frantically away. She wished to keep the darkness. It was a kind of shame.

The next morning Basil Ransom rapped loudly with his walking-stick on the lintel of Miss Chancellor's house-door, which, as usual on fine days, stood open. There was no need he should wait till the servant had answered his summons; for Olive, who had reason to believe he would come, and who had been lurking in the sitting-room for a purpose of her own, stepped forth into the little hall.

"I am sorry to disturb you; I had the hope that — for a moment — I might see Miss Tarrant." That was the speech with which (and a measured salutation) he greeted his advancing kinswoman. She faced him an instant, and her strange green eyes caught the light.

"It's impossible. You may believe that when I say it."

"Why is it impossible?" he asked, smiling in spite of an inward displeasure. And as Olive gave him no answer, only gazing at him with a cold audacity which he had not hitherto observed in her, he added a little explanation. "It is simply to have seen her before I go — to have said five words to her. I want her to know that I have made up my mind — since yesterday — to leave this place; I shall take the train at noon."

It was not to gratify Olive Chancellor that he had determined to go away, or even that he told her this; yet he was surprised that his words brought no expression of pleasure to her face. "I don't think it is of much importance whether you go away or not. Miss Tarrant herself has gone away."

"Miss Tarrant — gone away?" This announcement was so much at variance with Verena's apparent intentions the night before that his ejaculation expressed chagrin as well as surprise, and in doing so it gave Olive a momentary advantage. It was the only one she had ever had, and the poor girl may be excused for having enjoyed it — so far as enjoyment was possible to her. Basil Ransom's visible discomfiture was more agreeable to her than anything had been for a long time.

"I went with her myself to the early train; and I saw it leave the station." And Olive kept her eyes unaverted, for the satisfaction of seeing how he took it.

It must be confessed that he took it rather ill. He had decided it was best he should retire, but Verena's retiring was another matter. "And where is she gone?" he asked, with a frown.

"I don't think I am obliged to tell you."

"Of course not! Excuse my asking. It is much better that I should find it out for myself, because if I owed the information to you I should perhaps feel a certain delicacy as regards profiting by it."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Miss Chancellor, at the idea of Ransom's delicacy. Then she added more deliberately: "You will not find out for yourself."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it!" And her enjoyment of the situation becoming acute, there broke from her lips a shrill, unfamiliar, troubled sound, which performed the office of a laugh, a laugh of triumph, but which, at a distance, might have passed almost as well for a wail of despair. It rang in Ransom's ears as he quickly turned away.

XL.

It was Mrs. Luna who received him, as she had received him on the occasion of his first visit to Charles street; by which I do not mean quite in the same way. She had known very little about him then, but she knew too much for her happiness to-day, and she had with him now a little invidious, contemptuous manner, as if everything he should say or do could be a proof only of abominable duplicity and perversity. She had a theory that he had treated her shamefully; and he knew it — I do not mean the fact, but the theory; which led

him to reflect that her resentments were as shallow as her opinions, inasmuch as if she really believed in her grievance, or if it had had any dignity, she would not have consented to see him. He had not presented himself at Miss Chancellor's door without a very good reason, and having done so, he could not turn away so long as there was any one in the house of whom he might have speech. He had sent up his name to Mrs. Luna, after being told that she was staying there, on the mere chance that she would see him; for he thought a refusal a very possible sequel to the letters she had written him during the past four or five months — letters he had scarcely read, full of allusions of the most cutting sort to proceedings of his, in the past, of which he had no recollection whatever. They bored him, for he had quite other matters in his mind.

"I don't wonder you have the bad taste, the crudity," she said, as soon as he came into the room, looking at him more sternly than he would have believed possible to her.

He saw that this was an allusion to his not having been to see her since the period of her sister's visit to New York; he having conceived for her, the evening of Mrs. Burrage's party, a sentiment of aversion which put an end to such attentions. He didn't laugh, he was too worried and preoccupied; but he replied in a tone which apparently annoyed her as much as any indecent mirth: "I thought it very possible you wouldn't see me."

"Why shouldn't I see you, if I should take it into my head? Do you suppose I care whether I see you or not?"

"I supposed you wanted to, from your letters."

"Then why did you think I would refuse?"

"Because that's the sort of thing women do."

"Women — women! You know much about them!"

"I am learning something every day."

"You haven't learned yet, apparently, to answer their letters. It's rather a surprise to me that you don't pretend not to have received mine."

Ransom could smile now; the opportunity to vent the exasperation that had been consuming him almost restored his good humor. "What could I say? You overwhelmed me. Besides, I did answer one of them."

"One of them? You speak as if I had written you a dozen!" Mrs. Luna cried.

"I thought that was your contention — that you had done me the honor to address me so many. They were crushing, and when a man's crushed, it's all over."

"Yes, you look as if you were in very small pieces! I am glad I shall never see you again."

"I can see now why you received me — to tell me that," Ransom said.

"It is a kind of pleasure. I am going back to Europe."

"Really? for Newton's education?"

"Ah, I wonder you can have the face to speak of that — after the way you deserted him!"

"Let us abandon the subject, then, and I will tell you what I want."

"I don't in the least care what you want," Mrs. Luna remarked. "And you haven't even the grace to ask me where I am going — over there."

"What difference does that make to me — once you leave these shores?"

Mrs. Luna rose to her feet. "Ah, chivalry! chivalry!" she exclaimed. And she walked away to the window — one of the windows from which Ransom had first enjoyed, at Olive's solicitation, the view of the Back Bay. Mrs. Luna looked forth at it with little of the air of a person who was sorry to be about to lose it. "I am determined you shall know where I am going," she said in a moment. "I am going to Florence."

"Don't be afraid!" he replied. "I shall go to Rome."

"And you'll carry there more impertinence than has been seen there since the old emperors."

"Were the emperors impertinent in addition to their other vices? I am determined, on my side, that you shall know what I have come for," Ransom said. "I wouldn't ask you if I could ask any one else; but I am very hard pressed, and I don't know who can help me."

Mrs. Luna turned on him a face of the frankest derision. "Help you? Do you remember the last time I asked you to help me?"

"That evening at Mrs. Burrage's? Surely I wasn't wanting then; I remember urging on your acceptance a chair, so that you might stand on it, to see and to hear."

"To see and to hear what, please? Your disgusting infatuation!"

"It's just about that I want to speak to you," Ransom pursued. "As you already know all about it, you have no new shock to receive, and I therefore venture to ask you ——"

"Where tickets for her lecture to-night can be obtained? Is it possible she hasn't sent you one?"

"I assure you I didn't come to Boston to hear it," said Ransom, with a sadness which Mrs. Luna evidently regarded as a refinement of outrage. "What I should like to ascertain is where Miss Tarrant may be found at the present moment."

"And do you think that's a delicate inquiry to make of *me?*"

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, but I know you don't think it is, and that is why, as I say, I mention the matter to you only because I can imagine absolutely no one else who is in a position to assist me. I have been to the house of Miss Tarrant's parents, in Cambridge, but it is closed and empty, destitute of any sign of life. I went there first, on arriving this morning, and rang at this door only when my journey to Monadnoc Place had proved fruitless. Your sister's servant told me that Miss Tarrant was not staying here, but she added that Mrs. Luna was. No doubt you won't be pleased at having been spoken of as a sort of equivalent; and I didn't say to myself—or to the servant—that you would do as well; I only reflected that I could at least try you. I didn't even ask for Miss Chancellor, as I am sure she would give me no information whatever."

Mrs. Luna listened to this candid account of the young man's proceedings with her head turned a little over her shoulder at him, and her eyes fixed as unsympathetically as possible upon his own. "What you propose, then, as I understand it," she said in a moment, "is that I should betray my sister to you."

"Worse than that; I propose that you should betray Miss Tarrant herself."

"What do I care about Miss Tarrant? I don't know what you are talking about."

"Haven't you really any idea where she is living? Haven't you seen her here? Are Miss Olive and she not constantly together?"

Mrs. Luna, at this, turned full round upon him, and, with folded arms and her head tossed back, exclaimed: "Look here, Basil Ransom, I never thought you were a fool, but it strikes me that since we last met you have lost your wits!"

"There is no doubt of that," Ransom answered, smiling.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know everything about Miss Tarrant that can be known?"

"I have neither seen her nor heard of her for the last ten weeks; Miss Chancellor has hidden her away."

"Hidden her away, with all the walls and fences of Boston flaming to-day with her name?"

"Oh, yes, I have noticed that, and I have no doubt that by waiting till this evening I shall be able to see her. But I don't want to wait till this evening; I want to see her now, and not in public—in private."

"Do you indeed?—how interesting!" cried Mrs. Luna, with rippling laughter. "And pray what do you want to do with her?"

Ransom hesitated a little. "I think I would rather not tell you."

"Your charming frankness, then, has its limits! My poor cousin, you are really too *naïf*. Do you suppose it matters a straw to me?"

Ransom made no answer to this appeal, but after an instant he broke out: "Honestly, Mrs. Luna, can you give me no clew?"

"Lord, what terrible eyes you make, and what terrible words you use! 'Honestly,' quoth he! Do you think I am so fond of the creature that I want to keep her all to myself?"

"I don't know; I don't understand," said Ransom, slowly and softly, but still with his terrible eyes.

"And do you think I understand any better? You are not a very amiable young man," Mrs. Luna went on; "but I really think you have deserved a better fate than to be jilted and thrown over by a girl of that class."

"I haven't been jilted. I like her very much, but she never encouraged me."

At this Mrs. Luna broke again into mocking laughter. "It is very odd that at your age you should be so little a man of the world!"

Ransom made no other answer to this than to remark, thoughtfully and rather absently: "Your sister is really very clever."

"By which you mean, I suppose, that I am not!" Mrs. Luna suddenly changed her tone, and said, with the greatest sweetness and humility: "God knows, I have never pretended to be!"

Ransom looked at her a moment, and guessed the meaning of this altered note. It had suddenly come over her that with her portrait in half the shop-fronts, her advertisement on all the fences, and the great occasion on which she was to reveal herself to the country at large close at hand, Verena had become so conscious of high destinies that her dear friend's Southern kinsman really appeared to her very small game, and she might therefore be regarded as having cast him off. If this was the case, it would perhaps be well for Mrs. Luna still to hold on. Basil's induction was very rapid, but it gave him time to decide that the best thing to say to his interlocutress was: "On what day do you sail for Europe?"

"Perhaps I sha'n't sail at all," Mrs. Luna replied, looking out of the window.

"And in that case—Newton's education?"

"I should try to content myself with a country which has given you yours."

"Don't you want him, then, to be a man of the world?"

"Ah, the world! the world!" she murmured, while she watched, in the deepening dusk, the lights of the town begin to reflect themselves

in the Back Bay. "Has it been such a source of happiness to me that I belong to it?"

"Perhaps, after all, I shall be able to go to Florence!" said Ransom, laughing.

She faced him once more, this time slowly, and declared that she had never known anything so strange as his state of mind — she would be so glad to have an explanation of it. With the opinions he possessed (it was for them she had liked him — she didn't like his character), why on earth should he be running after a little ranting, attitudinizing actress, and in such a frenzy to get hold of her? He might say it was none of her business, and of course she would have no answer to that; therefore she admitted that she asked simply out of intellectual curiosity, and because one always was tormented at the sight of a painful contradiction. With the things she had heard him say about his convictions and theories, his view of life, and the great questions of the future, she should have thought he would find such frantic drivel as Miss Tarrant's absolutely nauseous. Were not her views the same as Olive's, and hadn't Olive and he signally failed to hit it off together? Mrs. Luna only asked because she was really quite puzzled. "Don't you know that some minds, when they see a mystery, can't rest till they clear it up?"

"You can't be more puzzled than I am," said Ransom. "Apparently the explanation is to be found in a sort of reversal of the formula you were so good, just now, as to apply to me. You like my opinions, but you entertain a different sentiment for my character. I deplore Miss Tarrant's opinions, but her character — well, her character pleases me."

Mrs. Luna stared, as if she were waiting, the explanation surely not being complete. "But as much as that?" she inquired.

"As much as what?" said Ransom, smiling. Then he added: "Your sister has beaten me."

"I thought she had beaten some one of late; she has seemed so gay and happy. I didn't suppose it was *all* because I was going away."

"Has she seemed very gay?" Ransom inquired with a sinking of the heart. He wore such a long face, as he asked this question, that Mrs. Luna was again moved to audible mirth, after which she explained:

"Of course I mean gay for her. Everything is relative. With her impatience for this lecture of her friend's to-night, she's in an unspeakable state! She can't sit still for three minutes, she goes out fifteen times a day, and there has been enough arranging, and interviewing, and discussing, and telegraphing, and advertising, enough wire-pulling and rushing about, to put an army in the field. What is it they are always doing to the armies in Europe? — mobilizing them? Well, Verena has been mobilized, and this has been headquarters."

"And shall you go to the Music Hall to-night?"

"For what do you take me? I have no desire to be shrieked at for an hour."

"No doubt, no doubt, Miss Olive must be in a state," Ransom went on, rather absently. Then he said, with abruptness, in a different tone: "If this house has been, as you say, headquarters, how comes it you haven't seen her?"

"Seen Olive? I have seen nothing else!"

"I mean Miss Tarrant. She must be somewhere — in the place — if she's to speak to-night."

"Should you like me to go out and look for her? *Il ne manquerait plus que cela!*" cried Mrs. Luna. "What's the matter with you, Basil Ransom, and what are you after?" she demanded, with considerable sharpness. She had tried haughtiness and she had tried humility, but they brought her equally face to face with a competitor whom she couldn't take seriously, yet who was none the less objectionable for that.

I know not whether Ransom would have attempted to answer her question had an obstacle not presented itself; at any rate, at the moment she spoke the curtain in the doorway was pushed aside, and a visitor crossed the threshold. "Mercy! how provoking!" Mrs. Luna exclaimed, audibly enough; and without moving from her place she bent an uncharitable eye upon the invader, a gentleman whom Ransom had the sense of having met before. He was a young man with a fresh face and abundant locks, prematurely white; he stood smiling at Mrs. Luna, quite undaunted by the absence of any demonstration in his favor. She looked as if she didn't know him, while Ransom prepared to depart, leaving them to settle it together.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me, though I have seen you before," said the young man, very amiably. "I was here a week ago, and Miss Chancellor presented me to you."

"Oh yes; she's not at home now," Mrs. Luna returned, vaguely.

"So I was told — but I didn't let that prevent me." And the young man included Basil Ransom in the smile with which he made himself more welcome than Mrs. Luna appeared disposed to make him, and by which he seemed to call attention to his superiority. "There is a matter on which I want very much to obtain some information, and I have no doubt you will be so good as to give it to me."

"It comes back to me — you have something to do with the newspapers," said Mrs. Luna; and Ransom too, by this time, had placed the young man among his reminiscences. He had been at Miss Birdseye's famous party, and Doctor Prance had there described him as a brilliant journalist.

It was quite with the air of such a personage that he accepted Mrs. Luna's definition, and he continued to radiate towards Ransom (as if, in return, he remembered *his* face), while he dropped, confidentially, the word that expressed everything — "'The Vesper,' don't you know?" Then he went on: "Now, Mrs. Luna, I don't care, I'm not going to let you off! We want the last news about Miss Verena, and it has got to come out of this house."

"O murder!" Ransom muttered beneath his breath, taking up his hat.

"Miss Chancellor has hidden her away; I have been scouring the city in search of her, and her own father hasn't seen her for a week. We have got his ideas; they are very easy to get, but that isn't what we want."

"And what do you want?" Ransom was now impelled to inquire, as Mr. Pardon (even the name at present came back to him) appeared sufficiently to have introduced himself.

"We want to know how she feels about to-night; what report she makes of her nerves, her anticipations; how she looked, what she had on, up to six o'clock. Gracious! if I could see her I should know what I wanted, and so would she, I guess!" Mr. Pardon exclaimed. "You must know something, Mrs. Luna; it isn't natural you shouldn't. I wont inquire any further where she is, because that might seem a little pushing, if she does wish to withdraw herself — though I am bound to say I think she makes a mistake; we could work up those last hours for her! But can't you tell me any little personal items — the sort of thing the people like? What is she going to have for supper? or is she going to speak — a — without previous nourishment?"

"Really, sir, I don't know, and I don't in the least care; I have nothing to do with the business!" Mrs. Luna cried, angrily.

The reporter stared; then, eagerly, "You have nothing to do with it — you take an unfavorable view, you protest?" And he was already feeling in a side-pocket for his note-book.

"Mercy on us! are you going to put *that* in the paper?" Mrs. Luna exclaimed; and in spite of the sense, detestable to him, that everything he wished most to avert was fast closing over the girl, Ransom broke into cynical laughter.

"Ah, but do protest, madam; let us at least have that fragment!" Mr. Pardon went on. "A protest from this house would be a charming note. We *must* have it — we've got nothing else! The public are almost as much interested in your sister as they are in Miss Verena; they know to what extent she has backed her; and I should be so delighted (I see the heading, from here, so attractive!) just to take down 'What Miss Chancellor's Family Think about It!'"

Mrs. Luna sank into the nearest chair with a groan, covering her face with her hands. "Heaven help me, I am glad I am going to Europe!"

"That is another little item — everything counts," said Matthias Pardon, making a rapid entry in his tablets. "May I inquire whether you are going to Europe in consequence of your disapproval of your sister's views?"

Mrs. Luna sprang up again, almost snatching the memoranda out of his hand. "If you have the impertinence to publish a word about me, or to mention my name in print, I will come to your office and make such a scene!"

"Dearest lady, that would be a godsend!" Mr. Pardon cried, enthusiastically; but he put his note-book back into his pocket.

"Have you made an exhaustive search for Miss Tarrant?" Basil Ransom asked of him. Mr. Pardon, at this inquiry, eyed him with a sudden, familiar archness, expressive of the idea of competition; so that Ransom added: "You needn't be afraid, I'm not a reporter."

"I didn't know but what you had come on from New York."

"So I have — but not as the representative of a newspaper."

"Fancy his taking you ——" Mrs. Luna murmured, with indignation.

"Well, I have been everywhere I could think of," Mr. Pardon remarked. "Miss Chancellor told me — Mrs. Luna may remember it — that she shouldn't be here at all during the week, and that she preferred not to tell me either where or how she was to spend her time until the momentous evening. Of course I let her know that I should find out if I could, and you may remember," he said to Mrs. Luna, "the conversation we had on the subject. I remarked, candidly, that if they didn't look out they would overdo the secrecy. Doctor Tarrant has felt very low about it. However, I have done what I could with the material at my command, and the 'Vesper' has let the public know that her whereabouts was the biggest mystery of the season. It is difficult to get round the 'Vesper.'"

"I am almost afraid to open my lips in your presence," Mrs. Luna broke in, "but I must say that I think my sister was strangely

communicative. She told you ever so much that I wouldn't have breathed."

"I should like to try you with something you knew!" Matthias Pardon exclaimed, imperturbably. "This isn't a fair trial, because you don't know. Miss Chancellor came round — came round considerably, there's no doubt of that; because a year or two ago she was terribly unapproachable. If I have mollified her, madam, why shouldn't I mollify you? She realizes that I can help her now, and as I ain't rancorous, I am willing to help her all she'll let me. The trouble is, she won't let me enough, yet; it seems as if she couldn't believe it of me. At any rate," he pursued, addressing himself more particularly to Ransom, "half an hour ago, at the Hall, they knew nothing whatever about Miss Tarrant, beyond the fact that about a month ago she came there, with Miss Chancellor, to try her voice, which rang all over the place, like silver, and that Miss Chancellor guaranteed her absolute punctuality to-night."

"Well, that's all that is required," said Ransom, at hazard; and he put out his hand, in farewell, to Mrs. Luna.

"Do you desert me already?" she demanded, giving him a glance which would have embarrassed any spectator but a reporter of the "Vesper."

"I have fifty things to do; you must excuse me." He was nervous, restless, his heart was beating much faster than usual, he couldn't stand still, and he had no compunction whatever about leaving her to get rid, by herself, of Mr. Pardon.

This gentleman continued to mix in the conversation, possibly from the hope that if he should linger either Miss Tarrant or Miss Chancellor would make her appearance. "Every seat in the Hall is sold; the crowd is expected to be immense. When our Boston public *does* take an idea!" Mr. Pardon exclaimed.

Ransom only wanted to get away, and in order to facilitate his release by implying that in such a case he should see her again, he said to Mrs. Luna, rather hypocritically, from the threshold: "You had really better come to-night."

"I am not like the Boston public —I don't take an idea!" she replied.

"Do you mean to say you are not going?" cried Mr. Pardon, with widely-open eyes, slapping his hand again to his pocket. "Don't you regard her as a wonderful genius?"

Mrs. Luna was sorely tried, and the vexation of seeing Ransom slip away from her with his thoughts visibly on Verena, leaving her face to face with the odious newspaper man, whose presence made passionate protest impossible — the annoyance of seeing everything and every one mock at her and fail to compensate her—was such that she lost her head, while rashness leaped to her lips and jerked out the answer —"No, indeed; I think her a vulgar idiot!"

"Ah, madam, I should never permit myself to print that!" Ransom heard Mr. Pardon rejoin, reproachfully, as he dropped the *portière* of the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

A ROSE OF JOY.

(FOR A BETROTHAL.)

AS when one wears a fragrant rose
Close to the heart, a rose most fair,
And as the day's life onward flows,
Forgets that it is fastened there,

And wonders what delicious charm
Dwells in the air about, and whence
Come the rich wafts of perfume warm
Subtly saluting soul and sense;

And then, remembering what it is,
Bends smiling eyes the flower above,
Adores its beauty and its bliss,
And looks on it with grateful love,

Even so I wear, O friend of mine,
The sweet thought of your happiness,
The knowledge of your joy divine
Is fragrant with a power to bless.

With the day's work preoccupied,
Vaguely, half conscious of delight,
Upborne as on a buoyant tide,
I wonder why life seems so bright.

Then memory speaks, and winter gray,
And age and cares that have no end
Touch me no more. I am to-day
Rich in the wealth that cheers my friend.

Celia Thaxter.

FEATHERED FORMS OF OTHER DAYS.

OF all those great classes into which systematists and biologians have divided existing vertebrate forms, none stand out more sharply defined from all the other divisions than the class *Aves*, or living birds, meaning of course, as I do, birds as we now find them; for we shall see in the sequel that this has not always been the case. Anatomists have long appreciated, from their knowledge of the presence of certain well-known characters of internal structure, the firm foundation upon which this fact rests; it would be entirely foreign to my object or the aims of this article, however, to enumerate, much less discuss, any of these technicalities, though I would invite the reader's attention to one of the minor external characters — one which first impressions might lead us to think important, but which really is a light weight in the minds of taxonomists,—and that is the development in birds, and in birds alone, of feathers. A little later we shall have something to say upon the subject of feathers.

Finding one class, at least, apparently so completely isolated from all other animals, it is hardly to be wondered at that in early days, clouded as they were by popular superstition and the common belief in the immutableness of all living things and the separate creation of species, the old-time naturalists thought and wrote as they did, and passed down to us the classifications in natural history that we find in their works. They did a great deal for us, and we must close our eyes to many of their shortcomings and apparent shortsightedness; for things that seem simple to us now have but in a comparatively short period of time been made so.

Until the time of our favorite Agassiz, or still later on, naturalists worked away in their closets and in the field, firmly believing that species had always been as they then found them; and most certainly, it never occurred to them that birds had not always existed *as* birds in their present lovely forms.

We must not presume to allow ourselves to think, however, that this long epoch was lived through without a gleam of the knowledge of the true inwardness of things. As early as the middle of the last century, doubts as to the soundness of the then accepted views of nature arose in the mind of the well-beloved naturalist of France, the Comte de Buffon. The illustrious Lamarck followed Buffon in 1801; then came the published views of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire in 1828; since which time first an ethnologist, then a biologist, then a botanist, and after them other special workers in the fields of science, added knowledge that in 1859 culminated in the "Origin of Species," by the immortal Darwin. What a flood of light has been cast over ornithology, the ever-favorite subject of all young naturalists, and fascinating to us all, since that time — since 1861, we may say, when Hermann von Meyer described the single feather of his *Archæopteryx lithographica*, which had been found in the lithographic slate of Solenhofen in Bavaria, a geological horizon belonging to the Upper Jurassic.

Two years later England's great anatomist, Professor Owen, gave to the world his celebrated memoir, wherein he accurately describes the fossil remains of a creature in a slab, to which perhaps the feather in the possession of Herr Hermann von Meyer belonged. This valuable relic, now in the British Museum, was thought by everybody who examined it, to belong to a curious bird, and Professor Owen changed its original specific name from *lithographica* to *macrura*, impressed as he was by the long tail of the specimen, the hinder parts of which were the only ones that had been at all well preserved, in the then only example existing in the world.

A dozen or more years rolled by, and the hope of ever finding a second specimen of *Archæopteryx* had nearly died out in the minds of scientific men, when the son of the physician of Pappenheim, Dr. Häberlein, who found the first slab described, discovered the leg-bones of a fossil that he at once believed to be another *Archæopteryx*,—I think from the same Solenhofen slate beds.

The trained hand of Herr Häberlein was accustomed to disengage the rarest of fossil treasures from their matrix, but what delicacy of stroke was needed here! The unerring blow was given, and the two halves of the slab fell asunder — at once proving the correctness of the doctor's suspicions and giving to the world another and almost perfect example of this the rarest of fossils.

Herr Häberlein afterwards cleared nearly the entire skeleton from its matrix, and, after passing through other hands, it was eventually sought for first by Germany, then by the museum at Geneva. A very large sum was at one time given for it, as it passed from one to



ARCHÆOPTERYX LITHOGRAPHICA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FOR "THE CENTURY," OF THE SLAB IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

another, and the hope was entertained that Emperor William would secure the treasure for Germany, but he, like many a crowned head before him, could not appreciate its value. "Ah!" as Professor Carl Vogt exclaims, "if instead of a bird a petrified cannon or gun had been concerned!" It is from Professor Vogt's article in the "Ibis" of October, 1880, that I am enabled to give a drawing of this creature as it lies in the slab. The illustration in the "Ibis," however, is a reduced photograph taken directly from the specimen; so I did not pretend to copy the many delicate little excavations made by the skillful hammer and chisel of Herr Häberlein, though otherwise my drawing is correct, and gives a good idea of the specimen.

Three examples of *Archæopteryx* exist, then, or rather had been discovered up to our time: the single feather of Von Meyer; the British Museum specimen, which is the one described by Professor Owen, and which had attained a size about equal to that of our crow; and lastly, the one described by Professor Vogt in the "Ibis." The latter specimen I have since ascertained is now in the Museum at Berlin. It is about one-fifth smaller than the British Museum specimen, being about the size of a ring-dove.

The feature that first attracts the attention both of the layman and of the scientific man, as he views the picture of the fossil remains of this form for the first time, is the extraordinary tail. This remarkable appendage consisted of twenty vertebræ, or joints, each one of which bore a pair of perfect rectrices or

tail-feathers, that were directed outwards and backwards from the sides of every joint. So accurately has the soft paste of the slate in which the specimen was found taken the impression not only of these tail-feathers, but also of those of the outspread wings, that almost the minutest details in structure can be appreciated by the examiner.

The year after Vogt published his article in the "Ibis," Professor Marsh made a careful examination of all three specimens of the *Archæopteryx*, and presented us with the results of his labors in a paper, which he read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at York, September 2, 1881. After reviewing the several important characters brought to light by his investigation, not previously known to us, this author sums up his observations by saying "that we have in *Archæopteryx* a most remarkable form, which, if a bird, as I believe, is certainly the most reptilian of birds."



FOSSIL ARCHÆOPTERYX, IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. (DRAWING BY R. W. SHUFELDT, AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "IBIS" OF OCTOBER, 1880.)

So much has been written in our time upon the origin and descent of organic forms, that the statement that living birds are descended from reptilian forms does not sound strange. In this highly probable specialization *Archæopteryx* of the Jurassic holds a mid-position. From the studies of Marsh, Vogt, and others, we learn that the skull of this ancient form has proceeded from that of the reptile ancestor, far birdwards. It had teeth in grooves similar to those of *Hesperornis*, a bird we shall introduce further on. These teeth were found in the upper jaw, but they probably also occurred in the lower jaw (Marsh). This character is decidedly a reptilian one, no living bird having true teeth. On the other hand, Professor Marsh found that its brain-cast pointed evidently in the direction of the brain of birds. This author further tells us, after an examination of the arm, that "the main interest centers in the manus and its free metacarpals. In form and position these three bones are just what may be seen in some young birds of to-day. This is an important point, as it has been claimed that the hand of the *Archæopteryx* is not at all avian, but reptilian. The bones of the reptile are indeed there, but they have already received the stamp of the bird." Vogt tells us that two of the fingers were movable, and that the third was included in the integuments and bore the hand-feathers. There is no questioning the remarkable fact that the arm supported true feathers,—all the specimens prove this; and, moreover, these feathers constituted well-formed wings, rounded like those of a fowl. Its feet, on the other hand, were formed exactly like the typical feet of any of our ordinary living birds; take a sparrow-hawk for example. Not only this, but the thighs above were covered by a soft down, the impression of which is distinctly seen on the slate; and Professor Vogt seems to think that it may have worn a ruff of this down about its neck, as similar, though faint, markings of the same are found in that region, but we can hardly agree with him in this. No evidences of feathers are to be seen in any other part of the body, and we may safely conclude that its form was otherwise devoid of these appendages and that it was clothed in a smooth reptilian skin.

With such feet, and possessing fully formed wings, *Archæopteryx* undoubtedly led largely an arboreal life, and strange indeed must have been its appearance, with its lizard's body, its wings of a bird, and its long reptilian tail floating behind, lined on either side with its row of perfect feathers, and perhaps withal gorgeously tinted. Reptile it is not, nor is it by any means what is now known as a bird, though a type standing somewhere between the two. Its skin and appendages, its feet and legs, are bird, but the reptiles claim nearly all the rest of its organization; that is, if the line could be sharply drawn in any organization, living or dead. Much have I thought and read of this unique form — this oldest land-bird we have any record of; this go-between among birds and reptiles; this *Archæopteryx*, that became a part of the earth's crust in the mesozoic period. What manner of creatures formed the long line of his predecessors, why did he disappear, and who are his descendants? Such questions can be answered, if it is for men to know them at all, only by

patient study of Nature, and all that she offers us. In examination of my restoration of *Archæopteryx* I trust the reader will find that I have paid due attention to all those details of external structure that go to make up our present knowledge of this ancient bird. The head is in a stage of avi-reptilian transition; the teeth are in the jaws, and the setting of the eye is that of a lizard; the body is naked, for had there been feathers the delicate bed of its matrix would certainly have taken their impression, as it did that of the down on the legs; the tail, consisting of joints that undoubtedly had more or less movement one upon the other, is drawn with its double row of tail-feathers; and so on for all the other characters given us by the most prominent writers upon this subject. When Dr. Coues first saw my restoration, he proclaimed it, in his usual kindly way, "a very warm reach of the imagination"; and I am well aware of the audacity of the step, but I still trust that my *Archæopteryx*, considering all the pains bestowed upon it, conveys a fair idea of the form of this ancient ancestor of our birds.



RESTORATION OF ARCHÆOPTERYX. BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

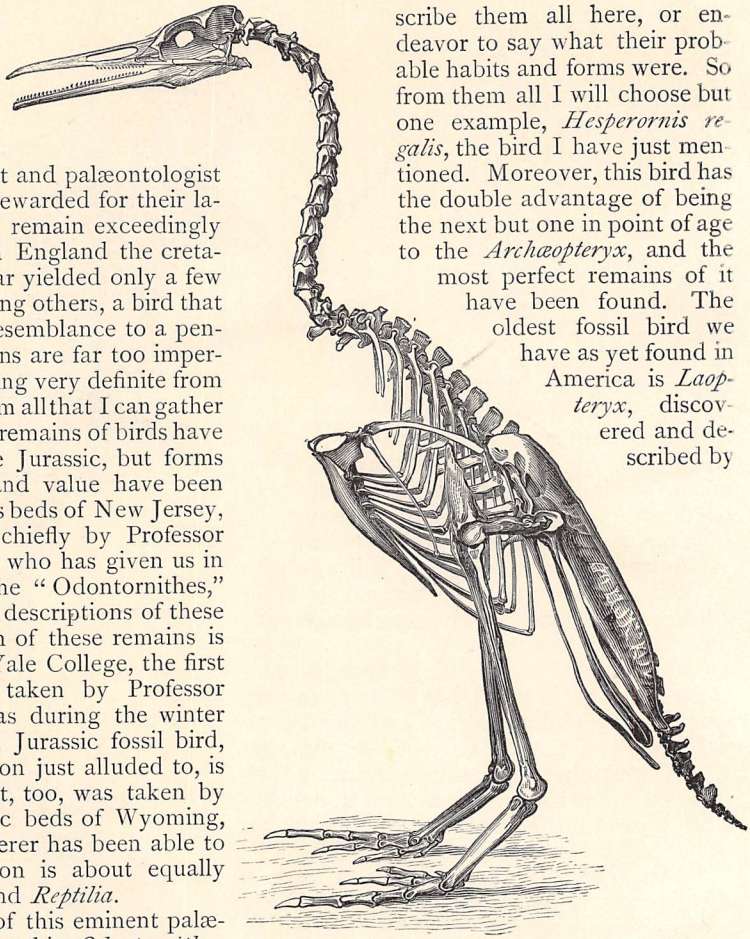
From *Archæopteryx* we pass once more to the generous slates of Solenhofen, to find one more unique and sole existing example of what must have been a lizard-like bird, or perhaps, speaking more strictly in this case, a bird-like lizard; this is *Compsognathus*. This form is often alluded to throughout the literature that has to do with early extinct bird-like animals. The writer has never had the opportunity to examine this specimen; but Professor Huxley tells us that "it has a light, bird-like head (provided with numerous teeth), a very long neck, small anterior limbs, and very long posterior limbs." Now all through the mesozoic rocks, the strata of Triassic age, the Jurassic into the cretaceous beds, we find in different parts of the globe many, many forms that have now been arranged into groups, that show in their skeletons every imaginable shade in point of structure and distinctive character between reptile and bird. Some were of large size; others of mastodontic proportions; yet others were small; undoubtedly some were covered with feathers in their different stages of development; some had their beaks sheathed in horn, while their bodies were stamped with all the characters of the reptile; others had teeth; a few could fly; some lived on the land, some in the sea, while others were amphibious.

Is it a wonder, then, that we find such a masterpiece in classification as Professor Huxley has given us in the past few years? This profound zoölogist and philosopher swept away all our old landmarks, that for years had held a cordon about the class birds, and allowed them to take their proper place in the grand scheme of nature. This was effected by making one province, the *Sauropsida*, which is divided into the two classes, reptiles and birds; then these diversified forms gradually dropped into their proper orders and genera.

Leaving the Jurassic formation, wherein

we find birds to be the rarest of all fossil remains, we pass into the superimposed strata of the mesozoic formation, the cretaceous beds. Here the geologist and palæontologist have been more amply rewarded for their labors—though birds still remain exceedingly rare in this horizon. In England the cretaceous epoch has thus far yielded only a few scattered remains,—among others, a bird that seemed to bear some resemblance to a penguin, while other skeletons are far too imperfect for us to learn anything very definite from them. In our country, from all that I can gather at the present writing, no remains of birds have yet been detected in the Jurassic, but forms of the highest interest and value have been taken from the cretaceous beds of New Jersey, Kansas, and Colorado, chiefly by Professor Marsh of Yale College, who has given us in his magnificent work, the "Odontornithes," elaborate and exhaustive descriptions of these birds. A large collection of these remains is now in the museum of Yale College, the first specimen having been taken by Professor Marsh in western Kansas during the winter of 1870. The American Jurassic fossil bird, which forms the exception just alluded to, is the *Laopteryx priscus*. It, too, was taken by Marsh, from the Jurassic beds of Wyoming, and so far as its discoverer has been able to inform us, its organization is about equally divided between *Aves* and *Reptilia*.

From the researches of this eminent palæontologist, we learn that his *Odontornithes*, or birds with teeth, formed two very distinct types, widely separated from each other, though both living in the cretaceous epoch of this region. One of these groups contained, as far as we now know, small birds that were powerful fliers, with their teeth arranged in sockets, and having the joints of the spine biconcave, like fishes and many reptiles, differing in this particular from any existing bird. The remaining group contained wingless swimming birds of large size, with their teeth in grooves, and has yielded the most perfect skeleton, upon which the genus *Hesperornis* has been constructed. On page 356 we have a representation of the skeleton of this bird, carefully reduced by the author of the "Odontornithes" from his large plate. In all, Professor Marsh has described from the cretaceous beds twenty species of birds, representing nine genera. In some of these the remains are very fragmentary, so much so that it would be impossible to guess, with any degree of certainty, as to their form or affinity; and in any event it would be impossible for me to attempt to describe them all here, or endeavor to say what their probable habits and forms were. So from them all I will choose but one example, *Hesperornis regalis*, the bird I have just mentioned. Moreover, this bird has the double advantage of being the next but one in point of age to the *Archæopteryx*, and the most perfect remains of it have been found. The oldest fossil bird we have as yet found in America is *Laopteryx*, discovered and described by

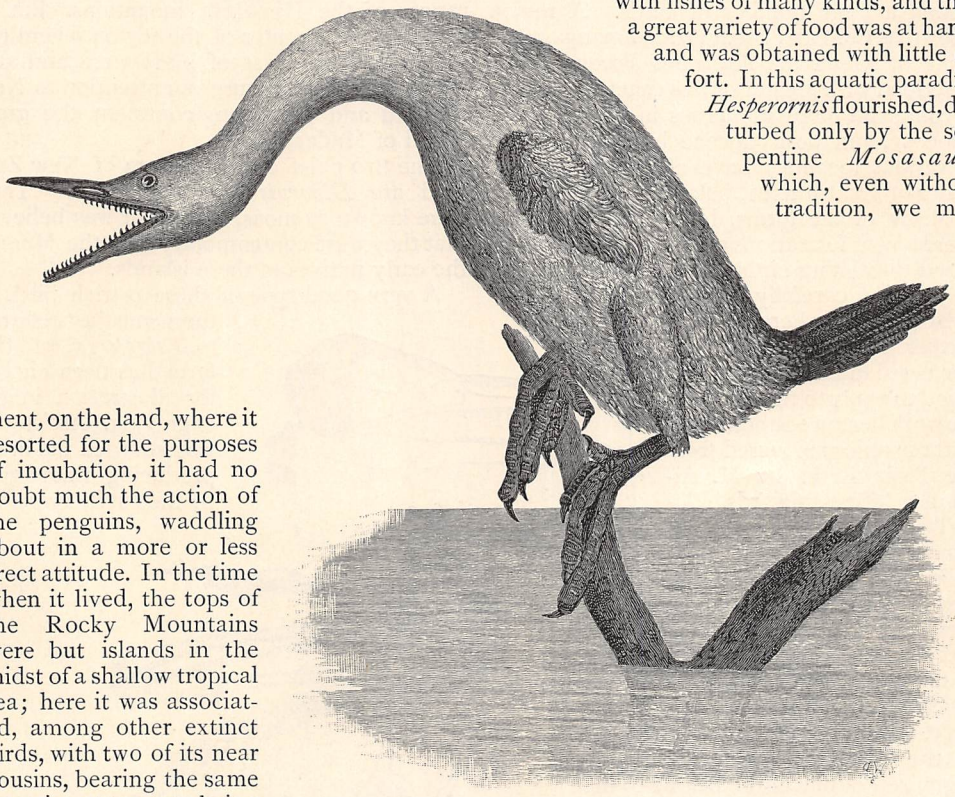


RESTORATION OF THE SKELETON OF HESPERORNIS REGALIS (AFTER PROFESSOR MARSH.)

Professor Marsh. This bird is alluded to in "Birds with Teeth," an article not then published, which I was permitted to examine through the kindness of the author.

In Plate 20 of Professor Marsh's "Odontornithes" we find a beautifully restored skeleton of *Hesperornis*, reduced to half its natural size. From measurements obtained from this, we ascertain that this strange extinct bird often attained a height of three feet or more. With this unsurpassed drawing, and aided by Professor Marsh's own description as to what the probable appearance and habits of *Hesperornis* were, I have ventured upon a restoration of this ancient form (page 357). It is here represented in a position the bird must have often assumed,—a semi-erect attitude, with the body bent forward at an angle half-way between the horizontal and erect posture. He is seen to be resting for a moment after his exertions in his native element, for he was essentially a marine fowl, and is found with other fossil marine animals.

The behavior of this fish-eating *Hesperornis* in the water must have been very much like that of some of our larger and living divers, such as the loon, or perhaps the cormorant, to which group of birds its general form was doubtless not dissimilar; and such a contour has been bestowed upon it in my restoration. Being a capital diver and swimmer, its feet were placed far behind like those of the grebes or loons. Totally incapable of flight, its wings being only in a rudimentary stage of development, on the land, where it resorted for the purposes of incubation, it had no doubt much the action of the penguins, waddling about in a more or less erect attitude. In the time when it lived, the tops of the Rocky Mountains were but islands in the midst of a shallow tropical sea; here it was associated, among other extinct birds, with two of its near cousins, bearing the same generic name, one being larger and one smaller than our subject. Doubtless they all inherited their reptilian character of toothed jaws, and were all active and unrivaled fishermen.



RESTORATION OF HESPERORNIS REGALIS. BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

In my restoration, *Hesperornis* has been clothed as my mind sees him and a study of his remains suggests. From beak to shoulder he wears a smooth skin, that perhaps was covered with the very finest of down, too fine to be seen in his portrait; this gradually became thicker and more evident, until it covered his body with a soft rudimentary growth of feathers, of a closer texture than the boots of *Archæopteryx*. We must agree with Professor Marsh's most probable suggestion that *Hesperornis* bore a tail of straight feathers rather than a naked reptilian one—though, could it be positively known, a realization of this latter idea should not surprise us.

This author tells us that "the surrounding circumstances were evidently very favorable to *Hesperornis* for a long period. There was apparently during this time an absence of enemies in the air above, and an abundance of food in the water. *Hesperornis* was more than a match for the gigantic toothless *Pterodactyles*, which hovered over the waters here in such great numbers, and the other inhabitants of the air all appear to have been small. The ocean in which *Hesperornis* swam teemed with fishes of many kinds, and thus a great variety of food was at hand, and was obtained with little effort. In this aquatic paradise *Hesperornis* flourished, disturbed only by the serpentine *Mosasaur*, which, even without tradition, we may imagine, caused its banishment, if not its destruction."

Before taking our leave of these cretaceous beds of the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, we must at least give a passing notice to the most prominent contemporary of our *Hesperornis*, if no more than mention his name. This was a smaller bird, to which Professor Marsh has given the name of *Ichthyornis victor* (see page 358). *Ichthyornis* has been likened to our terns, gull-like birds that are found inhabiting our marshes or long lines of sea-shore during the most of the year. He was an active fisherman too, and highly endowed with the power of flight. His fragmentary remains prove him to have been a bird that was decidedly reptilian in his skull and still lower type of backbone;

the teeth were actually placed in sockets, and were reproduced just as they are now among the crocodiles. In the remainder of his organization he was preëminently like our modern birds, having perfectly formed wings and other structures of the class well specialized.

The eocene period of England and other parts of Europe, as well as the same geological horizon in our own country, through the many extensive explorations of so able an investigator as Professor Cope, has furnished a large number of birds. A region known as the Paris Basin yielded many others, some of which the illustrious Baron Cuvier described with greater or less exactness. Birds become still more numerous in the miocene, pliocene, and post-pliocene beds; and caves in various localities have afforded many remains of great interest belonging to this class.

Many of the forms, however, from these more recent formations are more or less closely allied to existing birds, and, as they have not as yet been carefully worked up, we will pass these groups by here, without further remark. What has been said must not be understood to apply to the exhaustive work bestowed upon many of these relics recovered from the Paris Basin by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards.

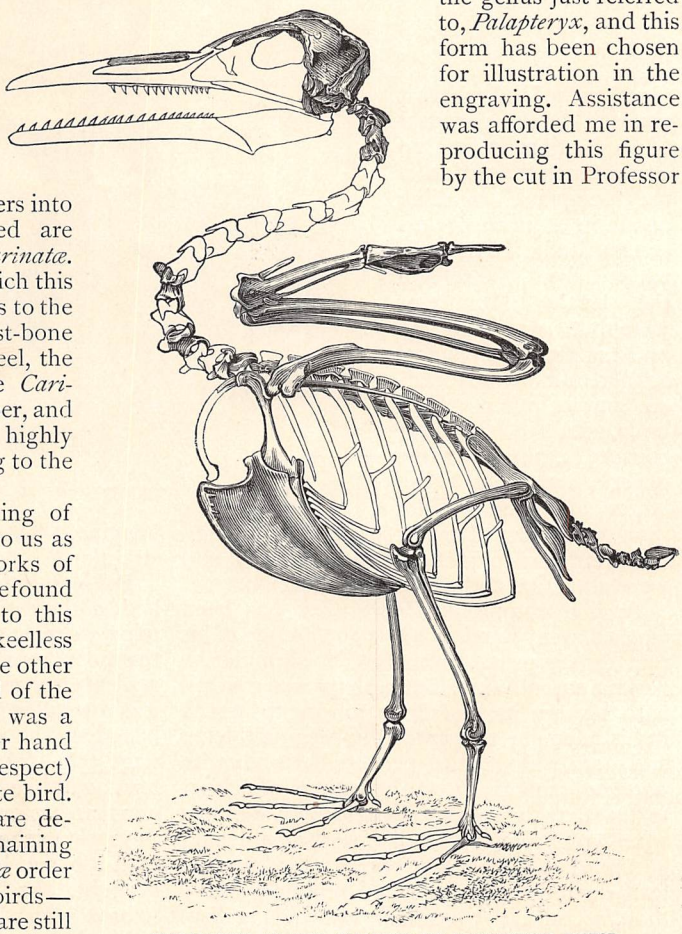
Two of the three great orders into which birds are now divided are called the *Ratitæ* and the *Carinatæ*. The principal feature upon which this classification is grounded refers to the fact that the sternum or breast-bone of the *Ratitæ* is devoid of a keel, the reverse being the case in the *Carinatæ*. By far the greater number, and at the same time the most highly organized of our birds, belong to the latter order, the *Carinatæ*.

Now we all know something of the strange *Apteryx*, familiar to us as the Kiwï-kiwi in so many works of travel. These birds are still to be found in New Zealand, and belong to this great order of the *Ratitæ*, or keelless birds; they are, too, like all the other members of this order, devoid of the power of flight. *Hesperornis* was a ratite bird, while on the other hand the more specialized (in that respect) *Ichthyornis victor* was a carinate bird. The breast-bones of reptiles are devoid of a keel. All of the remaining groups that make up the *Ratitæ* order are ostriches, or ostrich-like birds—living representatives of which are still to be found in the South American pampas, in Africa and Arabia, and in the cassowaries of the East Indies and Australia, the emeu being confined to the latter continent.

These ostrich-like birds figure very prominently among the extinct feathered forms in a great many parts of the world; ostriches were at one time inhabitants of this country, and Professor Cope has described one of enormous dimensions from the eocene of Texas and New Mexico. The remains of an ostrich have been found in the tertiary of the lower ranges of the Himalaya mountains. But to seek the great center of the region where the remains of this class of birds were and still are found, we must turn our attention to New Zealand and the young continent, the great island of Madagascar.

The two chief extinct genera of New Zealand are *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*. They were known as moas, because it was believed that they were contemporary with the Maoris, the early natives of these islands.

A very good type of these ostrich birds is the genus just referred to, *Palapteryx*, and this form has been chosen for illustration in the engraving. Assistance was afforded me in reproducing this figure by the cut in Professor



RESTORATION OF THE SKELETON OF ICHTHYORNIS VICTOR.
(AFTER PROFESSOR MARSH.)

Sanborn Tenney's Zoölogy, who in turn has it after Professor Hochstetter's restoration. The king of all the moas, a ponderous ostrich-bird, likewise numbered among the extinct forms of New Zealand, was *Dinornis giganteus*. Against this formidable bird-giant the primitive natives waged constant warfare, and an old legend is still going the rounds of popular compilations in natural history of how a traveler was shown the very spot where the last moa was killed, after a frightful conflict, in which the natives lost several of their number. This giant attained a height of ten feet, and others say still more. That the last moa has perished there can now hardly be a reasonable doubt; but as to what manner of men surrounded this feathered monarch in his last struggle much doubt exists, and it probably will always remain a mooted question. Perhaps he fell not by the hand of man at all, for the same formation that held the remains of this *Dinornis* also contains the relics of a bird of prey, the *Harpagornis*, that when it lived was of sufficient size to make the heaviest of all the moas its quarry. It is a suggestive thing to think upon, this death of the last of its race. This thought was forcibly brought to my mind after the death of an old buffalo bull that had wandered away many a mile from the herd, in the treeless plains of Wyoming. Mortally wounded, and surrounded by a party of Indians, with whom I was, he made by no means a despicable struggle for his life. The thought came to me through all that long day, What if he were the last of his race! How and where died the last mastodon, and who will see the last elephant as his ponderous form falls, or the last of the giraffes, when his eighteen feet or more comes to earth, if that is to be the style of his death? Whence the assailants, and what may the fashion of their weapons be?

Such birds as the moas have long since been extinct in the island of Madagascar, but there was a time when there was reckoned among its ancient fauna a bird allied to the moas, that even towered above *Dinornis*, and must have been from twelve to fourteen feet in height. The sub-fossil egg that has been found of this huge creature has a capacity of one hundred and fifty hens' eggs. It has received the name of *Æpyornis maximus*, and its remains so far have yielded to us only a few fragmentary bones; one of these, the leg-bone, is fully a yard in length.

Some five or six authoritative works in my library tell us that this is the bird that is probably alluded to as the roc in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." But I must confess that, with the exception of the sole characteristic that both birds were of immense size, the relationship does not strike me. Perhaps others may be more fortunate in knowing the origin of this statement. The giant ostrich of Madagascar was a flightless bird, and no doubt inhabited the more open plains and level parts of the country, while every allusion that comes to my mind in the "Arabian Nights" to the roc gives it just the opposite habits, being a bird of powerful flight, very prone to seize objects in its talons, and living in the highest of mountains. We find the roc spoken of in the story of Aladdin, where the magician's brother, disguised as Fatima, holds the conversation with Aladdin's wife, the princess, who is made to ask during the course of the dialogue:

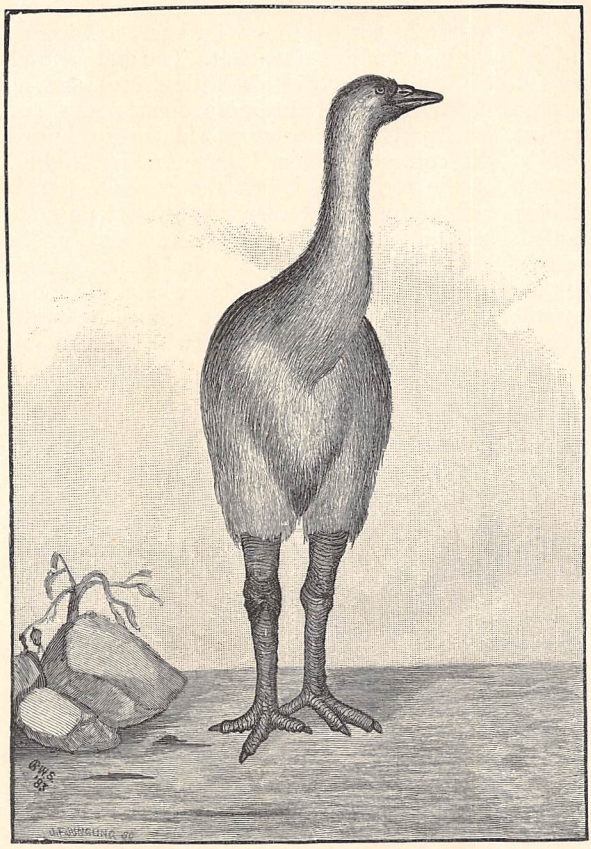
"My good mother, what kind of a bird is a roc, and where could the egg of one be found?"

"Princess," answered the feigned Fatima, "the roc is a bird of prodigious size, which inhabits the summit of Mount Caucasus, and the architect who designed your palace can procure you one."

In the second voyage of Sindbad the Sailor it is spoken of again, and a representation of it given in a figure, which looks more like a great vulture than any other bird with which the writer is acquainted. Here are mentioned the immense flights it was in the habit of taking, and that it made serpents of the most fabulous dimensions its prey. Sindbad has another adventure with rocs in his fifth voyage, where a pair of them are made to drop enormous rocks, which they carried in their talons, on the ship in which he is sailing with other merchants, in retaliation for their having destroyed their egg ashore, which was just at the point of bringing forth young.

We now come to the consideration of those birds that have disappeared from the earth within comparatively recent times — all of our foregoing history being confined to birds known to us only as fossils, or, as in the case of the ostriches, in a sub-fossil condition. Of all the birds extirpated within the last few centuries, none can claim an equal share of interest with the famous dodo, once the inhabitant of the island of Mauritius; and notwithstanding the fact that quite an extensive literature, several large portraits, and one or two exhaustive monographs are in existence elucidating all we are permitted to know of this bird, still this paper would be incomplete, were we to pass by without an allusion to the dodo.

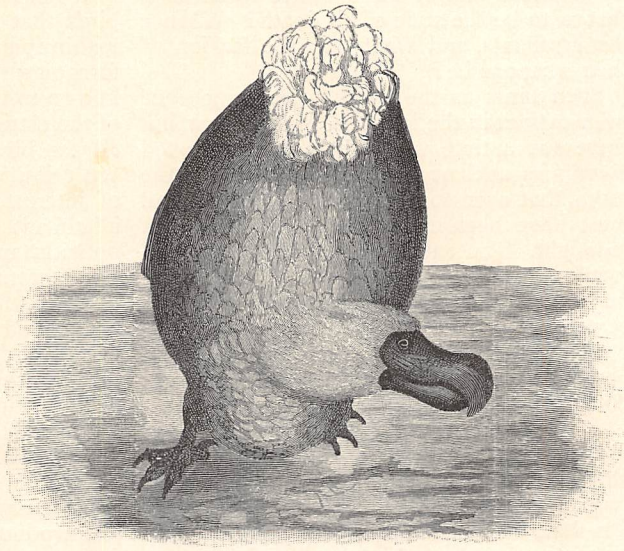
We will do more than that for him; we will gather together, from books and elsewhere, all of the old grotesque and almost ridiculous pictures we possess of him, and endeavor to introduce him in a more life-like attitude (see page 360).



THE PALAPTERYX.
(FROM A DRAWING BY R. W SHUFELDT.)

Upon the only skull of this bird that was at one time known in Europe, the astute Danish naturalist, Professor Reinhardt, clearly showed the dodo's relation to the great family of pigeons; and although this investigator's decision was made upon such meager material, the discovery of many additional remains since has been upon careful examination unable to shake it. The dodo was a bird about the size of a large swan, blackish-gray in color, and flightless, having only rudimentary wings and tail; but his most distinctive external characteristic was a beautiful collection of white plumes, that grew, as we see them in the engraving, in a bunch over the rump. From all accounts the dodo laid only a single egg, and never constructed a nest, simply depositing its treasure in some grassy spot in the forest or other convenient locality.

These birds were by no means uncommon on the island of Mauritius and the off-lying one of Bourbon when the seafaring Mascarenhas brought his Portuguese explorers to the former in 1598; but in less than a century's time the fate of the dodo was sealed, and the last living one disappeared in that short period before the merciless advance of man, his domesticated animals, and all that follow in his train. It would be difficult to conceive of a being whose surrounding circumstances, added to its own feeble resources of defense, were better combined to insure its certain extirpation: living on an island, which it was unable to leave by resorting to flight or by swimming in the sea; conspicuous by its size; fairly good food; and awkward and stupid, for its very name is derived from a Portuguese one meaning a simpleton. The Mascarene Islands had never been the home of man until the period above mentioned, and we may safely assert that no such form would have developed as his contemporary. We shall see what the fate of the gare-fowl, or great auk, has been under somewhat similar conditions, farther on; but in that case the bird had the great advantage of being perfectly at home in the water, and so able to go to many unfrequented spots, and often thereby escape death.



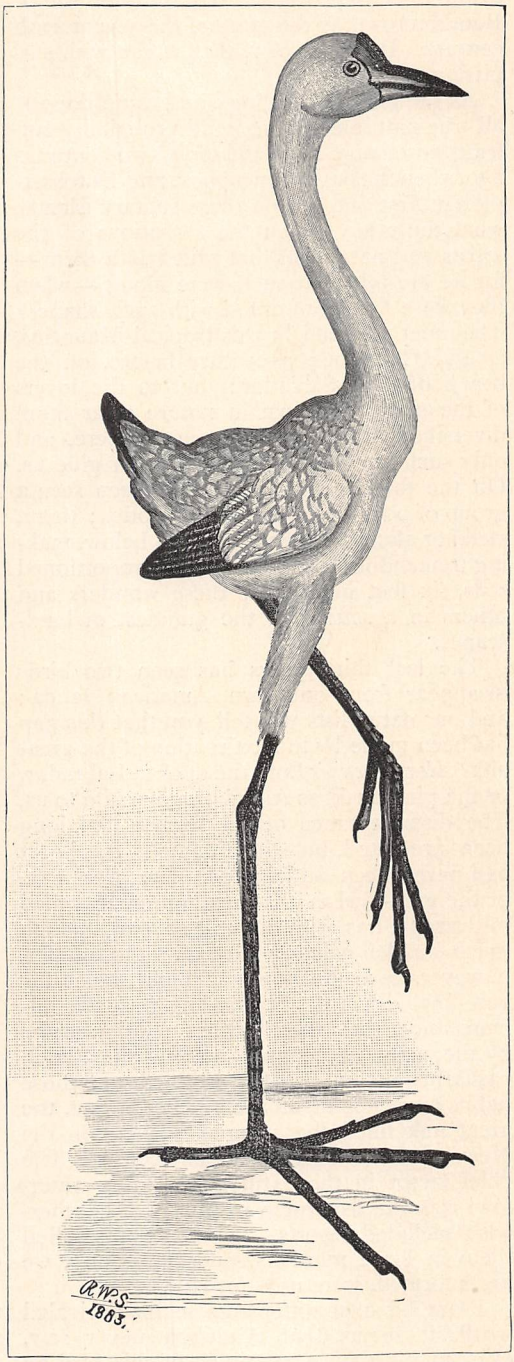
THE DODO. (FROM A DRAWING BY R. W. SHUFELDT.)

The island of Mauritius was rather noted for its flightless birds, largely due, no doubt, to the fact that so few disturbing elements were present to molest them, as man and such of the mammalia as prey upon birds. It followed as a natural sequence, then, that those birds, whose native instincts rather inclined them to seek the ground as the more frequent place of resort, having on that island comparatively little use for their wings, if they really originally possessed them, these members in time gradually atrophied and became rudimentary. So, as we might be led to expect, as a consequence the dodo was not the only victim in these islands, of his kind, that succumbed to civilization's onward march; nor are we disappointed in our conjecture, for not only its little sister isle of Bourbon, but the more remote island of Rodriguez, lying off far to the eastward, have both afforded remains of birds that are now extinct, and very remarkable and interesting forms they were too.

When the writer some two years ago was engaged in rearranging the material that went to make up the section of avian osteology at the Smithsonian Institution, he had the good fortune to find, in addition to such treasures as some of the material Darwin had used in demonstrating some anatomical facts in one of his great works, and some fossils from Professor Alphonse Milne-Edwards, from the Paris Basin, a fairly well-preserved lot of remains of the now extinct solitaire. This was one of the members of the Rodriguez *avifauna*, and the only good account we have in our possession of him is by the Huguenot exile, Monsieur Leguat, who spent two years on that island towards the close of the seventeenth century. The solitaire was a taller, trimmer, though heavier bird than its more rotund and related ally, the dodo of Mauritius. Leguat's account is said to be a very accurate one, and delightful reading, but his figure of the bird that accompanies it is a woful attempt at art, and grotesque in the extreme.

Several species of parrots, doves, an owl, a peculiar starling, all among the land-birds, and several interesting water-birds have now completely vanished from one or the other of this group of islands. Their *avifaunæ* have indeed suffered since man made his appearance among them, and the forces of civilization have been brought into play.

Before bidding final adieu to the Mascarenes and the shades of their departed bird-life, we must introduce the "giant" *(Leguatia gigantea)* of Mauritius. This great rail-like bird was more than six feet high, and no doubt was found on the island about the same time as the dodo. With these extraordinary forms was associated another wingless bird, allied



THE GIANT RAIL OF MAURITIUS.
(FROM A DRAWING BY R. W. SHUFELDT.)

to the rails, that disappeared from the isle of Bourbon towards the close of the seventeenth century. It is said of it that it ran with surprising swiftness.

As the instincts, feelings, and aspirations of all true naturalists have in all probability suffered no change since the days, two centuries ago, when the hardy Portuguese and Dutch explorers first put foot on these solitary islands, what must have been the sensations of the artists and naturalists that sailed with them — for we are told that such were along — when they were first confronted with such shapes? They met no men in this tropical Mauritius, as did Columbus, a century before, on the beach of San Salvador; but to the lovers of the great unknown in nature a far more diversified picture was presented here, and only such a one as the tropics can give us. On the forest's edge may have been seen a group of ponderous and clumsy dodos; there, stalking along by the marsh-land below, making tremendous pace, great, slim-proportioned rails, six feet in height; these wonders and others in a setting of the grandest of landscapes.

The last thirty years has seen two birds disappear from our own American fauna; and our naturalists will tell you that this gap has been made by the extirpation of the great auk *(Alca impennis)* and the duck of Labrador, or the pied duck, as Audubon gave him to us. The disappearance of the former had long been predicted, but the doom of the latter had never been anticipated. The great auk, or the gare-fowl as it is more commonly called in Europe, has with us still several, though much smaller, existing relatives; these latter, however, have the power of flight, which the gare-fowl did not. It was owing to this circumstance that their extinct relation came by the name of penguin — a bird they, upon casual inspection, closely resembled, and whose habits were not at all dissimilar; in fact, the great auk filled the penguin's place on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. The chief factor in the extinction of this water-fowl was the fishermen who visited its otherwise secluded resorts. These people killed them in large numbers, and the young, we are informed, were used for bait.

From his own statements in his unrivaled work, it seems that Audubon never saw, even in his day, a specimen of this bird on our coast, and this author tells us that "the only authentic account of the occurrence of this bird on our coast that I possess was obtained from Mr. Henry Havell, brother of my engraver, who, when on his passage from New York to England, hooked a great auk on the banks of Newfoundland, in extremely boisterous weather. On being hauled on board it was left at liberty on the deck. It walked very awkwardly, often tumbling over, bit every one within reach of its powerful bill, and refused food of all kinds. After continuing several days on board it was restored to its proper element."

Great auks were captured either in Iceland or some of the off-lying islands of the continent, including Great Britain and Ireland, as late as the year 1844; and our friends across the water have been far more fortunate in the number of specimens and other relics than we have. In this country I know of but three examples in museums, while abroad some seventy specimens have been preserved, and sufficient other material to have enabled Sir Richard Owen to give us one of his magnificent royal quartos treating of its osteology.

The pied duck was never dreamt of as being on the road towards extinction even in the very latter days of Audubon's writing, and its disappearance was quite sudden. This duck never was known to carry its migrations far inland, but was confined along the Atlantic coast to Labrador and northward, rarely being seen south of New Jersey. It bred off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, on the rocky islets, and English ornithologists say not much north of this, citing this as one of the causes of its extermination, for persons visiting these resorts for its eggs killed large numbers of the ducks besides. There were no other evident causes why such a bird should become so suddenly extinct, for it was a strong flier, not brilliantly plumaged, nor particularly sought after for its flesh. A specimen of the pied duck was killed in Halifax harbor in the year 1852; but even at that time no foreboding had been expressed by ornithologists as to its probable early extinction. Quite recently two hundred dollars was offered in England for a well-preserved pair of these birds.

Audubon drew the beautiful pair of these birds, in the plate in his princely work, from two he had received from the "Honorable Daniel Webster of Boston, who killed them himself on the Vineyard Islands, on the coast of Massachusetts."

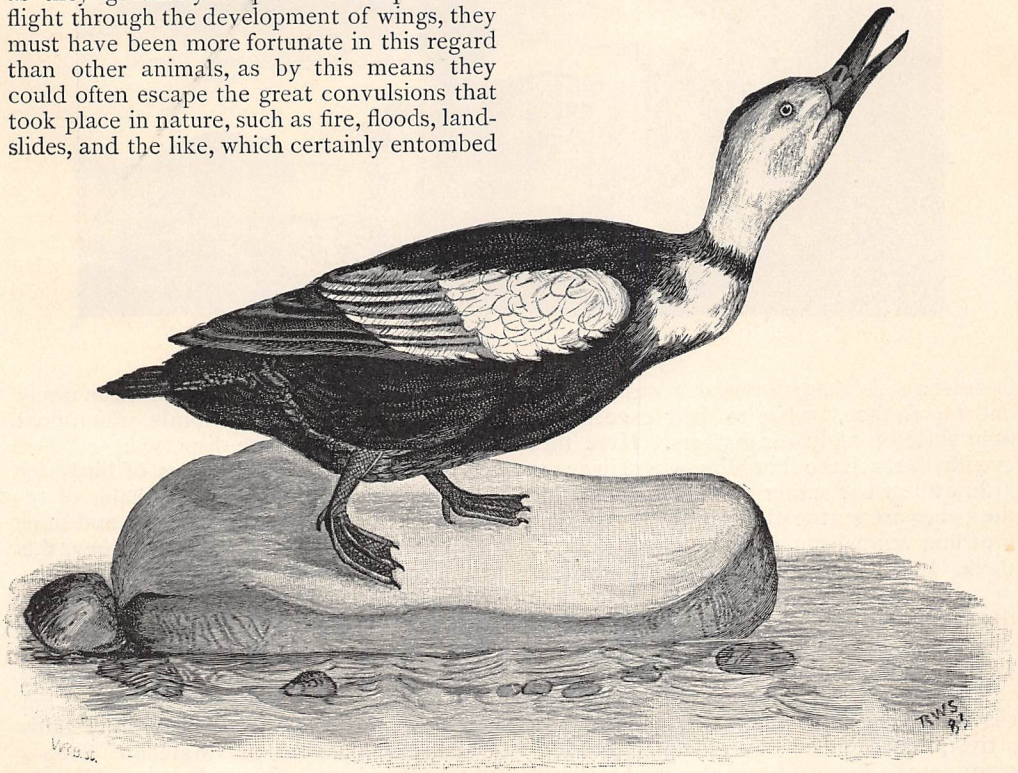
The pied duck was a few inches smaller than the common Arctic eider, to which it was nearly related. There are good specimens of it in the Smithsonian Institution, but so rapid and unexpected was its departure that the writer is unable to say how well the museums abroad are favored in this respect.

We learn that a bird quite recently has been eliminated from the fauna of Philip Island in the South Pacific; this time it is a parrot,

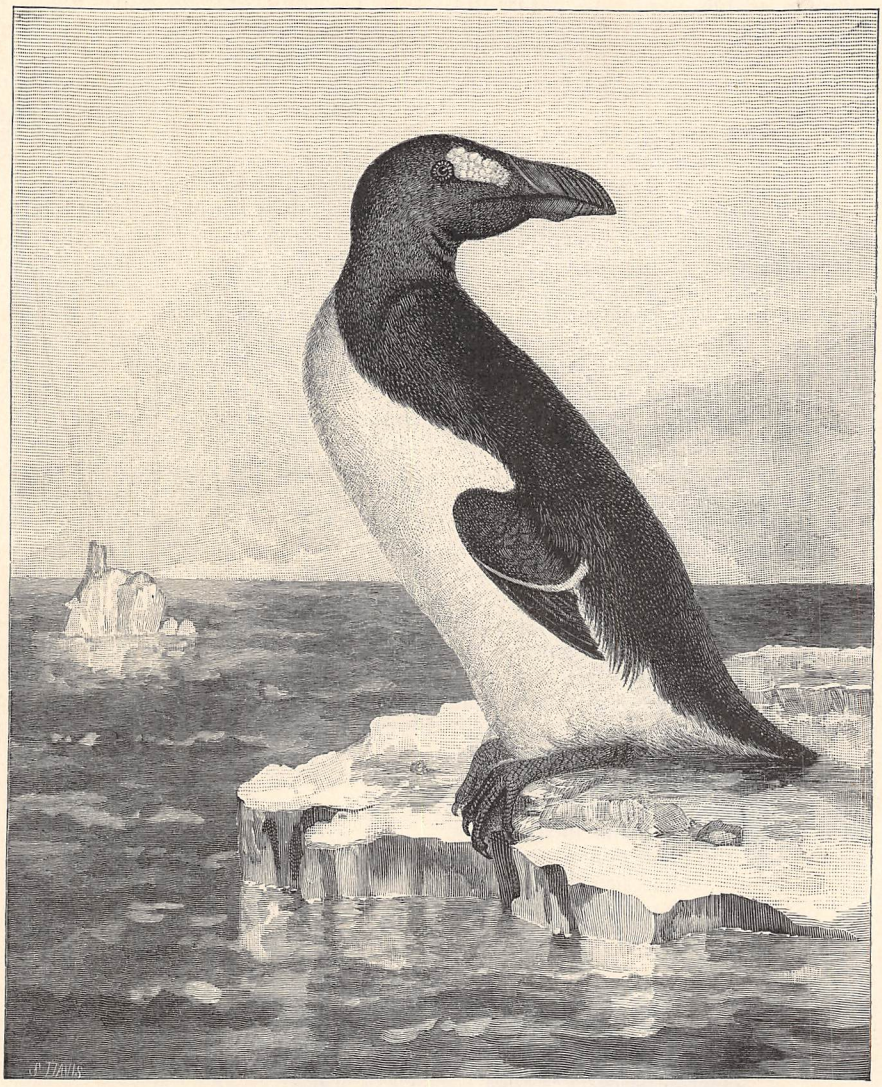
known during its life period to naturalists as the long-billed parrot *(Nestor productus)*, standing between the true parrots and the cockatoos. The causes of its destruction are unknown to me.

And thus we see how it is: different species of birds are being eliminated in all parts of the earth, just as their predecessors were during the various geological epochs, and this elimination is constantly and unceasingly at work. The island that we now call England, Scotland, and Wales once reckoned among her avifauna ostrich-like birds of no small size; and as ages have rolled over her head, and all manner of forces have been acting and reacting, that have slowly changed the surroundings of her fauna, we find many of her types disappearing, while others have become more prevalent. In more recent times gamekeepers and legislation are two elements that have been at work, and taken no small share in some of these changes, as instances of which we find that certain game birds and birds of prey have been completely extirpated in Great Britain. Who has a doubt in this country what the fate of our wild turkey is to be? In more remote times it was physical causes among others that acted to destroy certain types of birds, though, as they gradually acquired their power of flight through the development of wings, they must have been more fortunate in this regard than other animals, as by this means they could often escape the great convulsions that took place in nature, such as fire, floods, landslides, and the like, which certainly entombed other creatures or utterly destroyed them. The power of flight, however, did not exempt birds from that still more important force, so incessantly at work, the mutual reaction of one organism upon another, which through all time has operated to the improvement of some, and beyond all doubt to the extinction of many a form of exquisite beauty.

In the United States to-day, the birds that make up our fauna, so far as we now know them, number nearly nine hundred species. Many of these species have their millions of representatives, and an instant's thought will afford an idea of how immense the entire host must be; and yet let me ask you, inveterate ramblers, how often do you find the body of a dead bird in your path? The writer has been a collector and observer of birds from Mexico to the peaks of the Rockies for about twenty years, and can cite but comparatively few instances, a number so small that, if compared with the living, need not be taken into consideration at all, or, as they say in mathematics, it would be an unassignable quantity. Yet from all causes millions of birds do die every year, and when they die what becomes of them? Eliminating those that perish as objects of prey, we find that such birds as are blown into sheets of fresh water, by storm



THE PIED DUCK. (DRAWN BY R. W. SHUFELDT, AFTER SPECIMENS IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE AUDUBON PLATE.)



THE GREAT AUK (ALCA IMPENNIS).

or otherwise, and are drowned, invariably float on the surface, owing to their exceedingly light skeleton and their feathers. Here they eventually reach the shore-line, where in a very little while their tender bodies macerate, and the bones are scattered far and wide, or some prowling animal makes still quicker work of them. In salt water the preservative qualities of that fluid, no doubt, allow them all to reach the shore-line with greater certainty, but here sun, moisture, and the carnivora of earth, air, and sea soon put them out of sight.

Animals, on the other hand, often sink to the bottom, and, if the place of deposit be in a river, may soon be covered up, after lodgment, by the sediment, and thus be preserved for ages; but, as we have just seen, this rarely happens with the bodies of birds, which float upon the surface and are dispersed.

As the more modern forms of birds for many ages have not been in the habit of resorting to caverns for any purpose, and have rarely been dragged in by beasts of prey, this fruitful source of preservation of many of the dead mammalia and reptiles need hardly be alluded to in the case of birds. The peat-mosses, wherever they occur in any country, owing to their antiseptic qualities, have preserved many a form for the students of all ages; but these have only allowed the heaviest of birds to sink into them, as the Mare aux Songes did the dodo in Mauritius, whereas the lighter

forms would escape any such entombment. So it is that the remains of our feathered forms have been rendered so rare, and comparatively so few examples have been discovered through all these long ages. This absence of aviarian fossils furnishes us with a very good reason why this class has cut such an insignificant figure in the study of the physical history of our earth. Some idea may be formed of the meagerness of this material, from the fact that in this article nearly all the examples known to science, through all time, are mentioned, and my illustrations present figures of all the more important of the feathered forms that are now extinct. If a catalogue of all the extant specimens were printed in ordinary type, the volume that contained the record would be of no very great size; and think of the countless millions of birds or animals with feathers that during these long, long ages have lived and subsequently perished. Regarding the history of our feathered races in the past, read from the fossil records that have come to us, as a history of the class and nothing more, irrespective of anything we may learn of it that bears upon the physical history of our planet, we find that, starting from their present representatives as an isolated and lovely group of animated beings, their most recently extinct forms differ in no essential particular from the living ones; for instance, if the pied duck could be reproduced, he would not figure in our fauna as an oddity, as the dodo certainly would. As we sink deeper and deeper into this record, we find that the birds differ more and more from the present types; that a greater number of flightless ones are discovered, this disability constituting one of the factors, and an important one, in their extirpation; that as we continue our research in this mutilated record, with its many missing pages, we fall into the cretaceous beds. Ah! what a lapse of time, and how vast the change; we have to refer but to the record of *Hesperornis* to appreciate this — teeth, a questionable covering of feathers, and a keelless sternum. Another leap into the depths of time, when we find the *Archæopteryx*, whose organization must indeed have been a lowly one. It seems, too, the further we go back into geologic times, the less specialized do bird forms become, and the nearer they approach the reptilian types. Although extinct feathered forms can teach us little more, we may be happy in the thought that so immutable is the primeval code of laws, that they have never ceased to operate in the same manner now as they did in the beginning; and as with all beings, so has it been from the reptile of mythical Eden to the snow-white dove of our day, the tendency is ever onward and upward in the line of improvement.

R. W. Shufeldt.

LOVE THAT LIVES.

DEAR face — bright, glinting hair —
Dear life, whose heart is mine —
The thought of you is prayer,
The love of you divine.

In starlight, or in rain;
In the sunset's shrouded glow;
Ever, with joy or pain,
To you my quick thoughts go

Like winds or clouds, that fleet
Across the hungry space
Between, and find you, sweet,
Where life again wins grace.

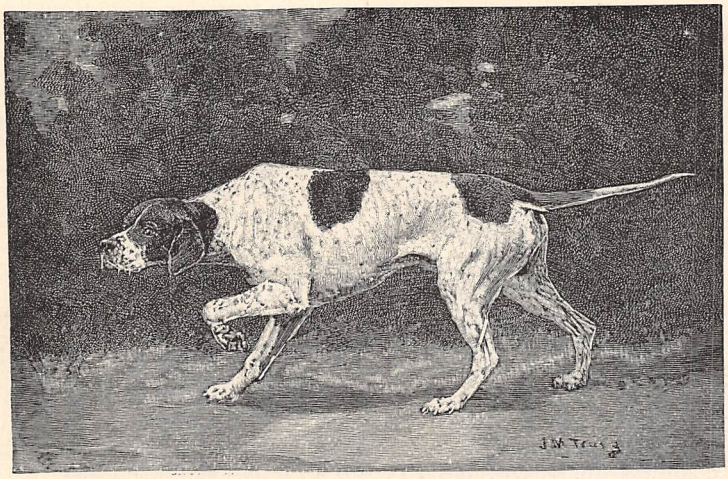
Now, as in that once young
Year that so softly drew
My heart to where it clung,
I long for, gladden in you.

And when in the silent hours
I whisper your sacred name,
Like an altar-fire it showers
My blood with fragrant flame!

Perished is all that grieves;
And lo, our old-new joys
Are gathered as in sheaves,
Held in love's equipoise.

Ours is the love that lives;
Its spring-time blossoms blow
'Mid the fruit that autumn gives;
And its life outlasts the snow.

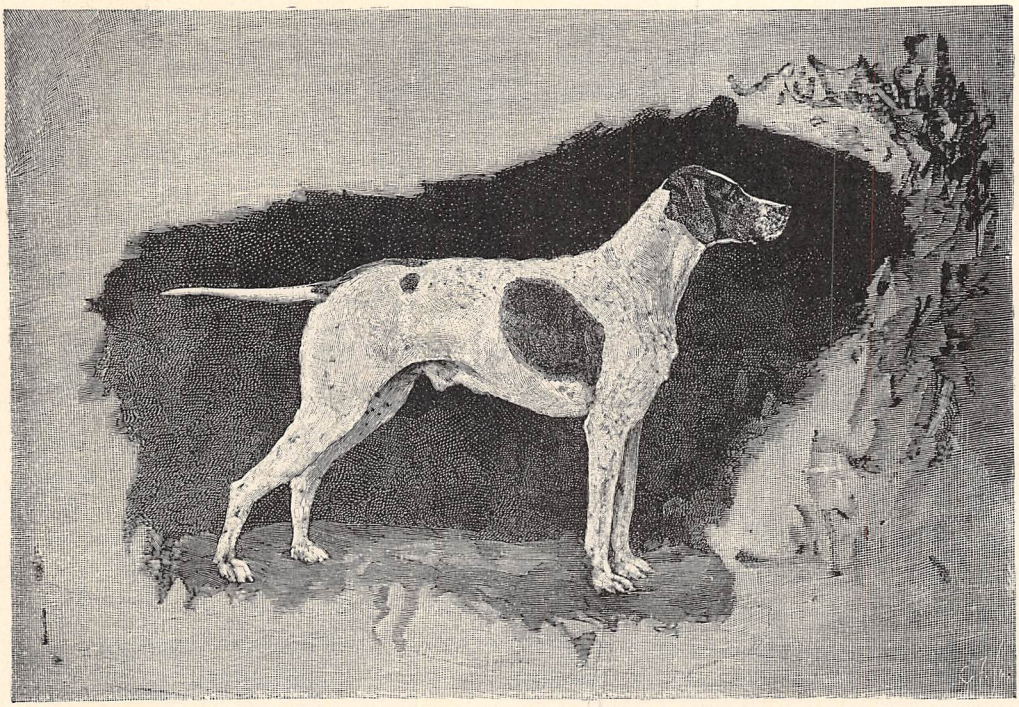
George Parsons Lathrop.



POINTER "CROXTETH." (FROM A PICTURE BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION OF JAMES M. BURT.)

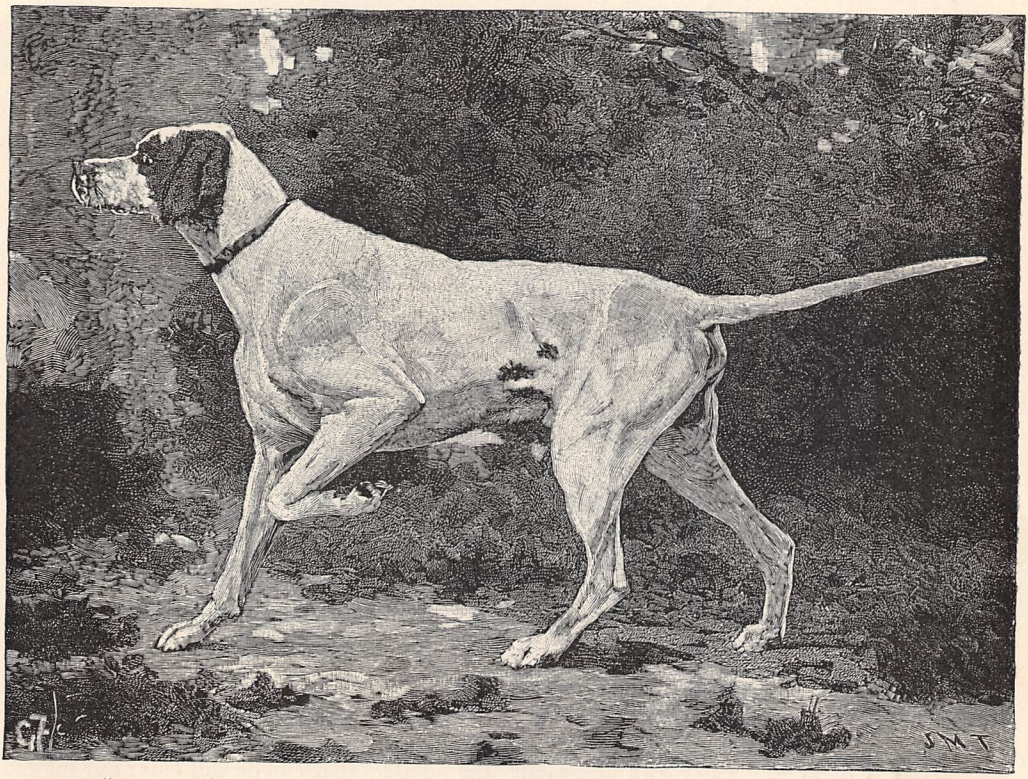
TYPICAL DOGS.—POINTERS.

AS the owner and breeder of pointers and setters for nearly thirty years, with preferences vibrating from time to time from the one to the other, I have finally, I think, reached a settled preference for the pointer. It is a common opinion that the setter is the more affectionate, sagacious, and domestic; but I doubt whether this is borne out by experience. Among the many dogs I have owned, the most remarkable instances of sagacity and affection which have come under my observation have been in pointers. If space permitted I am sure I could interest readers by narrating the wonderful intelligence of my old pointer "Brack," who was the best ball player in our school, or the life of "Vic," who took her university course with me, and I doubt if any setter that ever lived was their superior.



POINTER "METEOR." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY.)

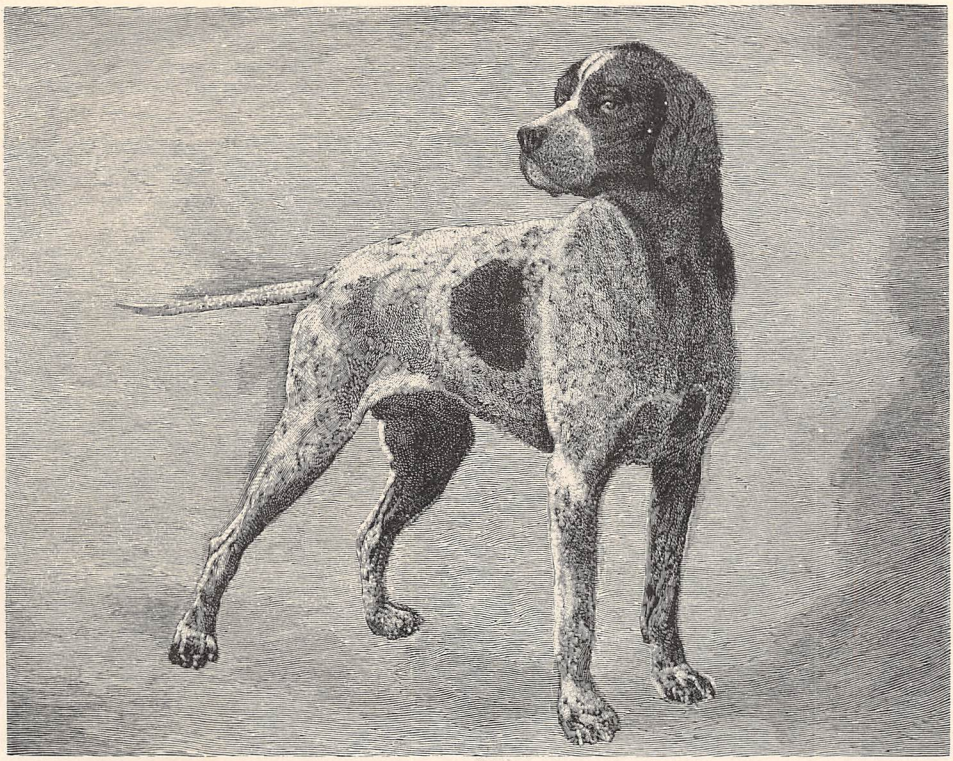
And yet I would not be understood as decrying the setter, for the scale of excellence between the breeds is very nearly evenly balanced, and as I have said is a mere matter of preference. The best dog I have to-day is a young setter named "Diomed," combining the strains of "Coin," "Ranger," and an old stock of Virginia natives; although he is but eighteen months old I do not believe a finer field dog lives.



POINTER "BANG BANG." (FROM A PICTURE BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION FROM THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.)

My observation of the two breeds, however, has led me to the conclusion that pointers, as a class, have keener noses, more passion for hunting, and more endurance than setters. Our best shooting is in the warm sunny days about the last of October and until the middle of November. In that season setters with their heavy coats become weary much sooner than the short-haired pointer. I became more convinced of this than ever before this year on the prairies of Minnesota. I shot prairie-chickens with friend Vandevort, who took out a string of splendid pointers, including "Don," "Luck of Eden Hall," "Luck's Baby," "Joy," "Drab," and "Icicle." It was intensely hot on the prairies, and we had a companion with a setter. While the pointers were comparatively fresh the setter was distressed, and much of his time was spent in seeking the little lakes to bathe and refresh himself, and relieve the suffering occasioned by his thick coat. Nor is his advantage from this in cold weather considerable. In very cold weather it is apt to be unfit to shoot, and whenever the season is auspicious, however cold, one may rest assured that a pointer, of the energy and dash a good dog should have, will keep himself warm with the exercise. I consider another thing greatly in favor of the pointer. He has the pointing instinct much more distinctly developed in him than the setter, and once broken, he retains it more surely. The setter is of spaniel origin, and like the spaniel his inclination naturally is, on discovering game, to flush, and chase, and even give tongue. This I do not object to. On the contrary, the pup I delight in is one that, instead of halting, and squatting, and pointing, dashes, bulges in, and runs wild when he strikes his first game. His early frenzy is but proof of the consuming passion for sport which insures a good dog. But this inclination, springing from the spaniel instinct to chase and clamor, necessitates in many setters the loss of several of the best days of the season every year in bringing them down to the strict rules of

business, while on the other hand the pointer being by nature inclined to the cataleptic attitude is apt when once broken to retain his breaking for life, and furnish the same sport on the opening day of the season as when we have become so imbedded in the feet padding and in the long hair under the shoulders and thighs of my setters as to force me to lose half an hour in removing them, at the prettiest hour for shooting, for they so encumber,



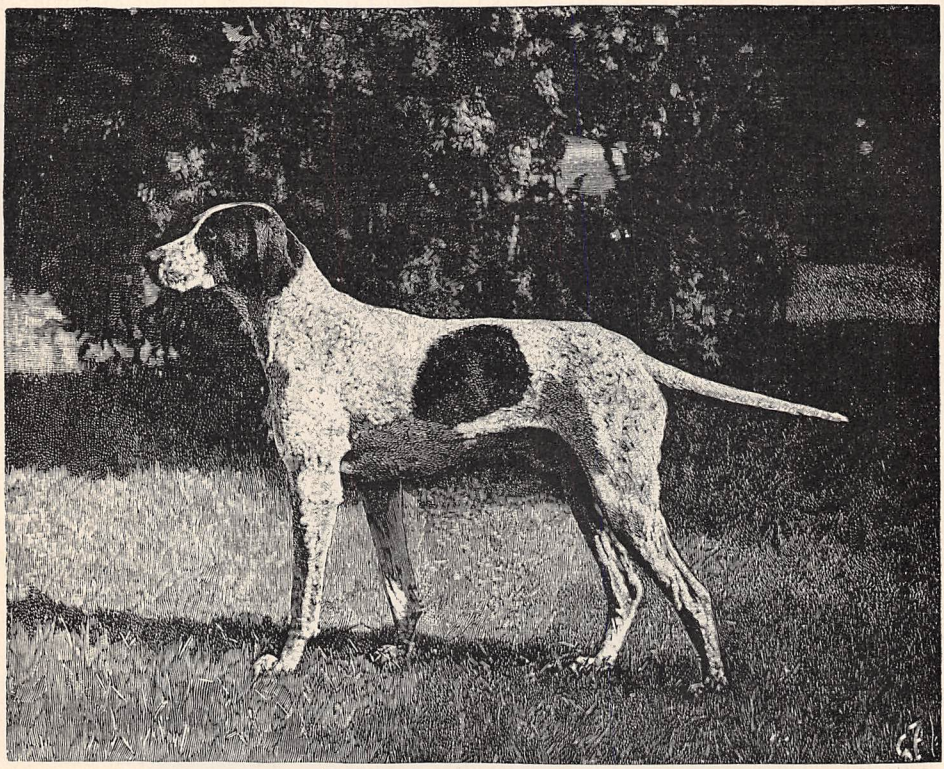
POINTER "BOW." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION OF MR. J. G. HECKSCHER.)

take our farewell shoot in the cold winds of January.

Many persons extol the superior beauty of the setter. A handsome setter with silken hair and soft lines is very attractive, but a clean-limbed, hard-muscled, round-ribbed pointer is a type of beauty to which thousands of men incline in preference to the other. To my eye nothing expresses beauty more strongly than the hard, clean outline from occiput to tip of tail, from shoulder-blade to arched toe, of a lean, hard pointer whose every line and every muscle tells what he was made for and what he can do. He stands expressing power, and will, and grit, and toil, like a blacksmith leaning on his sledge by the molten fire, and no silken setter can surpass that expression any more than could a gentleman in dress suit surpass the grim blacksmith's look of strength.

A minor advantage of the pointer in our section, and yet one not to be ignored, is the constant trouble of the setter from which the pointer is free, arising from the pestiferous sand-burr. On many occasions these burrs lame, and distress the setter-dogs as to unfit them for work, while the pointers pass through them unharmed. *Per contra*, few are the pointers that can or will enter our matted brier patches on the ditch banks and drive out the sulking birds or follow the wing-tipped, as do the setters with their heavy coats.

The type of pointer has greatly changed within my memory, and I do not think it has improved. The first pointer I recollect was "Bembo." He was a dog weighing seventy pounds without any lumber. He was liver-shotted all over, with a broad, flat head, deep flews, a red haw in the eye, round-ribbed, high on the leg, ragged and broad in the hips, rat-tailed, with feet as large as one's fist, hard as nails, and ran like a horse on the home stretch. When he stood his jaws dripped foam and his cheeks distended and fell with excitement. When he ran he would knock you down if you were in the way, and when he took a fence he only touched with his heels. "Bembo" was the common type of pointer in those days. The finer breed was



POINTER "DONALD." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER, PHILADELPHIA.)

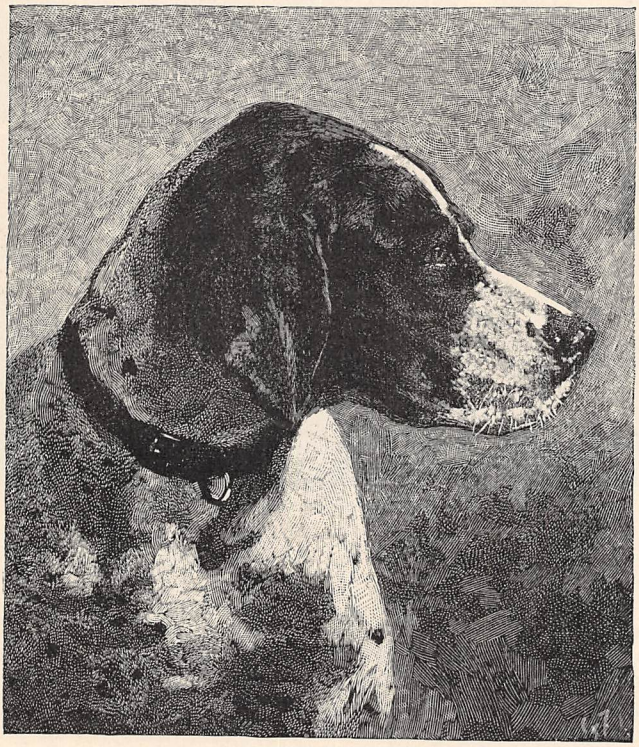
represented by the breed of Mr. Joseph Gayles of Washington, but they were nothing like the shivering, curly-tailed, bull-dog-headed, and Italian-greyhound-bodied dogs that are being bred to-day. "Bembo" had more work in him than whole kennels I could name to-day, and his breed is now almost or quite extinct. We are breeding them too fine, and are sacrificing stamina, grit, go, and real field worth, for a false standard of beauty.

Without comparing the relative merits of the celebrated pointer dogs in America, or even attempting to name them in order of merit, the most celebrated I know are Sensation, Faust, Croxteth, Rush, Vandevort's Don, Beaufort, Meteor, Bravo, Donald, Beulah, Bellona, Lalla Rookh. To these I might add many others of both sexes, but forbear, as space forbids. Without wishing to appear invidious, and without having shot over the others, I have no hesitation in saying that while Vandevort's Don is far from being the handsomest pointer I ever shot over he is the best field dog I ever worked behind, and my own old Beulah is, without being a thorough type of beauty, the gentlest, tenderest, most sagacious and affectionate pointer bitch I ever shot over.

John S. Wise.

OUR American pointers for very many years have been more *uniformly* good than our setters, and this is because the pointer is more easily kept to a type. In England, where the greatest care is taken in his breeding, he is truer to type than the setter, and the importations from England of the finest specimens that money could procure, have done much for five years past, and are still doing much, to improve the breed in America. No other dog can compare with him in that finished appearance which characterizes him, yet no dog is capable of doing harder work. A well-bred pointer, and by that I mean a *properly* bred dog, is courageous and enduring. When his day's work is done and he has had his supper, he is ready for bed without groaning; and the next morning finds him fresh for new fields. He is inferior to no dog in all the qualities that go to make the sportsman's companion. Pointers will be bred by intelligent breeders in America in future with a view to field qualities, and this will produce *handsome* dogs. The *best* form for a working pointer is the *handsomest* form. The pointer of the future will weigh from fifty to sixty pounds, the nearer fifty-five the better. He will have a clean-cut, bony head, with plenty of brain room, but without the pronounced occipital

bone standing up sharp, which has been so long admired, but which is neither useful nor ornamental. His head will be set on a clean, race-horse-looking neck, free from unnecessary throatiness, and slightly arched. His shoulders, which must be well muscled and well bent, will lie close to the chest, and be narrow at the top. His legs will be particularly well boned and muscled — but as clean as swords. His feet will be round and hard and tight.



POINTER "MAXIM." (FROM A STUDY BY J. M. TRACY; BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.)

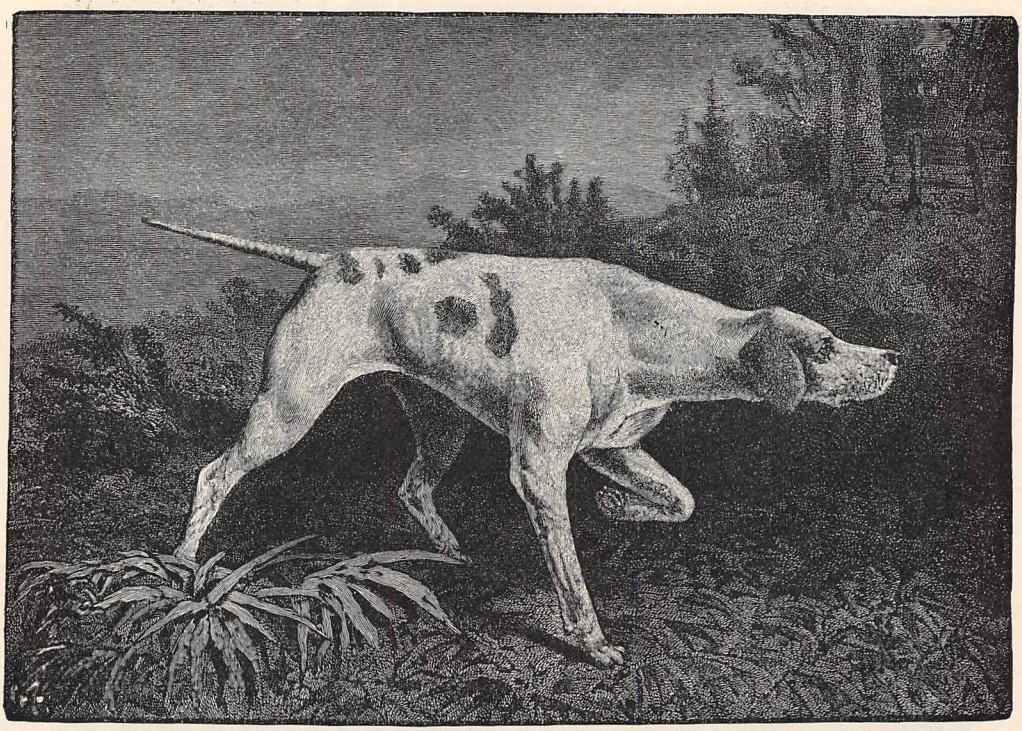
His chest will be deep and full. No broad, thick-chested pointer ever was or ever can be fast and enduring. His back and loin will be strong and sloping back gradually to wide, strong, sloping hips. His thighs will be well bent and well muscled, not beefy. His stifles and hocks well bent; his pasterns clean. His tail straight and gradually tapering to the end, but not too fine and rat-like. His general appearance well balanced and harmonious. No ill-proportioned dog should be tolerated.

If proper judgment is used in breeding; not the simple mating of a sire and dam because both are imported, or because both in their way are fashionable; but that judgment which having selected the proper form of both, looks to the happy crosses of winning blood, we shall produce pointers in America the equals of any in the world. To do this we must discard every animal of unauthenticated pedigree, for the unknown sort *may* be mongrels, and very likely are. We must avoid extremes of size, shape, or other physical characteristics. We must adhere to a proper type, and not expect good pups from poor parents. We must make up our minds to get rid of every animal in breeding, that is not first-rate, recollecting that one good dog is worth fifty poor ones, and cheaper to raise.

The Drake, the Bang, and the Sefton crosses are the best blood obtainable from England, and the happiest combinations of these three are the foundation of the future American pointer.

John W. Munson.

Of all the sporting dogs that we have at the present day, the pointer is the oldest pure breed; the many varieties of setters being made up of various crosses. He is spoken of as having been imported into England from Spain some time in the seventeenth century; he also crept into France, Germany, and even Russia. England did more to improve the breed than any of the other countries, so that to-day this strain is spoken of as the English



POINTER "BRAVO." (BY PERMISSION OF MR. J. G. N. APPOLD.)

pointer. The original Spanish pointer was a heavy, slow dog, loose-made and very lumbering. In the early stages of improvement, he was undoubtedly crossed with the fox-hound, and by judicious breeding he has reached his present high standard of excellence. In Germany, he has retained more of his old Spanish type. He was first introduced into America from England, and in fact is even still being imported; but those bred in this country from first-class stock not very far distant from imported parents, are even ahead of what have recently been sent to this country and represented as being considered in England first-class. For all-round field work, the pointer is better than the setter, and when once broken is *always broken*, as he never forgets his training, no matter if a season passes without being used.

At bench-shows the pointers are divided into two classes; the light weights fifty-five pounds and under, and the heavy weights over fifty-five pounds. For general field use the small pointer is much the best, as he can stand more work than the large ones. They are more easily carried around either in a wagon or on railroad trains, and when out of the field are a neater-looking animal for a companion. I never saw a large dog keep up with a medium-sized one; they might do it for a while, but the smaller ones are generally full of animation up to the finish of a long hunt. From my experience the best dog weighs from fifty to fifty-eight pounds, has a good deep chest, not too long coupled, shoulders sloping, cat feet, and strong hind legs. The hind legs are what gives the animal the propelling power, and the sloping shoulders aid him in his free, easy gallop.

A dog with a broad, bull-dog chest is never a good goer and never can last in his work. If the hind quarters are not good the dog has not the graceful motion that is so pleasing to the eye of a sportsman.

In color, the pointer's coat has less variety than the setter. There are liver and white, lemon and white, solid liver, and solid black. Some are black and white, but it is not often. A pointer's nose and eyes should be in harmony with the color of his spots, that is, a liver and white dog should have a liver-colored nose and eyes of as near the same brown as possible. A lemon and white dog should have a flesh-colored nose and lighter eyes. A lemon and white pointer should *not* have a black nose or black eyes. Having stated the major points of the pointer I will not go further in detail than to call attention to the tail, which should be tapering to a sharp point, straight and carried level with the back or a little higher, but not straight up in the air.

* * *



PAINTED BY CAROLUS DURAN. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PORTRAIT. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN.

A FRENCH PAINTER AND HIS PUPILS.

A YOUNG painter of Boston, Mr. Robert C. Hinckley, in the fall of 1872 wished to become a pupil of the well-known Parisian artist, M. Carolus Duran. M. Duran refused, but told him that if he would take a studio he would occasionally come and see his work. The studio was taken, in conjunction with Paul Batifaud-Vaur, Duran visiting them regularly every Tuesday and Friday, and refusing, then as now, all compensation. Others joined the class, new quarters were taken, and in 1873 there were about a dozen students, two-thirds of them American or English, and the rest French. For a time there was a Persian among them. The class has greatly increased in size, at one time nearly half of the fifty members being American. The school at present is at 110 Boulevard du Port Royal. Among the Americans who have been members of the class are Messrs. John S. Sargent, Carroll Beckwith, Will H. Low, Charles Melville Dewey, Theodore Robinson, Kenyon Cox, Frank Fowler, Walter L. Palmer, Ralph Curtis, Stephen Hills Parker, and Alexander Harrison.

M. Duran is as popular as ever among his students, whom he generously continues to favor twice a week with his teaching. Twice each month M. Duran gives to his pupils a subject for a sketch. A day is fixed for the bringing in of the sketches, and, after the regular lesson of the day, the easels are put aside and the sketches, all of the same subject, in charcoal, crayon, or oil, are placed in a good light, on the floor, stools, or easels; the professor takes a seat, lights a cigarette, and the pupils gather around to listen to the criticisms of their works. Often these criticisms lengthen into talks, or, as Monsieur Duran entitles them, "lessons." Some of them have happily been preserved for the outside world by one of the scholars, who has reported them stenographically. A selection of these is presented below.

H.

LESSONS TO MY PUPILS.

First Lesson.

IS PAINTING simply an imitative art? No; it is, above all, an art of expression. There is not one of the great masters of whom this is not true. Even the masters who were most absorbed by outward beauty, being influenced by it according to the sensitiveness of their natures, understood that they neither could nor ought to reproduce anything but the spirit of nature either in form or color. Thus it happens that these masters have interpreted nature, and not given a literal translation. This interpretation is precisely what makes the personality of each of them. Without this individual point of view there can be no really original work. This shows how dangerous are those schools that, restricting the artists to the same methods, do not permit them to develop their individual feeling. These schools, however, make use of a very respectable motto: "Tradition." But what are we all but the result of tradition? —only we ought to be free to choose in the direction that agrees with our aspirations, and not have imposed upon us those of another man, however great he may be.

In the French school, since Ingres, the tradition comes from Raphael. That was very well for Ingres, who freely chose the master from whom he really descended; but we who have other needs, who desire reality, —less beautiful, without doubt, but more passionate, more living, more intimate,—we should search a guide among the masters who responds most fully to our temperament.

Imagine the painters of the seventeenth century in Spain, Flanders, or Holland obliged to follow in the footsteps of Raphael instead of the inspiration of their individual genius! What would have become of their productions? Instead of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Ostade, and Brauwer, we should have had a lot of would-be Raphaels, counterfeited, stunted, and grotesque,—a commonplace and disheartening plagiarism substituted for their sincerely and extremely varied *chefs-d'œuvre*.

The example that I have just given you in the past has a singular application at present, when the same causes are producing the same disastrous results. It is as absurd to attempt to impose on artists one and the same mold in which all — powerful or weak, impassioned or timid — must form their thought, as it would be to constrain them to modify their physical natures until all should resemble a given model. Art lives only by individual expression. Where would we be if the great masters of all times had only looked to the past—they who not only prepared, but made the future? Works of art can only be produced by the recalling of our aspirations and experiences. To live one's work is the condition, the *sine qua non*, of its power and of its truth.

These principles apply not only to "compositions," but also to the painting of portraits, which many wrongly believe to be another art, because the greater part of portrait painters have only represented the visible form of their subject. If we study the masters that are looked upon as first in this order, we shall see that they have not been contented with the material appearance, but that, putting themselves aside, they have sought the particular characteristics of the model — his mind and his temperament as well as his manner. To place all one's models on the same background is like serving all kinds of fish with the same sauce.

We will review some of those who, right or wrong, have come down to us as types: Holbein, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Raphael, Van Dyck. Which of these painters best agrees with the ideas I have just expressed? Among the persons painted by Holbein, Velasquez, and Rembrandt, there is not one that does not seem to be known to you intimately. You exclaim, in spite of yourself: "I feel as if I knew him — what a good likeness it must be!" Each has his own individuality apart from the habits and plastic tendencies of the painter. Titian, in spite of his admirable works in this art, is a transition between these first and those less close in their portrayal of the individuality of their subjects. Raphael, in his love for beauty and harmony, only heeded the model posing before him as far as it coincided with his ideal. In all his portraits we see Raphael; but it is impossible to disengage the precise individuality of the person portrayed.* In Van Dyck it is yet more noticeable. He has painted commoners and nobles, giving them all the same style, the same elegance, that sprang from his own taste and graceful personality.

This necessity of self-abnegation, indispensable to the portraitist, is the only thing that separates the portrait from composition. I will leave to Ingres, who did wonders in this direction, and to Delacroix, who really was unable to make a portrait, the task of saying to which of these two *genres* supremacy belongs — if supremacy there be. Ingres said that only the greatest masters had made true portraits. Delacroix wrote, with a sadness that one feels between the lines, that portraiture is the most difficult thing in art. I myself believe that each offers different but equivalent difficulties, the placing on view of one person being as complex as that of ten. In a picture you must draw all from your own soul,— your remembrance of the phenomena of nature and your feeling toward nature, your past joys and griefs.

Second Lesson.

The Flight into Egypt.

THERE are two methods of understanding a subject. It may be treated heroically or intimately. In the latter case the artist enters into the life of the personages that he desires to represent, observing them as human beings; as it were, following them; taking account of their impressions, their joys, and their sufferings. The heroic manner, on the contrary, expresses but an instant of their life, when raised to an exceptional pitch. The personages presented are, as you might say, deified, so much do they seem to be absolved from the daily necessities of humanity. But, for this very reason, they lose many sympathetic charms that we only find in beings living, thinking, and suffering like ourselves. The latter alone can move us, because we find our own experiences in their melancholy, their terrors, their passions.

The heroic method, necessarily restricted, is obliged to impose upon its personages a sort of conventional grandeur that suppresses the better part of their originality.

In the subject that now occupies us, let us take our personages at their starting-point and accompany them through the different episodes that must have marked their precipitate flight. You all know the legend. Joseph is warned in a dream that the time has come to quit Judea with the Virgin Mary and the Divine Child. Picture to yourselves the incidents of this departure. See the group precipitately leaving in the night; follow them hour by hour; imagine the scenes that must have followed one another, at the morning fires, in the glimmering twilight, in the moonlight, or under the bright light of day.

Tiepolo has made, in thought, this journey as I have indicated it to you; he has pictured these episodes; very many of them are most touching and very delicately felt. He has portrayed the solitude of a hamlet during the night; the holy travelers are crossing it hastily, not daring to trust themselves to any hospitality. Then, farther on, they arrive on the banks of a river that must be crossed. Angels push the boat, and, farther on, the Virgin Mary is supported by them as they climb a steep ascent.

You are not to imitate Tiepolo, nor to bear in mind his compositions; but you must proceed like him. It is the only way to avoid the commonplace — the only way to find charmingly intimate scenes; the child Jesus crying, smiling, or being nursed by his mother.

* M. Duran, we think, will not find many to agree with him in so sweeping a condemnation of Raphael's portraits.—EDITOR.

The travelers have rested in the shade, as you might have done; they have had in their flight a crowd of emotions, such as you may have felt in your journeys. Call up your remembrances and apply them, so that the personages may be before your eyes, moving, walking, resting, forming a whole with the nature that surrounds them and of which they reflect the influence.

This sympathy that has made you live in thought with your subjects has shown them to you in varied circumstances, under the numerous effects of light, shade, or twilight. Choose one of these effects — that one of which you have kept the clearest and most vivid remembrance. Your group must harmonize with the hour, solemn or cheerful, that you have chosen. As you are very different from one another, your compositions will reflect the variety of your natures.

This habit of living with your personages will have the effect of presenting them to your mind under a fixed form. Having followed and analyzed all their actions, all their sentiments, you will in the end know them as if they were real beings. It will appear to be the remembrance of an actual scene.

Do not hurry to place this vision on canvas. Turn it over in your mind, that it may be refined and completed at every point of view. It is only when you have thus mentally elaborated your composition, that you should decide to execute it; for then you will have lived it.

Third Lesson.

Subject of Sketch: Circe.

To decide upon their attitudes, to compose the groups, to give variety to all parts of this subject, you would have to make the same reasoning that I recall to you continuously. You must take into account the character of the personages, the actions they have just passed through before the decisive moment that can best be reproduced by painting. It is by this retrospective study of the acts and gestures of your heroes that you will be able to introduce among them that variety without which there is no picturesqueness. The action of each, in harmony with the action preceding it, will give an impression of life. The character of each individual must be preserved, making the scene interesting by the different manifestations of the same sentiment.

Thus, in the subject that occupies us, what were Ulysses's companions doing at the moment that Circe's wand touches them and changes them into swine? They were degrading themselves by the misuse of pleasures, until they had fallen to the level of the brutes. Those who descend to this level have lost the sign of human dignity; they are touched by the wand; that is to say, they have transformed themselves into swine. Some assumed, laughing coarsely, the bestial mask; others are in a state of dejected stupefaction; others wallow with a sort of fury, seeming to forget already that they have been human and have known how to hold themselves erect. Then, in the midst of this orgy (where only one companion refuses to abdicate his reason), see rising up the complex and mysterious figure of Circe.

Fourth Lesson.

Subject of Sketch: The Birth of Venus.

In the Grecian mythology Venus is the goddess of love. Her birth is the festival of life. The daughter of the inconstant waves brings to the world, of which she is to be the queen, youth, light, the pleasure of the senses, the attraction of the flesh.

So much for the moral personification of the subject; let us now seek the physical side. All are transported at the sight of this beautiful moist body, the long, floating hair, and the juvenile grace. We might say that the inhabitants of the waves had decked themselves in their finest toilets to receive and do her honor. They are intoxicated with delight. Musset has said admirably:

> "Regrettez-vous le temps où le ciel sur la terre
> Marchait et respirait dans un peuple de dieux;
> Où Vénus Astarté, fille de l'onde amère,
> Secouait, vierge encor, les larmes de sa mère,
> Et fécondait le monde en tordant ses cheveux?"

We have found the temperament of our subject; let us now see its picturesque points. Let us enter into the pagan world as well as our own; give to this divine beauty noisy mirth, a gay uproar of amorous nymphs, of Tritons in shell armor, blonde and dimpled cupids, and birds of variegated plumage. We have not roses enough in our palette to throw at the feet of her who brings love and life to a dazzled and grateful world. Place around Venus everything that loves, for she is the personification of this exquisite and ideal sentiment. Here, then, is the work in your imagination. Let it now become plastic. Call to mind all that has been painted on this subject. You will see how few artists have understood it; how superficial they have been. When Venus appears, she is pure; no one is born unchaste. She is yet ignorant of her empire.

It is not only Venus that must be pictured; it is what she represents, what she makes us experience. It is the festival of youth — Venus in the highest expression of her glory. Your

love, your need of loving, must be questioned. To have a response, touch the most secret strings of your heart. Imagine that love, until now unknown, has come to the world; that inclosed in her quiver are not only sharpened arrows, but also the highest ambitions that ennoble man.

"Ce que l'homme ici bas appelle le génie—
C'est le besoin d'aimer,"

Musset has said. Remember your emotions when you were twenty and loved for the first time.

I would make Venus almost like a Madonna, painting her with a religious sentiment. Like an immaculate lily opening in the sun, she enters into life radiant with beauty, as chaste, as pure as the foam of the waves. I would make her appearing majestic and superb; the entire earth should come to her. For, let us insist upon it, she gives to the enraptured world unlimited felicity, inundating it with a flood of light; sensuality is replaced by the union of hearts. This searching for expression gives us at once numberless accessory personages.

Recall the pictures that have been made on this subject, and you will be struck by the small degree of logic, the little common sense there is to be found in them. Their authors have lived more through their eyes than by their hearts and brains.

Raphael, in a picture that is entitled the "Triumph of Galatea," but which I think should perhaps be called "The Birth of Venus," has understood nothing of the subject. I say so, in spite of all clamors and the fact that it is the custom to call it a *chef-d'œuvre*. Evidently it contains charming points, admirable from a plastic point of view, but, from an æsthetic point of view, nothing. Beautiful forms, always beautiful forms; Raphael is always harmonious, elegant, but he has never emotions, —he is never a true thinker. If Raphael, if Titian, have not grasped this subject, what shall we say of others who have attempted it?

It is in seeking the human side, the intimate side, that you will solve the enigma. Your joy, your conviction, your entire nature should contribute to your work. You must live that which you would paint.

Fifth Lesson.

Subject of Sketch: Romeo and Juliet.

When you would take a subject from a legend, a drama, or a poem, you must know how to find the characteristic of the work; you must be able to choose the situation that will give the most complete idea of the poet's creation. This or that episode would only be an illustration. It is the synthesis that you should give,—the entire essence of the work thus passing into your picture, and not a mere reflection of the thought of another.

What is Romeo? What is Juliet? It is not by reproducing this or that scene of Shakspere's drama that you can paint these creations of his genius. It is in presenting them in their most striking aspect that you best convey the idea you have formed of them. If you represent only the griefs, the tears, the death of Juliet and her lover, you give but one phase of their existence; you have not expressed them.

Before all and above all, they are the expression of love—love with all its youth, all its ardor, its heedlessness, its apprehensions, and its delirium!

I have given you this subject of Romeo precisely to see if you understand what is the dominant emotion, and to recommend you always to seek for it. Now, the dominant note of "Romeo and Juliet" is, we have said, love; as "Othello" is violent jealousy, as "Macbeth" is an inordinate ambition, as "Hamlet" is a painful reverie mastering a fine but unbalanced intelligence, born for a calm life, but forced into action.

Ask yourselves then what Shakspere aimed at in writing his drama. Lovers, did he not? You must paint, then, lovers. If you had this story to illustrate, you would make drawings of the duel, balcony, or grave scene,—making your compositions more or less dramatic. But when you have "Romeo and Juliet" to characterize, you are bound to give appropriate expression to the sentiment that exhales from the whole work.

Any other subject presenting the same characteristics of passionate and exalted love would interest us equally. It is the picture of love that moves us, not the personality of those who experience it. Ask your heart how to paint Romeo and Juliet. It will give you a response. Then you will be eloquent.

That which will make the celebrity in the future of all of us who are occupied with art, will not be our cleverness, but perhaps a little ray of personality. You will be nothing if you imitate another, be he ever so great; you will be some one, even the humblest of you, if you are true to yourselves. You must love glory more than gold, art more than glory—and nature more than all.

Carolus Duran.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

X.

THE VALLEY TRAIL.

MRS. CRAIG, having entered upon a scheme of entertainment for her young guest, pursued it with enthusiasm. Even the amusements of that unrestful place and climate took on a certain fierceness of energy. The mountains were a perpetual challenge; the valley, with its bright, sinuous river, running out of sight among gray willows, a perpetual invitation. Pleasure hurried its pace at the brief summer's warning. Quick pulses beat themselves out, and young life that exulted in perilous effort sank before the prize was won, and gave place to the next champion of the hour. Josephine was half fascinated, half troubled by the spirit of the place. Her mornings were gay, but her evenings were restless and often mysteriously clouded. With Mrs. Craig as chaperon and Mr. Hillbury as guide, she had climbed her peak, had gone down into her mine, had visited smelting furnaces by night and hydraulic washings by day, had caught her trout in the waters of the "Lake Fork," and had her thrilling gallops in the valley. She had talked and laughed more than ever in her life before, and never had she been, perhaps, less soundly happy. She had met Bodewin constantly, but their acquaintance, which had burst the bud with such a shock, seemed likely to wither half blown. Bodewin had relapsed unexpectedly from his stress of confidence into a silence and backwardness which to Josephine could only signify some decided change in his feelings towards herself. Not to seem to remind him of his former peremptory claim on her sympathy, she carefully avoided any allusion to the day of their long argument on the rocks; nor did Bodewin ever refer to it. They were not often alone together, but when they were, Bodewin found it more difficult than he would have believed to tell his story to this young girl. There was an appalling egotism about it. In one way it would be like telling it to a summer morning. He and his troubles would rest almost as lightly on her consciousness, so he reflected; but the morning did not fix such disturbing eyes upon one's face when appealed to.

One opportunity after another he let slip, until a day came which found him again lounging along in his saddle at Josephine's side. They were riding in the valley with twenty miles of unbroken turf before them, and not a human creature or habitation in sight. Beyond the next long swell there was a milk ranch where they were to wait for Mr. Newbold and Mrs. Craig, but that was yet three miles away. A wind, steady and soft, blowing up through the great gate of the mountains, ruffled the wild grasses on either side the trail. The river showed, in sunny, pebbly reaches, between the pale willows turning silvery in the breeze. The snow-born Arethusa was not swifter-footed or more musical than this unwritten, unsung Arkansas of the high valleys, not a day's journey from its cradle. They had galloped until their blood was up; they had paced side by side in silence till it had subsided into the warmth that is just enough to give a man daring for a difficult topic of conversation. Bodewin found that he needed all his courage. The summer-morning theory was all very well, but when, at the first grave accent in his voice, Josephine turned upon him that beautiful dark regard he feared and yet longed to meet, his heart grew weak within him. He told his story badly, touching reluctantly on the points where he was sorest, omitting parts of it altogether, and in his dread of overstatement consciously making the worst of his case.

"You understand," he concluded awkwardly, "that when I surveyed Harkins's two claims it was not a business transaction. He did not employ me. I am not a surveyor of mineral claims. Harkins's discovery was one of the first in the camp, and at that time there was not an accredited surveyor within a hundred miles. I offered it as the first service it came in my way to do for him — the first installment on my debt. You see what a thing it would be to use it against him in court — the record of this affair between us — not of business, but of honor, — to defeat him by means of it. It would be like trapping him in the name of my boasted gratitude. I would rather be shot than do it."

"Still, I think you will do it," Josephine said.

"Would you mind telling me why you think so?"

"Because if you had been satisfied not to do it, those words of mine would have been forgotten as soon as they were spoken."

"I never said I was satisfied *not* to do it, but that is a very different thing from doing it."

Josephine was silent.

"Many things," Bodewin continued, "which are purely matters of private business get abroad in a place like this. Harkins knows I have once positively refused to testify against him. He also knows that I have since been offered in set terms a large sum of money by the parties who wish me to do so."

Josephine blushed painfully at these words, but Bodewin went on without perceiving her embarrassment.

"Stating the situation roughly as a man like Harkins would see it, what motive do you think he would be likely to impute to me were I now to change my mind? Would he not think I had consented to do for money what I had refused to do from an honorable motive?"

"Would he think you had been bribed?" asked Josephine.

Bodewin suddenly remembered that he was on dangerous ground. It was so difficult to keep the fact of Josephine's antecedents in view. He avoided the question.

"Theoretically, of course, Harkins's opinion of my motives is of no consequence, but actually I cannot afford to disgust him with me while he has this hold upon me. He is capable of anything. Chivalrous as he was to my sister in her extremity, the heart of a gentleman is not in him, or in any of his kind. He would spare no man or woman, living or dead, to reach me, if he believed I had betrayed him. I cannot sacrifice my sister's name even to truth and justice."

"Do the dead require more of us than the living? I am sure no living sister could endure that her brother should be hampered in his public duties by his love for her."

"You have quite the Roman idea of the comparative insignificance of the family claim," said Bodewin, smiling rather bitterly; "but you have a right to it. You come of heroic blood."

Josephine turned upon him. "What do you know of my blood?" she asked, searching his face for the touch of irony she suspected him of. She was restive on the point of blood from a mixture of pride and uneasiness: pride in the strain on her mother's side, and vague distrust of that on her father's, with which she found herself year by year less in sympathy.

Bodewin hastened to repair his blunder. "I beg your pardon. The story of your grandfather's martyrdom has become a part of history, you must remember."

"Yes," said the girl, softening in her quick, responsive way, "the men of my mother's family thought they were truest to their families when they were truest to their own best beliefs. But perhaps you think my grandfather should have yielded everything for the sake of security for his wife and children?"

"Oh, now you are too hard upon me! At the worst, if Harkins were to carry all before him through my poltroonery, it would not be a national crime."

"Oh, wouldn't it? Isn't appropriating other people's goods becoming a national crime? Then we cannot believe our own prophets." Josephine was too young in controversy to have learned to keep the excitement of it out of her voice. She forgot her resolution to abstain from trying to influence Bodewin's decision. She was passionately protesting against it with her eyes and burning cheeks as well as with her words.

"Are you sure it is the family claim after all that is hindering you?" she asked finally. "Is it not your own pride? Are you not trying to cancel a private debt by neglecting a public duty?"

Bodewin's answer came slowly. He had asked himself a hundred times why he should sacrifice to the protection of another man's property that which was much dearer to him than any tangible possessions of his own. But between these two the question had never been for one moment a question of property; each would have scorned in the other the first intimation that it could be. Bodewin only said, "What impossible beings you must think us! If you knew men better, you would not expect so much of us."

"Do you call it so much? I shall never expect less — never — of any man I believe in!"

The ranch was now in sight, and they rode the rest of the way in silence. Not one of the family, except the cows, was at home, nor were Mrs. Craig and Mr. Newbold anywhere to be seen. A paper pinned on the door bore an explanation in Mrs. Craig's handwriting:

"Ranchman's wife at the railroad camp. We are going on there to see her about the eggs. Wait for us or not, as you please."

The railroad camp was a mile distant up the valley. They decided to wait. Bodewin dismounted and lifted Josephine from her saddle. She found a seat on a long bench against the side wall of the larger cabin, while Bodewin looked about the premises to make sure no one was at home. Two long low cabins of unhewn logs, built about four feet apart, were united by their roofs. The covered way between framed a view of the valley in the slanting light of afternoon. Through the uncurtained windows it could be

seen that one of the cabins was used for a dwelling, and the other for granary, barn, stable, woodshed, and other purposes. Its interior was crammed like a schoolboy's pocket, and was nearly as dark. Absolutely the place was deserted except by the cows, pensively chewing their cuds in the corral behind the cabin.

Bodewin seated himself on the bench near Josephine. He took off his soft felt hat and crushed it on the angle of his knee. As he leaned forward on his elbows, his profile strongly illumined in the sun's level light, certain merits in his appearance which had escaped Josephine's diffident observation now struck her for the first time. His eyes, that she had thought were black, proved to be a dark hazel-gray. The wind loosened a lock of his close-cut hair, brushed with unbecoming severity of outline, and blew it across his forehead. Instantly he looked the younger and the better for it. She noted the modeling of his bent head, the delicacy of his complexion where his hat had shaded it from the sun, the high, clear-cut lines of his face. He looked like some keen-edged instrument, fit for precise and subtle uses. He had not found his true work as yet, that was evident; and Josephine vaguely wondered whether so efficient an instrument carelessly handled might not be dangerous to others, or itself get dulled or broken.

While they waited the sun's red disk touched the mountains; it dropped out of sight; the mountains darkened against the after-glow that spread broadly over the plain and flamed upward, gilding the long cloud-islands that rested in the upper regions of the sky.

"Mr. Bodewin," said Josephine, after one of those silences that often fell between these two unconventional acquaintances, "why should you feel that you alone are responsible for your sister's marriage? She had a mother as well as a brother — and you were very young."

"My mother was scarcely in the world that summer. She lived with her dead. And she was broken — by ——"

"Forgive me!" Josephine interrupted.

"You do not hurt me. Say anything to me you like. It helps me."

"I would like to say one thing more, if I may. I am sure it would trouble your sister's rest if she could hear you saying what you did just now — that she had a mortgage on your life for all you were worth, and that now a part of it had fallen into base hands. Can any one hold a mortgage on our lives except the Giver of life itself? It seems to me you leave out — God."

"Would you have me throw the consequences of my carelessness upon Him?"

"I would have you believe that your sister was in His care as well as in yours."

"It would make a pagan of me if I could believe God meant her life to be what we made it — among us."

"I am afraid you are a pagan already."

"Very likely. And being a pagan, I am also a coward."

Josephine hated to hear a man call himself a coward, even for the sake of being contradicted. She hesitated, and then, smiling, said deliberately, as if speaking by rote:

"'I would not hear thine enemy say so.'"

Bodewin smiled too, rather sadly.

"The context made you say that, but you do not mean it."

"I can never tell how much I mean until I am tried," she said, "but I think I mean it."

"What should you say to one who called me a coward?"

"I should say that if you were it could only be as 'conscience doth make cowards of us all.' And to myself I should add — morbid conscience."

"You think I am morbid?"

"I hope you are, for if your views of our mutual accountability are true, then life is not difficult — it is impossible."

"Well, is it not impossible? Life, as it was meant to be?"

"I do not know how it was meant to be. I believe that it is, that it will be, full of happiness — I do not mean pleasure — to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, even if they make terrible, terrible mistakes. I cannot believe in those fatalities which make one man the destroyer of another, whether he wills it or not. The intention must count for something."

"We cannot live by our intentions," said Bodewin. "I think I see your father and Mrs. Craig coming. They are a long way off, do you see? Where the trail cuts in towards Bird's Eye Cañon."

"I wish they had come before I began to talk of things that are beyond me," Josephine sighed.

"There is nothing beyond you — nothing worth mentioning."

Whenever Bodewin said anything to Josephine that she might have resented as flattering in its tendency, he did it with a dismal reluctance which made it a thing to pity him for.

He was getting restive under a deepening sense of her truth and sweetness. He would have been glad to find a flaw in her,— another flaw,—for since he had made her atone to the uttermost for that slip with which their acquaintance had begun, she had been steadily triumphing in his thoughts.

He had long ceased to be even amused at their relations to each other with reference to the trial — Mr. Newbold's daughter helping her father to his most important witness. He would have felt like choking any man who dared to hint at the convenience of such an arrangement for Mr. Newbold. He adored her unconscious sincerity that ignored the world and feared no misconception. And he felt the tribute to his own manhood it so simply yet subtly conveyed. He was able to speak of her to Hillbury that evening with calmness, however, and to agree with his friend in his favorite theory, that a woman must have a certain amount of self-consciousness to escape being crude. Hillbury was apt to take a cool, disparaging tone in speaking of the average pretty woman, but Bodewin could not believe in Hillbury's entire indifference to a girl he himself found so charming.

XI.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BODEWIN had left his horse at the stable and had overtaken Hillbury as the latter was strolling along the ditch-walk, reading his letters on his way back to camp. Hillbury put up the letters as Bodewin fell into step beside him.

"I tried to find you this afternoon, Bodewin. Where are your rooms now?"

"Rooms! My *room* is in the Parker building, second story, front, if you want to see me on business."

"You have more than one room there."

"Well, if you count a man's bedroom."

"I wanted to tell you you've won your cigars."

"What cigars?"

"Have you forgotten our bet about Craig's cabin?"

"Craig's cabin?"

"The cabin in the Lake woods — the girl-and-pup story."

Bodewin's face changed slightly as he replied:

"Yes, I remember."

The mention of the Lake woods called up other impressions more vivid than those connected with Craig's adventure.

"You were right about Craig — there is no cabin there."

"What did I say about Craig?"

"You said the little boy lied, and apparently he did."

After a pause Bodewin said:

"Craig may have lied on occasion, but he is not a liar. If I ever said that he was, or implied it, I lied myself."

"Well, the cabin cannot be found. I'll send the cigars around to-morrow."

"I won't take them, do you understand? I don't want to smoke a whole box of cigars flavored with a stupid fiction of Craig's. I'd rather borrow them of you one at a time," he added, as Hillbury looked grave, "and no thanks to Craig."

"You still insist there is no cabin," Hillbury persisted.

"Hang the cabin!"

His words, few as they had been, convinced Hillbury that Bodewin was himself surprised that the cabin could not be found. His pretended incredulity, he believed, must have been pure recklessness founded on his dislike to everything Craig did, or the joking of a tired and hungry man; or else, for some reason impossible to guess, Bodewin had not been perfectly frank. The impression was so strong that Hillbury resolved to make one more search for evidence of the truth of Craig's story.

THE outer door of Bodewin's office in the Parker building had a slit in it, and a box nailed on the inner panel for the convenience of callers in his absence. When he returned to his lodgings that evening, Bodewin, after striking a light, examined this box. It contained but one letter, from a most unattractive correspondent, to judge by the superscription. The envelope bore no postmark; the letter was undated. It read as follows:

"Do not go on the witness stand unprotected. Colonel Harkins swears that if you testify against him you shall not leave the court-room alive.

"A FRIEND."

Bodewin sent a letter to Craig that night, short but carefully worded.

His testimony, he wrote, in the case between the Eagle Bird and Uinta mines, was at the service of the Eagle Bird. He would prefer to give it in response to a subpœna, in due form. He would take his expenses and the usual witness-fee, nothing more, and the question of money need not be referred to again in reference to this case. And he was Mr. Craig's respectfully. This letter Mr. Craig handed to Mr. Newbold the next day as they sat together on the Eagle Bird piazza waiting to see the superintendent on a small matter connected with the lawsuit,— a matter which made it necessary for Sammis to look up some old maps of the mine. Josephine had gone into the house to see Mrs. Sammis's baby. She had found him in the dining-room, seated in his high chair at a table where his mother was engaged in cutting out the overskirt of a new grenadine dress. Josephine was consulted

as to the proper length to allow for draping, and as baby gave more of his assistance than was desirable, making dashes at the paper patterns and side pulls at the stuff spread smoothly on the table, Josephine seized him out of his chair and bore him off into the front room, where she made him happy in a way he knew well. She placed him on her knee, facing her, at arm's length, and, with her smiling eyes fixed on his solemn ones, began softly jogging him up and down to the recitative, "This is the way the lady rides," etc. As the pace grew better, his fat shoulders began to shake and the dimples to show round the deep-sunk corners of his mouth; but when it came to "Hobble-de-gee the farmer goes!" his content knew no bounds. Now they began once more with "This is the way the lady rides, nimble namble, nimble namble," and the gait was so easy and the song so low to match it, that Josephine could hear her father's voice, speaking to Mr. Craig in the porch outside. The shutters were drawn together, but the windows were open.

"Well, what did I tell you? It has come out just as I said it would!"

"How was that, Mr. Newbold?"

"Don't you remember what I said to you down there in your office?"

"About Bodewin? You said, if I'm not mistaken, that his case called for a woman's influence; wasn't that it?"

"Well, what I meant was the social thing, you know. Of course, you can't have society without women. He has seen a good deal of us lately, and naturally he takes more interest in the case. He's reconsidered the matter from a more human point of view."

"He has not seen much of me lately. He has seen a good deal of my wife and of your daughter. Is that the point of view you call human?"

"You lawyers are the worst fellows to turn a man's words wrong side out. You know very well what I mean. Bodewin has come round—most unexpectedly to you, but not to me. I knew he was coming. The rides and the talks and the little dinners have done the business, and now you can come in with the majesty of the law and claim the credit of it."

"To whom is the credit due, do you think—your daughter or my wife?"

"Oh, come, Craig! I'm not going to quarrel with you—not until after the trial."

"There will not be any trial with me for your counsel, Mr. Newbold, unless you drop that little theory of yours, pretty sudden too! You can give all the credit you like to your daughter,—I beg her pardon, and you ought to too,—but I want you to understand, before we go any further, that my wife doesn't help me to win my cases."

"Good Lord, man! one would suppose ——" Josephine sprang up, hardly conscious of the heavy child in her arms, and carried him back to the dining-room, where Mrs. Sammis was folding up the breadths of her overskirt.

"I do believe there is enough left for a shoulder-cape," she said without looking up, as Josephine entered. "Don't you like those little shirred capes?"

"On some people—yes," Josephine replied absently.

"If there wasn't enough to shir, I might put some fringe round it, and trim it with passymentery— Ain't you been tiring yourself out with him? You look real warm!" She held out her hands for the child.

"He doesn't tire me—does he, monkins?" Josephine leaned her head against the baby's clean white pinafore, put on over yesterday's frock with especial reference to her visit. He clasped the bent, dark head in his chubby arms, patted it vigorously, and then pushed himself away from her that he might peep down into her face. Mrs. Sammis looked on with flattered regard.

"You've got a real way with babies!" she said. "For an only child yourself, it's wonderful. I guess you're one of the born mothers. You must look out when it comes to marrying. When you see a girl with blood in her for two, she's sure to pick out a man that hasn't half enough for one, and nurse him the rest of her life, and be as proud of him, like as not, as if he was her first-born, and think he's got a terrible intellect."

Josephine, in her visits to the mine, had been in the habit of using the Sammis baby as an innocent sort of buffer to ward off the mother's attentions. That day she kept the child in her arms, petting him and recklessly encouraging his small tyrannies, until the horses were brought round and her father called to her from the piazza that it was time to go.

Nothing in all her life had ever hurt her like those words of his she had overheard. Josephine had ever been too ready to flame out on slight provocation, and dispute the paternal judgment and sometimes the paternal authority on trifling points, but this issue involved differences too vital even for discussion. She could not open the subject to her father without showing him her scorn for his point of view. All the satisfaction she might have had in Bodewin's conversion was blighted. Reviewing his several conversations with her as she was able to recall them, she fancied she could read her own humiliation in his cold

surprise, his mocking appeal, his abrupt and intimate demand. The first slip had been hers, but she was now ready to believe her father had done his best to put her in the way of making it. He who should have saved her from her faults had been in league with them against her — was openly exulting in their consequences, with an indecency of suggestion which had disgusted even Mr. Craig. The object of her soliloquy was meanwhile comfortably riding behind her, by the side of Mr. Craig, talking of future improvements at the mine to be begun as soon as the trial was over. For now that Bodewin had been won, Mr. Newbold, and his lawyer no less, regarded the case as virtually decided in their favor.

XII.

DEAD OR MISSING.

MR. NEWBOLD wondered a little that Josephine's interest in the trial should have so suddenly cooled. But no doubt she was tired of the subject; it had been presented to her somewhat monotonously of late. She declined to go down with him to Denver on the week of the trial, preferring to stay at the mine with Mrs. Sammis. It would not be an exciting visit, but Josephine would have chosen to go back alone to Kansas City rather than make one of the Eagle Bird party on this conspicuous occasion. Mr. Newbold had hired a light mountain-wagon and a team of horses to carry his constituents over the range to the end of the track in the safest and speediest manner. He had also ordered the best breakfast the Wiltsie House could furnish, to be served at the mine, where the party were to meet on the morning of the journey.

Bodewin had been as good as his word when he told Josephine that he would take no advantage of her reluctant consideration of his difficulty. She had not seconded her father's numerous invitations to him, and had met him only through their mutual acquaintances, Mrs. Craig and Hillbury. One of Mrs. Craig's children had been ill, and the outdoor gayeties of her planning had ceased for a week before the date of the trial. During this time Josephine had not seen Bodewin. She would gladly have escaped the breakfast, but her father had made a point of her presiding. However, to her great relief, Bodewin was not among the guests. At the last moment he had resigned his seat in the wagon and announced that he would make the pass on horseback.

"We shall see you to-morrow at breakfast?" Mr. Newbold had asked, and Bodewin had begged to be excused, as he was not an early breakfaster and would not need to start as soon as the team, by an hour at least. He came loitering up the trail a few minutes after the Eagle Bird party had set off. He had left his water-proof coat in Sammis's office the last time he had gone through the mine, he said, and had stopped for it on his way.

Josephine was sitting on the steps of the high porch as he rode up. He had seen her, and it was too late for her to escape into the house. She smiled collectedly enough and said good-morning, while Mrs. Sammis came from the end of the porch, holding a leaky watering-pot at arm's length, to ask if he would not change his mind and have some breakfast. He had had a cup of coffee before leaving the camp, he thanked her, but would she kindly send some one for that coat? The office was locked and Sammis had taken the key, but Mrs. Sammis thought she knew where there was another key that would fit. She went into the house to find it, and Bodewin seated himself on the steps below Josephine. His first look at her, before a word had been spoken, assured Josephine that she was safe at least in his regard. But that did not take away her trouble by any means. It might have been better that he should despise her. No one could have guessed from Josephine's appearance that she was unhappy, still less humiliated, about anything. Bodewin was looking at her timidly; he had never seen her before in a white dress. It was only a white flannel, made in the simplest way, but a garment of white samite could not have been more mystic and wonderful to Bodewin's inexperienced eyes. It defined her fair arms and shoulders and clung in some mysterious way about her hips, sweeping downward in long soft folds over the pleatings that huddled about her feet. Bodewin could not venture to more than glance at her as she sat on the steps above him. It was scarcely possible to avoid some reference to the object of his journey.

"Are you surprised at my going, after all I said to you that last time?" he asked.

"No; I knew then, in spite of what you said, that you would go."

"Thank you for your faith in me. I ought to be uncommonly happy, I suppose. True happiness consists in doing what is disagreeable, doesn't it?"

Now that Bodewin had begun to talk in this safe, artificial strain, Josephine's courage returned.

"Perhaps so," she said, "if you do it for the sake of something better than happiness."

"You are the most exacting young moralist! Isn't it enough that you have got me on the right track at last, without asking for my passport?"

Josephine's face turned scarlet.

"I have had nothing to do with the track that you are on."

"Am I not your witness?"

"You know that you are not. Remember, the condition of my listening to you was that you should not make it personal!"

"You repudiate me altogether, now that I am doing what you wished me to do. You don't deny that you do wish it?"

"If it is merely a question of what I or any one else wishes you to do, you had better not do it."

Poor Josephine was insisting all the more strenuously on the dignity of her position, now that she herself had lost all faith in it; and Bodewin was irritated by this display of rectitude, when he was longing for something less comfortless to a man starting on a journey attended by risks known to no one but himself.

"Such very abstract views of duty as yours strike me as a little inhuman," he said,—"to adore a man's duty and yet spurn him for doing it."

"I do not spurn you — neither do I intend to applaud you."

"I don't ask you to; I ask only a kind word of good-bye, and some little recognition of the fact that I am going on your errand. That is very weak of me, perhaps."

"But you are not going on my errand. What right have I to send you on my errands, or you to go?"

"I might go on your errand without your sending me."

Josephine shook her head. "How can you play with a serious decision like this, even for the sake of teasing?"

"Why should it tease you? I should be glad to relieve you from that horror you seem to have of any complicity in my acts, but I hardly think I should be riding over the range to-day if you had not challenged my right to do as I pleased."

Since there was no denying that his motives were mixed, Bodewin was resolved to get what comfort he could out of the mixture. He wished Josephine to feel that this act of his was in some sort a bond between them, and she resisted the acknowledgment he was forcing upon her with maidenly fierceness.

She stood up, facing him, obliging him to rise, though he was in no hurry to go. He leaned heavily on the balustrade, avoiding her eyes.

"Don't go," she said more gently; "don't give your testimony from any motive less worthy than the one which made you withhold it."

"Be satisfied," he said; "I am doing what is right. I don't ask myself why I am doing it,"— he lifted his heavy-lidded, passionate eyes to her face,—"and you must not ask me, because I might tell you the truth."

He took off his hat and silently offered his hand. Josephine let him hold hers a moment, and they parted without looking at each other again. As Bodewin was unhitching his horse Mrs. Sammis appeared.

"You're not going without your coat, Mr. Bodewin?" She came down the steps with it, apologizing for having kept him waiting so long. "I hope you won't have to ride too fast to make up the time."

Bodewin assured her he had plenty of time. He rolled up the coat into a snug bundle and tied it securely with the leathern thongs attached to the back of his saddle, swung himself on his horse, and, lifting his hat to Mrs. Sammis, rode away.

Twilight drew the curtains of sunset in the valley. Night came on, and the Eagle Bird folded its murky wings in such rest as its ceaseless subterranean life permitted. Josephine sat on the porch steps. She had been alone nearly all day, for, though nominally the guest of the superintendent's wife, she saw very little of her hostess. The superintendent had married, as in small, isolated communities, the average man marries the woman he had seen most frequently. In Sammis's case she had happened to be a garrulous soul in an under-vitalized body. Mrs. Sammis had stamped her feebleness with the force of a fatality on her husband's life, his house, and his children, suffering herself more than Sammis, perhaps, from this repetition of her own negative personality. There was a dreary inefficiency about the conduct of affairs in the household she now found herself part of, that had already begun to weigh upon Josephine like a trouble of her own.

At the dump station below the hill a light had shone since twilight. At intervals she heard the hollow rolling of a car along the tramway. As the sound ceased, a bolt rattled, and the torrent of earth and stones crashed over the dump. The car rolled back into the tunnel, and in the succeeding silence the strokes of the engine from the shaft-house counted the hours to the change of shifts. Presently a new sound caught Josephine's attention — the light, sharp click of a horse's hoofs coming rapidly up the hill. She lost it for an instant, then she heard it again, nearing faster and now close at hand. By the main group of buildings it stopped, and voices of men were heard talking.

Mrs. Sammis came out on the porch, carrying the baby, her apron turned up over its bare head. She walked past Josephine to the end of the porch, and called into the darkness:

"Whose horse is that?"

There was no audible reply, and she repeated the question. "Whose *horse* is that?"

"Is anything the matter?" Josephine asked. She too went to the end of the porch and looked and listened with Mrs. Sammis in the contagion of vague alarm.

"I thought that horse coming up just now was the bald-faced one Mr. Bodewin rode," Mrs. Sammis said.

"Has Mr. Bodewin come *back?*"

"It wasn't Bodewin rode him in. I saw him plain enough coming up the hill. It was that man from Lounsberry's stables. I can't ever think of his name. He brings your father's horses."

"But where is Mr. Bodewin?"

"That's what I'd like to know, if I could get anything out of them men!"

"Let me take the baby, Mrs. Sammis."

The sleepy child began to scream when his mother transferred him to Josephine's arms. She carried him into the house and walked up and down the close entry with him, mechanically hushing his cries, while Mrs. Sammis ran out to the stable to make inquiries.

"Oh, baby, baby, *do* hush!" Josephine almost sobbed herself, trying to listen.

In a few moments Mrs. Sammis returned. The baby was still screaming, and with a mother's sententious sympathy she took her offspring into her own arms and carried him into her bedroom, where Josephine heard her singing her habitual lullaby —

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast."

The measured creak of a rocking-chair continued for some time after the singing had ceased. Then Mrs. Sammis came out of the room, carrying a smoky kerosene lamp in her hand. She placed it in the center of a table with a red printed cotton cover on it, rearranged the books in little set piles around the lamp, and finally sat down by Josephine at the window, sighing audibly and stroking back her hair with her thin, moist, bleached-looking hands.

"Well," she said, "*they* don't know what's gone of him any more'n we do! That bay horse of his come in alone about seven o'clock, and walked himself into the stable where he's kep', and that's all they know. They waited till the stage got in, but there wasn't any message from our folks. They passed our team the other side of the summit, but they hadn't seen any sign of him either side. He hadn't stopped at English George's, but just at the foot of the pass,— you rec'lect, when you come in, that little gulch where the water was, and right smart of grass? The woman says she was just takin' some blackberry pies out of the oven,— one of them outdoor ovens; you've seen 'em,— and he rode up and bought one of the pies, and et it settin' on his horse, and took a big drink of milk, and give her a dollar. T'wasn't more'n three bits' worth. They sent up from the stable to know if he changed his horse here this morning before he started. *You* saw him tie that coat on to his saddle, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Josephine.

"Well, *they* say the saddle came home bare."

"Bare?"

"There wasn't any coat or nothing tied fast to it."

"What does that mean?"

"It means it wasn't an accident." Mrs. Sammis lowered her voice to give greater effect to her next words. "*They* think, down to the camp, it's some of the Uinta's work. The horse had been hit by a bullet, and they say the mark of it showed it come from behind.— There is no tellin'," she continued after a pause, which brought no comment from Josephine. "Some thinks he's just been playin' into their hands all along. He give 'em a first-rate chance, goin' off alone like that. Sammis has 'lowed all along that he was in with them."

Josephine rose and went out on the porch. The air was of an unusual softness. The stars between the pine-trunks seemed few and very far away. She watched the light of a lantern swinging from the hand of the night foreman, who was crossing the trodden space before the shaft-house, and listened to the sluff, sluff of his rubber boots as their loose tops rubbed together at every step. The light at the dump station was eclipsed, and now again came the rattling of the bolt and the plunging of the load over the dump. It fell into the echoless silence of the wood like a stone in a deep well. So had the news of the night fallen into Josephine's heart. She heard Mrs. Sammis's step in the hall, and turned to say:

"Will you tell me as soon as you know anything more — whatever it is? I want to know it."

"Why, of course — why shouldn't you know it?"

Why, indeed, Josephine repeated to herself, should she be spared the knowledge of Bodewin's fate? What was it to her but one more man added to the list of the camp's missing, or dead, or dishonored?

XIII.

ON THE ROAD TO THE PASS.

It was nearly noon when Bodewin reached the foot of the pass. He had left the ticklish places on his road behind him —the deep woods, the wet stony hollows, the winding

gulches with high rocky walls that shut out the sun. The secluded trail he had taken now met the stage road, where passengers were frequent. The chances for an adventure on that exposed highway were hardly worth considering. Bodewin kept a quietly watchful eye on each turn of the road or projecting angle of rock, as a matter of habit, rather than of special precaution.

As he slowly climbed the last half mile to the summit, he heard some one shouting, and, looking back, saw a man on a hard-ridden horse motioning to him from a distance. He waited for the stranger to overtake him.

"If your name is Bodewin, there's a man back here in the timber has got some papers for you."

Bodewin looked hard at his fellow-traveler. He was a man of about fifty, with a tall, stooping figure, a foxy beard that was turning gray, and a scar on the side of his thin nose that made his eyes seem closer together.

"All right, boss!" he said. "Take a good look at me. It sounds like a lie, but it ain't."

"Where does your man say he's from?" Bodewin asked.

"He came out from camp, just behind you. Says he is one of the men from Lounsberry's stables. Some papers belongin' to a party named Newbold got left at the Eagle Bird mine. The women folks found 'em just after you'd gone. The young lady there, Newbold's daughter, knew they'd be wanted on the trial that's comin' off to-morrow, and she chartered him to overtake you with 'em. He promised her he wouldn't give 'em into no hands only yourn."

"Well," said Bodewin, "what is he doing in the timber?"

"Horse fell on him. He's all broke up. I come along just after he was hurt, and he got me to overtake you and git you to come back for the papers. I told him you wouldn't come, and to give me the papers. I might be all right, he said, but he couldn't let 'em out of his hands."

The ingenuousness of this speech was not borne out by the speaker's countenance, but various considerations were working on Bodewin during the few seconds it took him to choose between the risks of believing a false story and doubting a true one.

"Are you goin' back?" the man inquired. "*I'm* goin'. I want to git him into shape, so's he can git back to camp."

"Hold on a minute. Where did you say this man was?"

"Back here half a mile in the timber."

"All right," Bodewin said. "Go on. I'm with you."

The stranger did not look back or wait for Bodewin, but turned his horse's head down the hill again. He turned off from the stage road into the trail by which Bodewin had come. They were soon among the trees — the stunted pines and spruces, straggling ahead of the close columns of the main forest. Here Bodewin met with evidence confirmatory of his friend's story. A gray horse could plainly be seen, a short distance ahead of them, foraging for a bite by the wayside, while near him in the sparse shade lay a man at full length on the ground. Bodewin thought he could remember having seen such a light-gray horse with white mane and tail at Lounsberry's stables. He was sure he remembered the man's face, when he came near enough to see it. He was that dark, dull-eyed youth, partner of the Irishman whom Bodewin had conversed with at his claim on the mountain. Bodewin was not surprised to find the prospector, two weeks later, a stableman. It was the way of the camp.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Bodewin," the young fellow said, lifting his sullen black eyes to Bodewin's face. "But I know you." He opened his coat and took hold of some papers that showed, projecting from an inside pocket.

"Here's the papers she told me to give you; I can't raise up." His face was darkly flushed, as with pain.

"You don't need to git off, Mr. Bodewin," the other man said. "I can hand 'em to you."

"No, you can't," the messenger objected. "I promised her I'd give 'em into his hands or fetch 'em back to her; and I won't lie to her to save him gettin' off his horse. Moses! how my leg hurts!"

With his first unguarded impulse Bodewin dropped from his saddle to the ground, and stooped frankly and compassionately to receive the papers; and at the instant he stooped he felt his pistol leaving his pistol-pocket. A hand had withdrawn it from behind. It was the hand of his ingenuous guide. Turning sharply as he straightened himself, Bodewin's head nearly touched the muzzle of another revolver.

"Stop!" a hard voice called. "If you move you're a dead man."

Bodewin did not move. A second reason for not moving had presented itself in the shape of a pistol held against the other side of his head by Miss Newbold's faithful messenger. One deep and fervent curse escaped him, and then Bodewin asked:

"What do you want?"

"We want *you*," the man with the scar replied. "Will you come along with us, or do you want to fight?"

"Fight!" said Bodewin. "I've got a good show, haven't I?"

"We're a little too soon for you, that's a fact. Tie his hands, Tony."

"You needn't tie my hands," Bodewin expostulated. "I will go along all right."

"You'd better mean it, if you say so. We don't want to have to hurt you."

"I don't intend to get hurt. What are you going to do with me?"

"We're goin' to keep you kind of quiet for a few days. You won't have a bad time of it, if you're peaceable. We'll have to cover your eyes, Mr. Bodewin. We don't want you to get too intimate with the road we're goin'. Hand me the rag, Tony."

"Would you mind taking my handkerchief?" Bodewin asked.

The man with the scar considerately made use of Bodewin's handkerchief to bind his eyes instead of a degraded piece of calico which looked like part of a woman's apron.

"This horse will not lead," Bodewin said, when the party was mounted and ready to move; "but he will follow all right if I tell him to. One of you can ride ahead and the other behind me. I will promise not to make a break between here and your camp."

"I'll take your word on that, boss." The elder man had dropped his hard business tone for the semi-confidential drawl he reserved for social purposes. "Tony, you can lead off, and I'll close up the percession."

"And you'll do the talkin'," Tony remarked.

"Well, if I don't talk I can't say nothin'," the elder man retorted.

The procession moved on in single file, Bodewin, disarmed and blindfolded, between his two captors. He had not been in a moment's doubt as to the author of this wayside pleasantry. The plan of his capture, he was convinced, had originated in a more subtle brain than either of those selected to carry it out. What chiefly hurt him was the thought that his disappearance might be misunderstood by his friends of the Eagle Bird. His promise to appear at the trial had delayed the serving of the subpœna; they might conclude, if disposed to doubt his good faith, that he had availed himself of this solitary ride to give them the slip, even were it not planned for that purpose. If he could but send some message back! The thing seemed as little possible as to escape himself. All that, however, could wait. Deprived of eyesight, his remaining senses were doubly on the alert to report each feature of the road. By the sound of his horse's feet he knew they were still on the trail. They followed it but a short distance, perhaps from fear of meeting other passengers, then, turning to the left, struck across a gravelly ridge. Bodewin recognized it as one of those numerous lateral moraines making lesser valleys at right angles to the great valley of the Arkansas. The plan of march was not adapted to conversation. Occasionally a voice would admonish Bodewin:

"Down your head there, pardner! Dodge that tree limb"; "Watch out for them quaking asps"; or "Mind that badger-hole on the up-hill side."

The ridge, inclining always towards the valley, dipped suddenly, and the horses took the slide one after another, carrying soil and stones with them. Bodewin made no attempt to guide his horse. He had trusted Baldy's feet and Baldy's eyes on many a dark night and blind trail. At the foot of the ridge they crossed a piece of timber, and beyond it Bodewin could hear the horses' hoofs sucking through the swampy bottom. Now they were rustling past a willow thicket, now wading into the coarse, bunchy grass of the valley pasturage; southward again, the soft valley wind in their faces, the sun declining from the zenith towards the west. Now into a gorge, grassy at first and wet, then steep and stony, with a coolness as of rocks high and near. Bodewin was positive they had not crossed the valley. The plan was probably to wind him in and out between those narrow divides which radiate from each great peak downwards into the valley, until he had become confused, then double on their track and bring him to some spot not far from the camp itself. Another reason for making such a mystery of their route occurred to Bodewin. His abductors no doubt were arranging matters so that after his release he should not be able to swear to the place where he had been detained.

The last hour of the ride was through uninterrupted woods, and here no idea of their direction could be had. They were not the burnt woods; the shade was close and dark, the horses' feet sounded hollow on the muffled ground.

"In sight of camp, pardner," said the elder guide. "You can pull off the blinders."

Bodewin took the handkerchief from his eyes and looked about him with keen interest. He was turning a new page of his experience, which was likely to prove exciting, if not instructive. The wood was in shadow. Only in the tree-tops the sunlight lingered, letting fall a gleam here and there, to burnish a trunk, or speckle with tawny lights the dark-red forest floor. Beautiful and solemn and peaceful as night itself, the pine woods stretched before him. Was not this a better ending to a day's journey than the one he had set out for?—the crowd on the platform

at the new railroad terminus, the noisy carload of people, the train banging along the break-neck grades of the Platte Cañon, and the trial and the witness-stand? The decision had been taken out of his hands, and Harkins was getting even with his debtor in a unique fashion of his own. Bodewin's courage was of a deliberate and philosophic kind. He was too indifferent to danger to seek it, nor was he possessed by that necessity to fight under any provocation which belongs to men of the "game" variety. He was game in a somewhat different sense. He had remained quiet when he found himself disarmed, with a pistol at each ear, not from fear of the pistols, but from an objection to an illogical suicide. His blood had been cool enough to let his mind work, and to Bodewin's mind to have invited death at such hands, and in such a manner, would have been supremely objectless and silly. Yet there was a taint of moral poltroonery in him. It revealed itself in the relief with which he welcomed the utter irresponsibility of his situation. From a man who had been morbidly conscious of his responsibilities, he had become one who was sick of the very word. He was almost glad to be deprived of his rights for a time, that he might enjoy a corresponding suspension of his duties. He had got down now to the ground floor of social ethics, where the law of self-preservation was uncomplicated by subtleties of mutual obligation.

"In sight of camp," the man with the scar had announced — and now the camp itself was close at hand. Where had he known this place before? The long-backed cabin, overtopped by the dump of a deserted prospect-hole, the bench under the projecting roof, the little corral. This was Craig's cabin, beyond a doubt, even though Hillbury had failed to find it. Bodewin was charmed by the sequence of events.

XIV.

A MESSAGE TO THE CAMP.

THE three men dismounted at the door of the cabin, leaving their horses standing. Bodewin untied his blanket-roll and rubber coat from the back of his saddle, and tossed them on the bench beside the door, while Tony, seated on the bench, kept an eye upon him. The elder man, whom Tony called Dad, had gone into the cabin. In a few minutes he returned, laughing and shaking his head.

Tony's look expressed sulky inquiry as to the cause of his merriment.

"Babe's mad," he explained. "Says she won't have no men folks round, inside there, till grub's ready."

"What's she mad about now?" asked Tony.

"About this yer company we brought home," said Dad, winking at Bodewin. "She 'lows she don't take no hand in this kind of entertainment. She'll give you enough to eat, though," he added.

"Why don't you go in there and make her quit?" Tony suggested.

"Go in yourself, if you want to. I've learned to let women folks alone when they are plumb full o' mad."

Tony went to the door and tried to open it. It was fastened from within.

"Babe!" he called, "*Oh* Babe! Come out yer! *Ain't* ye 'shamed! — Give you a dollar if she don't come," he said to Bodewin parenthetically.

Bodewin laughed.

"Give you forty if she does!" Dad jeered.

Tony continued calling and pounding until the door on a sudden was violently thrown back and Babe herself appeared on the threshold, fronting the cool daylight, with a glow of firelight behind her, which reddened the murky interior of the cabin.

Babe was a tall, white-throated, full-bosomed girl of seventeen, at this moment red with wrath, her blue eyes big and dark under her low, flat, white brow. Her skin was white as birch-wood stripped of its bark, but under it were muscles as tough as Tony's own.

"Who's callin' Babe round yer?"

The words were flung out with a look intended for Tony. But Tony had retired as the door opened, and the look fell hot from the stormy blue eyes into Bodewin's cool gray ones, as he leaned a little forward from his seat on the bench. One look was enough. Babe retreated, banging the door behind her. Dad and Tony burst into loud laughter, Dad fairly shedding tears in his excess of mirth.

"Babe wilted then, for sure!" said Tony; and Dad, turning to Bodewin, who had remained perfectly grave, apologized for his daughter.

"Babe's always skeered of strangers; she don't mean nothin'. Here, you Tony, quit laughin' at your sister, and go take care of them critters!"

The two horses, which were at home, had strayed off towards the corral, while Baldy, observant of his master's movements, remained near the cabin. Tony walked leisurely towards him, and put out his hand to take his bridle-rein. Baldy jumped away a few feet. Tony stepped quickly after him and caught at the rein. Baldy whirled off and let fly at Tony with his heels. Bodewin smiled, and Dad looked interested.

"Stop your jumpin' and go to him quiet-like and speak to him," he suggested.

Tony replied with a scornful jerk of his head, and made another rush for Baldy's rein, calling, "Whoa, there!" Baldy swerved, reared, tossing his rein up in the air out of Tony's reach.

"That's right, Tony, cuss a little; may be that'll git him." Dad chuckled and Bodewin laughed outright.

"He can't catch that horse. He won't let any one catch him but me."

Tony heard Bodewin's remark.

"I'll bet, by ——, I can catch him!" he said.

Returning to the cabin, he took down a coiled lasso that hung within convenient reach by the door.

Dad and Bodewin watched him in silence as he adjusted the rope for a throw. Baldy had trotted off a little way. As Tony ran towards him swinging the rope above his head, the horse stopped and seemed to wait for the throw. The rope left Tony's hand, the loop widened, and Baldy, standing perfectly still, put his long white nose to the sod. The lasso settled down upon his neck and shoulders, and slid harmless to the ground. Baldy gave one quick jump sideways, then walked away, turning his sagacious eye backward towards his master.

"Lawd in the mornin'!" Dad exclaimed, smiting his knees with both hands, "but that horse has got sense! How'd you l'arn him not to leave no handle for the lass' to ketch on?"

Tony made another run for the horse and another throw, but again Baldy was as a graven image, with his nose and his fore feet touching the ground.

Bodewin now stood up and called him to him. Baldy came at the word and stood beside his master, with an imperturbable gravity and innocence in his white, eyelashed eyes. Bodewin waited, stroking Baldy's nose, until Tony, panting and swearing, had drawn near. Then he said:

"Now I'll show you another little thing he can do," and giving Baldy's nose a shove with the palm of his hand he spoke the order, quick and sharp:

"*Al corral! Anda! Ve-te!*"

As Baldy sprang forward Bodewin struck him on the hip. The horse shot away down the slope from the cabin. Dad looked on contentedly, watching for the next manœuvre; but Tony, already suspicious, was now raging, sure that Bodewin had tricked them and that Baldy was off for camp. The horse was nearly a hundred yards away, going at full speed, when Tony fired at him between the tree-trunks once, and missed him; twice — he did not stop. A third shot would have been useless.

Tony turned to Bodewin, with his smoking pistol in his hand.

"That's your racket, is it? You've sent that horse to town."

Bodewin looked white and ugly.

"He'll just tell them I got your papers — that's all," he said.

"You oughtn't to 'a' fired, Tony," said Dad. "I believe you hit him. A bullet-hole won't look well onto him."

"I wish to —— I'd killed him! They'll be scourin' the whole country."

"You're mighty right." Then turning to Bodewin, Dad said: "Mr. Bodewin, you'll have to be kep' pretty clost for a few days."

"All right," Bodewin replied. "By the way, what am I to call you? You introduced yourself, but you didn't mention your name."

"My name — well — it's — Jim — Jim Keesner."

"Thank you, Mr. Keesner."

The door opened and Babe, still flustered, but shy-eyed and lofty, called them in to supper.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

A SECOND THOUGHT.

IN the ancient days,
Arthur loved his queen;
Guinevere loved Arthur not,
Lost in love for Lancelot.

Love is passing sweet,
Men and maidens say;
But I trow that Guinevere
Seeking joy, found wild-eyed fear.

If, dear, one should think you
Somewhat cold and high,
This would be wise, to ponder well
That seeking fire one might find hell.

Florence Wilkinson.

THE CLOVERFIELDS CARRIAGE.



NOT far from the roadside, in one of the southern counties of Virginia, there stood a neat log-cabin, inhabited by a worthy negro couple, known as Uncle Elijah and Aunt Maria. These two had belonged to a widow lady, who owned the estate of Cloverfields, about three miles away; but when, a few years before the opening of our story, the close of the civil war had set them free, they, in common with nearly all the negroes in the county, thought it incumbent upon them, as an assertion of their independence, to leave their former owners, and either work for themselves or go into service elsewhere. Thus there was a general shifting from plantation to plantation. Uncle Elijah and his wife, both now past middle age, left the place where they had been born and raised, and hired this cabin on a neighboring plantation, where by day's labor and odd jobs on the part of the husband, and washing and ironing and chicken-raising on the part of the wife, they managed to live in moderate comfort.

Elijah had been the family coachman, and he had found it a hard thing to resign the dignity of this position; but had he retained it he would virtually have admitted to all his brethren and sisters that freedom had done nothing for him. In order to show that he was now director of his own fortunes, it was necessary that he should drop the reins by which he had so skillfully directed and controlled the two black carriage-horses which had been his especial care since their early colthood.

But his love for his old mistress and his sense of his former dignity never left him, and now, when from afar he saw approaching the familiar carriage, he would drop his work, or get up from his meal, and watch it until it had entirely disappeared from sight. Sometimes, if it were near enough, he would advance, hat in hand, to speak to his old mistress; but this he did not often do,— people might think he wanted to go back.

One autumn evening, just about dusk, as Uncle Elijah came out of his cabin, he perceived, near the top of a long hill on the road, the Cloverfields carriage and horses. Other eyes in the growing gloom might not have known what vehicle it was, but the eyes of Uncle Elijah could make no mistake. As he stood and gazed they sparkled with emotion.

"Whar Miss Jane gwine dis time o' night? An' wot's de matter wid dat kerridge!" he

ejaculated. "I'll be dangdiddled ef de eberlastin' fool dat's dribin' hain't gwine an' chain' up de hin' wheel as ef it was a hay-wagin. An' who's de no 'count idyit wot can't dribe down Red Hill widout chainin' de wheel? Lor'! how he do bump de stones! An' how dat mus' rile Miss Jane! But I reckin she mus' done got use' ter bein' riled, a pickin' up all sorts o' niggahs to dribe her kerridge."

When the vehicle reached the bottom of the hill, not far from the cabin, it stopped, and the driver got down to unchain the wheel. Possessed by a sudden thought, Uncle Elijah rushed into his house, from which his wife was happily absent, clapped on his hat, and seized his coat. Keeping well away from the road, he ran towards the carriage, climbed the fence, and approached the vehicle in the rear, where he would not be seen by any of its occupants. When he reached the man, who had just unfastened the chain, the soul of Uncle Elijah was filled with righteous indignation at finding it was Montague Braxton, a negro shoemaker of the neighborhood. Without a word he seized the cobbler coachman by the collar, including a good part of one ear in his grasp, and led him away from the carriage, Montague, who knew who had clutched him, submitting without a word. When they had hurriedly gone a dozen steps Elijah hissed in the other's ear:

"Is you comin' back ter-night?"

"Yaas," whispered the shoemaker, very much astonished at the manner of his interviewer.

"Well, den, jus' you go 'long up ter my house, split de wood fur Aun' M'riar, fotch a bucket ob water from de spring, and stay hyar till I come back. I'se gwine ter dribe dis kerridge myse'f. Ain't got no time to say no moh. Now, git!"

Montague, who knew "Uncle 'Lijah" as a pillar of strength in the church, as well as a pillar of not very easily restrained strength in his own proper person, made no answer, but noiselessly slipped away. Elijah passed quickly around the carriage, keeping at a little distance from it to avoid being recognized by those within, although he scarcely need have feared this in the increasing gloom, and mounted to the elevated seat in front; when, taking up the reins and whip, he started the horses, and the equipage moved on. Now sat Uncle Elijah like a king upon his throne, and his soul was moved within him with a joy that he had not known for years. Here were Gamma and Delta, the two horses that he had driven so long, a little older, a little browner in their manes and tails, but still the same good horses, with plenty of strength and spirit left; here was the same old harness—he could recognize it even in the dark—badly kept, and badly put on, but still the same; here were the reins that once no hand but his had ever dared to touch; and here the whip, very old now and shabby, with a miserable new lash on it, but still the same whip he used to wield; and here was the high seat on which he alone had sat from the time he became a man in years until that day when his freedom made him another man.

Now the thoughts of the regenerated coachman ran riot in his brain. Indignation towards the shoemaker who had dared to drive the family carriage of his old mistress on a night which promised to be as dark as this, first took entire possession of him.

"Dat no 'count cobbler!" he said to himself. "Wot he know 'bout dribin? An' o' nights, too! An' wid de crick up. An' wid de water all ober de road 'longside for harf a mile. An' de road pas' Colonel Tom Gileses all washed so dat he couldn't help slidin' inter de gully to sabe his soul, ef he hadn't fus' druv inter de crick, an' tumbled de kerridge an' hosses, an' his own eberlastin' fool se'f, top o' Miss Jane, an' mos' likely little Miss Jane an' Miss Almira Gay. But dey's all right now I'se dribin'. You ken bet your life on dat."

If any one had heard this remark, he would have been quite safe in accepting the wager, for, by day or by night, washed by rains, covered by freshets, or in their normal condition, Uncle Elijah knew the roads in this neighborhood better than any man alive; ever since he had become a freeman he had studied the difficulties and obstructions of the highways as he walked to and from his work. "Ef I was a dribin' hyar" he would say to himself, "I'd put dis fron' wheel roun' dat little stone, den one small twis' ud bring de hin' wheel on dis side ob it, an' I'd clean miss de big rock in de udder rut."

Remembering and avoiding the stones, deep ruts, and encroaching gullies, Elijah, like a pilot who steers past the rocks and sandbars which lie under the water, as the road now lay in the darkness of the night, went steadily on, without bump or jolt of any account. Passing the flooded part of the road without deviating a foot to the right or left of the proper course, passing the tobacco field of Colonel Giles, where the rains had washed the road into a shelving hillside, without bumping an exposed rock or sliding towards a gully, he reached the higher and more level portion of the road, which was now so comparatively good and comparatively clear, to the sharp eyes of horses and driver, that Elijah went on at a fair pace, now and then waving his whip and straightening himself up as a

man who breathes his native air once more. Suddenly a dreadful thought flashed across his mind, and he barely checked himself from pulling the horses back on their haunches.

"Whar's I gwine?" said he, almost aloud. "Dat double, eberlastin' fool shoemaker neber tole me! Whar kin Miss Jane, an' mos' like little Miss Jane an' Miss Almira Gay, be gwine at dis time? An' comin' back ter-night, too! Dey mus' be 'tendin' ter spen' de ebenin' somewhar,— but whar?"

Elijah now revolved in his mind every place to which he thought the family might be going. So far he had made no mistake because there had been no turn in the road; and although he had passed the place of Colonel Tom Giles, they could not be going to see him, for he was an old bachelor, living alone, and besides had gone to Richmond. A short distance ahead the road branched, and in one direction led to the house of Dr. Marshall Gordon, distant about a mile, and in the other to the hospitable mansion of General William Tucker.

"Dey can't be gwine fur de doctor fur anybody sick," thought Elijah, "fur if it had been dat dey'd sent a boy on a hoss, an' not hitched up de kerridge wid a shoemaker ter dribe; an' I'd be dreffel 'shamed ter take 'em more'n four miles to de Gin'ral's ef dey wasn't gwine dar."

The nearer he approached the fork of the road the more completely Uncle Elijah became convinced that he could not decide this important question for himself. It was absolutely necessary that he should get down and ask his old mistress where she was going. This was a terribly hard thing for him to do. He would be obliged to tell the whole story, and to admit that his affection for her, as strong as ever, had prompted him to take the driver's seat. And this was to relinquish a portion of his new freedom and manhood. But it had to be done, for the fork of the road was reached. Drawing up his horses, Elijah descended from his seat, and with the reins in one hand, for he was not a man, like the cobbler, to leave his horses standing free in the road, he reverently opened the carriage door.

"Miss Jane," said he, "I spec' you s'prised to see me dribin', but I couldn't stan' still an' let dat no 'count shoemaker, wot don' know nuffin 'bout hosses, nor de roads nuther, an' night comin' on pitch dark, dribe you. He hadn't eben sense 'nuf to tell me whar you's gwine, so I begs you'll scuse me fur gittin' down ter ax you."

They were now in the heavily shaded portion of the road, and the interior of the carriage was quite dark. From the farthest corner of the back seat came a thin, low voice which said to him: "Keep on now to the kyars."

This reply surprised Elijah in several ways. In the first place, he had confidently expected that his old mistress would say something expressive of her satisfaction in finding herself under his charge on such a dark night as this; and, again, he was surprised to hear that voice come out of the carriage. It did not belong to Miss Jane, nor, as far as he could judge, to any of her family. After a moment's hesitation he closed the door, and then, irresolutely, mounted to his seat and drove slowly on. He had not proceeded a hundred yards before there dawned upon his mind a dim recognition of the voice which had come from the carriage. Drawing up his horses again, he quickly got down and opened the carriage door.

"Who in dar, anyhow?" he said, in a tone by no means as respectful as that he had used before.

At this question the opposite door of the carriage suddenly opened, and the occupant popped out of it. As this individual, upon reaching the ground, turned, and stood facing Uncle Elijah, the latter could see, outlined upon a patch of sky behind him, the plainly discernible form of the cobbler, Montague, from whose lips now burst forth a roar of laughter that completely established his identity. The outraged soul of Uncle Elijah boiled and bubbled within him. He put out his left arm as if he would reach through the carriage and clutch the scoundrel by the throat. But this was impossible, and he would not drop the reins to run around the carriage.

"You eberlastin' fool cobbler!" he cried, "what fur you go play dis trick on me?"

"I no play no trick on you, Uncle 'Lijah," returned Montague, still laughing immoderately. "You played de trick on youse'f. I'se done nuffin but jus' keep out your way. I got up behin' so's ter see whar you was gwine, an' den I unhooked de back cuttins, an' slipped inside 'cause 'twas moh comf'ble."

"I'll break your neck fur dat!" cried Uncle Elijah. "A low-down, yaller shoemaker like you gittin' inter Miss Jane's kerridge!"

"Got ter ketch me fus', Uncle 'Lijah, 'fore you break my neck," replied the shoemaker, still in a merry mood.

"Shet up your fool talk:" cried Elijah, "an' tell me whar you was sent ter."

"I was sent fur Miss Polly Brown, de seamstress wot libes on Colonel Tom Giles's place, but dat was a long time back. She done gone ter bed afore dis. Miss Jane tole me ter go arly in de ebenin, but somebody done took one ob de hoss coll'rs fur de plow team, an' I couldn't find it nowhar, so it got

right smart late afore I started. An' now you done tuck up so much time, Uncle 'Lijah, comin' way out hyar on your little business, dat 'tain't no use gwine fur Miss Polly Brown till de mawnin'. Whar *is* you gwine, anyhow, Uncle 'Lijah?"

To this Uncle Elijah made no answer, but his tone moderated a little as he asked: "Wot fur you tell me to keep on ter de kyars?"

"Cos I didn't know no udder place ter go, ef it was lef' ter me. 'Tain't fur ter de kyars now, an' dar's allus sumfin dar fur de fam'ly, an' I'd ruther go back an' tell Miss Jane dat I done mistook whar she tole me ter go dan ter say I ain't been nowhar."

Uncle Elijah's mind was not a quick one, but it did not take a very long time for it to dawn upon him that in this predicament it might be better to go somewhere than nowhere. His anger had cooled down somewhat, for he felt that in his controversy with Montague he had had the worst of it. After rubbing the side of his head for a few moments he said shortly to the cobbler, "Shet dat doh', an' come 'long ter de kyars. Ef dar's anyt'ing dar fur de fam'ly, you kin git it, an' I'll dribe back. Ain't gwine ter trus' you wid dese hosses in de night."

"Look hyar, Uncle 'Lijah," said Montague, coming round to the back of the carriage, but keeping well out of reach, "dar ain't gwine ter be no fightin' if I done git up 'longside o' you, is dar?"

"Come 'long hyar," said Uncle Elijah, mounting to his seat; "I ain't gwine ter fight while I got dese kerridge an' hosses under my chawge. But I don' say nuffin 'bout termorrer mawnin', min' dat."

"Don' keer nuffin 'bout mawnin', long as 'tain't come," said Montague, getting up on the other side.

The railroad station was a little beyond Dr. Marshall Gordon's, and the road to it was one over which Elijah had gone so often that he felt warranted to drive at a good round pace, especially since he knew that his old mistress would not be bumped if he happened to strike a stone. His recollection of his previous careful driving made him grumble all the more at the shoemaker for having brought him on such a tom-fool errand.

"Now look hyar, Uncle 'Lijah," said Montague, "did you eber hear de par'ble ob de fox an' de mule?"

"Don' 'member no sich par'ble," said Elijah. "Is it in de Scripter?"

"I reckin so," said the shoemaker. "I neber read it dar myse'f, but I spec's it's from de Scripter. Dar was a fox a-gwine ter de well fur a drink ob water, an' when he got dar he pull up de rope, an' sho' 'nuf dar wasn't no bucket to it. Dar had been a baptizin' at a church not fur off, an' as de baptizin' pond was all dried up, some ob de bredren come ter de well ter git some water, an' when dey saw dat de bucket was a good big one, dey t'ought dey mought as well take it 'long to baptize de sister right in it, cos she was a little chile on'y free weeks old."

"Dey don' dip 'em dat young," interrupted Elijah.

"Dis was a long time ago," said Montague, "an' a Mefodis' baby at dat. An' when de fox foun' out de bucket was gone, he jus rar'd an' chawged, fur he was pow'ful firsty, habin' bin eatin' fur his breakfus' some ob dat dar mean middlin' dat dey sen's up from Richmon', wot is moh salt dan meat. But sw'arin' wouldn't fotch de water up ter him, an' so he 'cluded ter climb down de rope, an' git a drink dat way. When he got down dar he drunk, an' he drunk, an' he drunk, an' when he felt mos' like fit to bus' he thought he'd had enuf, an' he'd go up ag'in. But when dat ole fox try ter climb up de rope, he fin' it right smart dif'rent wuk from comin' down, an' he couldn't git up nohow. When he foun' dis out he was pow'ful disgruntled, fur he had to stan' in de water, an' it was mighty cole, an' he 'spected he'd git de rheumatiz, an' have to have his legs wrop up in red flannel an' turpentine. While he was 'volvin' in his min' wot he'd do to dat sto'-keeper wot sole him dat salt middlin', 'long come a' army mule an' look down de well. He was p'intedly ole, dat mule, an' branded wid U. S. twice on bof sides, what had been guv to a preacher at Pow'tan Court House by de guv'ment, in de place ob a good mule dat de Yankees took."

"Th'ain't no mention of Pow'tan Court House in de Scripter," interrupted Elijah.

"Don' know 'bout dat," said Montague; "I reckin it's a Scripter name. Anyhow, de army mule he poke he head down de well, an' holler: 'Hello! Whar de bucket? an' who down dar?' 'Mawnin', Cap'n Mule,' said de fox. He was one ob dem red foxes dat been hunt so offen by Gin'ral Tucker's pack of hounds dat it make him pow'ful peart. 'De bucket no 'count, Cap'n. De bottom's bruck out, an' it's been throwed away. Ebery-body comes down de well arfter de water, an' I jus' tell you, Cap'n, it's mighty good dis mawnin'. Somebody mus' 'a' drop' a tickler an' a couple ob pounds ob sugar down hyar, fur it tastes jus' like apple toddy.' An' de fox he 'gan to lap wid he tongue as ef he could neber git enuf. When de army mule he heard 'bout de apple toddy, he say no moh, but jus' slid down de rope. 'Hello!' he holler when he git to de bottom. 'How you put your head down to drink? Th'ain't no room fur me to put my

head down.' 'Dat's so,' said de fox, who was scrouging ag'in' de wall to git out ob de way; 'you do fill up dis well 'mazin', an', sho' 'nuf, dar ain't no room fur you ter put your head down. But neber you min'. Jus' stan' still, an' I'll fix all dat.' De army mule, his hind legs was in de bottom ob de well, his fore legs was ag'in' de sides, an' he great long neck was stickin' eber so high up. Him gittin' right smart skeered 'bout dis time. De fox he jus' jump on de mule back, den on he neck, den on he head, an' den he gib one skip right out ob de well. 'Hello, dar!' hollered de mule. 'Whar you gwine? Come back hyar, an' haul me out dis well! What fur you go 'way an' leab me hyar?' De fox he come back, an' he look down de well, an' he say: 'Wot's de matter, mule?' An' de heart ob de mule went down into his hoofs when he notus he done lef' off de cap'n. 'I got nuffin' ter do wid dat well, nur wid you nudder. Ef you wan' ter go down arfter apple toddy, dat's your look-out. Good-mawnin'.' An' off went Mr. Fox to de stoh' po'ch to tell de folks 'bout dat fool mule.

"Now dat par'ble 'minds me ob you, Uncle 'Lijah. You didn't hab to git up on dis seat, an' hol' dese reins, an' dribe dese hosses, ef you hadn't wanted ter. 'Tain't no use jawin' me fur dat."

"Ef I wasn't 'feared dese hosses ud run away," roared Uncle Elijah, "I'd jus' take you down de road and gib you sech a-hidin' as you haven't had sence you got inter breeches."

With Uncle Elijah's hands so fully occupied as they were, Montague felt safe; and, edging as near as possible to his end of the seat, he exclaimed:

"But dat ain't all de par'ble, Uncle 'Lijah. De fox he come back dat ebenin', an' when he look down de well, dar de mule yit, sw'arin' an' cussin' like all out-doh's. When he see de fox, de mule he 'clar ter gracious dat when he git out he kick dat fox inter little bits so small dat dey could sow him ober de fiel's from a wheat-seeder. 'Look hyar,' said de fox, 'you min' me ob de par'ble ob de man what los' his spring lamb. Somebody stole that lamb wot he 'spected to get foh' dollars fur at de Court House, an' de man he rared an' chawged, an' he swore dat ef he kotch dat thief he'd lick him wuss dan any sheep-thief was eber licked in dat county, or any ob de j'ining counties. He hunted high, an' he hunted low, to find de thief, an' jus' as he got inside de woods he come across a great big b'ar who had his spring lamb a hung up a-barbecuin', an' he was a-nailin' de skin up ag'in' a tree fur ter dry. De man was orful skeered; but de b'ar he sees him, an' he sings out: 'Hello! man, now you kotch de t'ief wot stole your spring lamb, why you no punch he head? Why you no break he back wid dat club? Tell me dat, you big man!' An' de b'ar he put down he hammer an' he nails so's ter talk de better. De man he too skeered to speak a word, an' he kep' squeezin' back, an' squeezin' back, widout sayin' nuffin. De b'ar he come nigher an' nigher, an' he sing out: 'Wot fur you keep your mouf shut like a can o' temahters? Why you no do some ob dem big t'ings you blow 'bout jus' now?' De man he squeeze back, an' he squeeze back, till he git ter de edge ob de woods, and den he sing out: 'I mube dis meetin' 'journ!' An' he more'n 'journed.

"Now, Uncle 'Lijah, I don' wan' ter make no 'flections 'gin' you in dis par'ble, but de fox he did say ter de mule dat 'fore he blow 'bout de big t'ings he gwine ter do, he better 'mune wid his own soul, an' see ef he able. Right smart fox dat, min' you, Uncle 'Lijah."

To this Uncle Elijah made no answer, but his eyes sparkled, and his big hands were gripped very tightly on the whip and the reins that he held; and in a minute more he had drawn up at the little railroad station. Montague got down, and went to inquire if there were any packages of goods waiting for the Cloverfields family, while Elijah remained in his seat. This was a very familiar spot to the old negro. In former times he had been in the habit of driving here two or three times a week, and as he sat on his old seat on the carriage, with the same old reins in his hand, and the two black horses of the olden time again before him, and the familiar scenes all about him, Elijah actually forgot for the time being that he had ever resigned his ancient post.

"Look hyar," said Montague, presently returning with a package in his hands. "Hyar's some dry-goods from Richmon', an' ef we hadn't druv down hyar, I'd been sent arfter 'em ter-morrer in de cart or on mule-back. De train's comin' in ten minutes; might as well wait, an' see ef dar's anythin' moh."

Elijah grumbled a little at waiting, but Montague, whose soul delighted in being stirred, even by so small a matter as the arrival of a railroad train, insisted that it would be unwise to go away, when a few minutes' delay might save a lot of future trouble. And so they waited.

Soon there was heard a distant whistle, then an approaching rumble, and the train rolled up to the station and stopped. As she had always done, Gamma tossed her head and looked to one side, while Delta pricked up his ears; but, as he had always done, Uncle Elijah kept a firm hand upon the reins,

and spoke to his horses in a low, quiet tone, which had the effect of making them understand that they might safely remain where they were, for under no circumstances would the train come their way.

Out of the open window of a car a young man put his head, and looked up and down the narrow platform, and then his eye was caught by the Cloverfields carriage, standing full in the light of the station lamp. Drawing in his head, he continued to look steadily at the carriage, and then he arose and came out on the car platform. One of the good comfortable stops, not unfrequent on the roads in this part of the country, was taking place, and the conductor had gone into the station to send a telegram. The young man came down to the bottom step, and again looked up and down. Here he was espied by Montague, who rushed up and accosted him.

"How d'ye, Mahs Chawles? Don' you 'member me? I'se Montague Braxton. Use' ter men' your boots."

"Isn't that Uncle Elijah?" asked the young man. "And who is the carriage waiting for?"

"Come fur you, sah," said the mendacious cobbler. "All ready waitin', sah. Gimme your checks, Mahs Chawles, an' I'll git de baggage."

"Come for me!" repeated the young man. "How did they know?"

"Cawn't tell nuffin 'bout dat, sah, but Miss Jane she sen' me an' 'Lijah arfter you wid de kerridge. Better hurry up wid de checks, sah."

The young man stood upon the bottom step looking steadily at the carriage, and paying no attention to Montague's last remark. Then he moved his eyes and saw the conductor coming out of the station. He turned, sprang up the steps and into the car, returning almost instantly with a valise and a light overcoat, which were immediately taken by the obsequious Montague.

"Dat all, sah?" said he.

The young man nodded. "All aboard!" cried the conductor. And in a moment the train had moved away.

Montague put the coat and valise on the front seat of the carriage, and stood holding open the door. "Hyar Mahs Chawles," said he to Elijah.

The old man turned so suddenly as to startle the horses. "Mahs Chawles!" he exclaimed, his eyes opening like a pair of head-lights.

"How d'ye, Uncle Elijah?" said the young man, extending his hand, which the old negro took as if he had been in a dream.

Montague looked a little anxiously at the two. "Better hurry up, sah," he said in a low voice. "It's gittin' late, an' Miss Jane's awful skeery 'bout dribin' at night."

At this the young man entered the carriage, Montague shut the door and ran around to his seat, and Uncle Elijah, his mind dazed and confused by this series of backward slides into times gone by, turned his horses and drove away. For ten minutes he spoke not a word, and then he said to Montague: "Did you know Mahs Chawles was comin'?"

"Ob course I did," said the cobbler. "You don's'pose, Uncle'Lijah, dat I'd fotch you all de way down hyar jus' fur a little bun'le ob cotton cloth? Didn't say nuffin 'bout Mahs Chawles, cos I feared he mightn't come, an' you'd be dis'p'inted, an' dem par'bles was jus'ter pahs de time, Uncle Lijah — jus' ter pahs de time."

The old man made no answer, but drove steadily on, and the moon now having arisen, he was able to make very good time. Little more was said until they had nearly reached Uncle Elijah's cabin; then Montague asked the old man if he intended driving all the way to Cloverfields.

"Ob course I do," was the gruff reply. "You don' s'pose I'd trus' you wid Mahs Chawles dis time o' night?"

"Well, den," said the other, "I reckin I'll git down and cut acrost de fiel's ter my house ef you'll be 'bligin' enuf, Uncle 'Lijah, jus' ter put up de hosses when you gits dar, an' I'll come fus' t'ing in de mawnin an' 'tend to eberyt'ing, jus' as I allus does."

"Go 'long," said Elijah, slackening his horses' pace. "I'se got no use fur you, nohow."

The mistress of Cloverfields, with little Miss Jane and Miss Almira Gay, was sitting in the parlor of the old mansion very much disturbed. In the middle of the afternoon Montague Braxton had been told to take the carriage and go for Miss Polly Brown, the seamstress, who had promised to give a week of her valuable time to Cloverfields; but, although it was now between nine and ten o'clock, he had not returned. The force of men-servants at Cloverfields was very small, and no one of them lived at the house excepting a very old man, too decrepit to send out to look up a lost cobbler and a carriage; and "Miss Jane," who was still a vigorous woman, though her hair was white, with her daughter, little Miss Jane, and her niece, Miss Almira Gay, had almost determined that they would walk over to a cabin about half a mile distant, and get a colored man living there to saddle a mule and ride to Miss Polly Brown's to see what had happened, when their deliberations were cut short by the sound of carriage-wheels on the drive. The three ladies sprang to their feet and hurried out to the porch, throwing the front door wide open that the light from the hall lamp might illumine the steps.

"Why, Miss Polly!" exclaimed little Miss

Jane, what on earth ——" And then she abruptly stopped, ejaculating in a low tone: "Uncle Elijah!"

At these words her mother moved quickly forward to the edge of the porch, but before she had time to say anything the carriage-door opened, and there stepped out, not the middle-aged seamstress who was expected, but a young man, on whose pale and upturned face the light of the hall lamp shone full. There was a cry from the women, a sudden bound up the steps, and in an instant the son of the house was in his mother's arms, with his sister clasping as much of his neck as she could reach.

A quarter of an hour after this, as Master Charles sat in the parlor, his mother on one side with an arm around him, his sister on the other side with her arm around him, while his right hand clasped that of Miss Almira Gay, he thus explained himself: "I hadn't the least idea of getting off the train, for you know I had vowed never to come here till there was an end of that old trouble; but I thought if I went down to Danville in the late train we probably wouldn't stop at our station at all, and that I wouldn't notice when we passed it. But we did stop, and I couldn't help looking out, and when I saw the Cloverfields carriage standing there just as natural as life, and old Uncle Elijah in the driver's seat ——"

"Uncle Elijah!" exclaimed his mother, pushing back her chair. "Did he go down to the station to bring me my son?"

"It was Elijah!" cried little Miss Jane. "I saw him on the seat."

The old lady arose and left the room. She stepped upon the porch and looked out, but the carriage had gone. Then she went to the back door, hastily lighted a lantern which stood on the table, and with this in her hand made her way under the tall oaks and along the driveway to the barn, which was at some distance from the house. Through the open door of the stables she saw dimly the form of a man engaged in rubbing down a horse. Raising the lantern in her hand, she stepped to the door and threw the light within.

"Uncle Elijah," she said, "is that you?"

The man turned around. He forgot he had a vote; he forgot he could serve on a jury. He simply took off his hat, and coming forward, said: "Yaas, Miss Jane, dis is me."

The next morning, not very early, the cobbler approached the Cloverfields stables to attend to the horses, and to do the various oddments and bitments of work for which he had been temporarily hired. To his surprise, just as he turned a corner of the barn he met Uncle Elijah, who was engaged in attaching a new lash to the carriage-whip. Montague, astounded, stood for a moment speechless, gazing at Elijah, who, in some way, seemed to be different from what he was the day before. He looked taller and wider; his countenance was bright, his general aspect cheerful, and an element of Sunday seemed to have been infused into his clothes.

"Didn't spec to see you hyar, Uncle'Lijah," stammered the cobbler when he found his voice.

"Reckin not," said the old man, "but I'se glad ter see you, cos I wants ter tell you a par'ble. Dar was once a mud-turkle, de low-downest, or'nerest, no 'countest mud-turkle in de whole worl'. His back was so cracked dat it wouldn't keep de rain off he skin, and he bottom shell bin ha'f sole' free or four times; he so lazy he ruther scuffle it ober de rocks dan walk; an' de chickens had eat off he tail afore de war, cos he too triflin' ter pull it in. Well, dis mis'ble mud-turkle come 'long one day, an' he sees a Chris'mus tukkey a-settin' on de limb ob a big apple-tree. De tukkey, he feel fus'-rate, an' he look fus'-rate, an' he jyin hese'f up dar 'mong de leabes an' de apples. An' de mud-turkle he look up, an' he say: 'Dat mighty nice up dar! Reckin I'd like ter set up dar myse'f. Jus' you come down, Mahs Chris'mus tukkey, an' lemme set up dar 'mongst de apples an' de leabes.' Den de Chris'mus tukkey, he bristle hese'f up, an' he stick out he feathers, an' he spread out he tail, an' his comb an' his gills git redder dan fire, an' he sing out: 'Go 'long wid you, you mud-turkle; don' lemme heah you say no moh 'bout settin' up hyar." You dunno how to dribe a hoss; you got no moh sense dan ter chain de hin' wheel ob a kerridge, gwine down Red Hill; you lose de hoss-collus; you breaks de whip-lashes, and gits de harness all upside down wrong; an' you comes ter feed de hosses arfer dey's bin watered an' turned out moh'n two hours. P'raps you dunno who I is. Ise de driber ob de Cloverfields kerridge, an' as long as I has de use ob my j'ints, an' can see wid my eyes, nobody dribes dat kerridge but me. An' now, look hyar, you shoemaker mud-turkle, when me, an' Miss Jane, an' little Miss Jane, an' Miss Almira Gay, an' p'r'aps Mahs Chawles, gits ter de Happy Lan', don' you reckin dat you's gwine ter come dar too cos your foolin' helped fotch Mahs Chawles home. De angel Gabr'el, he p'int his horn right at you an' he sing out: 'Ain't got no use fur no yaller cobbler angels hyar, wid dey fool par'bles, an' dey lies 'bout bein' sent fur Mahs Chawles, an' dey lettin' Aun' M'riar split her own wood an' fotch her own water from de spring.' An' now you's got my par'ble, Montague Braxton, an' de nex' time you comes you gits your lickin'."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE SONG HE NEVER WROTE.

HIS thoughts were song, his life was singing;
Men's hearts like harps he held and smote,
But in his heart went ever ringing,
Ringing, the song he never wrote.

Hovering, pausing, luring, fleeting,
A farther blue, a brighter mote,
The vanished sound of swift winds meeting,
The opal swept beneath the boat.

A gleam of wings forever flaming,
Never folded in nest or cote,
Secrets of joy, past name or naming,
Measures of bliss past dole or rote:

Echoes of music, always flying,
Always echo, never the note;
Pulses of life, past life, past dying,—
All these in the song he never wrote.

Dead at last, and the people, weeping,
Turned from his grave with wringing hands,—
"What shall we do, now he lies sleeping,
His sweet song silent in our lands?

Just as his voice grew clearer, stronger,"—
This was the thought that keenest smote,—
"O Death! couldst thou not spare him longer?
Alas for the songs he never wrote!"

Free at last, and his soul up-soaring,
Planets and skies beneath his feet,
Wonder and rapture all out-pouring,
Eternity how simple, sweet!

Sorrow slain, and every regretting,
Love and Love's labors left the same,
Weariness over, suns without setting,
Motion like thought on wings of flame:

Higher the singer rose and higher,
Heavens, in spaces, sank like bars;
Great joy within him glowed like fire,
He tossed his arms among the stars,—

"This is the life, past life, past dying;
I am I, and I live the life:
Shame on the thought of mortal crying!
Shame on its petty toil and strife!

Why did I halt, and weakly tremble!"—
Even in Heaven, the mem'ry smote,—
"Fool to be dumb, and to dissemble!
Alas for the song I never wrote!"

Helen Jackson ("H. H.")

THE LESSON OF GREEK ART.

PART II. THE EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST.

IF the artistic education of the people is furthered in school by the immediate teaching of art history, as well as by the modification of the general spirit of school-teaching, and, after school, by the encouragement and active development of intellectual pleasures among the public, as well as by the direct encouragement of art by the public administration, then the first condition which made art with the Greeks what it was, a language intelligible to the mass of the population, may be realized in this country. But if art be made thus generally intelligible to the people, we must also add to it the second characteristic — that it be adequately expressive of the highest and best in our age; and this can only be attained by the education of the art-producing few. However much may be done by the actual demand for great works on the part of the public, great art requires great artists.

The reason why our art is not adequately expressive of the best that is in our age is that the artist is not representative of the highest culture of our age. In Greece this was not the case. An artist like Pheidias was not only thoroughly skilled in all the technicalities of his art, not only did he study under different teachers, such as Hegias the Athenian and Polykleitos the Argive, but, above all, he was alive to and interested in all that moved his time ; a friend of Pericles and Anaxagoras the philosopher, he responded to the political and scientific life of his time, and, as is shown by his familiarity with the Homeric poems, was well versed in the ancient and contemporary literature of his age. His position under Pericles was not only that of a sculptor, but he was what we should call a minister of public works, and in this time of great artistic activity he must have been in constant official relation with his cultured political friend, so close that he was made the butt of the political intrigues against Pericles. To live thus in close intimacy with the great political leader of the time, himself the center of all cultured interest, and above all to have been a free-born Greek boy with the universal education given then, made of this genius in art a most perfect representative of the best culture of his age, expressing himself in the language of art, as Pericles was such a type and expressed himself in poetical action and oratory, Æschylos in tragic poetry, and subsequently Plato in philosophy. The same has been ever the case in the periods of the highest art. The versatile renaissance types of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo are known to all. The position of the latter has many analogies to that of Pheidias. The great artists of the flower of the renaissance were all full representatives of their age in their personalities; they were the peers in culture of the leaders in politics, in literature, and in science, nay, often took an active part in these collateral spheres. This is far from being the case in modern times; the artist is not thus a coördinate representative of the highest culture of our times. Nay, I make bold to say, that if we were to take an equal number of literary men, scientific men, physicians and other professional men, cultivated business men, and artists, the artists would rank lowest on the scale of general culture apart from their special vocation. It arises from the deficient education of the generality of our artists. When once a boy has manifested his talent, and it is decided that he should follow art as a profession, immediately after he has left school, or frequently before this period, he begins his artistic training to the exclusion of all other pursuits. How is it possible for one thus prepared to acquire or retain his position on the height of contemporary culture? No doubt ours is a time of great specialization, I might almost say unfortunately, if it had not such splendid results to show. Though in scientific and professional pursuits a certain amount of specialization is absolutely essential to the production of great work, the two exceptions to this rule are literature and art. The special subject here dealt with is general life. "Greift nur hinein in's volle Menschenleben, und wo ihr's packt da ist es interessant," is the advice given in Goethe's "Faust" to the poet. The artist chooses from life and nature, and he must appreciate and know them in all their aspects. And, what is still more important in these two spheres of intellectual activity, the man gives himself in his work; his personality is of a supreme importance in modifying or giving character to his work, not to be found in the pursuit of science or professions dealing more with things and their relations independent of the personality of him who treats of them. It is the subjective character of art-production, in contradistinction to the objective spirit of scientific work, which makes it less possible for the artist to specialize. The artist gives himself in his work, and therefore depends upon the constitution of this self whether the work will

be great or not. But if the personalities of the artists are not representative of the best in our age, it is hopeless to expect a really representative great art.

The practical question then presents itself to us: How can this deficiency in the education of the artist be remedied? The first demand is that the artists should partake of the higher education; they should have a university education as well as the literary men, the men of science and professions. The potential artist at school, the boy in whom the desire towards artistic production is expressed, and the capacities are manifest, should not at once neglect his general education. On the other hand, I am fully alive to the exceeding importance of familiarizing the artist from the earliest age with the technical language which he is to use. It is so in painting and sculpture, as it is so in music. The use of the brush and of colors and the handling of clay ought in the early years to be made so much a part of the boy or girl, that the process of applying them ought to be almost unconscious, an act of second nature; so that he shall hardly know why he uses his brush in this or that manner, takes a certain quantity of one color and not of another; as little as the violinist knows why he uses a certain degree of wrist-pressure in bowing a certain passage, or the pianist considers each note he plays. But because it is advisable to train the future artist from an early period in the technicalities of his art, there is no reason why his general education should therefore be stunted and he should neglect his other studies at school. The two things can be combined, and the amount of practice which is required to familiarize the boy at school with the technicalities of art, so far as it is required at this age, is gained with but slight intrusion upon his leisure.

But it is after school that the critical period comes. It is now that those feelings and thoughts are to take form which are to mark the character of his compositions; and it is generally then that the art-student leaves school and, either abroad or at home, begins his work at the academy or at some studio. If he is industrious, he will work much; if not, he will spend much of his time in idle dreaming or in stupid dissipation, which a certain unreasoning and vicious tradition has established as being conducive to the growth of an artistic imagination. In either case the care for the further growth of general intelligence and taste has ceased with this age, and he necessarily falls behind the ranks in general culture. It is out of the question that every art-student should defer the period of his active apprenticeship to the completion of the university course. It is true, also, that at some art-schools, such as the Beaux-Arts at Paris, the Munich and Berlin Academies, there are also lectures on subjects kindred to art. But this is not what is required; general education cannot be clipped and modeled to suit a special vocation.

The practical solution of the difficulty is, that there should be established an inner relation between the university and the art-academy with a view to the education of the art-student. Most great centers of artistic education have universities. Facilities ought to be granted to the art-student to attend the lectures of university professors, and the attendance on these lectures would act as a relaxation from the special work which he follows. Nobody will maintain that to hear a great representative of philosophy, of physics, of biology, or of history giving in an hour's discourse the fruits of his life-work, is not a great pleasure to a person possessed of higher intellectual instincts. If this does not give him pleasure, then there is something fundamentally coarse and wrong in his nature, which will manifest itself in all his productions. I do not wish to restrict this education to the subjects bearing upon art, such as, especially, the historical sciences. It is not the artist as such who is to be taught in these lectures, it is the man who is to receive the higher culture of his age. Nobody is truly representative of our culture who is not conversant with the great advancement of natural science. Now, I know many business men who delight in reading works of natural science, and who, without pretending to special knowledge in this sphere, are thoroughly alive to all that moves the scientific world; the instances of artists thus interested are very few. I would not have it understood that I wish to make the artist learned; still less that he is to apply the fruits of this higher education directly to his art. This is often the case when the education is but half acquired; we then see futile attempts to paint "scientifically," to give long quotations from obscure authors and works, to paint with a "realistic purpose," and all the other mental aberrations, as frequent in literature as they are in art. The undue obtrusion of any element in work or behavior always points to immaturity and to the fact that the element obtruded is but newly and, therefore, but half acquired. The artist who has lived through the great mental life of modern scientific investigation need not paint biological or physical pictures, or theorize on the relation of colors; but the tree, the scene of nature or history which he paints will be different in so far as his whole personality has undergone a change since he has assimilated a new sphere of knowledge. The same scene painted by sev-

eral artists differs in each case, because the artists differ in their way of looking at the scene as their whole character and intellect differ. Widen and ennoble a mind, and you will alter its whole character. If the artist is a full representative of the highest in his age, there is some chance of his work partaking of this high standard, provided his technical training and natural talent give him the completeness of artistic expression; but if he is below the highest standard of culture in his age, no amount of technical skill and talent will make his work truly representative of his age.

But, as in the education of the public we noticed the importance of the education in the life succeeding the school and university years, so here there is an education which comes after the art-academy, and which, it appears to me, is again neglected in the case of the artist. This is the educational side of social life. If most men were asked how much they had learned at school and university and how much in social intercourse with intellectual people, it would be difficult to give too high a limit to the latter. But it appears to me that artists are more exempt from this healthy friction than the representatives of almost any other liberal vocation. They are more exclusive or more clannish than any other class. They associate chiefly with one another, or with professedly art-appreciating people whose conversation, if not unintellectual, is generally "shoppy"; and thus, as a rule, even in after life the healthy interchange of interests and experience does not take place. Furthermore, there is often a depressing and intimidating atmosphere in a circle exclusively made up of workers in one field, which robs especially the young striver of the freshness and fearlessness of creative impulse. He leaves the society of his colleagues an intellectual coward, haunted by the critical eyes of his older fellow-workers,— a coward as regards great enterprise, he who before was a hero. How many an intellect has been stunted in growth and how much that was original planed down to the level of commonplace through the sway of shop-circles. After a good day's work in his studio the artist ought to seek the society of those in no way connected with art, where he can learn what moves the superior mind in other spheres of thought and action, and where he can keep alive his general interests developed by a sound education. What is wanted all over the civilized world is the *salon* of old days, the intellectual exchange with a thoroughly pleasant social tone. It does not exist in Paris, nor in London; though a few years ago the Sunday afternoons of George Henry Lewes and his wife very nearly held this position.

At all events, we shall not have the highest art until our most skilled artists are also the most thoroughly cultured men. May the beginning be made in this country. We are at the first stage, and therefore possessed of greater organs and power of beginning anew; but, also, there are here possibilities of going wrong.

When the conditions favorable to the production of a great art in this country are realized so far as the education of the art-appreciating public and the productive artist are concerned, an important practical question presents itself in the form: What direction is artistic work in this country to take? For there are presented to the artist beginning his career many modes of conception and execution characterizing the European schools, definite lines of work already existing which he cannot ignore. These will necessarily influence him, and will present themselves for acceptance. As a matter of fact, it appears to me that the chief influence upon the art of America is exercised by the art of France. The greater number of our distinguished artists have gone to France for their training, and it is but natural, in this occupation as in all others, that the pupil should be an enthusiastic admirer of the methods followed in the school in which he has been trained. The greater and stronger the enthusiasm, the more will it be exclusive, and the more absolute will be the adhesion to the school. Furthermore, with the freshness which characterizes us, every movement is in danger of partaking of a "rage" or "craze," which always implies the exaggeration and exclusiveness of ill-balanced admiration. It appears to me that there is at this moment an unhealthy predominance of the French element in our art. It is unhealthy, inasmuch as it goes beyond the admiration of the qualities and aims at the complete introduction of the national characteristics of this foreign art,— not merely admitting its wholesome influence, but degenerating into imitation. The complete acceptance of alien models in art or literature is always unhealthy; inasmuch as it is untrue, it is singularly so in our country. There is one characteristic in which it is well for every country to imitate France: that is, the honesty and "professionality," if I may invent such a word, of its work. Despite the proverbial levity of character of the French people, I would venture to say that there is no country in which the thorough realization of technical work, as distinguished from play, in literature and art, is more completely felt and acted upon than in France. The author and the artist learn from the very beginning that there is a labor-side to the inspired, *feu-sacré* ebullition of poetry and art, and their work bears the traces of this thorough mastery of the

technicalities of their art-craft, be it in a novel, an essay, a drama, a picture, or a statue. They are thus comparatively free from the amateur productions which abound even in the professional publications and exhibitions of this country and of England. The line between the amateur and professional is definitely drawn, and the professional author or artist never forgets the craftsman who lives or ought to live in the artist. But to attempt adopting or imitating the spirit and idiosyncrasies of their art is as absurd as it is vicious and futile. Moreover, it generally leads to the feeble reproduction of what is eccentric in their art, and sometimes even of what is condemnable, while the true spirit and character is lost. Is it not better to be good Americans than feeble Frenchmen?

This is not the direction the American art of the future ought to take. It ought to be neither French nor English nor German — it is to be American. We are to be ourselves, truly ourselves, expressing what is in us with the greatest truthfulness, the most patient and conscientious labor. But the question may be raised: What are we? Is there anything definite to express, especially on the artistic side of our nature? I believe it is an opinion of American character long ago exploded in the minds of those who know us, that we are at heart a materialistic people. If anything, we are inclined to be artistic, and though not *learned* in art, we have the true instinct of artistic production; namely, the freshness of inventive power, and the delight of self-expression. We naturally lack confidence in our own power as regards intellectual products, and it is but right that at this early stage we should be diffident; but when we have gained the recognition of our older European kin this confidence will come.

To recognize what manner of men we are, what our failings and advantages, in order that we may strive at thus expressing ourselves fully and truly, we do well in turning to the past of Greece and in studying the history of a people abounding in the most curious and interesting analogies to our own. It is the history of the Greek settlements in the south of Italy and Sicily. They were, as we are, originally colonies from the mother-country, and carried with them the traditions and culture of an old country. They grew in power, wealth, and refinement as we are growing. It is an historical absurdity to make an hypothesis on what might have been if things had not happened as they did. Still I venture to follow up the idea that, had the Greek colonies of Magna Græcia joined in a great federation instead of making war upon one another and consuming among each other their great inner vitality, the course of the world's history might have been essentially altered and the continuity of the highest Greek culture might have been greater than it has been. I have on another occasion, from a more special point of view, drawn attention to the fact that the reactive influence of the culture of these countries upon the culture of Greece proper has not been sufficiently recognized, and that this influence can hardly be over-estimated It was here that the great philosophers were born, here that they endeavored to realize their ideas of social and political reform; not only Pythagoras and Parmenides, but also Plato. It was here that art freed itself from conventional shackles, here that the great games, so important in their influence upon the unity of Greece, received their chief patronage and encouragement. It was the theater of reforms, the trial-ground for new movements. They, as we, maintained the love and reverence for their parent homes; they were possessed, as we are, with the strong desire to vie with the Old World; and they felt the same joy if one of their citizens was victor in the Olympian games that we feel when one of our countrymen has been victorious in a European contest.

But it is in their art that their example is most instructive. Their great artists, such as Pythagoras of Rhegium, took their training at home and in the old country; but not only in one school, at Athens or Sparta: they laid themselves open to the influence of all. The result was freedom from the traditional shackles and thorough sympathy with their perfections; and this gave Pythagoras the power to be the great innovator in the free rendering of the human figure. The works coming from this country, works perfect in conception and execution, are thoroughly Hellenic in character, but cannot be classed under any one school; nor are they made up of the several parts. They have a new national character of their own, and one that would have grown in perfection had their own nationality grown to full constitution and lasting unity.

We, the Magna Græcians of the West, let us lay ourselves open to all that is good and great in the cultured life of the Old World. Let us learn from France, Germany, and England, and imbibe it all with unprejudiced desire of learning; but let us then express our own selves with truth and without affectation and with honest work, and let the character which will be in our work be *sui generis* and of a good kind. We have passed beyond the danger which engulfed the great cities of southern Italy and Sicily, we have put by inner dissension, and have reaffirmed a unity which will grow with the power of each organ of the whole body, with the spread of wealth, spiritual and natural.

We have also had our reactive influence

upon the culture of the Old World, and we are and have been the trial-ground for great reforms and new movements. We have taught the world the lesson of freedom and self-government. We are at present preaching to Europe the downfall of Talleyrandism and of "foreign" diplomatic policy. We are most effectually teaching them by economical competition the absurdity and economical impossibility of large standing armies, the childish outcome of their antiquated romantic policy of aggression and gold-laced, order-bedecked, Vienna-Conference prestige. We are positively teaching the lesson of the supreme importance of the Home Office, so to speak, and all its vital social and economical questions, over the Foreign Office with its stagey glitter and Quixotic pomp and mystery. We are teaching them lessons more effectually than the French philosophers of nature and of nature's right, more effectually than the blood-lesson of the French Revolution, than the enthusiastic and thoughtful writers of the German *Aufklärung*. Let us finally teach the world the great lesson that it is the supreme duty of the state to foster and develop all that leads to the civilizing amusement and the intellectual edification of the people.

I FEAR that I have criticised much and have given much advice, more than my experience or years justify: I have been sententious and dogmatic. My only apology must be that the lesson I have attempted to give to my countrymen is not one of my own devising, but that it is the lesson of Greek Art of which I have been the feeble interpreter.

Charles Waldstein.

CANADA.

O CHILD of nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st amid the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow!

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age!

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the maple-wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;—

Thy swift keels cleave the farthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze,
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer! let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel,
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain,—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes—beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call!

They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands;
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands!

O mystic Nile! thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

SOME EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS.

LAMENNAIS — MAZZINI — WORCELL — HERZEN.

I MEAN not here to give more than the briefest account of the lives and principles of the men about whom I have to write. Neither do I here attempt any history of European Republicanism. My object is but to present some personal reminiscences of certain men who suffered for their republican faith, whose names are yet held in esteem and reverence, who were indeed (at least in the belief of many) forerunners and heralds of the future, and whose doctrines and actions have not been without effect in shaping the changes which, during the last thirty years, have taken place in Europe. If I seem to speak too partially of these men, I hope to be generously forgiven. They were my own most dear and honored friends.

LAMENNAIS.

IT was, I think, as early as 1834 that I had sight of a little book then but lately published, but beginning to make some noise in the world: the "Words of a Believer" ("Paroles d'un Croyant"), by the Abbé de la Mennais. A little book indeed (it would scarcely occupy a sheet, *i. e.*, sixteen pages, of this CENTURY MAGAZINE), yet of sufficient importance to be condemned by the reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., in his Encyclical of 7th July, 1834, as, however small in size, of huge depravity *(mole quidem exigeum pravitate tamen ingentum)*. In truth, the book, the earnest writing of a notably religious man, a Catholic priest who had been esteemed and honored by a former Pope, was of more than ordinary significance; nor needed the added impulse of an anathema to cause it to be widely read, and soon translated into all the principal European languages. It is open before me now, and, looking again through it, with less eagerness of thought than when it first possessed me with its spirit, I find my admiration warranted. Written in biblical language, it reads, both in tone and matter, like the utterance of an old Hebrew prophet: the voice of one crying out against the misdoings and the miseries of mankind. Some very short extracts may indicate its manner and general bearing.

"* * In the balance of eternal right your will outweigheth the will of kings, for it is the people which makes kings, and kings are made for the peoples, not the peoples for kings.

"The heavenly Father has not formed the limbs of his children to be bruised by fetters, nor their souls to be murdered by servitude.

"He united them in families, and all families are as sisters; he united them in nations, and all nations are sisters: and whosoever separates families from families, or nations from nations, sunders that which God has joined, and does the work of Satan.

"* * When you see a man led to prison or to punishment, be not hasty in yourselves to say — That is a wicked man, who has committed a crime against his fellows:

"For peradventure he is a man of worth, who desired to serve his fellows, and who for that is punished by their oppressors.

"When you see a people loaded with irons and delivered to the executioner, be not hasty to say — This people is an unruly people that would trouble the peace of the earth:

"For peradventure it is a martyr people, which suffers for the salvation of humanity.

"Eighteen centuries ago, in a city of the East, the pontiffs and the kings of that time nailed upon a cross, after having beaten him with rods, a seditious man, and a blasphemer: so they called him.

"The day of his death there was a great terror in hell, and a great joy in heaven.

"For the blood of the Just had saved the world."

Lamennais was writing when the martyrdom of Poland was yet fresh in the memories and the martyrization of Italy was beginning to stir the minds of liberal men in Europe. I may give one more extract; but no mere extracts can sufficiently show the mighty indignation, the deep pathos, the sublimity and beauty and wisdom of the whole work.

"If there is a people which less values justice and freedom than the laborer his wage, the artisan his scanty bread, the merchant his riches, * * when the great day of the judgment of the peoples shall come, it will be asked: What hast thou done with thy soul? There is no sign nor trace of it. The joys of the mere brute have been all to thee. Thou hast loved the mire; go, perish in it!

"And the people which in its heart shall have placed worth above material wealth, which to achieve that shall have spared nor labor, nor fatigue, nor sacrifice, shall hear these words: To those who have souls the reward of souls! Because thou hast above all things loved liberty and justice, come, and possess forever justice and liberty."

Such words, so little adapted to please or king or pope, may well account for the anathema issued against them; which, however, had only the effect of adding to their writer's influence. Yet, ten years earlier, Lamennais had been preaching against the revolutionary spirit of the age, honored as

the eloquent defender of the Church, his portrait and a picture of the Virgin the only ornaments in the papal chamber when he visited Pope Leo XII., hoping that at his word the Church might lead the progress of the world.

Felicité Robert de la Mennais was born in 1782 at St. Malo, in Brittany, the birthplace of Abelard. He did not enter the priesthood till 1817: nevertheless, all his earlier hopes and writings had looked toward the Church. In 1824, so highly was he esteemed that it was by his advice Pope Leo XII. appointed Cardinal Lambruschini to be Apostolic Nuncio to France. Eight years after that, so much was his earnestness dreaded that the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Ambassadors unitedly asked for his condemnation as a disturber of order: he had dared openly to speak for the people against the monarchy, and to appeal to Rome. Gregory XVI. bade him be silent. Discouraged, he for awhile obeyed. But one day, when Rome and the Monarchy believed him done with, he was heard again; and the words of a Believer were echoed throughout Europe. He had tried the Monarchy, both of the divine right and of the citizen branch; he had besought the Church: in vain. Thenceforth he was a Republican. In the ardent words of George Sand, "He initiated for us a crusade more glorious for our century and more memorable in the eyes of future generations, than the crusade provoked by St. Bernard: for not the sepulcher but the heritage of Christ is the conquest to which the Breton priest would lead us. We fight no longer against Islamism, but against the impiety of our social life; we seek the rescue not only of a few Christian slaves, but of the majority of the human race."

So much I may be allowed to quote from and to write concerning Lamennais, that something may be known of the purpose of his life. That unknown, what interest would there be in him? And now to my own small personal recollections. I do not pause even to give a list of the many works, religious, political, and philosophical, which place their writer's name among the foremost names of France.

In February, 1848, on the first news of the Three Days in Paris, some of us London Chartists* convened a public meeting, chiefly of working-men, to congratulate the French on the proclamation of their Republic. No need to say that the meeting (James Watson, the Chartist bookseller, of whom I have before written in THE CENTURY, in the chair) was crowded and enthusiastic, the first of many. Dobson Collet, well known afterward as secretary of the society for the abolition of the newspaper taxes, and myself were deputed to present to the Provisional Government the congratulatory resolutions passed at the meeting. We crossed over to France with Mazzini, and for nearly a fortnight I shared his lodgings, and had the opportunity to become acquainted with many of those who shared his faith and hopes. Chief of these was Lamennais, then on the spur of the moment beginning a daily paper (the first number came out on the 27th of February), "Le Peuple Constituant," of which I possess probably the only complete series, the paper having been suppressed by Cavaignac in the first days of the June insurrection, on account of Lamennais' defense of the revolted workmen. After I returned home he sent me the paper daily, and it may be that no other copy except mine, mailed to England, escaped on the morning of its suppression. Going to the Rue Jacob, with Mazzini's introduction, I there found, in a poor room, sparely furnished, and serving for bedroom and editorial office, a small, slight, and frail man, an unmistakable ecclesiastic, with somewhat of a severe expression, or rather with the power of severity, for in spite of the power the predominant look was benevolent. I have not to describe his features. What they were, can be seen in his profile, taken from a bas-relief by David, the great sculptor, who would not condescend to an unworthy subject, who refused to model the head of the Duc de Berri. What had he done to be commemorated? I have said Lamennais' face expressed both severity and benevolence. Something more and different was there also: You saw the truth and earnestness of a simple nature. But he looked feeble and worn, already wearied with his daily work (no slight work the editing of a daily paper to a man sixty-six years old) and anxious, too: for even in those first days Lamartine's peace-proclamation, meaned to reassure monarchical Europe, was disappointing the Polish and Italian exiles, to whom Lamennais' heart was warmly true, and disappointing also those republicans who, like Godfrey Cavaignac, the nobler brother of the general, had some belief in the duty of republicans toward even foreigners struggling for a republic. Wearied and anxious as he was, I had a warm welcome from him, not less warm, one may be sure, for the sake of my introducer, nor for that some years before I had translated his "Modern Slavery" ("L'Esclavage Moderne"), a book less known, I think, than his other writings, but one which should be in the hands of every intelligent working-man and every political economist.

* See "Who Were the Chartists?" by Mr. Linton, in THE CENTURY for January, 1882.—EDITOR.

One evening I called to see him, and had to wait his coming in. Meanwhile I talked with an errand boy, on the stairs. Heaven send me such an apologist when I may need to be well spoken of! No son having to insist upon a father's praise could have been more fervent, as one grateful for constant kindness, held also and fascinated by the charm of the old man's nature.

Once again only after that time, in Paris, I saw Lamennais. I had been to find Mazzini, in Lausanne, toward organizing a staff of foreign correspondents for the London "Leader," a paper projected by Thornton Hunt (Leigh Hunt's son) and myself, and which I hoped to make the organ of the European republican party. I came back by Paris to see Herzen, to whom Mazzini had given me a letter. This was in February, 1850. Poor old Lamennais! The disasters of '48, that terrible June conflict which so weakened the Republic, the foreboding of further troubles (one could not pass through France without observing the renewed activity of the priestly party), had aged him more than years. Only my welcome was not feeble. I bear in reverent memory the kiss he gave me when we met and again in parting. I did not expect to see him again.

Under the Empire, like our own Milton after the Restoration, some strange lingering of shame and veneration left him undisturbed. He had had his share of imprisonment from Louis Philippe. He died in February, 1854. His family had been once rich, ennobled out of the ranks of commerce by Louis XVI. for generous aid to the poor in a time of famine. He himself had little of this world's wealth; and of that little he disinherited any of his relatives who had taken part against the insurgents of June. By his own direction he was buried, without ritual, in the pauper's ground. Only the name of Felicité Lamennais, "on a scrap of paper," marked the spot where Béranger bowed down over his old friend's grave.

MAZZINI.

And now I write of him who seems to my judgment to be, like Saul, above all his fellows. I knew him first, not long after his arrival in England in 1837, through his acquaintance with my friend Joseph Toynbee, afterward of some repute as an aurist; but our intimacy dated from 1844, the year of the notorious letter-opening affair which disgraced the government of Lord Aberdeen. I think I first saw him at his Italian school, a school which he had founded and in which he gave regular lessons, being in all respects its main support, for the gratuitous teaching of the poor Italians, chiefly the wretched organ-grinders of London, for whose benefit also he bestirred himself in other ways.

As I have said, I became intimate with Mazzini on occasion of the government's having ordered the opening (secret opening and fraudulent resealing) of his letters. He was then lodging in Devonshire street, a little street between Queen Square and Holborn. His suspicions were first aroused by a leader in the "Times," in which the writer referred to documents concerning an Italian association in London, and alluded to things not honestly to have been known by him. Then a letter-carrier, prompted partly by an Englishman's dislike of dirty work, partly moved by the strange magnetism which touched every one with whom Mazzini had any personal relations, gave him a further clew. If I recollect rightly, Lovett, the Chartist leader, had his letters (to or from Mazzini) opened also, as were mine. This made it our business; and, Lovett for some reason being unable to attend to it, it devolved upon me to help in bringing the matter before the House of Commons, through the agency of Thomas Duncombe, the radical member for Finsbury. Duncombe at first was very doubtful of our statements; but our proofs were clear and numerous. I used to post letters with a hair or small slip of paper under the seal (letters in those days, before envelopes came into general use, were sealed with wax). The method of opening enabled the operator to reseal, as if the seal had not been tampered with; but, not aware of the hair or slip of paper, these were invariably broken, by which, with the delay in delivery, we were always informed of the practical breach of confidence. It was this treason which drew forth Carlyle's manly letter in defense of Mazzini, when the editor of the "Times" sneered at Mazzini as "entirely unknown and entirely indifferent" to him, though "were he the most contemptible of mankind" it would not justify his treatment. Carlyle hotly wrote, and the "Times" dared not refuse to print:

* * "It may tend to throw further light on this matter if I now certify you, which I, in some sort, feel called upon to do, that M. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country; and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible — none farther, or very few, of living men. I have had the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years; and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls;



LAMENNAIS.

who, in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practice what is meant by that. Of Italian democracies and Young Italy's sorrows, of extraneous Austrian emperors in Milan, or poor old chimerical Popes in Bologna, I know nothing and desire to know nothing; but this other thing I do know, and can here declare publicly to be a fact, which fact all of us that have occasion to comment on M. Mazzini and his affairs may do well to take along with us, as a thing leading toward new clearness, and not toward new additional darkness, regarding him and them."

From this time grew my intimacy with Mazzini. My family were living at Woodford, about eight miles from London, on the skirts of Hainault (oftener called Epping) Forest, I carrying on my business in the city. Mazzini would sometimes spend the Sunday with me, and it was under the trees, in our rambles about the forest, that I heard from his lips the story of the noble brothers Bandiera, decoyed and done to death by Austria through the letters copied by Lord Aberdeen. Aberdeen and Sir James Graham were the culprits — Foreign and Home Secretaries in an English quasi-Liberal government. Graham opened the letters and bore the greater share of odium; but it was Aberdeen who was the informer of Austria.

In 1847, at Mazzini's instigation, and looking to him for information, a society was formed in London, called "The People's International League," with the object of making the English public better acquainted with foreign affairs, partly for the sake of Italy and Poland, but also looking to other national questions likely to arise in Europe. How small the amount of information supplied by the newspapers of that day may be understood when I state that, engaged for a brief period on the "Spectator," then the best-conducted of all our weekly papers, I found that all its foreign intelligence not borrowed from the two or three dailies was obtained from a single paper, the "Journal des Débats." The International League counted our foremost Radicals on its council or among its subscribers: W. J. Fox, the eloquent preacher, Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, and Peter A. Taylor (they, with Charles Villiers, the real beginners of the Anti-Corn Law movement), P. A. Taylor, Junior (the present member of Parliament), W. Bridges Adams (well known as an engineer), Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Duncombe, of post-office aid, and others. I had the honor of being honorary secretary, of writing, principally from Mazzini's dictation, our first address, and of lecturing for the League on the unity of Italy, and in defense of Ochsenbein and the Swiss Government when the Catholic "Sonderbund" strove to break up the Confederation. I think I was the first Englishman publicly to advocate the unity of Italy, then deemed by most of our politicians only an enthusiast's dream. But I name the League not so much for itself as to show the boundless activity of Mazzini, and on account of the opportunity it gave me for more frequent association with him. He always attended our council meetings, and always with him were present two Polish friends; of one I shall speak farther on; the other was Colonel Stolzman (whose letters also had been opened), an old soldier of Napoleon's, who had fought bravely during the Polish war, and who had been with Mazzini in Switzerland. The meetings were held in my house, and these three, when the meetings were over, generally remained for a glass of rum and water, that drink almost unknown on the Continent, and for an hour or more of conversation. The League did good work till 1848, when Mazzini's return to Italy, our Polish friends away also, threw us on our own resources. Some of our members, drawn in more out of personal adherence to Mazzini than from principle, his personal influence with them standing in the place of that, backed out; others were tired or lukewarm. The rapid course of events, too, in 1848 and 1849 seemed to many to render our work unnecessary. Enough that the endeavor was at an end. I have already spoken of the "Spectator." The little interest then (before Garibaldi's popularity) taken in foreign affairs may be seen in Carlyle's carelessness about "Young Italy's Sorrows," although at that time Mazzini was his frequent and welcomed visitor. Here I may note that Mazzini's review of Carlyle's "French Revolution," in the "Monthly Chronicle," contains the most thor-

ough and sufficient criticism of that notable book, a full recognition of the author's power, but pointing out his mistakes, both as philosopher and as historian. Not a history, but exaggerative pictures of the Revolution, is Mazzini's summing-up. He at this period was a valued contributor to the best English and French reviews, often depending on his pen for his living. His French was as excellent as his Italian. English, though he spoke and wrote it well, better than some of his translators, he seldom used, except in his intercourse with English people.

My next special recollection of him is at Lausanne, whither he had come after the defeat of Rome, escaping at Marseilles the search of the French police. When they came to look for him on the vessel which brought him from Italy, they passed without notice a man in his shirt sleeves, coolly washing bottles in the cook's cabin; and so missed the triumvir, who had refused to be hidden like a stow-away. How well I call to mind the snowy February morning when, before daylight, after two days and nights of travel from the north of England, I got down from the Geneva diligence in Lausanne. I knew only that Mazzini was there, editing his "Italy of the People"; but where to find him I had no idea, I dared not make open inquiry, and I had not a single acquaintance or introduction. When daylight came I left my hotel and wandered through the streets, looking for some possible Italian exile. Italians and French I knew must be there; among the latter Félix Pyat, concerned in the protest against the French interference with Rome. At last, I stopped a passer-by, who I thought must be an Italian. I was right. We got into some sort of conversation in bad French (I could not speak Italian), and after general talk he trusted me enough to indicate where I "might hear" of my friend. I went. A letter could be forwarded, but "he was not in the city." I wrote two lines and went back to my hotel. I had not long to wait before his note of welcome reached me. He and his always true comrade and friend, Aurelio Saffi, his fellow-triumvir, were living together. The outer and larger room was Saffi's, a small inner chamber was enough for Mazzini. For a week I spent my days with them. Perhaps, on the white wall over the chimney-piece, there may yet remain some sketches of flowers I made, to the great pleasure of Saffi, at finding they were common to both Italy and England. It was while I was there that an attempt was made, for the Piedmontese Government, to get hold of Mazzini,—frustrated by the fidelity of the Italians who were to be bribed to betray him. Treachery had always shrunk before the daring of his faith. His trust in men made them honest. Once in London a man came to assassinate him. Mazzini, forewarned, received him. To the lying account the man gave of himself, he replied by quietly telling him whence he came, for what, and who and what he was. The man gave up his purpose. The net-work of politics was in Mazzini's hands. I think he knew of everything that passed or was prepared or projected in Europe. For himself he was as fearless as he was devoted; he never spared himself. Yet I have seen this man—dreaded by every monarchy, for that he was not only the Italian patriot, but also the apostle of Republicanism, the recognized leader of the European democracy,—I have seen him, when we have been going home from his Italian school, carry tenderly in his arms a little tired child, the child of one of his poor Italians. Feared and maligned by the Austrian enemies of his country, he was reverenced and loved, not only throughout Italy, but by all of the republican party elsewhere. Nor was he without honor and kindly regard from the more generous of his opponents, even from Victor Emmanuel himself, despite all policies of royal and constitutional Piedmont, or, as I would rather say, of the house of Savoy. Severe, self-contained, and inflexible, his heart was yet as gentle as a woman's. Not his the hardness of the fanatic, however absolute his faith. He was the Prometheus whose suffering abated not. Not only his intellect, his heart was in his work. When he came away from Rome, in 1849, after that heroic defense against the French, his hair was white with anxiety and grief. He was no less determined for the future. Once only I have seen him overcome by his emotions,—the tears standing in his eyes. Coming to me (I was then frequently seeing him), I noticed that something unusual was disturbing him. On inquiry, he told me that he had been visiting his friend Colonel Stolzman; he had found him starving, starving in silence rather than be a burden to his friends, knowing how scanty were their means. So desperate at times was the lot of patriotic exile.

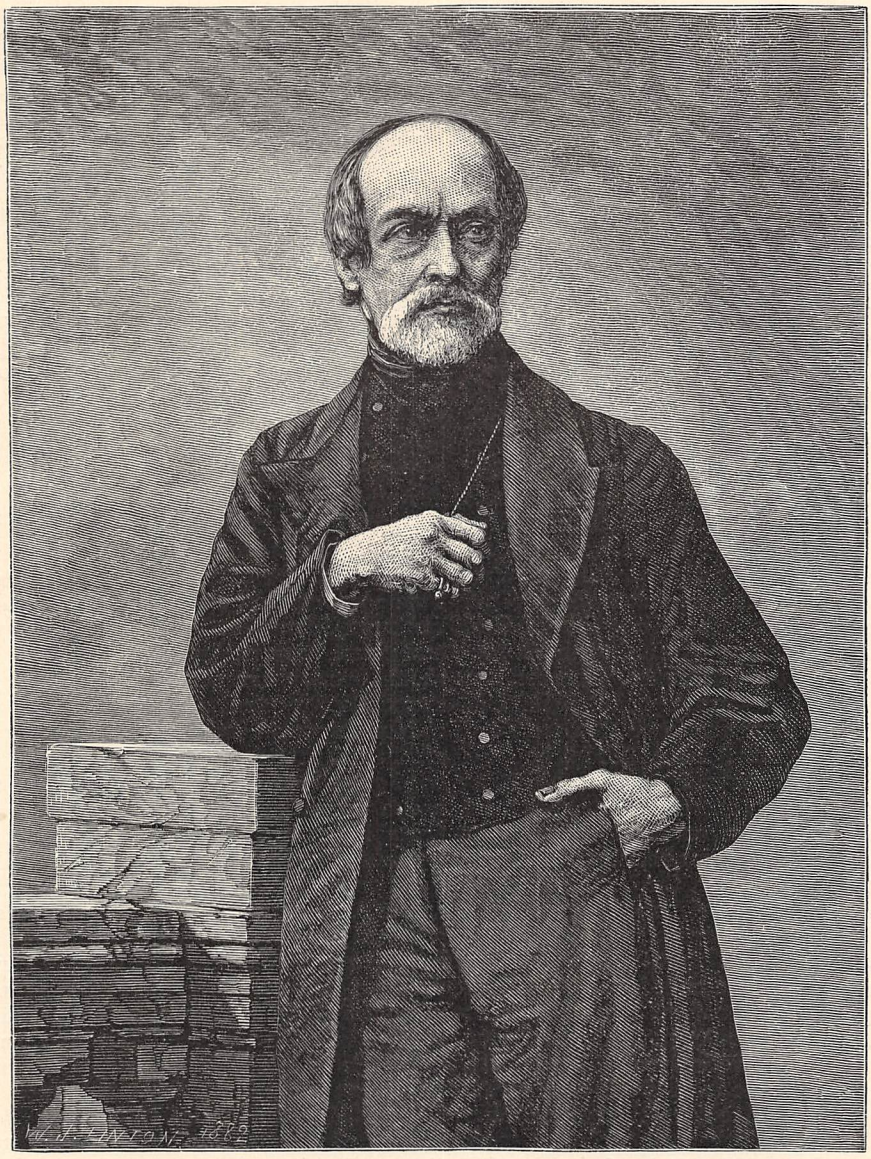
May I not here say something of Mazzini's political views? The world scarcely knows him except as the man whose thought directed the sword of Garibaldi, who, alternately thwarted and helped by the Piedmontese Cavour, did raise his Italy to nationhood. But he was more than this: he was the acknowledged head of European Republicanism; and, authorized and deputed by him to be the exponent of his principles in this country, it is a duty to lose no occasion for

saying what those principles were. Some interest, too, my readers may take in learning what I have meant by European Republicanism. I give no history of it but very briefly, neither to weary nor to obtrude. I would state what distinguishes the school of which he was the founder. So early as 1835, in his "Foi et Avenir," he broke away from the traditions of the first French Revolution, denied the necessity of looking always to France for the Revolutionary initiative; and boldly and distinctly declared the insufficiency of the theory of *rights*. Not right, but duty, he asserted to be the basis of human action; not the desire of happiness (even of "the greatest number"), but sacrifice the beginning of all real progress. So he took his stand at once as not merely the political but as a religious reformer. In the universality of duty he found the need of freedom for every people, toward growth into nationhood: that nationhood no longer mapped out to suit the convenience of a few royal families, but constituted according to natural fitness and attraction, for the sake of closer fellowship and greater power in the world's work. This may sufficiently indicate the starting-point, both religious and philosophical, of all his thought and action. His political beliefs were, to use his own words, but the consequences more or less direct, more or less apparent, of this supreme faith. With him the individual right was to be free *and fitted* for the public duty. Like Milton, he held that "the commonwealth ought to be but as one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body." Like Lamennais also, above all things religious, he insisted on the brotherhood of nations, on the duty of nations toward humanity. Whosoever separates families from families, and nations from nations, divides what God would have united.

I repeat, it is not only as the Italian that Mazzini is to be considered. Ardent lover of his country, his patriotism looked beyond the Alps; and, ever true to his world-wide creed, he may be forgiven for the hope that, in free Rome, he might one day proclaim a new religion to the world, not prefacing it with denial of the past. To him the past also was sacred, except where lost in the present, and so betraying the future. He, too, like Lamennais, when a reforming Pope seemed possible, appealed to established power to lead on the way of progress. For he was a builder, not only a revolutionist. Family, country, the holiness of work, the right of property as the fruit of work, the mutual duty of society and the individual,—these words are as the sign-posts of his belief and unintermitted teaching to Italy, and, as he hoped, through Italy to the world. "We believe," he wrote, in 1850, in the manifesto of the Central European Committee, a manifesto with the names also subscribed of Arnold Ruge, Ledru Rollin, and Albert Darasz (for the Polish Democratic Centralization),—"we believe in a social state having God and his law at the summit, the people, the universality of free citizens at its base, progress for rule, association as means, devotion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way. And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all."

I am careful only to show the grounds and motive principles of Mazzini's thought and action. It is not here that I may develop his views upon particular political or social questions. I am not writing his history. Enough that, knowing intimately of his course, I find no swerving for the sake of temporary success, no stooping to buy success by the petty expediences of politicians.

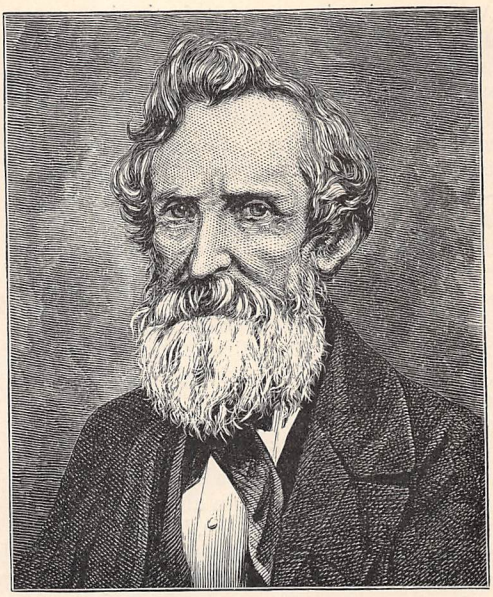
And how the man was loved by all who came within his circle of fascination! I know of only one man to speak ill of him. I am sorry to say that man was an Italian, a refugee; but he was of the type of Bozza, the mosaic-worker in George Sand's "Maîtres Mosaistes," ambitious, envious, grudging that any one should overtop himself. For the rest, he was surrounded by attached friends. Gentle with children, reverent and courtly toward women, manly and courteous he was with men. His hand-grasp was that of a brother, his smile had a woman's charm, and the clear, steady fire of his eyes spoke at once of energy and truth. Accompanying some Polish friends, I spent once a morning with Kossuth. Affable, agreeable, interesting, I was much pleased with him; but, with no intention of criticising him, I could not help observing a certain deadness of eye, not noticeable when he spoke in public. I thought then, perhaps unfairly, judging how the one man needed excitement to stir his spirit, how the soul of the other was as an inner lamp, shining through him always. The strength of Mazzini's personal influence lay here. You could not doubt his glance. I think the same force was in his written words, though Harriet Martineau told me she could not understand them. I could understand why. She got at them only in translations by writers who had not understood what they translated. Also, she was not over-ready to receive new impressions. In English estimation he has suffered much through his translators. His Italians understood him, and the magic of his voice was potent to reach Garibaldi in Monte-Video and Foresti (Silvio Pellico's prison-mate at



Joseph Mazzini

Spielberg) in New York. "Who is this Mazzini?" was Foresti's first question when he came out of his prison of so many years. Never man more than Mazzini deserved the characterization — He believes all he says.

I turn not away from him when I come to speak of his closest friend and comrade, Stanislas Worcell, my own friend too.



WORCELL.

WORCELL.

WORCELL was a native of Volhynia, in some way connected with the royal Czartoryski family, a man of refined and poetic nature, possessor of large estates, and living the easy luxurious life of a wealthy nobleman. When Poland, in 1830, rose against the Czar, he armed a troop of his own peasantry and, placing himself at the head of the insurgents of his district, fought his way through the Russian forces till he reached Warsaw. There, elected a member of the Polish Diet, he sat as representative of Volhynia. After the taking of Warsaw by the Russians, and the overthrow of the Polish cause, escaping through Germany and Switzerland to France, he joined the exiles there, forming the Polish "Union," under the presidency of the historian Lelewel. He was of sufficient importance for the government of Louis Philippe to expel him, on the requisition of the Russian ambassador. For a time he took refuge in Belgium; thence passing to England, where I was introduced to him by Mazzini in 1844, the letter-opening year. Again in France for some while before the revolution of '48, he was in '49, with his friend Darasz, again expelled, under pretext that they were concerned in the manifestation of Ledru Rollin, Considerant, and others, against the French invasion of Rome. As republicans, of course, they were *concerned*. He returned to England, remaining there till his death, in 1857. I knew him intimately.

Contemporary history misses the name of Worcell. When some later Lelewel shall write the story of the Emigration, when Poland shall be again a nation, his name will be beside that of Kosciusko. Now, to him might be applied the words of Landor concerning the old Greek philosopher: "He neither lived nor died with the multitude; there are, however, some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenia." Some republicans can yet remember that Worcell was of our best. We had called him our best, had there been no Mazzini.

Those two men were as brothers; Mazzini treating Worcell with the affection and respect due to an elder. It seemed almost as if the love in his heart for Jacobo Ruffini (the youthful friend and fellow-prisoner who killed himself when told by his Piedmontese jailers that Mazzini had betrayed him, they so seeking to persuade him to confess) had been transferred to the beloved Pole. Beloved and revered by all, he was the Nestor of the republican camp.

I knew not how old he was. He never spoke of himself, nor of his family. He had left behind him in Poland a wife, a young son, and a brother, who probably looked on him as a patriotic fool; it may be as a monster of iniquity, a rebel. Of them, not from them, I think he sometimes heard; and now and then through half-friendly hands came some small scraps of what had once been his, to keep him from occasional want of bread, or to enable his most unselfish generosity to help some other suffering exile.

Brought up in luxury, highly educated, accomplished (not excepting Mazzini, I have never met a man who, so far as I could judge, was possessed of wider or profounder knowledge); his tastes literary and artistic; gentle, courtly, almost fastidious, yet dignified; a patrician in all but the patrician's haughty exclusiveness, this man gave up all, and he "had great possessions," to follow the shadow of patriotism; left all,—wife, child, fortune, ease, the student's calm, the pleasant ways of peace, for which none was ever better qualified, forsaking all personal joys and interests at the stern command of duty. Such men are the saviors of the world. Surely such devotion (not so singular among Poles) prophesies of the Poland yet to be.

And never in his extremest destitution, never under any agony of suffering, was word of complaint or of regret wrung from that most saintly and most devoted heart. Never accent of lament for himself profaned the lips of that most serene of martyrs, though he knew the depths of poverty: poverty of the affections, —two photographs, one of his child brought up as a Russian, this all, instead of home; material poverty, for of the little that came not regularly there were always sharers. So poor was he, yet uncomplaining, with the pride of a gentleman, the one sole vestige of his early days, that a friend who wanted to be of help had to take a lodging in the same house with him, in order that, under pretense of consulting him on certain matters, he might do little services not possible otherwise; yet, poor as that, when almost in his last days, remittances from abroad failing, he had to ask a loan, and the lender made it a condition that the money should be strictly applied to his own use, he indignantly refused to be so precluded from help to any whose need might be greater than his own. It was Sidney on the field of Zutphen over again. For the honor of the friend who so mistook him, let it be said that he promptly withdrew the condition, and was but the more delicate and unremitting in his after kindness.

Suffering continually from asthma, aggravated by his having to live, and living so poorly, in London, I do not recall a day through the latter years in which he was at ease save once when he visited me at Coniston. There, climbing with difficulty the fells behind my house, to get a better view of the lake and mountains, as he reached a height and rested, the pure mountain air revived him, and for the moment made him a new man. But weak, out of health, or in pain, he was ever ready, at any inconvenience, at any suffering or risk, to meet the constant calls upon him for advice or for exertion. Poor old man! I can see him now, scarcely able to walk and not fit to leave his bed, quitting his comfortless hotel in Liverpool, leaning upon my arm as he went to busy himself for the safe landing and bestowal of some two hundred and more Poles, escaped from their imprisonment with Kossuth at Kutayeh: two hundred and seventy gaunt men (all but nine of them Poles), worn, ragged soldiers of the Hungarian war for Hungarian freedom, for whom the English Government had no provision; in whom the Gladstones and Martineaus of wealthy Liverpool took no sort of interest. Their poor countryman stood almost alone in his feebleness to welcome them. The Government of that day, called Liberal, a Russell prime minister, took from the strangers (as they had no money wherewith to pay the ordinary customs dues) a tenth of the biscuits remaining to them after a quick voyage. I saw the biscuits weighed upon the wharf by the unwilling custom-house officers, with a Polish cordon around the scales to keep off a hungry crowd—the thieves and the poor of Liverpool. One generous rich man in Liverpool, Peter Stewart, a cooper, found shelter for these unfortunates in an empty soap manufactory, gave money, too, for the immediate need; and a committee of working-men, followed by other such committees in different parts of the country, took charge of them till they could be placed in positions to support themselves. But Worcell was head and heart of this, as of all other matters of the Polish exile. To him, as chief of the democratic party, everything was referred. The whole body of refugees looked to him as to a father.

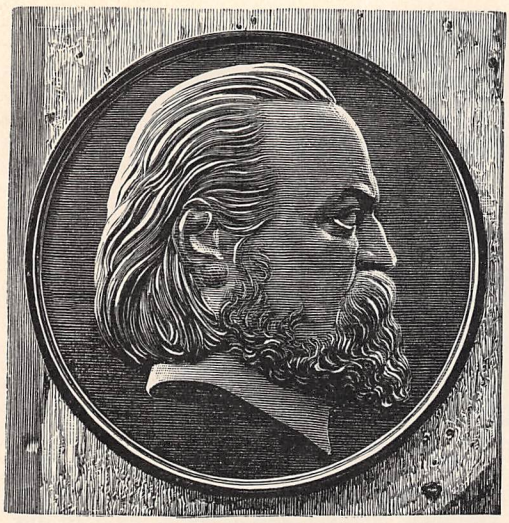
I might write on, not knowing when to pause, of this man whom in truth I loved as a father, of whose regard for me I am as proud as I was sure. Perhaps I speak fondly and too partially. Herzen, who also knew him, may take my place and speak for me; it will be only a change of words. It is from Herzen's Russian paper, "The Polar Star," that I now quote:

"On the 3d of February (1857), in a little street in London, in a poor chamber on the ground floor, there, hardly remarked, ceased a holy existence. Poland counts one martyr more. She will not refuse to lend his martyrology to us Russians. We need it for the teaching of our children.

"Worcell was a saint. I use this word with intention; it best expresses his character. The whole existence of this man was an act of unbounded devotedness, of complete self-abnegation, of incessant travail. All that most strikes us in the legends of the saints we find in him, trait for trait, with more of love, with a wider human element. * * * Twenty-six years he labored in exile for the organization of the democratic and republican party in the Polish emigration. Whelmed in misfortunes, privations, maladies, he was day and night at his work, with that calm serenity, that resigned gentleness, that candid simplicity, which a faith not to be shaken gives to a great heart.

"No one ever heard a single plaint from his mouth. Of that I am sure. He was sometimes sadder; that was all. I would know if any one of the friends intimate with him was ever witness to one of those moments of bitterness and indignation when wrath, overcoming faith, drags from us those cold and biting words of doubt and despair, with which man would revenge himself for the agonies he has felt. Never have I heard such words from Worcell's lips; and I was closely linked to him,—there was a time when I saw him every day.

"His was one of those whole natures,—I would say more,—one of those fanatical natures which, dominated by one thought, having one grand and only end in view, reach the calm of a perfect resolution, an imperturbable tranquillity, and through that to a great gentleness as well as to an inflexible will. Such have been the martyrs of science, the heroes of religion. For such men there is no stop, no fatigue, no return. The principal thing has been absolutely decided for



ALEXANDER HERZEN.

them in the forum of their own souls. The rest—the mere happening—does not occupy their thought. They have only to continue, to march on, *ora e sempre*, holding on their way: misfortunes, poverty, abandonment, the sobs of the feeble, the cries of those who would hang back, the groans of the fallen, prison, chains, the gallows,—shall they halt on their way for that? Not they! They keep the same step, calm, austere, unbroken. That was the step of Worcell. It is the step of one of his friends, whom he passionately loved—Joseph Mazzini.

"Faithful soldier of Poland, he was always at his post, even to the hour when his hand, already stiffening in death, traced the touching words repeated by Ledru Rollin at his grave.*

"Those words remind me of another time. Nine years ago, some days after the Revolution of February, Lamartine (like those husbands in some savage countries, who lie in state when their wives are brought to bed) was receiving congratulations on occasion of the birth of the Republic. Among the deputations one group held themselves apart, a group in which were men with white hair and grizzled mustaches. On their manly faces, furrowed by misfortune, one saw the severe intrepidity of the old soldier and the sadness of the exile. Their spokesman—it was Worcell—said to Lamartine, or rather to the French Republic: 'To every appeal of the peoples, in the years of struggle and distress, Poland has been first to answer *Here!* for she saw in every attempt for liberty a help for Poland. She is here now.' There was in these words something most sadly solemn, as if it were the involuntary reproach of a generous people which had been sacrificed.

"Toward the end of 1852, coming from Italy, I met Worcell in London. [Herzen came to organize a Russian propagandism, and spoke of it to Worcell, whose help was prompt. The printing-office of the Polish Centralization was placed at his disposal; and not only that, whatever means the Centralization commanded to send papers through Poland were at his service also. How his publications penetrated into and spread through Russia is well known.] Poor dear friend! I see him now, with that face so full of suffering, that intelligent look, those white hairs, that voice feeble from sickness, holding in his hands the first sheet printed in Russian in London; and I hear him saying, 'My God! my God! a free Russian press! Ah! how much of the sad happenings of these last days is effaced by this bit of paper.' Afterward, taking both my hands in his, he repeated, 'Yes! we ought to march together: we have the same enemy: we ought to be united.'

"Worcell was of a nature eminently religious. That certain mysticism which we meet with almost always in the Polish poets had strong roots in his soul, without, however, having the power to trouble the great lucidity of his mind. His genius was logical, wide-sighted, but at the same time delicately subtle. Highly endowed with the faculty of abstract reasoning, he naturally became a profound mathematician. His active and ardent mind stopped not, however, at astronomy and geometry, but studied in turn all the natural sciences. His erudition was prodigious. He occupied himself with everything, was interested in everything, and forgot nothing. Speaking, well and elegantly, French, English, and German, he was thoroughly acquainted with modern literature. I often addressed myself to him as to a living cyclopædia; and the answer was always ready. Conscientious in everything, if he thought afterward that he had been wrong, he would next day write in correction. This mass of varied knowledge, with a reflection of mysticism thrown upon it, gave a peculiar originality to his conversation and to his way of looking at things.

"And all this—science and mysticism, history and mathematics—was only on the lower plane of his life. Above all was his religion, the thought of his whole existence, his faith in Poland. The rest was only recreation, relaxation. His powers, his dreams, his being, his whole soul, were there. His last words were an appeal to Mazzini standing beside him, that he would under no circumstances be unmindful of Poland. Mazzini wrote and showed him a few words. The old man could not speak, but his whole appearance was transfigured. His eyes brightened with a superhuman brilliance. He thanked him with a look in which content and ecstasy were as strong as death. I thought of St. Jerome receiving the last sacraments (Domenichino's picture in the Vatican). The same faith passing beyond the tomb, the same sacrifice, the same tranquillity at last."

* When he could no longer speak, he made signs for a pen, and wrote—"*Soldat fidèle, j'ai achevé ma faction,—qu'un autre me relève!*" (My watch is over, let another take my place!)

HERZEN.

I CLAIM Herzen for our republican party, although, as Russian, his tendencies were naturally toward communism, and though he cherished some sort of belief that through Russia, rather than through effete Western Europe, the change from monarchical rule must come. Certainly, Russia is not to be judged by Western precedents; nor does it seem necessary, notwithstanding Palmerston, that it should follow the Western course from absolute to constitutional monarchy, from patriarchal rule to *laissez-faire*, before it can reach the republic. But I claim him, in spite of some heretical opinions, in virtue of his close fellowship and ever active assistance in our republican propagandism and action. His early life is well told by himself, in "My Exile." I need not repeat it here. He was the one man among the exiles who might be fairly called rich. Of noble family, like Worcell, when he had permission to travel, he,



THE FIRST RUSSIAN MARTYRS FOR REPUBLICANISM.

not intending to return, sold his estates; and the Czar, who would have confiscated them on account of his rebellious absence, found that they were mortgaged to one Rothschild, whom even a Czar might hesitate to offend. Herzen had secured an annuity. A voluntary exile, he had also been able to take his family with him. His wife, for the sake of whose health he had been allowed to go out of Russia, died soon after. He was alone when I first met him in Paris, in 1850, as I was returning from Lausanne. Probably he had remained there, but that the work for which he was preparing (he was already known by his book "On the Development of Revolutionary Ideas in Russia," written in French, and first published in France) was not to be carried on under the empire. He had, therefore, to come to England, whence he issued his "Kolokol, the Alarm Bell," which penetrated to the very chamber of the Czar and stirred the soul of Russia, unmoved for a quarter of a century.

Not first to move it, though first to move it with success, he took up the tradition of an earlier time, of Pestel and his companions, whose abortive attempt, on the accession of Nicholas, in 1825, may be chronicled as the first endeavor toward Russian freedom. Of them so little is known, that I may be allowed to say some few words.

Alexander's victorious army did not return from Paris after the fall of Napoleon with only laurel wreaths; they took some leaves of Western books, some thoughts of Western minds, and scarcely crossed the Slavonic frontier before secret societies began to stir the old-time stagnancy. Two brothers, Alexander and Nikita Mouravieff, officers in the army, organized, first in Lithuania and afterward in Petersburg, a political association. In Petersburg they were joined by Pestel, a colonel in the line and son of the governor of Siberia. The conspiracy spread rapidly, enrolling soldiers and officers, men of the noblest families, such as Prince Troubetskoi, and young students and literary men, like Ryleiff and Bestujier. Pestel became the leader, a man of far-seeing thought and of great organizing capacity. The establishment of a republic and the emancipation of the serfs were his avowed objects. For nine years this revolutionary propagandism continued, spreading throughout Russia, unbetrayed. On the death of Alexander, the conspiracy culminated; but the more aristocratic leaders hung back, and their indecision lost the cause. I need not recount the well-known story of the massacre on Isaac's Plain, which inaugurated the accession of Nicholas, when whole regiments were mowed down by grape-shot. Pestel, Ryleiff, Sergius Mouravieff (not one of the Mouravieffs before named), Bestujier, and Kachofski, less fortunate, expiated their patriotism on the gallows. They were not forgotten. On the 25th of January, 1831, when the Polish Diet asserted their independence, the martyrdom of the Russian republicans was commemorated by a solemn procession. Five coffins, bearing their names, passed through the streets of Warsaw, under flags inscribed in Russian and Polish with the words, "For our liberty and yours."

In 1853, on the 29th of November (the always remembered anniversary of the outbreak of the Polish insurrection), I had the honor of taking part in a meeting (Worcell in the chair) in London, called by the Poles to urge the necessity of war with Russia,—a more earnest war, of course, than that carried on by Lord Aberdeen under Napoleon in the Crimea, a war of which the first campaign should have been through Poland. Herzen stood beside his Polish friend. Colonel Pianciani, Mazzini's trusty henchman, was there to speak for Mazzini (too ill to be present).

Arnold Ruge spoke for the Germans, Dr. Ronay for the Hungarians, Ledru Rollin for the French. No mere narrowness of an isolated patriotism could keep Herzen away from what he deemed the higher cause of justice to all nations. In private life he was the same. His home, where he was happy with his children (a boy and two girls), a pleasant country mansion on the side of the Thames, at Teddington, not far from the residence of the exiled Orleans family, where he lived simply, not meanly, was the resort of men of all countries. I was there on the day the news came of the death of the Czar Nicholas, in 1855. His rooms were crowded with exiles — Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians. It was a modern Babel, a festival of polyglot congratulations, a confusion of men wild with a fierce delight, as in the saturnalia of old. Herzen, the impulsive Slavonian, was drunk with joy. Strolling through his grounds which reached the river, at one point but slightly fenced off from the public road, he flung money among a crowd of boys attracted by our uproar, merely to hear them shout, "Nicholas is dead." It was the passionate frenzy of the newly emancipated serf, child-like, not malevolent; he seemed to have need of uttering the jubilant feeling of his whole race.

Two years later, when we were fellow-mourners with Ledru Rollin and Mazzini at the burial of Worcell, when the coffin was to be carried from the chapel of Highgate Cemetery to the grave, Herzen, the tears coursing down his cheeks, stepped forward and placed himself beneath as one of the bearers. It was not only the impulsive action of a man who loved his friend; it meant also homage to the noble Pole, an acknowledgment of the debt of the Muscovite to Poland. "Poland amnesties us," he had said, beginning his speech at one meeting three years before.

Yet this man, the rich-blooded barbarian — impulsive, child-like, carried away by enthusiasm where his feelings were concerned — was wise and diplomatic, a profound and subtle thinker, choice of speech as well as ready, clear and concise as well as impressive, with remarkable power of apt illustration, witty, too, and a "lord of irony." Ever with some lightning-like flash withering the flowers of poetry in others, he was, though no verse-writer himself, a poet not only at heart, but in expression. His personal appearance is well described by Castelar: "Short of stature" (latterly inclined to corpulency), "with a large head, long fair hair, like a Goth's" (fair in the eyes of a Spaniard — chestnut rather than fair), "clear complexion, light beard" (chestnut, too), "and small, luminous eyes, like those of the Huns, which so terrified the degenerate Romans." With these traits of the Northern races, adds Castelar, "he had, in the vividness of his speech, in the fire which animated it, in the strong emotion by which he was agitated, in the sudden transitions from the sublime to the grotesque, in his marvelous variety and inimitable grace, all the warmth and verve of the South."

The *ordonnance* for the emancipation of the serf, so long advocated by him, was Herzen's triumph. Dying at Paris in 1870, he had found his reward. One other of his dreams may also yet be realized. He pleased himself with visions for Siberia. In 1855 he wrote:

> "Siberia has a great future; though now only looked upon as a reservoir containing money, furs, and other natural products, but cold, snow-covered, poor in provisions and means of communication, and thinly peopled. All that, however, is not correct. The Russian Government, which kills everything, which produces nothing but by the stick, does not understand how to give that impulse of life which would bring Siberia forward with American rapidity. We shall see what astonishing results will come when one day the mouth of the Amoor is opened for navigation, and America meets Siberia on the confines of China."

Professor Pumpelly's "Across Two Continents" confirms the views of Herzen.

Herzen has been accused of many things: of being a spy — the man who gave so many proofs of personal love and public devotion; — of being infected with Western and anti-Russian ideas, because he believed that empire is not nationality; of Slavophilism, while he was rebuking the Slavophiles for caring only to change the collar of German slavery (under the Romanoffs) for a Slavo-Byzantine collar, and while he ever consistently insisted upon the nationality of Poland. He has also been ranked among the communists. Certainly he recognized and defended what I may be allowed to call the native communism of Russia. A Russian could hardly turn away from that; but the dissolving acid of his irony, no less than the religious fervor of Mazzini, spared never the dogmatic systems of "Socialism" and "Communism," which in those days were the utopias of the West. A social reformer nevertheless, not to be satisfied with mere political change, a republican not only in name.

But it is time for me to stop, content if I have given some faint presentment of men whose thoughts yet live, whose names may not be forgotten.

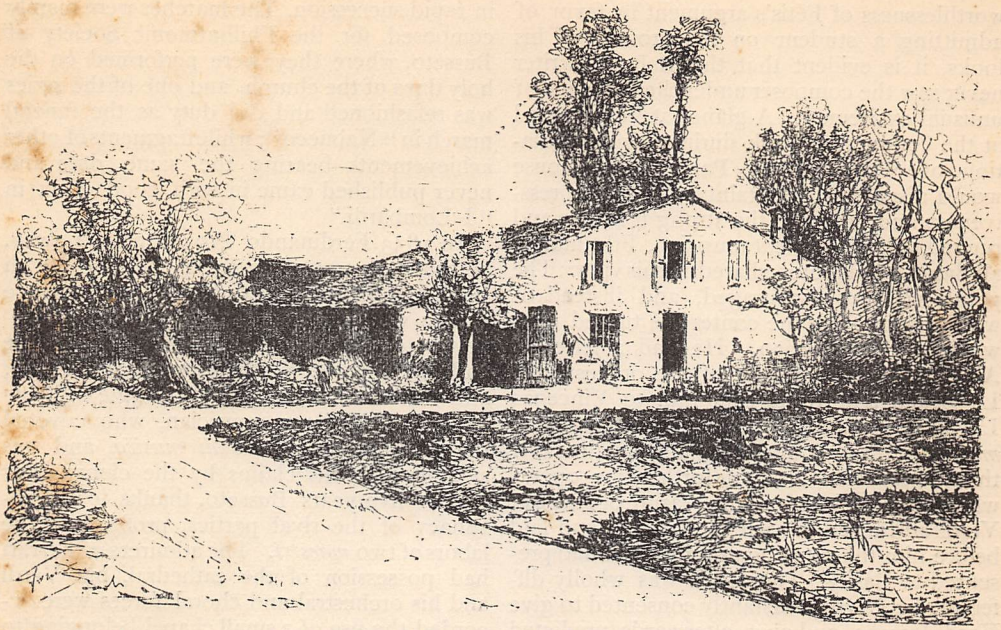
W. J. Linton.

VERDI, THE COMPOSER.

FEW biographies of modern musicians have been written whereof the heroes still live, and among the men concerning whose personal characteristics very little has been told in the public prints Giuseppe Verdi stands first and foremost. It may be urged that, as an individual is best known by his deeds, so can Italy's greatest contemporary composer be studied to most advantage through his performances; nevertheless, as an acquaintance with the writer's twenty-seven operas will not enlighten one as to the noteworthy incidents of the composer's career, his appearance, or his peculiar habits, it is safe to presume that some curiosity on these points is still unsated. Under the circumstances Verdi's publisher, Signor Ricordi of Milan, has a claim on our gratitude for gathering in a neat volume a number of anecdotes touching the composer, printed long ago by M. Arthur Pougin in a Parisian musical journal; for supplementing these anecdotes with corrections and addenda, contributed by Verdi's friends; and for giving them, in a rather discursive way, perhaps, to the world at large. Time will come when a more ambitious and comprehensive work will be welcomed by the public and especially by *dilettanti;* and the production of a book of this sort will certainly loosen the hold of Ricordi's publication upon the thoughtful reader. For the present, however, the gossipy character of the Milanese sketch, and the belief that a fair proportion of its contents will repay rehearsal and translation into English, may be an excuse for drawing liberally upon its facts, figures, and illustrations—the compiler of the volume carefully avoiding comment and criticism—for the behoof of the musician's English-speaking admirers.

The composer of the best-known operas of the age was born at Roncole, a small village in the duchy of Parma, three miles from Busseto. His father and mother, Carlo and Luigia Verdi, kept a wretched *osteria*, and as the patronage of the whole population of two hundred souls would have been insufficient to yield a living income, they carried on, besides, a petty trade in tobacco, coffee, sugar, and groceries. The exact date of their son's birth has never been ascertained, but the baptismal entry in the register of the church of San Michele being dated October 11, 1813, it is pretty certain that the infant must have been between twenty-four and forty-eight hours old when christened Fortuninus Josephus Franciscus—to quote the Latin names embodied in the formal certificate. His childhood went by quietly enough. We learn that his mother bestowed most attention upon his education; that the lad was passionately fond of her; that he was rather timid, reserved, and even serious for his age; and that the first indications of his liking for music were afforded by his partiality for hand-organs, which he invariably followed about until their owners were far beyond the last houses of the village. Circumstances proved favorable to the development of his musical talent. There was no school at Roncole, but the church of San Michele was possessed of an organ, and the boy's parents, recognizing that their son would ere long have to earn his livelihood, thought that by confiding him to the care of the local organist he might in due course be appointed his successor. After a three-years' course of study the wishes of Verdi's parents were gratified, and the lad became organist of the parish church. He was then in his eleventh year, and tolerably ignorant, no doubt, in matters familiar to schoolboys generally; so his father at once decided that he should take up his abode at Busseto, where he could at least obtain elementary instruction, while discharging his duties as village organist on Sundays and holidays. Verdi sustained the double part of pupil and *maestro* for the seven years of a Biblical term of servitude. On week-days he studied at Busseto, and, on Sundays and whenever the numerous *feste* of the church came about, he was beheld at the organ of San Michele. Small as were his emoluments, they were not to be despised, for his parents were well-nigh as poor as people in sunny Italy can be. The honoraria were insignificant enough for all that: including fees for funeral services, christenings, and marriages, they did not exceed one hundred *lire* (twenty dollars) per annum,—this slender amount, however, being somewhat augmented by the collection which, in accordance with an established usage, the organist always took up at harvest-time. Two years rolled by, and young Verdi learned to read, write, and cipher. As a reward for his industry his father got him employment in a distillery managed by one Antonio Barezzi, an amateur of no mean ability. Verdi's admission to Barezzi's household finally determined the bent of his career.

Busseto is a small town with a population



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GIUSEPPE VERDI, RONCOLE, ITALY.

of two thousand souls. The history of the duchy of Parma records that its inhabitants were always noted for their ardent love of music; and Barezzi was among the most faithful worshipers of local traditions. His abode was the headquarters of the Philharmonic Society of the place; it was provided with a small concert-hall, in which the musical performances of the season were given, and the rooms were filled with instruments of every description. Under the influence of these surroundings Verdi's penchant for his art grew stronger and stronger. He devoted all his leisure hours to close study, never missed a rehearsal and concert held under Signor Barezzi's roof, and did an amount of copyist's work that finally won him the good graces of Ferdinando Provesi, his teacher, who was the town organist and the conductor of all musical affairs occurring at Busseto. Provesi conceived a strong affection for young Verdi, and when the latter attained his seventeenth year his instructor resigned the position of *maestro* of the Philharmonic Society in favor of his pupil, who also replaced him occasionally at the organ of the cathedral. The archives of the society contain abundant proofs of the youth's industry. He composed a good deal, instrumented his compositions, and copied the parts with his own hand. It was clear, however, that so small a place as Busseto offered no field for the exercise of his talent. He soon became aware of the fact, and conferred on the subject with Barezzi and Provesi. Milan was not remote, and the question arose as to the advisability of going thither. Barezzi set about gathering the requisite funds, and succeeded in obtaining for his *protégé* a yearly income of six hundred francs, payable for two successive years, the total amount constituting the revenue of one of four scholarships in the gift of the Monte di Pietà of Busseto, a charitable institution founded in the days of the plague for the purpose of helping the poor and encouraging native talent. As the annual stipend of six hundred francs appeared insufficient to meet the young man's needs, Barezzi made up the requisite amount, and, further, gave Verdi letters to Seletti, a personal friend, to whose care he commended him with special earnestness.

Verdi's first disappointment befell him in Milan. Immediately on arriving, having been assigned a room in Seletti's house, he visited the Conservatory and applied for admission. The institution was then directed by Francesco Basily, an aged musician of unquestionable skill and experience, but from all accounts a man utterly devoid of artistic instinct and sensibility. Strange to say, he could make nothing of the new-comer, and Verdi's application was rejected on the ground that the youth showed no disposition for music. Fétis, in his "Universal Biography," suggests odd reasons for Basily's decision. To his thinking the icy air, impassible countenance, thin lips, and steely *ensemble* might have indicated the candidate's intelligence and fitness for diplomacy, but could never have been the outward signs of the soul of a creative artist. Aside from the

worthlessness of Fétis's argument in favor of admitting a student on the promise of his looks, it is evident that the Belgian writer never saw the composer under the influence of unusual excitement. A glance at Verdi seated at the conductor's desk during a representation of "Aïda" in the Paris Opera House would dispel any uncertainty as to the expressiveness and power of the strong if simple and rugged face of the great musician. Fortunately all Basily's co-laborers shared not his views. The youth was not discouraged, and instead of withdrawing from the contest he turned elsewhere for instruction. He had a letter to Alessandro Rolla, leader of the orchestra of La Scala, and Rolla sent him to Vincenzo Lavigna, who at that period was engaged as *maestro al cembalo*, or accompanist, in the same theater, and had brought forth some operas which had achieved a fair measure of success. Verdi addressed himself to Lavigna, and laid before him the same compositions he had presented to Basily. The result was wholly different, for Lavigna instantly consented to give Verdi lessons, and soon afterwards predicted to Barezzi, who never lost sight of his favorite, that the time would come when Verdi would do honor to his master and country. Meanwhile the student became known in the art-circles of the Lombard capital. There was then in existence in Milan — and there still exists there, by the way — an association of *dilettanti* calling themselves the Società Filodrammatica, that gave a semi-public entertainment on Friday of each week. In 1831 the Società was preparing to bring out Haydn's "Creation," when, of a sudden, the *maestro* in charge took fright at the difficulty of his task and laid down his *bâton*. One Masini, a singing-teacher, who was to direct the choral part of the performance, said to the managing committee, over whose deliberations Count Renato Borromeo presided:

"I know but one man here that can help us out of our plight — *il maestrino*."

"Who is the *maestrino?*" inquired Duke Visconti.

"His name is Verdi," was Masini's answer, "and he reads the most puzzling scores at sight."

"Well," said the Duke, "send for him."

Masini obeyed, and Verdi speedily made his appearance. He was handed the score of "The Creation," and he undertook to direct the performance. Rehearsals commenced, and the final rendering of the oratorio was set down as most creditable to all concerned. Toward the same period he devoted his attention to the composition of several works intended for the public, and marches, overtures, symphonies, and cantatas followed each other in rapid succession. The marches were mainly composed for the Philharmonic Society of Busseto, where they were performed on the holy days of the church, and one of the series was refashioned and did duty as the funeral march in "Nabucco"; while fragments of other achievements bearing the same date and never published came in with good effect in "I Lombardi."

In 1833 Ferdinando Provesi passed away, at the ripe age of seventy. The Monte di Pietà had contributed to Verdi's maintenance with a view to securing his services as successor to Provesi, and the debt of gratitude had to be paid. Verdi returned to Busseto, and carried on a protracted struggle with one Ferrari, a mediocre musician, who coveted the position of *maestro di musica*, and was supported in his claims by the clergy. For four or five years Busseto, thanks to the obstinacy of the rival parties, profited by the labors of two *maestri*. The admirers of Ferrari had possession of the cathedral, but Verdi and his orchestral and choral forces were accorded the use of a small chapel belonging to the Franciscan monks, and there the motets of the young composer were listened to every Sunday, while an afternoon performance of the band on the piazza followed divine service, and attracted the whole population. His more pretentious works were executed in the Franciscan church, and when Verdi played the organ and directed the performance of some new composition, the cathedral presented a beggarly array of empty benches, while the rival house of prayer was filled to overflowing. His fame, moreover, extended in every direction, and ere long all the villages of the vicinity strove to secure a visit from the *maestro* and his associates. Often two or three omnibuses drove over the hot white roads, and bore off Verdi and his choir and band to some hospitable hamlet near by. Mass and vespers were sung, an *al fresco* concert was given, and a festal day was merrily spent. The southern demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm with which the *maestro* was greeted on occasions of this kind can hardly have been forgotten, even amid the pomp and brilliancy of later triumphs.

During Verdi's stay at Busseto, which ended in 1838, when he quitted the town and took up his abode in Milan, one important event in his private life demands mention. Barezzi, although the father of a numerous family, had always treated his *protégé* as a son. The terms of intimacy upon which Verdi lived with his benefactor's children ripened, in respect of Barezzi's eldest daughter, into a stronger feeling. His boyish attachment for Margherita Barezzi, who is described as hav-

ing been comely and intelligent, developed into love. Margherita was impressed with the talent and industry of the youth, and she believed in his future. The young people sought Barezzi's consent to their marriage, and the father met the request with a reply that he should never refuse to give a child of his in marriage to a worthy young man whose capacity and steadiness he regarded as quite as valuable a possession as wealth. The wedding was celebrated in 1836, when Verdi was in his twenty-third year. Two years afterward, when Margherita had borne him two children, his engagement with the municipality having expired, and the annual honorarium of three hundred lire being quite insufficient for the support of the composer and his family, his *lares* and *penates* were made ready for removal, and once again the musician journeyed toward Milan.

From the day of his arrival in the chief city of Lombardy, Verdi became possessed of a single thought and object: success on the lyric stage. Fortune served him admirably from the first. He became acquainted with a young poet, Temistocle Solera by name, whose ambition ran in the same groove. Solera was but nineteen, and a good musician as well as a clever librettist. The two aspirants to fame having determined to strike up an alliance, Solera wrote a libretto, entitled "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," to which Verdi composed the music. The first performance of "Oberto" was given at La Scala on the evening of November 17, 1839, and the work was received with so much favor that Merelli, who was then the *impresario* of the house, bound Verdi by contract to supply him with three additional operas. If Merelli had stipulated that the novelties were to be *opere serie*, the result would have been more felicitous for both manager and artist. Unluckily he did not, and one of the few failures of Verdi's art life was the consequence. For some occult reason he chose an old libretto by Felice Romani that one Gyrowetz had already set to music, and addressed himself to the task of furnishing it with a score. The current of the composer's talent never lay in the direction of *opera buffa* or *mezzo carattere* music, and circumstances made his attempt to produce comic music more hopeless still. While busy with his new work an event occurred that almost broke his heart and unsettled his reason. His beloved wife was stricken down with brain fever, and after a few days' illness she died, leaving the composer in a condition more easily imagined than described. Though beside himself with grief, he had to finish the opera he had begun, and it will be generally conceded that, under the influence of such a misfortune, the production of music of a light order was out of the question. "Un Giorno di Regno," under which title the fresh setting of "Il finto Stanislao" was made known at La Scala on September 5, 1840, had a memorable downfall; it proved, to use an Italian term, *un fiasco d'una sera.*

The failure of "Un Giorno di Regno" was a sad blow to Verdi's aspirations. After the death of his wife, and before the first representation of his second opera, he had resolved upon renouncing dramatic composition, and, in fact, his distress was so acute that his sole apparent desire was to seek solitude and oblivion. The ill-success of his latest achievement strengthened his decision to cease writing for the stage, and, after the withdrawal of "Un Giorno" from the boards, he waited upon Merelli and asked to be released from his contract. The fiasco of "Un Giorno" had been attended with so much *éclat* that it seemed hard to realize that the *impresario* would refuse to grant the composer's request. He did so, however, and it was only after a long discussion that he consented not to enforce the obligation. "Be it as you will," said Merelli at last. "I cancel the agreement; but remember, should you ever change your mind, my house is always open to you, and on the same terms as formerly." The grateful musician grasped Merelli's hand and pressed it warmly. Then he hastened home, gave orders to sell all his furniture except the Viennese piano that his wife was wont to play upon, and started for Busseto, where he took up his abode with his brother-in-law, and for a few months lived in melancholy contemplation of the past.

None of Verdi's associates expressed the slightest astonishment when, before the year was at an end, they met him again in Milan. The dull life of Busseto was scarcely suited to a man used to the feverish stir and stimulating tumult of a great city; and although Verdi proposed to devote himself wholly to teaching, he yearned for the inspiriting impressions of metropolitan scenes. But he clung to his determination not to write for the stage, and Merelli's hints and entreaties went for a long time unheeded. Chance turned out the motive power that urged him to action. One evening, when about to look in at La Scala for a few minutes, he encountered Merelli. "I was just thinking of you," was the *impresario's* greeting. "Come into my office." Verdi followed him, and Merelli proceeded to explain that, requiring a libretto for Nicolai, he had charged Solera with writing it, but that Nicolai had declared the libretto unmusical and generally worthless, and had returned it. "I am not quite ignorant on these subjects," continued Merelli, "and I confess I do not

share the composer's opinion; still, as I do not propose to pay Solera for valueless work, I should like your judgment. Will you oblige me by glancing at the libretto?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

Verdi took the book, entered the auditorium, exchanged a few words with an acquaintance, and then walked home. He promptly set about fulfilling the promise made to Merelli, and, opening Solera's libretto, began to read it. Struck by the grandeur of the Biblical story chosen by the poet, tempted by the opportunities it held out to a composer, and carried away by the pathetic and forceful situations that unfolded themselves in quick succession, he finally wrought himself into a sort of fever, under the spell of which he seated himself at the piano and improvised a score, adapting the melodies, as he progressed, to Solera's verses, and keeping to the task until dawn made the lamp burn dim and the last scene of the opera was reached. The impression produced by the perusal of "Nabucco" was profound, and proved to be durable; but it was unrevealed by word or look when the musician, that same afternoon, called upon Merelli.

"Here," said he, "is Solera's libretto. I find it excellent, and am much astonished that Nicolai should not have recognized its worth."

"If so it be," was Merelli's reply, "we can come to an understanding. Nicolai having declined to set the book to music, I have sent him another, on which he is now engaged. As 'Nabucco' pleases you, take it home, write your score, and when it is finished we shall bring it out at La Scala."

"No, no," said Verdi; "you know very well that I shall not compose any more music for the stage."

"You are a child," retorted Merelli; "here is 'Nabucco,' and to work!"

Verdi yielded to Merelli's affectionate pleading, and, silencing the scruples that had kept him idle for a year, he commenced wedding Solera's words to his own inspired themes. While thus engaged Nicolai completed the score of the libretto intrusted to him by Merelli. But the composer of "Il Proscritto" was no luckier with this opera than Verdi had been with "Un Giorno," and it turned out one of the noisiest failures recorded in the annals of La Scala. Merelli, of course, was most anxious to produce Verdi's work, which was finished in a few months. Only one obstacle lay in the path of success — the fact that the choral forces of La Scala were rather limited in numbers. Merelli declined to increase their force, whereupon one Pasini, a well-known *dilettante*, offered to defray the expense of a supplementary chorus. Verdi proudly rejected the offer and assumed the responsibility of some additional engagements himself. In other respects Merelli was sufficiently liberal, and the scenery and costumes were quite new. It was agreed between the composer and the manager that the amount to be paid for the right of publishing the score should be divided between them.

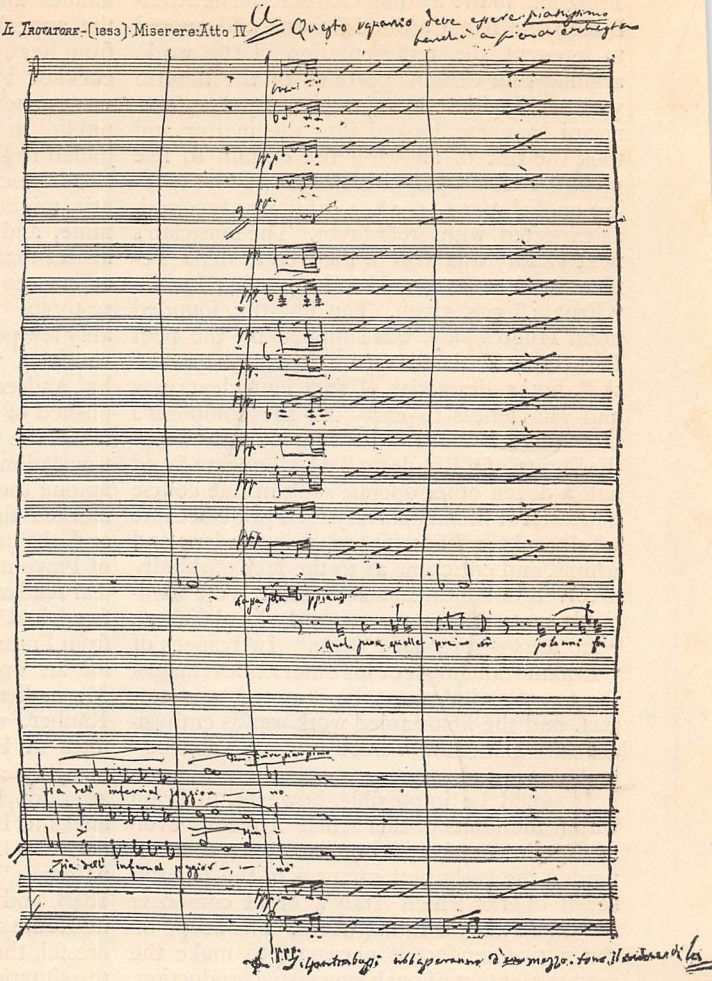
The success of the opera began with the earliest rehearsals. During their progress, if the chroniclers are to be trusted, the theater was in a state of revolution. The style of the music was so novel, its progress, as illustrative of the action of the drama, so swift and powerful, and its tone-color so brilliant, as to excite wonder and enthusiasm. The demonstrations of approval that attended the final rehearsals were insignificant in comparison with the incidents of the first performance of the opera. An ancient custom, still adhered to in those days, made it incumbent on the composer to sit in the orchestra, between the principal violoncellist and the principal double-bass player, nominally for the purpose of turning the leaves of the music placed before these humble *confrères*, but in reality to stand or fall, in person, with his work. On March 9, 1842, when Verdi took his seat beside the first 'cello, this man, Merighi, the instructor of the world-renowned Piatti, said: "*Maestrino*, I wish I were in your place to-night!" His good opinion of the composer's chances of success was not exaggerated. The applause was frequent and tremendous, and the finale of the first act, especially, called forth a display of frenzied delight such as northern readers can scarcely realize. Of the artists that took part in the representation of "Nabucco" only two need be mentioned in this notice, Giorgio Ronconi and Signorina Strepponi. The great baritone was then in the zenith of his fame, and his superb voice and matchless histrionic talent must have contributed largely to the impressiveness of the opera. Signorina Strepponi, whose artistic career extended over a few seasons only, would hardly be remembered for her achievements, but is not likely to be forgotten in her latest *rôle*, that of the composer's wife. She married Verdi a few years after the production of "Nabucco," and quitted the stage long before her youth had vanished.

The success of "Nabucco" placed Verdi on a plane with Donizetti, Mercadante, Pacini, and Ricci; and on the evening of the third representation of the new work he was summoned into the managerial office and formally notified that he had been chosen to write the opera for the *gran stagione di carnavale*. Fifteen months elapsed, and "I Lombardi" was brought forth, with Mme.

Frezzolini in the leading character. The Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Gaisruk, endeavored to prevent the representation of the work, arguing that certain portions of the libretto were sacrilegious; but the chief of police, Torresani by name, looked into the matter and took the risk of allowing the curtain to rise upon "I Lombardi," which had its first hearing on February 11, 1843, and was received, as expected, with great favor. The musician's next victory was won in the Teatro della Fenice in Venice on March 9, 1844, when "Ernani" was given. The libretto, founded upon Hugo's play, was supplied by the poet Francesco Maria Piave, a writer of no marked skill, but a dramatist of sufficient cleverness and pliableness to carry out the composer's instructions. Piave, who subsequently wrote the libretti of "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and half a dozen other operas, sank in due course into a sort of literary slavery. His pride became wholly subservient to the musician's plans and whims, and criticisms as to the lack of dignity involved in continual self-sacrifice were invariably met with the answer, in the local dialect: "*El mestre vol cussi e basta.*" In respect of "Ernani" and most of his other achievements, the *maestro's* judgment, be it noted, was correct, and the first-named work was as enthusiastically greeted in Venice as was "Nabucco" in Milan.

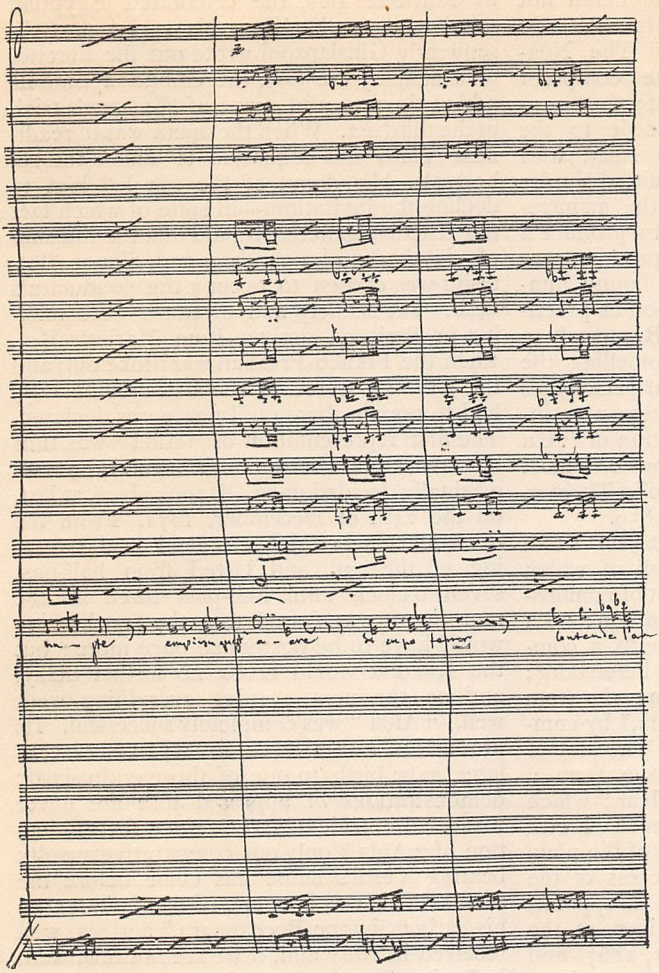
It would be impossible, however, to bring within the limits of this article a record even of the thousand and one incidents that attended the early performances of the twenty-seven operas which Italy's great composer has made known to the world. The scope of this notice renders it necessary to make the merest mention of each successive production, and to dwell with like brevity on the more important events of the musician's art existence. "I Due Foscari," given in 1844 at the Teatro dell' Argentina in Rome, was only moderately successful, and "Giovanna d' Arco," brought out at La Scala on February 15, 1845, though more favored, produced a rather mild impression in Milan, and a somewhat unsatisfactory one whenever it was sung elsewhere. "Alzira," at the San Carlo in Naples, and "Attila," at La Fenice, were no more fortunate than "Giovanna," and "Macbeth," listened to at the Pergola in Florence in 1847, was coolly received. The last-named opera, recast as to libretto and score, was essayed at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris in 1865, and fared no better than in its youth. Some of its preceding performances in Italy, however, created no little excitement. It was given at La Fenice in Venice just before the revolution of 1848. Palma, a Spanish tenor and a great Liberal, stepped forth in the third act and sang the famous air "La patria tradita," embodying the appeal of a betrayed land for freedom from her oppressors. Palma bore a tri-colored cockade in his hat, and his delivery of the verses and music was so impassioned that the public, in the words of Kean, rose at him, joined in the chorus, and gave vent to "seditious" cries. The Government feared that the aria might be the spark that would fire the mine, and matters assumed so alarming an aspect that the interference of the royal grenadiers was finally sought and order temporarily restored. It was not known then, and probably few persons are even now aware, that the words of "La patria tradita" were written by Andrea Maffei, one of the most accomplished of Italian *literati*, whom critics christened the "honey-tongued poet," and whose translations of Milton and Moore are accounted among the happiest efforts of the kind. How marked the contrast between Maffei's lines and the turgid and conventional "lengths" of Piave may be observed by the least analytical reader of the libretto. Meantime Verdi's fame had traveled from Italy to France, and from France to England, whence a commission for an opera ultimately reached him. "I Masnadieri," founded upon Schiller's "Die Räuber," was its fruit, and the work was brought forth at Her Majesty's Theatre in London on July 25, 1847. It was listened to with attention, but coldly, and subsequent performances in Italy were received quite as indifferently. "Il Corsaro," founded upon Byron's "Corsair," and performed at Trieste in October, 1848, and "La Battaglia di Legnano," given in Rome in January, 1849, were also unsuccessful, though the opportuneness of some of the situations of the latter opera caused its first representations to elicit considerable applause. Better fortune was in store for Verdi's next achievement. He had engaged to enrich the San Carlo in Naples with a new opera, and "Luisa Miller" was in readiness in the fall of 1849. Verdi started for Naples to conduct the rehearsals, and at this stage of events his troubles commenced. "Alzira," sung at the San Carlo four years previous, had failed to please, and the composer's Neapolitan friends, with the native superstition strong upon them, lay the blame of the *fiasco* upon the "evil eye" of the composer Capecelatro, who was regarded as a *jettatore* of the very first water, and whose approach was dreaded accordingly by every right-minded Neapolitan. As soon as Verdi reached Naples and was settled at the Hôtel de Russie, his intimates and admirers, to prevent the possibility of a meeting with Capecelatro, stood guard over him, telling themselves off in watches, and doing sentry duty at his door day and night.

If he walked the streets, one of his friends preceded him, another followed him, and a third and fourth worshiper strolled along on either side of him. This eternal vigilance was rewarded, and, Capecelatro having been kept at a safe distance until the night of December 8, 1849, "Luisa Miller" was successful. Strange to say, however, the effect of the last act was far less potent than that of its forerunners, and this, according to Neapolitan belief, in consequence of an odd occurrence. Verdi had just left his box and was behind the curtain, examining the scenery, when a man rushed from a wing and threw his arms around the composer's neck; it was Capecelatro. Before Verdi could free himself from his embrace one of the "borders" came crashing down at their feet, grazing the *maestro's* head as it fell. The act began a few minutes later, and its impression was much less satisfactory than that produced by the remainder of the score. Who, under such circumstances, would venture to deny the influence of the *jettatura?* The year 1850 was marked by a failure — that of "Stiffelio," afterwards refashioned, and rechristened "Aroldo." "Stiffelio" was sung at Trieste. But the day of several great triumphs was now at hand, for "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata" were about to be given to the world. The production of "Rigoletto" was marked by numerous difficulties. Verdi, as a rule, chooses his own subjects and plans his librettos, and on this occasion he directed Piave to draw his material from Hugo's "Roi s'amuse." Piave obeyed, and called his work "La Maledizione." It was intended for La Fenice in Venice, and therefore had to be submitted to the Austrian censorship. The officials, made aware of the fount of Piave's inspiration, forbade the production of the opera until all the characters had been changed. Thus the *King* became the *Duke of Mantua*, while *Triboulet* was turned into *Rigoletto*, and the local color of the story quite done away with. The censorship having at last proclaimed Piave's book inoffensive, the composer seized upon it, went into retirement at Busseto, and emerged with the score of "Rigoletto," which was produced on March 11, 1851. Its success was most pronounced, and the opera had twenty-two consecutive



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF PAGES FROM THE

performances before it was transferred to the boards of every theater in Italy, and soon afterwards to the stage of every opera-house in Europe. Almost two years elapsed between the first night of "Rigoletto" and that of "Il Trovatore," at the Teatro Apollo in Rome. On the day of the first representation the Tiber had overflowed its banks, and that portion of the Eternal City in which the theater is situated was flooded; yet hundreds of *dilettanti* stood with their feet in the water from nine o'clock in the morning, waiting for the doors to be opened. Their patience was rewarded; the occasion was a memorable one, and "Il Trovatore" achieved an almost unprecedented success. "La Traviata," brought out within two months thereafter, was first greeted with positive disfavor. On the 7th of March, 1853, Verdi wrote from Venice to Signor Emmanuele Muzio, his pupil and friend:



ORIGINAL SCORE OF "IL TROVATORE."

"'La Traviata' last night was a failure. Am I at fault, or are the singers? Time will decide." As a matter of fact, the first act was applauded, but the remainder of the opera was listened to in unbroken silence. The unfitness of the artists for their work seems to have been the chief cause of the *fiasco*. Signora Donatelli was altogether too healthy a *Violetta;* Signor Graziani, the *Alfredo*, was frightfully hoarse, and Signor Varesi, the baritone, is reported to have considered his *rôle* so far beneath his merits as to have persistently slighted it, both in respect of action and singing. The music, too, was so different in style from that which these persons were used to interpret that they failed to endow it with the requisite tone-color and accent. And, finally, the eye was wearied by a monotonous succession of men and women in the somber garments constituting modern attire; for "La Traviata" was not then performed with dresses of the period of Louis XIII., but in the garb of the nineteenth century. Only a twelvemonth was needed to bring about the composer's revenge. "La Traviata" was revived at another theater in Venice a year afterwards, with a slightly abridged score, with new artists, and with scenic costume similar to that in use nowadays. The verdict of the audience reversed the opinion expressed at La Fenice in 1853, and ever since "La Traviata" has held a prominent place in the *répertoire* of the leading opera-houses of the civilized world.

Space is wanting, as observed already, for minute particulars concerning the production of each of Verdi's works. His "Vêpres Siciliennes," composed on a libretto by Scribe and Duveyrier, in view of the Paris exhibition of 1855, was sung with success in the French capital on June 13th of that year; "Simone Boccanegra" was unsuccessful in Venice in 1857. Possibly Piave, whose librettos are not to be commended for conspicuous dramatic or literary worth, should have been held responsible for more than his usual share of the joint task, one of Verdi's most impartial commentators declaring that he had to read through the libretto six times before he could make out its purport. Then came a revised edition of "Stiffelio," under the title of "Aroldo," and in 1859, at the Teatro Apollo in Rome, "Un Ballo in Maschera," touching the performance of which a few details must be supplied. It was originally intended for the San Carlo Theater. Verdi was in Naples and about to commence rehearsals, when, on January 13, 1858, news of Orsini's attempt upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon was received. The police became more vigilant than ever, and the censors were so fearful of creating an excitement that they immediately refused to license the representation of "Un Ballo." After the abortive conspiracy in Paris it was deemed impolitic to depict upon the stage the murder of a king, and it must be remembered that the libretto of the new work was founded upon the story of Gustavus

III., by Scribe, the Swedish monarch not having yet been transformed into "Ricardo Warwick, Governor of Boston." The Neapolitan *impresario* besought the composer to adapt his music to a new plot; the musician obstinately refused to accede to the request. The whole population sided with Verdi, who would at once have quitted Naples for good, but for the fact that the management held him to his contract to produce a new opera. At length a compromise was agreed upon, and Verdi, having bound himself to write another score as soon as practicable, was allowed to depart for Rome, where the board of censors, after compelling the composer to change the historical personages into the purely mythical characters now introduced, sanctioned the production of "Un Ballo." It was sung in the presence of a most enthusiastic audience at the Apollo Theater, on the evening of February 17, 1859.

Between 1859 and the present year Verdi has written but three operas, all of which have been composed in fulfillment of commissions for opera-houses on foreign soil: "La Forza del Destino," in deference to a command from the Court of St. Petersburg; "Don Carlos," in execution of an order from the Paris Opera-House; and "Aïda," by command of the Viceroy of Egypt. The plot of "La Forza" was taken by Piave from a Spanish drama entitled "Don Alvar," which a third of a century ago was received with applause in Madrid. The success of the play, however, did not insure the success of the opera, and "La Forza" was a disappointment. So was "Don Carlos," given at the Paris Opera-House on March 11, 1867, and listened to by the Imperial Court and an audience of exceptional brilliancy. Verdi's ultra admirers insist to this day that the dissatisfaction expressed by the Empress Eugénie at the allusions to the priesthood chilled the enthusiasm of the imperial household, and naturally reacted upon the public; but the cause of the comparative failure of the work was, by general consent, to be sought in the somber coloring and labored style of the music.

"Aïda" is to be numbered among the rare efforts that have been successful in spite of being put forth, so to speak, "to order." A new Italian opera-house had just been built in Cairo, and the Khedive, Ismaïl Pasha, applied to Verdi, asking his terms for an opera to be written upon a libretto provided with a national subject. The musician demanded four thousand pounds sterling, and six thousand if his presence was required to conduct the rehearsals. The proposal was accepted, and a sketch of the plot of the libretto, suggested by Mariette Bey, the celebrated Egyptian scholar, sent to Verdi for his approval. Subsequently Ghislanzoni wrote out the libretto, to which, by the way, the composer himself added the powerful scene of *Radames's* trial, in the third act. When the opera was in readiness Verdi was requested to direct the rehearsals. His dread of the sea led him to decline the invitation,—in spite of which fact the Khedive generously paid him the full sum of six thousand pounds,—and Signor Bottesini was chosen to occupy the conductor's desk. The scenery and costumes were making in Paris, on designs from Mariette Bey, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and the *matériel*, stored in the beleaguered city, had to remain there until peace was declared. The first representation of "Aïda" was thus deferred a full twelvemonth beyond the date originally decided upon. It took place, at last, on the 24th of December, 1871. From the dress-rehearsal, which was held on the evening of the 23d, and lasted from half-past seven o'clock until half-past three in the morning, it was feared that the first hearing would have to be postponed once more; but the Khedive would brook no further delay, and on the next evening everything went well. "Aïda" was completely successful. Its production at La Scala, in Milan, six weeks later, gave birth to one of those enthusiastic demonstrations of approval that are never witnessed outside of Italy. Since the production of "Aïda" only one comparative novelty bearing Verdi's name has come before the public. This was in shape of a *rifacimento* of his early "Simone Boccanegra," and was well received in Italy and, if we are not mistaken, in Spain. The baritone Maurel, whom English and American audiences have not forgotten, was elected by the composer to represent the principal personage of the opera.

Even in Italy one can find detractors of Verdi, though very few, I imagine, are notable for the frankness and business talent of one Signor Prospero Bertani. "Aïda," it appears, was sung in Parma early in May, 1872. On May 8th Verdi received from Reggio, dated May 7th, the following curious epistle:

"SIGNOR VERDI GENTILISSIMO:

"On the 2d instant I proceeded to Parma, attracted thither by the celebrated opera 'Aïda,' and half an hour before the curtain rose I occupied seat No. 120, expecting much of the entertainment. I admired the *mise en scène*, listened with great pleasure to the artists, and endeavored to lose nothing. After the opera I inquired of myself whether I was satisfied, and received a negative answer. I returned to Reggio, and in the railway carriage hearkened to the passengers' opinions; all were agreed that 'Aïda' was a great opera. Then I determined to hear it anew, and on the 4th instant journeyed to Parma again and tried hard to get along without a seat, but was finally compelled, on

account of the crush, to pay five *lire* for a stall, whence I watched the performance with comfort. Afterwards I came to the conclusion that no number in the opera awakes enthusiasm or electrifies, that without spectacular incidents it would never be permitted to come to a finish, and that, after having been given in two or three theaters, it will be consigned to the dust of the archives. Now, my dear Verdi, you cannot imagine how vexed I am at having expended on these two occasions thirty-two *lire*, and especially when I remember that I am dependent upon my family for support: the money laid out assumes the shape of horrible specters and disturbs my peace of mind. Hence I look to you for speedy reimbursement of my outlay. My account is as below:

Railway — One trip to Parma	L. 2.60
" Return	3.30
Seat at Theater	8.00
Wretched Supper at Station	2.00
	15.90
Same trip, repeated	15.90
Total	L. 31.80

"I hope you will relieve my annoyance, and in this belief, salute you, heartily, "BERTANI.
"Address, Bertani Prospero, Via S. Domenico, N. 5."

The astonishment of Verdi when he received this epistle may be imagined; however, he thought fit to look into the matter, and wrote to Signor Ricordi to have his banker at Reggio pay Signor Bertani—if such a person was in existence—the sum of L. 27.80. "I am aware that this is not the entire amount he claims," added the *maestro*, "but as for paying for his supper at the station—oh no! He might have had supper at home." And he concludes: "Be it understood that you are to take a receipt for the money, and also a small memorandum, by the terms of which Signor Bertani engages not to hear any of my new operas; he will thus avoid the visitation of specters and spare me the necessity of paying additional traveling expenses." Ricordi wrote to Reggio, and to his astonishment discovered that Bertani was no imaginary being, and that he was in sober earnest. In due season Verdi was handed the document of which a translation follows, and the story was brought to a close:

"REGGIO, May 15, 1872.
"The undersigned declares having received from *il maestro* G. Verdi L. 27.80 in full reimbursement of two trips to Parma to listen to 'Aïda,' the composer of which opera thinks fit I should be repaid for the journeys, I not having found the work to my liking. It is also understood that I shall not again hear any new operas by the *maestro* Verdi, save at my own expense, whatever my judgment as to their merits.
(Signed) "BERTANI PROSPERO."

The list of Verdi's productions, in addition to the operas referred to already, includes a "Messa da Requiem," written in 1873 in memory of Alessandro Manzoni, one part of a "Hymn of Nations" (the three other divisions of which were written by Meyerbeer, Auber, and Sterndale Bennett), executed in London in 1862, an instrumental quartet, and a number of songs.

Thus much attention having been given to the musician's achievements, something should be said in relation to the man. He figured in politics for a few years, but rather through willingness to lend the brilliancy of his name to a representation of Italy's prominence in art, than with any other object. His fellow-citizens of Busseto, however, thought differently; when the duchy of Parma sought annexation to Italy, they remembered that Verdi had always been a Liberal, that he never went to court, and that he avoided meeting the Austrian residents. So they sent him to the Chamber of Deputies. After this honor was conferred upon him, Verdi was somewhat embarrassed as to his position, and Count Cavour's proposal to have him elected to the first Italian Parliament distressed him considerably. "I know you are not a politician," said Cavour, "but I desire that all men who have won distinction in the world of Italian art, science, or literature should meet in our first Parliament." Verdi was elected, of course, and served two or three years before resigning. In spite of his aversion to public life, King Victor Emmanuel appointed him a senator in 1875. His name will go down to posterity in connection with the political history of Italy, for, in addition to adorning the rolls of the Senate, it was used in 1859 and 1860 as a national rallying-cry and symbol during the Italian struggle for freedom. In those troublous days it was treason, naturally, to shout, "Viva Victor Emmanuele, Rè d' Italia," and when some phrase was sought as a sort of password and battle-shout, the people discovered that by writing and crying "Viva Verdi!" they gave utterance, in regular succession, to the initial letters of the forbidden sentence.

Verdi seldom leaves his native land. "L'amore del campanile," as the Italians put it ("the love of the steeple"), is as strong in him now as in his boyhood. He generally passes the winter in Genoa, and the summer at his splendid country-house of Sant' Agata, not far from Busseto. The estate stands almost in solitude in the center of a vast plain; a church and two or three peasants' houses being the only buildings in proximity to the *maestro's* dwelling. The surroundings are not at all picturesque. The soil is under thorough cultivation, but the well-tilled fields have no charm for the eye, and the long rows of poplars and the shallow brook babbling beside them are totally devoid of poetic or pictorial suggestiveness. The visitor comes suddenly upon two weeping-willows, and, beyond, a row of close-

planted trees half conceals a simple dwelling from the glance of the passer-by. Beyond the house a fine garden extends down to a small artificial lake. The *maestro* usually writes in his bedroom, situated on the ground floor and looking out upon the garden. The apartment is furnished with artistic profusion; a magnificent piano, a library, a massive inkstand, numberless sketches, statuettes, vases, and knick-knacks, court and repay inspection. Above the piano hangs an oil-painting of the aged Barezzi, Verdi's earliest friend and Mæcenas, whose memory he still reveres.

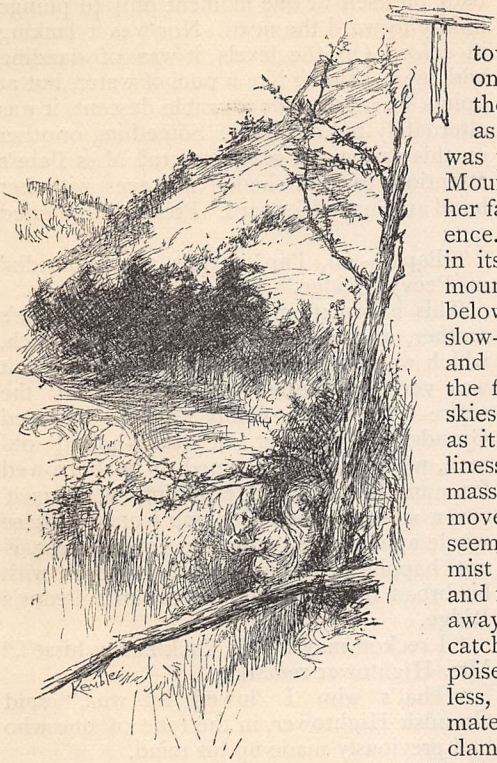
The composer is an early riser. At Sant' Agata he is stirring at five in the morning. After the habitual cup of black coffee he takes a stroll in the garden. Then he rambles through the fields and gives orders to his gardener, previous to visiting the stables and barn-yard. In a couple of hours one stroke upon a bell summons him to a cup of *café au lait*, partaken of with his wife. At half-past ten the bell sounds again, and this time a more substantial meal, to be followed by a game of billiards or a long walk, is shared. The letter-carrier is due at two o'clock, and with his appearance the one hour of excitement of the day is welcomed. What with reading and writing five o'clock is soon at hand, and dinner is served. Then the composer indulges in a ride, and the evening is whiled away in conversation. At ten Verdi sets an example of early retirement; he disappears, and everybody does likewise.

At Busseto Verdi is fairly worshiped. The inhabitants once made up their minds that he ought to write an opera and have it performed on the spot, in order to raise funds for building a theater. The *maestro* did not view the matter in the same light, but expended ten thousand *lire* upon the construction of a local opera-house, which bears over its portico the name "Teatro Verdi." Among the memories of his childhood that Busseto most jealously preserves, one of special interest is placed in the dwelling of the Barezzis. Here it was that Verdi lived until 1849, when he bought Sant' Agata, a sorry place in those days, in comparison with the present domain. Through the care of Signor Demetrio Barezzi, a son of Verdi's old friend, the composer's room is in the same condition as when he occupied it, and the custodian shows it with pride to the sight-seeing tourist. If Verdi were to revisit the place, he would experience little difficulty in recognizing its every nook and corner. The familiar spirit of the house, however, would hardly recognize the man. As a youth the composer was pale and thin, with sunken cheeks and eyes; the Verdi of the present is tall, powerful, and as cordial and robust in manner as he was taciturn and feeble in years gone by.

Time and space are both wanting for even a hasty estimate of the part Verdi's music has played in the musical history of the century. Whether, in driving from the field the gentle strains of Cimarosa and Paisiello, in counteracting what Scudo calls the "debilitating irony" of Rossini's writings, and in swaying the attentive masses by appealing to their senses rather than to their imagination and intellect, he has contributed as largely to the growth of taste as a more skilled and thoughtful musician endowed with the same splendid creative faculty might have done, are questions that must remain open for discussion. In spite of his easy victories over audiences in a land where the listener goes into ecstasies over one fine *cantabile* phrase, and in which a single solo and a single duet will save an opera from oblivion, Verdi has not disregarded the ever-widening influence of German thought; and if he has not aimed at conciliating the disciples of pure Wagnerism, he has at least sought to free his later works from the absurdities characterizing many of his earliest achievements. In "La Forza del Destino," in "Don Carlos," and especially in "Aïda," he has shown a desire to make his scores something more than collections of ballads and dance-themes; and in none of his mature efforts does the student happen upon the vulgar and saltatorial measures of which some of the choruses in "Ernani" may be cited as frightful examples. As a creative composer he stands without a rival. No one since Rossini has possessed the gift of melody and natural tone-color in so remarkable a degree, and the poorest of his operas would enrich for life, as to themes, any of the over-ambitious and hard-working — after the fashion of the mosaic-makers of Venice — successful composers of modern France, Italy, and Germany. As to the future, Verdi's admirers need entertain no apprehensions. In half a century hence the complex civilization of the age may render "Tristan and Isolde" musical food for infants, while the Verdian *répertoire* will seem as remote as Lulli's and Monteverde's operas now appear. But some noble monuments of the composer's matchless powers will surely remain. Just as the sestet from "Lucia" will never pass away, so will the quartet from "Rigoletto" and the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" endure for many ages, and move millions of listeners to passion and to tears.

Frederick A. Schwab.

TROUBLE ON LOST MOUNTAIN.



THERE is no doubt that when Miss Babe Hightower stepped out on the porch, just after sunrise one fine morning in the spring of 1876, she had the opportunity of enjoying a scene as beautiful as any that nature offers to the human eye. She was poised, so to speak, on the shoulder of Lost Mountain, a spot made cheerful and hospitable by her father's industry, and by her own inspiring presence. The scene, indeed, was almost portentous in its beauty. Away above her the summit of the mountain was bathed in sunlight, while in the valley below the shadows of dawn were still hovering — a slow-moving sea of transparent gray, touched here and there with silvery reflections of light. Across the face of the mountain that lifted itself to the skies a belated cloud trailed its wet skirts, revealing, as it fled westward, a panorama of exquisite loveliness. The fresh, tender foliage of the young pines, massed here and there against the mountain-side, moved and swayed in the morning breeze until it seemed to be a part of the atmosphere, a pale-green mist that would presently mount into the upper air and melt away. On a dead pine a quarter of a mile away, a turkey-buzzard sat with wings outspread to catch the warmth of the sun, while far above him, poised in the illimitable blue, serene, almost motionless, as though swung in the center of space, his mate overlooked the world. The wild honeysuckles clambered from bush to bush, and from tree to tree, mingling their faint, sweet perfume with the delicious odors that seemed to rise from the valley, and float down from the mountain to meet in a little whirlpool of fragrance in the porch where Miss Babe Hightower stood. The flowers and the trees could speak for themselves; the slightest breeze gave them motion; but the majesty of the mountain was voiceless; its beauty was forever motionless. Its silence seemed more suggestive than the lapse of time, more profound than a prophet's vision of eternity, more mysterious than any problem of the human mind.

It is fair to say, however, that Miss Babe Hightower did not survey the panorama that lay spread out below her, around her, and above her with any peculiar emotions. She was not without sentiment, for she was a young girl just budding into womanhood, but all the scenery that the mountain or the valley could show was as familiar to her as the fox-hounds that lay curled up in the fence-corners, or the fowls that crowed and clucked and cackled in the yard. She had discovered, indeed, that the individuality of the mountain was impressive, for she was always lonely and melancholy when away from it; but she viewed it, not as a picturesque affair to wonder at, but as a companion with whom she might hold communion. The mountain was something more than a mountain to her. Hundreds of times, when a little child, she had told it her small troubles, and it had seemed to her that the spirit of comfort dwelt somewhere near the precipitous summit. As she grew older the mountain played a less important part in her imagination, but she continued to regard it with a feeling of fellowship which she never troubled herself to explain or define.

Nevertheless, she did not step out on the porch to worship at the shrine of the mountain, or to enjoy the marvelous picture that nature presented to the eye. She went out in obedience to the shrilly uttered command of her mother —

"Run, Babe, run! That pleggëd old cat's a-tryin' to drink out'n the water-bucket. Fling a cheer at 'er! Sick the dogs on 'er."

The cat, understanding the situation, promptly disappeared when it saw Babe, and

the latter had nothing to do but make such demonstrations as are natural to youth, if not to beauty. She seized one of the many curious crystal formations which she had picked up on the mountain and employed for various purposes of ornamentation, and sent it flying after the cat. She threw with great strength and accuracy, but the cat was gone. The crystal went zooning into the fence-corner, where one of the hounds lay, and this sensitive creature, taking it for granted that he had been made the special object of attack, set up a series of loud yells by way of protest. This aroused the rest of the dogs, and in a moment that particular part of the mountain was in an uproar. Just at that instant a stalwart man came around the corner of the house. He was bareheaded and wore neither coat nor vest. He was tall and well made, though rather too massive to be supple. His beard, which was full and flowing, was plentifully streaked with gray. His appearance would have been strikingly ferocious but for his eyes, which showed a nature at once simple and humorous — and certainly the strongly molded, square-set jaws and the firm lips needed some such pleasant corrective.

"Great Jerusalem, Babe!" cried this mild-eyed giant. "What could 'a' possessed you to be a-chunkin' ole Blue that away? Ag'in' bullaces is ripe you'll git your heart sot on 'possum, an' whar' is the 'possum comin' from ef ole Blue's laid up? Blame my hide ef you ain't a-cuttin' up some mighty quare capers fer a young gal."

"Why, Pap!" exclaimed Babe, as soon as she could control her laughter, "that rock didn't tetch ole Blue. He's sech a make-believe, I'm a great mind to hit him a clip jest to show you how he can go on."

"Now don't do that, honey," said her father. "Ef you want to chunk anybody, chunk me. I kin holler lots purtier'n ole Blue. An' ef you don't want to chunk me chunk your mammy fer ole acquaintance sake. She's big an' fat."

"Oh, Lordy!" exclaimed Mrs. Hightower from the inside of the house. "Don't set her atter me, Abe — don't, fer mercy's sake. Get her in the notion, an' she'll be a-yerkin' me aroun' thereckly like I wuz a rag-baby. I'm a-gittin' too ole fer ter be romped aroun' by a great big double-j'inted gal like Babe. Projick wi' 'er yourself, but make 'er let me alone."

Abe turned and went around the house again, leaving his daughter standing on the porch, her cheeks glowing and her black eyes sparkling with laughter. Babe loitered on the porch a moment, looking into the valley. The gray mists had lifted themselves into the upper air, and the atmosphere was so clear that the road leading to the mountain could be followed by the eye, save where it ran under the masses of foliage; and it seemed to be a most devious and versatile road, turning back on itself at one moment only to plunge boldly forward the next. Nor was it lacking in color. On the levels it was of dazzling whiteness, shining like a pool of water, but at points where it made a visible descent, it was alternately red and gray. Something or other on this variegated road attracted Miss Babe's attention, for she shaded her eyes with her hand and leaned forward. Presently she cried out:

"Pap! — oh, Pap! there's a man a-ridin' up Peevy's Ridge."

This information was repeated by Babe's mother, and in a few moments the porch, which was none too commodious, though it was very substantial, was occupied by the entire Hightower family, which included Grandsir Hightower, a white-haired old man, whose serenity seemed to be borrowed from another world. Mrs. Hightower herself was a stout, motherly-looking woman, whose whole appearance betokened contentment, if not happiness. Abe shaded his eyes with his broad hand and looked towards Peevy's Ridge.

"I reckon may be it's Tuck Peevy hisse'f," Mrs. Hightower remarked.

"That's who I 'lowed hit wuz," said Grandsir Hightower, in the tone of one who had previously made up his mind.

"Well, I reckon I ought to know Tuck Peevy," exclaimed Babe.

"That's so," said Grandsir Hightower. "Babe oughter know Tuck. She oughter know him certain an' shore; bekaze he's bin a-floppin' in an' out er this house ever' Sunday fer mighty nigh two year'. Some sez he likes Babe, an' some sez he likes Susan's fried chicken. Now, in my day and time ——"

"He's in the dreen, now," said Babe, interrupting her loquacious grandparent, who threatened to make some embarrassing remark. "He's a-ridin' a gray."

"He's a mighty early bird," said Abe, "less'n he's a headin' fer the furder side. May be he's a revenue man," he continued. "They say they're a-gwine to heat the hills mighty hot from this on."

"You hain't got nothing gwine on down on the branch, is you, Abe?" inquired Grandsir Hightower, with pardonable solicitude.

"Well," said Abe, evasively, "I hain't kindled no fires yit, but you better b'lieve I'm a-gwine to keep my beer from sp'ilin'. The way I do my countin', one tub of beer is natchally wuth two revenue chaps."

By this time the horseman who had attracted Babe's attention came into view again. Abe studied him a moment and remarked:

"That hoss steps right along, an' the chap a-straddle of him is got on store-clo'es. Fetch me my rifle, Babe. I'll meet that feller halfway an' make some inquirements about his famerly, an' may be I'll fetch a squir'l back."

With this Abe called to his dogs and started off.

"Better keep your eye open, Pap," cried Sis. "May be it's the sheriff."

Abe paused a moment and then pretended to be hunting a stone with which to demolish his daughter, whereupon Babe ran laughing into the house. The allusion to the sheriff was a stock joke in the Hightower household, though none of them made such free use of it as Babe, who was something more than a privileged character, so far as her father was concerned. On one occasion shortly after the war, Abe had gone to the little county town on business, and had been vexed into laying rough hands on one of the prominent citizens who was a trifle under the influence of liquor. A warrant was issued, and Dave McLendon, the sheriff of the county, a stumpy little man, whose boldness and prudence made him the terror of criminals, was sent to serve it. Abe, who was on the lookout for some such visitation, saw him coming, and prepared himself. He stood in the doorway, with his rifle flung carelessly across his left arm.

"Hold on thar, Dave!" he cried, as the latter came up. The sheriff, knowing his man, halted.

"I hate to fling away my manners, Dave," he went on, "but folks is gittin' to be mighty funny these days. A man's obleeged to s'arch his best frien's 'fore he kin find out the'r whichaways. Dave, what sort of a dockyment is you got ag'in' me?"

"I got a warrant, Abe," said the sheriff pleasantly.

"Well, Dave, hit won't fetch me," said Abe.

"Oh, yes!" said the sheriff. "Yes it will, Abe. I bin a-usin' these kind er warrants a mighty long time, an' they fetches a feller every whack."

"Now, I'll tell you what, Dave," said Abe, patting his rifle, "I got a dockyment here that'll fetch you a blame sight quicker'n your dockyment'll fetch me; an' I tell you right now, plain an' flat, I hain't a-gwine to be drug aroun' an' slapped in jail."

The sheriff leaned carelessly against the rail fence in the attitude of a man who is willing to argue an interesting question.

"Well, I tell you how I feel about it, Abe," said the sheriff, speaking very slowly. "You kin shoot me, but you can't shoot the law. Bang away at me, an' thar's another warrant atter you. This yer one what I'm already got don't amount to shucks, so you better fling on your coat, saddle your horse, an' go right along wi' me thes ez neighborly ez you please."

"Dave," said Abe, "if you come in at that gate you er a goner."

"Well, Abe," the sheriff replied, "I 'lowed you'd kick; I know what human natur' on these hills is, an' so I thes axed some er the boys to come along. They er right down thar in the holler. They hain't got no mo' idea what I come fer'n the man in the moon; yit they'd make a mighty peart posse. Tooby shore, a great big man like you ain't afeard fer ter face a little bit er law."

Abe Hightower hesitated a moment, and then went into the house. In a few minutes he issued forth and went out to the gate where the sheriff was. The faces of the two men were a study. Neither betrayed any emotion nor alluded to the warrant. The sheriff asked after the "crap," and Abe told him it was "middlin' peart," and asked him to go into the house and make himself at home until the horse could be saddled. After a while the two rode away. Once during the ride Abe said:

"I'm mighty glad it wa'n't that feller what run ag'in you last fall, Dave."

"Why?" asked the sheriff.

"Bekaze I'd 'a' plugged him, certain an' shore," said Abe.

"Well," said the sheriff, laughing, "I wuz a-wishin' mighty hard thes about that time that the t'other feller had got 'lected."

The warrant amounted to nothing, and Abe was soon at home with his family, but it suited his high-spirited daughter to twit him occasionally because of his tame surrender to the sheriff, and it suited Dave to treat the matter good-humoredly.

Abe Hightower took his way down the mountain, and about two miles from his house, as the road ran, he met the stranger who had attracted Babe's attention. He was a handsome young fellow, and he was riding a handsome horse — a gray, that was evidently used to sleeping in a stable where there was plenty of feed in the trough. The rider also had a well-fed appearance. He sat his horse somewhat jauntily, and there was a jocund expression in his features very pleasing to behold. He drew rein as he saw Abe, and gave a military salute in a careless, off-hand way that was in strict keeping with his appearance.

"Good-morning, sir," he said.

"Howdy?" said Abe.

"Fine day this."

"Well, what little I've saw of it is purty tollerbul."

The young fellow laughed, and his laughter was worth hearing. It had the ring of youth in it.

"Do you chance to know a Mr. Hightower?" he asked, throwing a leg over the pommel of the saddle.

"Do he live anywheres aroun' in these parts?" Abe inquired.

"So I'm told."

"Well, the reason I ast," said Abe, leaning his rifle against a tree, "is bekaze they mought be more'n one Hightower runnin' loose."

"You don't know him, then?"

"I know one on 'em. Any business wi' him?"

"Well, yes — a little. I was told he lived on this road. How far is his house?"

"Well, I'll tell you," — Abe took off his hat and scratched his head, — "some folks mought take a notion hit wuz a long ways off, an' then, ag'in, yuther folks mought take a notion that hit wuz lots nigher. Hit's accordin' to the way you look at it."

"Is Mr. Hightower at home?" inquired the young stranger, regarding Abe with some degree of curiosity.

"Well," said Abe, cautiously, "I don't reckon he's right slam bang at home, but I lay he ain't fur off."

"If you happen to see him, pray tell him there's a gentleman at his house who would like very much to see him."

"Well, I tell you what, mister," said Abe, speaking very slowly. "You're a mighty nice young feller, — anybody kin shet the'r eyes and see that, — but folks 'roun' here is mighty kuse; they is that away. Ef I wuz you, I'd thes turn right 'roun' in my tracks 'n' let that ar Mr. Hightower alone. I wouldn't pester wi' 'im. He hain't no fitten company fer you."

"Oh, but I must see him," said the stranger. "I have business with him. Why, they told me down in the valley that Hightower, in many respects, is the best man in the county."

Abe smiled for the first time. It was the ghost of a smile.

"Shoo!" he exclaimed. "They don't know him down thar nigh as good as he's know'd up here. An' that hain't all. Thish yer Mister Hightower you er talkin' about is got a mighty bad case of measles at his house. You'd be ableedze to ketch 'em ef you went thar."

"I've had the measles," said the stranger.

"But these here measles," persisted Abe, half shutting his eyes and gazing at the young man steadily, "kin be cotched twice-t. Theyer wuss'n the small-pox — lots wuss."

"My dear sir, what do you mean?" the young man inquired, observing the significant emphasis of the mountaineer's language.

"Hit's thes like I tell you," said Abe. "Looks like folks has mighty bad luck when they go a-rippitin' hether an' yan on the mounting. It hain't been sech a monst'us long time sence one er them revenue fellers come a-paradin' up thish yer same road, a-makin' inquirements for Hightower. *He* cotch the measles; bless you, he took an' cotch 'em by the time he got in hailin' distance of Hightower's, an' he had to be toted down. I disremember his name, but he wuz a mighty nice-lookin' young feller, peart an' soople, an' thes about your size an' weight."

"It was no doubt a great pity about the revenue chap," said the young man sarcastically.

"Lor', yes!" exclaimed Abe, seriously; "lots er nice folks must 'a' cried about that man."

"Well," said the other, smiling, "I must see Hightower. I guess he's a nicer man than his neighbors think he is."

"Shoo!" said Abe, "he hain't a bit nicer'n what I am, an' I lay he hain't no purtier. What mought be your name, mister?"

"My name is Chichester, and I'm buying land for some Boston people. I want to buy some land right on this mountain if I can get it cheap enough."

"Jesso," said Abe, "but wharbouts in thar do Hightower come in!"

"Oh, he knows all about the mountain, and I want to ask his advice and get his opinions," said Chichester.

Something about Mr. Chichester seemed to attract Abe Hightower. Perhaps it was the young fellow's fresh, handsome appearance; perhaps it was his free-and-easy attitude, suggestive of the commercial tourist, that met the approbation of the mountaineer. At any rate, Abe smiled upon the young man in a fatherly way and said:

"'Twixt you an' me an' yon pine, you hain't got no furder to go fer to strike up wi' Hightower. I'm the man you er atter."

Chichester regarded him with some degree of amazement.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "why should you desire to play the sphinx?"

"Spinks?" said Abe, with something like a grimace; "the Spinks famerly lived furder up the mounting, but they er done bin weeded out by the revenue men too long ago to talk about. The ole man's in jail in Atlanty er some'rs else, the boys is done run'd off, an' the gal's a trollop. No Spinks in mine, cap', *ef* you please!"

Chichester laughed at the other's earnestness. He mistook it for drollery.

"I let you know, cap'," Abe went on, "you can't be boss er your own doin's an' give ever' passin' man your name."

"Well, I'm very glad to meet you," said Chichester heartily; "I'll have a good deal of business in this neighborhood first and last, and I'm told there isn't anything worth knowing about the mountain that you don't know."

"That kind er talk," Abe replied, "kin be run in the groun', yit I hain't a-denyin' but what I've got a kind er speakin' acquaintance wi' the neighborhood whar I'm a-livin' at. Ef you er huntin' my house, thes drive right on. I'll be thar ag'in you git thar."



"I RECKON BREAKFAST WILL BE READY."

Chichester found a very cordial welcome awaiting him when he arrived at Hightower's house. Even the dogs were friendly, and the big cat came out from its hiding-place to rub against his legs as he sat on the little porch.

"By the time you rest your face an' han's," said Abe, "I reckon breakfast'll be ready."

Chichester, who was anxious to give no trouble, explained that he had had a cup of coffee at Peevy's before starting up the mountain. He said, moreover, that the mountain was so bracing that he felt as if he could fast a week and still fatten.

"Well, sir," Abe remarked, "hit's mighty little we er got to offer, an' that little's mighty common, but, sech as 'tis, you er more'n welcome. Hit's diffunt wi' me when the mornin' air blows at me. Hit makes me wanter nibble at somepin'. I dunner whar you come from, an' I ain't makin' no inquirements, but down in these parts you can't spat a man harder betwixt the eyes than to set back an' not break bread wi' 'im."

Mr. Chichester had been warned not to wound the hospitality of the simple people among whom he was going, and he was quick to perceive that his refusal to "break bread" with the Hightowers would be taken too seriously. Whereupon, he made a most substantial apology — an apology that took the shape of a ravenous appetite, and did more than justice to Mrs. Hightower's fried chicken, crisp biscuits, and genuine coffee.

Mr. Chichester also made himself as agreeable as he knew how, and he was so pleased with the impression he made that he, on his side, admitted to himself that the Hightowers were charmingly quaint, especially the shy girl of whom he caught a brief glimpse now and then as she handed her mother fresh supplies of chicken and biscuits.

There was nothing mysterious connected with the visit of Mr. Chichester to Lost Mountain. He was the agent of a company of Boston capitalists who were anxious to invest money in Georgia marble quarries, and Chichester was on Lost Mountain for the purpose of discovering the marble beds that had been said by some to exist there. He had the versatility of a modern young man, being something of a civil engineer and something of a geologist; in fine, he was one of the many "general-utility" men that improved methods enable the high schools and colleges to turn out. He was in the habit of making himself agreeable wherever he went, but behind his levity and general good humor there was a good deal of seriousness and firmness of purpose.

He talked with great freedom to the Hightowers, giving a sort of commercial coloring, so to speak, to the plans of his company with respect to land investments on Lost Mountain; but he said nothing about his quest for marble.

"The Lord send they won't be atter fetchin' the railroad kyars among us," said Grandsir Hightower fervently.

"Well, sir," said Chichester, "there isn't much danger."

"Now, I dunno 'bout that," said the old man querulously, "I dunno 'bout that. They're gittin' so these days they'll whirl in an' do e'enamost anything what you don't want 'em to do. I kin stan' out thar in the hoss-lot any cle'r day an' see the smoke er their ingines, an' sometimes hit looks like I kin hear 'em snort an' cough. They er plenty nigh enough. The Lord send they won't fetch 'em no nigher. Fum Giner'l Jackson's time plump tell now, they er bin a-fetchin' destruction to the country. You'll see it. I mayn't see it myself, but you'll see it. Fust hit was Giner'l Jackson an' the bank, an' now hit's the railroad kyars. You'll see it!"

"And yet," said Chichester, turning towards the old man, as Hope might beam benignantly on the Past, "everybody and everything seems to be getting along very well. I think the only thing necessary now is to invent something or other to keep the cinders out of a man's eyes when he rides on the railroads."

"Don't let 'em fool you," said the old man earnestly. "Ever'thing's in a tangle, an' ther' hain't no Whig party for to ontangle it. Giner'l Jackson an' the cussid bank is what done it."

Just then Miss Babe came out on the little porch and seated herself on the bench that ran across one end. "Cap'," said Abe, with some show of embarrassment, as if not knowing how to get through a necessary ceremony, "this is my gal, Babe. She's the oldest and the youngest. I'm name' Abe an' she's name' Babe, sort er rhymin' like."

The unaffected shyness of the young girl was pleasant to behold, and if it did not heighten her beauty, it certainly did not detract from it. It was a shyness in which there was not an awkward element, for Babe had the grace of youth and beauty, and conscious independence animated all her movements.

"'Ceppin' me an' the ole 'oman," said Abe, "Babe is the best-lookin' one er the famerly."

The girl reddened a little, and laughed lightly with the air of one who is accustomed to give and take jokes, but said nothing.

"I heard of Miss Babe last night," said Chichester, "and I've got a message for her."

"Wait!" exclaimed Abe, triumphantly; "I'll bet a hoss I kin call the name 'thout movin' out'n my chair. Hold on!" he continued. "I'll bet another hoss I kin relate the message word for word."

Babe blushed violently, but laughed good-humoredly. Chichester adjusted himself at once to this unexpected informality, and allowed himself to become involved in it.

"Come, now!" he exclaimed, "I'll take the bet."

"I declare!" said Mrs. Hightower, laughing, "you all oughtn' to pester Babe that away."

"Wait!" said Abe. "The name er the man what sont the word is Tuck Peevy, an' when he know'd you was a-comin' here, he sort er sidled up an' ast you for to please be so good as to tell Miss Babe he'd drap in nex' Sunday, an' see what her mammy is a-gwine ter have for dinner."

"Well, I have won the bet," said Chichester. "Mr. Peevy simply asked me to tell Miss Babe that there would be a singing at Philadelphia camp-ground Sunday. I hardly know what to do with two horses."

"May be you'll feel better," said Abe, "when somebody tells you that my hoss is a mule. Well, well, well!" he went on. "Tuck didn't say he was comin', but I be boun' he comes, an' more'n that, I be boun' a whole passel er gals an' boys'll foller Babe home."

"In giner'lly," said Grandsir Hightower, "I hate for to make remarks 'bout folks when they hain't settin' whar they kin hear me, but that ar Tuck Peevy is got a mighty bad eye.

I hearn im a-quollin' wi' one er them Simmons boys las' Sunday gone wuz a week, an' I tell you he's got the Ole Boy in 'im. An' his appetite's wuss'n his eye."

"Well," said Mrs. Hightower, "nobody 'roun' here don't begrudge him his vittles, I reckon."

"Oh, by no means — by no manner er means," said the old man, suddenly remembering the presence of Chichester. "Yit they oughter be reason in all things; that's what I say — reason in all things, speshually when hit comes to gormandizin'."

The evident seriousness of the old man was very comical. He seemed to be possessed by the unreasonable economy that not infrequently seizes on old age.

"They hain't no begrudgin' 'roun' here," he went on. "Lord! ef I'd 'a' bin a-begrudgin' I'd 'a' thes natchally bin e't up wi' my begrudges. What wer' the word the poor creetur sent to Babe?"

Chichester repeated the brief and apparently uninteresting message, and Grandsir Hightower groaned dismally.

"I dunner what sot him so ag'in' Tuck Peevy," said Abe, laughing. "Tuck's e'en about the peartist chap in the settlement, an' a mighty handy man, put 'im whar you will."

"Why, Aberham!" exclaimed the old man, "you go on like a man what's done gone an' took leave of his sev'm senses. You dunner what sot me ag'in' the poor creetur? Why, time an' time ag'in' I've tol' you it's his ongodly hankerin' atter the flesh-pots. The Bible's ag'in' it, an' I'm ag'in' it. Wharbouts is it put down that a man is ever foun' grace in the cubberd?"

"Well, I lay a man that works is boun' ter eat," said Abe.

"Oh, *I* hain't no 'count,— *I* can't work," said the old man, his wrath, which had been wrought to a high pitch, suddenly taking the shape of plaintive humility. "Yit 'tain't for long. *I* 'll soon be out'n the way, Aberham."

"Shoo!" said Abe, placing his hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder. "You er mighty nigh as spry as a kitten. Babe, honey, fill your grandsir's pipe. He's a-missin' his mornin' smoke."

Soothed by his pipe, the old man seemed to forget the existence of Tuck Peevy, and his name came up for discussion no more.

But Chichester, being a man of quick perceptions, gathered from the animosity of the old man, and the rather uneasy attitude of Miss Babe, that the discussion of Peevy's appetite had its origin in the lover-like attentions which he had been paying to the girl. Certainly Peevy was excusable, and if his attentions had been favorably received, he was to be congratulated, Chichester thought, for in all that region it would have been difficult to find a lovelier specimen of budding womanhood than the young girl who had striven so unsuccessfully to hide her embarrassment as her grandfather proceeded, with the merciless recklessness of age, to criticise Peevy's strength and weakness as a trencherman.

As Chichester had occasion to discover afterwards, Peevy had his peculiarities, but he did not seem to be greatly different from other young men to be found in that region. One of his peculiarities was that he never argued about anything. He had opinions on a great many subjects, but his reasons for holding his opinions he kept to himself. The arguments of those who held contrary views he would listen to with great patience, even with interest, but his only reply would be a slow, irritating smile and a shake of the head. Peevy was homely, but there was nothing repulsive about his homeliness. He was tall and somewhat angular; he was sallow; he had high cheek-bones, and small eyes that seemed to be as alert and as watchful as those of a ferret; and he was slow and deliberate in all his movements, taking time to digest and consider his thoughts before replying to the simplest question, and even then his reply was apt to be evasive. But he was good-humored and obliging, and, consequently, was well thought of by his neighbors and acquaintances.

There was one subject in regard to which he made no concealment, and that was his admiration for Miss Babe Hightower. So far as Peevy was concerned, she was the one woman in the world. His love for her was a passion at once patient, hopeful, and innocent. He displayed his devotion less in words than in his attitude; and so successful had he been that it was generally understood that by camp-meeting time Miss Babe Hightower would be Mrs. Tuck Peevy. That is to say, it was understood by all except Grandsir Hightower, who was apt to chuckle sarcastically when the subject was broached.

"They hain't arry livin' man," he would say, "what's ever seed anybody wi' them kind er eyes settled down an' married. No, sirs! Hit's the vittles Tuck Peevy's atter. Why, bless your soul an' body! he thes natchally dribbles at the mouth when he gits a whiff from the dinner-pot."

Certainly no one would have supposed that Tuck Peevy ever had a sentimental emotion or a romantic notion, but Grandsir Hightower did him great injustice. Behind his careless serenity he was exceedingly sensitive. It is true he was a man difficult to arouse; but he was what his friends called "a mighty tetchy man" on some subjects, and one of these



"BABE FOLLOWED HIM TO THE GATE, AND STOOD LOOKING AFTER HIM." (SEE PAGE 434.)

subjects was Babe. Another was the revenue men. It was generally supposed by Peevy's acquaintances on Lost Mountain that he had a moonshine apparatus over on Sweetwater; but this supposition was the result, doubtless, of his well-known prejudice against the deputies sent out to enforce the revenue laws.

It had been the intention of Chichester to remain only a few days in that neighborhood, but the Hightowers were so hospitably inclined, and the outcroppings of minerals so interesting, that his stay was somewhat prolonged. Naturally, he saw a good deal of Peevy, who knew all about the mountain, and who was frequently able to go with him on his little excursions when Abe Hightower was otherwise engaged. Naturally enough, too, Chichester saw a great deal of Babe. He was interested in her because she was young and beautiful, and because of her quaint individuality. She was not only unconventional, but charmingly so. Her crudeness and her ignorance seemed to be merely phases of originality.

Chichester's interest in Babe was that of a studiously courteous and deferent observer, but it was jealously noted and resented by Tuck Peevy. The result of this was not at first apparent. For a time Peevy kept his jealous suggestions to himself, but he found it impossible to conceal their effect. Gradually he held himself aloof, and finally made it a point to avoid Chichester altogether. For a time Babe made the most of her lover's jealousy. After the manner of her sex, she was secretly delighted to discover that he was furious at the thought that she might inadvertently have cast a little bit of a smile at Mr.

Chichester, and on several occasions she heartily enjoyed Peevy's angry suspicions. But after a while she grew tired of such inconsistent and foolish manifestations. They made her unhappy, and she was too vigorous and too practical to submit to unhappiness with that degree of humility which her more cultivated sisters sometimes exhibit.

One Sunday afternoon, knowing Chichester to be away, Tuck Peevy sauntered carelessly into Hightower's yard and seated himself on the steps of the little porch. It was his first visit for several days, and Babe received him with an air of subdued coolness and indifference that did credit to her sex.

"Wharbouts is your fine gent this mornin'?" inquired Peevy, after a while.

"Wharbouts is who?"

"Your fine gent wi' the sto'-clo'es on."

"I reckon you mean Cap'n Chichester, don't you?" inquired Babe innocently.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Peevy; "he's the chap I'm a-makin' my inquirements atter."

"He's over on Sweetwater, I reckon. Leastways thar's whar he started to go."

"On Sweetwater. Oh, yes!" Peevy paused and ran his long slim fingers through his thin straight hair. "I'm mighty much afear'd," he went on after a pause, "that that fine gent o' your'n is a-gwine ter turn out for to be a snake. That's what I'm afear'd un."

"Well," said Babe, with irritating coolness, "he don't do any of his sneakin' aroun' here. Ef he sneaks, he goes some'ers else to sneak. He don't hang aroun' an' watch his chance to drap in an' pay his calls. I reckon he'd walk right in at the gate thar ef he know'd the Gov'ner er the State wuz a-settin' here. I'm mighty glad I hain't saw none er his sneakin'."

Peevy writhed under this comment on his own actions, but said nothing in reply.

"You don't come to see folks like you useter," said Babe, softening a little. "I reckon you er mighty busy down thar wi' your craps."

Peevy smiled until he showed his yellow teeth. It was not intended to be a pleasant smile.

"I reckon I come lots more'n I'm wanted," he replied. "I hain't got much sense," he went on, "but I got a leetle bit, an' I know when my room's wuth more'n my comp'ny."

"Your hints has got more wings'n stings," said Babe. "But ef I had in my min' what you er got in yourn ——"

"Don't say the word, Babe!" exclaimed Peevy, for the first time fixing his restless eyes on her face. "Don't!"

"Yes, I'll say it, Tuck," said Babe solemnly. "I oughter 'a' said it a long time ago when you wuz a-cuttin' up your capers bekaze Phli Varnadoe wuz a-comin' here to see Pap. I oughter 'a' said it then, but I'll say it now, right pine-blank. Ef I had in my min' what you er got in yourn, I wouldn't never darken this door no more."

Peevy rose and walked up and down the porch. He was deeply moved, but his face showed his emotion only by a slight increase of sallowness. Finally he paused and looked at Babe.

"I lay you'd be mighty glad ef I didn't come no more," he said, with a half smile. "I reckon it kinder rankles you for to see old Tuck Peevy a-hangin' roun' when the tother feller's in sight."

Babe's only reply was a scornful toss of the head.

"Oh, yes!" Peevy went on, "hit rankles you might'ly; yit I lay it won't rankle you so much atter your daddy is took an' jerked off to Atlanty. I tell you, Babe, that ar man is one er the revenues — they hain't no two ways about that."

Babe regarded her angry lover seriously.

"Hit ain't no wonder you make up your min' ag'in' him when you er done made it up ag'in' me. I know in reason they must be somep'n' 'nother wrong when a great big grown man kin work hisself up to holdin' spite. Goodness knows, I wish you wuz like you useter be when I fust know'd you."

Peevy's sallow face flushed a little at the remembrance of those pleasant, peaceful days, but, somehow, the memory of them had the effect of intensifying his jealous mood.

"'Taint me that's changed aroun'," he exclaimed passionately, "an' 'tain't the days nuther. Hit's you — you! An' that fine gent that's a-hangin' roun' here is the 'casion of it. Ever'whar I go hit's the talk. Babe, you know you er lovin' that man!"

Peevy was wide of the mark, but the accusation was so suddenly and so bluntly made that it brought the blood to Babe's face — a tremulous flush that made her fairly radiant for a moment. Undoubtedly Mr. Chichester had played a very pleasing part in her youthful imagination, but never for an instant had he superseded the homely figure of Tuck Peevy. The knowledge that she was blushing gave Babe an excuse for indignation that women are quick to take advantage of. She was so angry, indeed, that she made another mistake.

"Why, Tuck Peevy!" she cried, "you shorely must be crazy. He wouldn't wipe his feet on sech as me!"

"No," said Peevy, "I 'lowed he wouldn't, an' I 'lowed as how you wouldn't wipe your feet on me." He paused a moment, still smiling his peculiar smile. "Hit's a long ways down to Peevy, ain't it?"

"You er doin' all the belittlin'," said Babe.

"Oh, no, Babe! Ever'thing's changed.

Why, even them dogs barks atter me. Ever'thing's turned wrongsud-outerds. An' you er changed wuss'n all."

"Well, you don't reckon I'm a-gwine ter run out'n the gate thar an' fling myself at you, do you?" exclaimed Babe.

"No, I don't. I've thes come to-day for to git a cle'r understan'in'." He hesitated a moment and then went on: "Babe, will you marry me to-morrow?" He asked the question with more eagerness than he had yet displayed.

"No, I won't!" exclaimed Babe, "ner the nex' day nuther. The man I marry'll have a lots better opinion of me than what you er got."

Babe was very indignant, but she paused to see what effect her words would have. Peevy rubbed his hands nervously together, but he made no response. His serenity was more puzzling than that of the mountain. He still smiled vaguely, but it was not a pleasing smile. He looked hard at Babe for a moment, and then down at his clumsy feet. His agitation was manifest, but it did not take the shape of words. In the trees overhead two jays were quarreling with a cat-bird, and in the upper air a bee-martin was fiercely pursuing a sparrow-hawk.

"Well," he said, after a while, "I reckon I better be gwine."

"Wait till your hurry's over," said Babe, in a gentler tone.

Peevy made no reply, but passed out into the road, and disappeared down the mountain. Babe followed him to the gate, and stood looking after him, but he turned his head neither to the right nor to the left, and in a little while she went into the house with her head bent upon her bosom. She was weeping.

Grandsir Hightower, who had shuffled out on the porch to sun himself, stared at the girl with amazement.

"Why, honey!" he exclaimed, "what upon the top side er the yeth ails you?"

"Tuck has gone home mad, an' he won't never come back no more," she cried.

"What's the matter wi' im?"

"Oh, he's thes mad along er me."

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the old man, fumbling feebly in his pockets for his red bandanna handkerchief, "what kind of a come-off is this? Did you ast him to stay to dinner, honey?"

"No — no; he didn't gimme a chance."

"I 'lowed you didn't," exclaimed Grandsir Hightower triumphantly. "I thes natchally 'lowed you didn't. That's what's riled 'im. An' now he'll go off an' vilify you. Well, well, well! he's missed his dinner! The fust time in many's the long day. Watch 'im, Babe! Watch 'im, honey! The Ole Boy's in 'im. I know 'im; I've kep' my two eyes on 'im. For a mess er turnip-greens an' dumperlin's that man 'u'd do murder." The old man paused and looked all around as if by that means to dissipate a suspicion that he was dreaming. "An' so Tuck missed his dinner! Tooby shore — tooby shore!"

"Oh, hit ain't that," cried Babe; "he's jealous of Cap'n Chichester."

"Why, the good Lord, honey! what makes you run on that away?"

"He tol' me so," said Babe.

"Jealous!" exclaimed Grandsir Hightower, "jealous er that young feller! Merciful powers, honey! he's a-begrudgin' 'im the vittles what he eats. I know'd it the minnit I seed 'im come a-sa'nterin' in the yard. Lord, Lord! I wish in my soul the poor creetur could git a chance at one er them ar big Whig barbecues what they useter have."

But there was small consolation in all this for Babe, and she went into the house, where her forlorn appearance attracted the attention of her mother.

"Why, Babe! what in the worl'!" exclaimed this practical woman, dropping her work in amazement. "What in the name er sense ails you?"

Babe had no hesitation in telling her mother the facts.

"Well, my goodness!" was Mrs. Hightower's comment, "I wouldn't go aroun' whinin' about it, ef I wuz you — that I wouldn't. Nobody never ketched me whinin' 'roun' atter your pappy 'fore we wuz married, an' he wuz lots purtier than what Tuck Peevy is. When your pappy got tetchy, I thes sez to myself, s'I, 'Ef I'm wuth havin', I'm wuth scramblin' atter,' an' ef your pappy hadn't 'a' scrambled an' scuffled 'roun' he wouldn't 'a' got me nuther, ef I do up an' say it myself. I'd a heap druther see you fillin' them slays an' a-fixin' up for to weave your pappy some shirts, than to see you a-whinin' 'roun' atter any chap on the top side er the yeth, let 'lone Tuck Peevy."

There was little consolation even in this, but Babe went about her simple duties with some show of spirit; and when her father and Chichester returned from their trip on Sweetwater, it would have required a sharp eye to discover that Babe regarded herself as "wearing the green willow."

For a few days she avoided Chichester, as if by that means to prove her loyalty to Peevy; but as Peevy was not present to approve her conduct or to take advantage of it, she soon grew tired of playing an unnecessary part. Peevy persisted in staying away, and the result was that Babe's anger — a healthy quality in a young girl — got the better of her grief. Then wonder took the place of anger;

but behind it all was the hope that before many days Peevy would saunter into the house, armed with his inscrutable smile, and inquire, as he had done a hundred times before, how long before dinner would be ready. This theory was held by Grandsir Hightower, but, as it was a very plausible one, Babe adopted it as her own.

Meanwhile, it is not to be supposed that two lovers, one sulking and the other sighing, had any influence on the season. The spring had made some delay in the valley before taking complete possession of the mountain, but this delay was not significant. Even on the mountain the days began to suggest the ardor of summer. The air was alternately warm and hazy, and crisp and clear. One day Kenesaw would cast aside its atmospheric trappings and appear to lie within speaking distance of Hightower's door. The next it would withdraw behind its blue veil, and seem far enough away to belong to another world. On Hightower's farm the corn was high enough to whet its green sabers against the wind.

One evening Chichester, Hightower, and Babe sat on the little porch with their faces turned toward Kenesaw. They had been watching a line of blue smoke on the mountain in the distance, and, as the twilight deepened into dusk, they saw that the summit of Kenesaw was crowned by a thin fringe of fire. As the darkness gathered, the bright belt of flame projected against the vast expanse of night seemed to belong to the vision of St. John.

"It looks like a picture out of the Bible," suggested Chichester, somewhat vaguely.

"It's wuss'n that, I reckon," said Abe. "Some un's a-losin' a mighty sight of fencin'; an' timber's timber these days, lemme tell you."

"May be some un's a-burnin' bresh," said Babe.

"Bless you! they don't pile bresh in a streak a mile long," said Abe.

The thin line of fire crept along slowly, and the people on the little porch sat and watched it. Occasionally it would crawl up to the top of a dead pine, and leave a fiery signal flaming in the air.

"What is the matter with Peevy?" asked Chichester after a while. "I met him on the mountain the other day, and he seemed not to know me."

"He don't know anybody aroun' here," said Babe with a sigh.

"Hit's thes some er his an' Babe's capers," Hightower remarked with a laugh. "They er bin a-cuttin' up this away now gwine on two year'. I reckon ag'in' camp-meetin' time Tuck'll drap in an' make hisself know'd. Gals and boys is mighty funny wi' the'r gwines on."

After a little, Abe went into the house and left the young people to watch the fiery procession in Kenesaw.

"The next time I see Peevy," said Chichester, gallantly, "I'll take him by the sleeve and show him the road to Beauty's bower."

"Well, you nee'nter pester wi' 'im on account of me," said Babe. Chichester laughed. The fact that so handsome a girl as Babe should deliberately fall in love with so lank and ungainly a person as Tuck Peevy seemed to him to be one of the problems that philosophers ought to concern themselves with; but, from his point of view, the fact that Babe had not gradually faded away, according to the approved rules of romance, was entirely creditable to human nature on the mountain.

A candle, burning in the room that Chichester occupied, shone through the window faintly and fell on Babe, while Chichester sat in the shadow. As they were talking a mocking-bird in the apple-trees awoke and poured into the ear of night a flood of delicious melody. Hearing this, Babe seized Chichester's hat and placed it on her head.

"There must be some omen in that," said Chichester.

"They say," said Babe, laughing merrily, "that ef a gal puts on a man's hat when she hears a mocker sing at night, she'll git married that year an' do well."

"Well, I'm sorry I haven't got a bonnet to put on," exclaimed Chichester.

"Oh, it don't work that away!" cried Babe.

The mocking-bird continued to sing, and finally brought its concert to a close by giving a most marvelous imitation of the liquid, silvery chimes of the wood-thrush.

There was a silence for one brief moment. Then there was a red flash under the apple-trees, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle. There was another brief moment of silence, and then the young girl sighed softly, leaned forward, and fell from her chair.

"What's this?" cried Abe, coming to the door.

"The Lord only knows!" exclaimed Chichester. "Look at your daughter!"

Abe stepped forward and touched the girl on the shoulder. Then he shook her gently, as he had done a thousand times when rousing her from sleep.

"Babe! git up! Git up, honey, an' go in the house. You ought to 'a' been abed long ago. Git up, honey."

Chichester stood like one paralyzed. For the moment he was incapable of either speech or action.

"I know what she's atter," said Abe, tenderly. "You wouldn't believe it skacely, but this yer great big chunk of a gal wants her

ole pappy to pick her up an' tote her thes like he useter when she was er little bit of a scrap."

"I think she has been shot," said Chichester. To his own ears his voice seemed to be the voice of some other man.

"Shot!" exclaimed Abe. "Why, who's a-gwine to shoot Babe? Lord, Cap'n! you dunner nothin' 'tall 'bout Babe ef you talk that away. Come on, honey." With that Abe lifted his child in his arms, and carried her into the house. Chichester followed. All his faculties were benumbed, and he seemed to be walking in a dream. It seemed that no such horrible confusion as that by which he was surrounded could have the remotest relation to reality.

Nevertheless, it did not add to his surprise and consternation to find, when Abe had placed the girl on her bed, that she was dead. A little red spot on her forehead, half-hidden by the glossy, curling hair, showed that whoever held the rifle aimed it well.

"Why, honey," said Abe, wiping away the slight blood-stain that showed itself, "you struck your head ag'in' a nail. Git up! you oughtn't to be a-gwine on this away before comp'ny."

"I tell you she is dead!" cried Chichester. "She has been murdered!"

The girl's mother had already realized this fact, and her tearless grief was something pitiful to behold. The gray-haired grandfather had also realized it.

"I'd druther see her a-lyin' thar dead," he exclaimed, raising his weak and trembling hands heavenward, "than to see her Tuck Peevy's wife."

"Why, gentermen!" exclaimed Abe, "how *kin* she be dead? I oughter to know my own gal, I reckon. Many's an' many's the time she's worried me, a-playin' 'possum, an' many's an' many's the time has I sot by her waitin' tell she let on to wake up. Don't you all pester wi' her. She'll wake up therreckly."

At this juncture Tuck Peevy walked into the room. There was a strange glitter in his eyes, a new energy in his movements. Chichester sprang at him, seized him by the throat, and dragged him to the bedside.

"You cowardly, skulking murderer!" he exclaimed, "see what you have done!"

Peevy's sallow face grew ashen. He seemed to shrink and collapse under Chichester's hand. His breath came thick and short. His long, bony fingers clutched nervously at his clothes.

"I aimed at the hat!" he exclaimed huskily.

He would have leaned over the girl, but Chichester flung him away from the bedside, and he sank down in a corner, moaning and shaking. Abe took no notice of Peevy's entrance, and paid no attention to the crouching figure mumbling in the corner, except, perhaps, so far as he seemed to recognize in Chichester's attack on Peevy a somewhat vigorous protest against his own theory; for, when there was comparative quiet in the room, Hightower raised himself, and exclaimed, in a tone that showed both impatience and excitement:

"Why, great God A'mighty, gentermen, don't go on that away! They hain't no harm done. Thes let us alone. Me an' Babe's all right. She's bin a-playin' this away ev'ry sence she wuz a little bit of a gal. Don't less make her mad, gentermen, bekaze ef we do she'll take plum tell day atter to-morrer for to come 'roun' right."

Looking closely at Hightower, Chichester could see that his face was colorless. His eyes were sunken, but shone with a peculiar brilliancy, and great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. His whole appearance was that of a man distraught. Here was another tragedy!

Seeking a momentary escape from the confusion and perplexity into which he had been plunged by the horrible events of the night, Chichester passed out into the yard, and stood bareheaded in the cool wind that was faintly stirring among the trees. The stars shone remote and tranquil, and the serenity of the mountain, the awful silence that seemed to be, not the absence of sound, but the presence of some spiritual entity, gave assurance of peace. Out there, in the cold air, or in the wide skies, or in the vast gulf of night, there was nothing to suggest either pity or compassion — only the mysterious tranquillity of nature.

This was the end, so far as Chichester knew. He never entered the Hightower house again. Something prompted him to saddle his horse and ride down the mountain. The tragedy and its attendant troubles were never reported in the newspapers. The peace of the mountain remained undisturbed, its silence unbroken.

But should Chichester, who at last accounts was surveying a line of railway in Mexico, ever return to Lost Mountain, he would find Tuck Peevy a gaunt and shrunken creature, working on the Hightower farm and managing such of its small affairs as call for management. Sometimes, when the day's work is over and Peevy sits at the fireside saying nothing, Abe Hightower will raise a paralytic hand and cry out as loud as he can that it's almost time for Babe to quit playing 'possum. At such times we may be sure that, so far as Peevy is concerned, there is still trouble on Lost Mountain.

Joel Chandler Harris.

SPIRITUAL PREACHING FOR OUR TIMES.

IN his address to the divinity students of Cambridge, Mr. Emerson says that Christianity has given us "two inestimable advantages." These are, "First, the Sabbath, the jubilee of the whole world; whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into prison cells, and everywhere suggests, even to the vile, the dignity of spiritual being"; "and secondly, the institution of preaching,— the speech of man to men,— essentially the most flexible of all organs, of all forms."

These two institutions will stand or fall together. If the Christian Sabbath continues to suggest to all conditions of men "the dignity of spiritual being" instead of mere physical indulgence, it will be because the church and the pulpit, so associated in our minds with the Sabbath, have power to hold men to a sense of that dignity. The Christian pulpit and the Christian Sabbath will preach the same thing. To the minds of men the one will be what the other is. The heritage of a spiritual Sabbath cannot be long preserved after the pulpit has lost spiritual power. There are those who think that this day has already come. Mr. Emerson thought so forty-seven years ago. He was mistaken then; others are mistaken now. The truth is, that "the most flexible of all organs" shows, on the whole, great power of adaptation. The pulpit is, in the main, sensitive to popular needs, and it is not so very slow to respond to them. Now and then there will be such a man as Mr. Emerson saw standing in the pulpit one Sunday with the snow-flakes falling past the windows behind him, and the snow-flakes more real than he. But there has been any amount of reality in the pulpits for the past forty-seven years, and there is more and more of it instead of less and less. I suspect there have always been those to complain that the pulpit has lost, or is just about to lose, its hold on the people; but it never quite loses it. It always manages to begin to say the right thing before the last of the hearers has made up his mind to go to church no more. It may be seriously questioned whether, taking the people as they run, there was ever a time when popular interest in preaching, at least in this country, was greater than now. There is and always has been a large non-church-going element. But any one who watches the doors of our churches on Sunday, in city or village, will make up his mind that neither churches nor pulpits have lost their attractions for the great "middle class" of society.

And any one who comes much in contact with these church-goers will observe that there has been among them, in the last ten or fifteen years, an increasing demand for preaching which befits and promotes a spiritual Sabbath and a spiritual faith. If, especially here in America, church-goers, at one period of this generation, have been, to a considerable extent, captivated by a preaching which lowered its tone, and thought to catch men with oddities and tricks of sensationalism, that day has gone by. You hear little of such things in these later years. For some reason taste has changed. Men are less in the mood for trifling. Congregations are more serious. There is a call for earnest work. There is a larger sense of the "dignity of spiritual being." There is a demand for a more spiritual preaching. It is rather felt than expressed in words; but it only needs defining and cultivating in order to open the way for the highest order of pulpit work. This demand corresponds to widespread intellectual and social conditions, involving problems over which men grow earnest. These conditions make the work of the pulpit more than usually attractive to the preacher, while the quality which preaching is to assume, in the face of such problems, becomes a matter of popular interest.

What then is Spiritual Preaching? It is not preaching with what, in many quarters, passes for unction. There is an unction without which a man had as well not preach. The preacher must come, as Jesus came from the Jordan, having the consciousness so transfused by a sense of spirit and spiritual relations, that he will speak out of soul-depths so profound that they seem to touch the sources of being. This is unction, though it does not always pass for it. What often goes current under the name is nothing more than an acquired manner and tone, belonging to the department of elocution, and equally available, if one please, for themes spiritual or secular.

It is well also not to confound spiritual preaching with revival preaching, to which belongs such discourse as is mainly intended to move men to sudden conversion, rather than to educate them into a large understanding of themselves and of their spiritual relations. Revival preaching has its function, but, as a main dependence, it cannot answer the

demand of any times. A good deal of it is materialistic and lacking in educational power. Spiritual preaching is reviving; it is not necessarily revivalistic. It aims to develop in man a sense of his spiritual nature and of the wants and possibilities of that nature. It would lift man into an ennobling conception of himself by revealing him to his own consciousness as a being of high origin, born for great enterprise in the triple realm of thought and feeling and action. It labors, broadly, to put man into spiritual relation to all his surroundings; to the universe of nature, to humanity as represented in the family, the community, the nation, and the race. Crowning all this is the revelation of man in his relation to an infinite spirit. This last the preacher must apprehend and set forth in the style of Jesus, as an exalting and saving relation. Here is the center at which spiritual preaching aims: to get man to know God, to bring him into contact with the Infinite, and bind him so close to it that the divine life shall throb through him, stimulate his growth, and shape it into the sympathy and manliness of Jesus.

This kind of preaching is spiritual. It deals with man as spirit, possessing, over and above all other relations, spiritual contacts with the world about him and above him; belonging to a great spiritual community under a heavenly Father. It lifts man out of mere earth and flesh in order to establish up and down the universe spiritual relations in which he finds his life.

Such preaching can scarcely fail to be cheerful and hopeful. He who engages in it will be in earnest because he deals with the deepest problems of humanity. He will warn men; but there will be a glow of heaven in his speech, since it is born out of a gospel which is lustrous with the glory from the midst of which it comes.

Now it is true that preaching of this kind is demanded at all times. The wants of the ages are more nearly the same than we are inclined to think. But, under a general persistence of the same needs, there are special developments of life in centuries, and even in decades, which have to be checked or stimulated or molded by forces at the preacher's command. For these purposes he must emphasize now one side and now another of gospel truth. As he does this he may become more or less spiritual in his emphasis. The doctrinal preaching of forty or more years ago was distinctively intellectual. When it dealt with spiritual things it sought to compass them with definitions and syllogisms. It subordinated them to system. Perhaps it needed to do so. It is well not to judge the past. We shall soon belong to it. The preaching of the early part of the century must have had its antecedent conditions, which made it largely speculative and dogmatic. A man may deliver from his pulpit a system of theology, and though it lack spiritual flavor, it may meet a need of his time.

There are also periods which call for special emphasis on the ethical side of religion. The foundations of morality being already laid, for reasons arising out of widely existing conditions, the pulpits far and near may ring out the call to virtue and honesty. Conduct is the theme of discourse. Such a period was introduced in this country by the corruptions following in the wake of the late war. It is never safe to lose sight of ethical truth. It covers so much of human action that some mistake it for the whole of life. It is the manifestation of a life which roots deeper than conduct and of which conduct is the fruit.

Then too there is an unspiritual and secular preaching which easily degenerates into sensationalism, in the bad sense, and has had its day among us or is, in a lesser degree, still having its day. Such preaching may originate in a demand of the times not altogether unhealthy; as when men have come to feel that religion is a thing apart from life and alienated from the world's movements. Then the preacher may have to emphasize the sympathy of religion and the pulpit with the current affairs of the world. But woe to the man who, himself unspiritual, undertakes to do this. For out of this rational demand has come some very irrational preaching on topics of the times.

Now, in distinction from preaching emphatically doctrinal or ethical or secular or of whatever other sort, it is the object of this essay to present to the minds of both people and preachers the demand, arising out of present aspects of life, for a preaching emphatically spiritual; dealing with man on the side of his relations to a spiritual humanity and to a whole wide realm of spirit and of spirit-revealing nature.

The times present on the one hand a preparation and on the other a peculiar and growing need of this kind of preaching. Not that the people call for it with any distinct utterance. The wants of the masses of men are often unconscious. But those who sit in the pews are in a state of mind to listen to such truth, and they will encourage its proclamation. They will also go away from listening to it with responses in their hearts, forced by their experiences of a world-life in which they are taking part, but the bearings of which they do not perfectly comprehend. Some of the conditions of that life we must review.

Science, philosophy, theology, politics, in-

dustry are all offering just now marked phases. In science and philosophy we have reached the close of a period wherein great movements have made a preparation for spiritual preaching. In theology, politics, and industry powerful movements are rising to their flood which create a demand for such preaching.

The last forty years have witnessed rapid advancement in all departments of science, on the basis of wide and profound researches, culminating in generalizations which are mightily influencing all provinces of thought. These advances have covered a period of activity on which is following a period of relative rest from scientific speculation, though not from investigation. Those acquainted with Whewell's writings will recognize this as one of his periods of review, involving certification or rejection of speculative results.

Now, what here specially concerns us is the manifest spiritual tendency of all this scientific work. There never was a grosser mistake than that which any of us have committed, if we have stood trembling in our bats' corners, protesting against the boldness of scientific investigation or against the attempts of men of science to form comprehensive theories of nature, as though the universe might preach a gospel of materialism. For, now that the heats of controversy are being dissipated, it is plain that the whole drift of science for the last thirty or forty years has been toward a spiritual unity. This is indicated by multitudinous directions of discovery which point to one force center; as a thousand needles at a thousand different stations on this northern hemisphere point toward a pole whence all magnetic forces emanate. Moreover, as the mind expands its range of vision on the ever widening circle of generalization, it recognizes in the world of nature numerous thought-relations which point to spirit as that primal unity.

It was to be expected that along with the movements of science would come the revival of those philosophical problems which the human race is ever discussing in view of itself and the phenomena of nature. Once more, and with tremendous popular appeals, the questions of being and becoming, of whence and how and whither, have been brought forward. This discussion never ends. But we may discern here, also, just now, a period of relative repose, wherein results are garnered to the reassurance of man's belief in himself as spirit and in God as spirit, and in a community of spirit life around and above us. In the discussions of philosophy, positivism has been met by the necessary conception of causal power; materialism, in man and in the world external to man, has been met by a philosophy of spirit; agnosticism has been met by reasserting the foundations of a true diagnosis, of knowledge grounded in the sure facts of human consciousness out of which, as from firm data, man rises to rational beliefs, and so the way is opened for the loftiest flights of a spiritual faith.

As a result of this readjustment, through a sound philosophy, of the questions started afresh by science, the preacher will find, in the coming years, not only among the common people, but among the learned, a stronger basis for his appeals to man as a spiritual being, living in spiritual relations. If, in the wrecks of faith, caused by the boldness of the questions and denials which have been pushed to the front in the last few decades, there has been, in certain classes of society, a drifting away from the sense of spiritual things, there are indications that the cyclone is past. Through a sweeter and serener atmosphere heaven is opened again to human vision, and on its floor of sapphire is erected the throne of God. There has been no time in the last twenty or thirty years when the preacher could speak of spiritual things with so much boldness or with so great promise of a ready response. After such periods of questioning, men turn with hungry hearts to those realities which make life worth living.

On the other hand, tendencies of thought and life are rapidly developing, on a large scale, which make insistence upon the spiritual in religion a commanding necessity.

However opinions may differ as to the value of present tendencies in the theological world, no one will deny that there is a determined push in the direction of a larger freedom. Call it looseness or license or liberty, the fact is there, indisputable. With it we have to deal. The forces which have held men, whether of human authority backed by a persecuting ecclesiasticism, or of ignorance, or of both combined, are no longer sufficient to hold them. In the face of protests men go on asserting the liberty to inquire into all foundations of belief, whether in science, philosophy, or revelation. The nature and sources of authority are inspected. The claims of Scripture, theories of inspiration, former interpretations of Scripture, the historic foundations of Christianity, the life of Jesus and his work and their relation to individual destiny and race destiny, the innermost meaning of salvation, its scope and reach,— all are reviewed and discussed with intense interest, and with the enthusiasm and hope of a fresh liberty. It is useless to attempt the arrest of this. It is part of the life of the age. He is happiest who most clearly sees that freedom of inquiry is the condition of truth.

On the other hand, such freedom is not without its dangers; and the salvation of our present religious thought can only be assured, and healthful results reached, by baptizing that thought in the spirit. The more it feels the pulse of freedom the more thoroughly must it be pervaded by the sense of the invisible. If such movements are not intensely spiritual they become rationalistic and skeptical. A rank intellectualism is only a grade higher than materialism. It is the spirit that quickeneth. The Christian church is passing through great transitions. This is not a sign of decadence, but of an intense life. But change involves crises. Transition periods are critical periods. In guiding the great body of the church through such transitions, and, in order to land the people on a surer basis of faith, the preacher must keep to those spiritual heights where all things are seen in their divinely constituted relations.

If we pass over to the political conditions of our country and the world we shall find them joining in the demand for such preaching. The political emancipation of the masses, under whatever form of government; the recognition of manhood; the allotment to each of his share of privilege and responsibility; in a word, the doctrine of political equality is bearing the fruit of an intense individualism. Men easily confound political equality with equality of attainment; equal rights with equal worth. In political striving and climbing that grace of humility, which enjoins man "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think," vanishes. In cultivating manhood we develop selfhood. Individualism, in the root idea of which lies great promise for character, becomes a rampant self-assertion, a hankering after an unattainable independence. It grows impatient of all superiority, whether in knowledge and refinement or in wealth and power. It runs into irreverence, disregard of authority, lawlessness, communism, nihilism, political iconoclasm joined to oicoclasm, the destruction of home. These are the thistles which grow in the rich but rank soil of political equality; and precisely here is to be cast in the good seed of a spiritual kingdom. Against these crude growths simple ethical teaching does not avail, least of all a materialistic ethics. Here he who aims to correct by laying the main emphasis upon ethics fails because the foundations of morality are swept away. The spiritual kingdom must first be made regnant, and out of it must grow a spiritual ethics. Into this whirl and swelter of political agitation the preacher must come charged with the sense of God and of the possibilities of a spiritual manhood. Individualism is to learn dependence on an infinite Father. Abnegation of all authority is to be met by the authority of love in God's son. Irreverence is to be overcome by the spirit of worship, of which some of our churches are making too little. Oicoclasm is to yield before the spiritual unity of the home. Socialism must be supplanted by a more rational Christian communism, under the names of communion, fellowship, brotherhood.

Looking once more at industry, in its various departments of production and trade, we find here our third demand for emphasizing the spiritual side of life and for holding its activity in closer contact with the heavenly and divine.

Science has grandly stimulated industry by increasing its rewards. The prizes of enterprising labor are great, often glittering. The power of wealth is fascinating. The successful producer or dealer of to-day is a prince. The industrious laborer is rich. And the result of all this is that laziness is ceasing to be fashionable;— the nobility of England are learning to make themselves useful. Science sets the world astir. The goal of its motion is gain. The race is eager. Hence mammonworship. Hence mercantilism, the inordinate estimate of wealth; the grading of all things at a value in cash; society graded on a cash basis; ideality sacrificed to material good; virtue, patriotism, heroism, manhood counting for less, money counting for more; votes, offices, justice having their price. This is mercantilism, the great danger to society; greater because more subtle than nihilism. It creeps into literature, science, art, politics, the state, the church; and here arises the demand for that spiritual teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus, the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving; the lofty view of a life which is more than meat; God coming in among the elements of this world, clothing lilies, feeding birds, summoning man to the glory of an ideal kingdom and to the attainment first and foremost of *character*, rooted in God and God's righteousness. The cure for the mercantile spirit is not ethics, but faith. It is not a moral code but the divine Fatherhood. It is not even the golden rule, except as the golden rule is formulated out of the spirit of Christian Brotherhood.

In bringing the discussion to this point I may seem only to have prepared the way for a demand that the contents of spiritual preaching should be given with some particularity; but it is only possible to touch such a matter in its roots. Details must develop themselves out of personal and local conditions.

We cannot, however, place too much emphasis on the requirement that the contents of

such a spiritual gospel be made up under the direct influence of the life and teaching of Jesus. His spirituality is preëminent. In others, even of the sacred writers, this quality is weighted with earthly admixtures. In him it is unalloyed, ethereal, and transparent. He lives in at once the richest and the most delicate relations to his environment. In contact with him all nature seems permeated with spirit. His intense spirituality transfigures his fleshly body, lifts him over waves, transports him into the clouds. It envelops his personality and gives it its singular radiance; it pervades his action and fills his speech. His discourse is neither secular nor ethical nor theological; it is spiritual. And what especially helps us in making up the root-contents of our preaching is the fact that this spirituality expresses itself in three fundamental conceptions, which shaped his life and formed the substance of his doctrine. These are Fatherhood, Sonship, Brotherhood. Here are the relations in which he lived and of which he spoke. In unfolding them and in applying them to the needs of our times, the pulpit will develop its highest spiritual power. The golden future, too, of which men dream, is prophesied in these conceptions. No theology which is permeated with the truth of a divine Fatherhood as set forth by Jesus can become coldly rationalistic. Individualism cannot hold sway and develop its destructive social fruits among peoples that have caught the deeper meaning of Sonship and Brotherhood. The same conceptions, in their free development, are the antidote for mercantilism in its various forms, supplanting it by higher views of life, laying the foundation for ideal worth, for unselfish patriotism and philanthropic heroism.

Edward Hungerford.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.*



PICKETING THE RAPIDAN.

EARLY in June, 1862, I was in command of the army corps known as the "Army of the Mississippi," which formed the left wing of the army engaged in operations against Corinth, Miss., commanded by General Halleck. A few days after Corinth was evacuated I went to St. Louis on a short leave of absence from my command, and while there I received a telegram from Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, requesting me to come to Washington immediately. I at once communicated the fact to General Halleck by telegraph, and received a reply from him strongly objecting to my leaving the army under his command. I quite concurred with him both as to his objections to my going to Washington for public reasons and as to the unadvisability of such a step on personal considerations. I was obliged, however, to go, and I went accordingly, but with great reluctance and against the urgent protests of my friends in St. Louis, and subsequently of many friends in the Army of the West.

When I reached Washington, the President was absent at West Point, but I reported in person to Secretary Stanton. I had never seen him before, and his peculiar appearance and manners made a vivid impression on me. He was short and stout. His long beard, which hung over his breast, was slightly tinged with gray even at that time, and he had the appearance of a man who had lost much sleep and was tired both in body and mind. Certainly, with his large eye-glasses and rather disheveled appearance, his presence was not imposing. Although he was very kind and civil to me, his manner was abrupt and his speech short and rather dictatorial. He entered at once on the business in hand, seemingly without the least idea that any one should object to, or be reluctant to agree to, his views and purposes. He was surprised, and it seemed to me not well pleased, that I did not assent to his plans with effusion; but went on to unfold them in the seeming certainty that they must be submitted to. He informed me that the purpose was to unite the armies under McDowell, Frémont, and Banks, all three of whom were my seniors in rank, and to place me in general command. These armies were scattered over the northern part of Virginia, with little or no

* General Longstreet will contribute to the February CENTURY a paper on this subject, with illustrations.

Accompanying General Beauregard's paper on the First Battle of Bull Run, or "Manassas" (see THE CENTURY for November, 1884), were maps and many pictures which will be found of interest with reference to the second battle.—EDITOR.

communication or concert of action with one another; Frémont and Banks being at Middletown, in the valley of the Shenandoah, and McDowell's corps widely separated, King's division being at Fredericksburg, and Ricketts's at and beyond Manassas Junction.

The general purpose at that time was to demonstrate with the army toward Gordonsville and Charlottesville and draw off as much as possible of the force in front of General McClellan, who then occupied the line of the Chickahominy, and to distract the attention of the enemy in his front so as to reduce as far as practicable the resistance opposed to his advance on Richmond.

It became apparent to me at once that the duty to be assigned to me was in the nature of a forlorn hope, and my position was still further embarrassed by the fact that I was called from another army and a different field of duty to command an army of which the corps commanders were all my seniors in rank. I therefore strongly urged that I be not placed in such a position, but that I be permitted to return to my command in the West, to which I was greatly attached and with which I had been closely identified in several successful operations on the Mississippi. It was not difficult to forecast the delicate and embarrassing position in which I should be placed, nor the almost certainly disagreeable, if not unfortunate, issue of such organization for such a purpose.

It would be tedious, and no doubt not interesting, to relate the conversations which took place between the President, the Secretary of War, and myself on this subject. It will be sufficient to say that I was finally informed that the public interests required my assignment to this command, and that it was my duty to submit cheerfully. An order from the War Department was accordingly issued organizing the Army of Virginia, to consist of the army corps of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, and placing me in command.

One result of this order was the very natural protest of General Frémont against being placed under the command of his junior in rank, and his almost immediate request to be relieved from the command of his corps.

It was natural not only that the commanders of the three corps of the army should be dissatisfied with an organization in which they were subordinated to their junior in rank, but almost equally so that the subordinate officers and the enlisted men of those corps should have been ill pleased at the seeming affront to their own officers, involved in calling an officer strange to them and to the country in which they were operating, and to the character of the service in which they were engaged, to supersede well-known and trusted officers who had been with them from the beginning, and whose reputation was so closely identified with their own.

How far this feeling prevailed among them, and how it influenced their actions, if it did so at all, I am not able to tell; but it is only proper for me to say (and it is a pleasure as well as a duty to say it) that Generals McDowell and Banks never exhibited to me the slightest feeling on the subject either in their conversation or acts. Indeed, I think it would be hard to find officers more faithful to their duty or more deeply interested in the success of the army. To General McDowell especially is due my gratitude for his zeal and fidelity in what was and ought to have been considered a common cause, the success of the Union army.

Knowing very well the difficulties and embarrassments certain to arise from all these sources, and the almost hopeless character of the service demanded of me, I, nevertheless, felt obliged, in deference to the wish of the President and Secretary of War, to submit; but I entered on this command with great reluctance and serious forebodings.

On the 27th of June, accordingly, I assumed command of the Army of Virginia, which consisted of the three corps above named, which numbered as follows: Frémont's corps, 11,500; Banks's corps, 8000; and McDowell's corps, 18,500; in all, 38,000 men. The cavalry numbered about 5000, but most of it was badly organized and armed, and in poor condition for service. These forces were scattered over a wide district of country, not within supporting distance of one another, and some of the brigades and divisions were badly organized and in a more or less demoralized condition. This was especially the case in the army corps of General Frémont, as shown in the report of General Sigel sent me when he had assumed command of it.

My first object was, therefore, to bring the three corps of the army together, or near enough together to be within supporting distance of one another, and to put them in as efficient a condition for active service as was possible with the time and means at my disposal. When I assumed this command, the troops under General Stonewall Jackson had retired from the valley of the Shenandoah to Richmond, so there was not at that time any force of the enemy of any consequence within several days' march of my command. I accordingly sent orders to General Sigel to move forward, cross the Shenandoah at Front Royal, and, pursuing the west side of the Blue Ridge, take post at Sperryville by passing the Blue Ridge at Luray or Thornton's

Gap. At the same time I directed General Banks to cross the Shenandoah at the same place and take post near or at Little Washington. Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps, then at and beyond Manassas Junction, was ordered to move forward to Waterloo Bridge, where the turnpike from Warrenton to Sperryville crosses the Rappahannock, there known as Hedgman's River. King's division of the same corps was kept at Fredericksburg in deference to the wishes of the Government and much against my opinion. The wide separation of this division from the main body of the army not only deprived me of its use when, as became plain afterwards, it was much needed, but left us exposed to the constant danger that the enemy might interpose between us.

The partial concentration of the corps so near to the Blue Ridge and with open communications with the Shenandoah Valley seemed to me best to fulfill the object of covering that valley from any movements from the direction of Richmond with any force less than the army under my command. The position was one also which gave most favorable facilities for the intended operations towards Gordonsville and Charlottesville.

At the date of my orders for this concentration of the army under my command, the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan occupied both banks of the Chickahominy, and it was hoped that his advance against Richmond, so long delayed, might be facilitated by vigorous use of the Army of Virginia.

During the preparation for the march of the corps of Banks and Sigel towards Sperryville and Little Washington, began the series of battles which preceded and attended the retreat of General McClellan from the Chickahominy towards Harrison's Landing.

When first General McClellan began to intimate by his dispatches that he designed making this retreat towards the James River, I suggested to the President the impolicy of such a movement, and the serious consequences that would be likely to result from it; I urged upon him that he send orders to General McClellan, if he were unable to maintain his position on the Chickahominy, and were pushed by superior forces of the enemy, to mass his whole force on the north side of that stream even at the risk of losing some of his material of war, and endeavor to retire in the direction of Hanover Court House, but in no event to retreat farther south than the White House on the Pamunkey River. I told the President that by the movement to the James River the whole army of the enemy would be interposed between General McClellan and myself, and that they would then be able to strike in either direction as might seem most advantageous to them; that this movement would leave entirely unprotected, except so far as the small force under my command could protect it, the whole region in front of Washington, and that it would therefore be impossible to send him any of my troops without putting it in the power of the enemy to exchange Richmond for Washington; that to them the loss of Richmond would be comparatively a small loss, while to us the loss of Washington would be almost a fatal blow. I was so impressed with these opinions that I several times urged them upon the attention of the President and the Secretary of War.

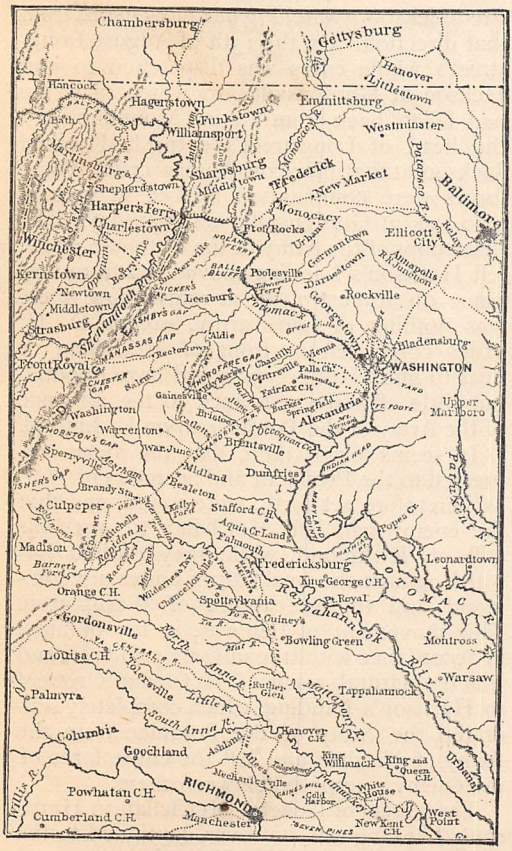
The soundness of these views can be easily tested by subsequent facts. The enemy actually did choose between the danger of losing Richmond and the chance of capturing Washington. Stonewall Jackson's corps was detached from Lee's army confronting McClellan at Harrison's Landing early in July, and on the 19th of that month was concentrated at Gordonsville in my front; while Stuart's cavalry division, detached from Lee's army about the same time, was at or near Fredericksburg watching our movements from that direction. On the 13th of August Longstreet's whole corps was dispatched to join Jackson at Gordonsville, to which place he had fallen back from Cedar Mountain, and the head of Longstreet's corps had joined Jackson at that place on August 15th. These forces were commanded by Lee in person, who was at Gordonsville on that day. The first troops of the Army of the Potomac which left Harrison's Landing moved out from that place on August 14th, at which date there was nothing of Lee's army, except D. H. Hill's corps, left in front of McClellan or near to him. Hill's corps could have opposed but little effective resistance to the advance of the Army of the Potomac upon Richmond.

It seems clear, then, that the views expressed to the President and Secretary of War, as heretofore set forth, were sound, and that the enemy had left McClellan to work his will on Richmond, while they pushed forward against the small army under my command and to the capture of Washington. This movement of Lee was, in my opinion, in accordance with true military principle, and was the natural result of McClellan's retreat to Harrison's Landing, which completely separated the Army of the Potomac from the Army of Virginia and left the entire force of the enemy interposed between them.

The retreat of General McClellan to Harrison's Landing was, however, continued to the end. During these six days of anxiety and

apprehension Mr. Lincoln spent much of his time in the office of the Secretary of War, and most of that time reclining on a sofa or lounge. The Secretary of War was always with him, and from time to time his Cabinet officers came in. Mr. Lincoln himself appeared much depressed and wearied, though he would occasionally, while waiting for telegrams, break into some humorous remark, which seemed rather a protest against his despondent manner than any genuine expression of enjoyment. He spoke no unkind word of any one, and appeared to be anxious to bear himself all of the burden of the situation; and when the final result was reported he rose with a sorrowful face and left the War Department.

A day or two after General McClellan reached the James River I was called before the President and his Cabinet to consult upon means and movements to relieve him. I do not know that it would be proper even at this day for me to state what occurred or what was said during this consultation, except so far as I was myself directly concerned. General McClellan was calling for reënforcements, and stating that "much over rather than under one hundred thousand men" were necessary before he could resume operations against Richmond. I had not under my command one half that force.



OUTLINE MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN.

I stated to the President and Cabinet that I stood ready to undertake any movement, however hazardous, to relieve the Army of the Potomac. Some suggestions which seemed to me impracticable were made, and much was said which under the circumstances will not bear repetition.

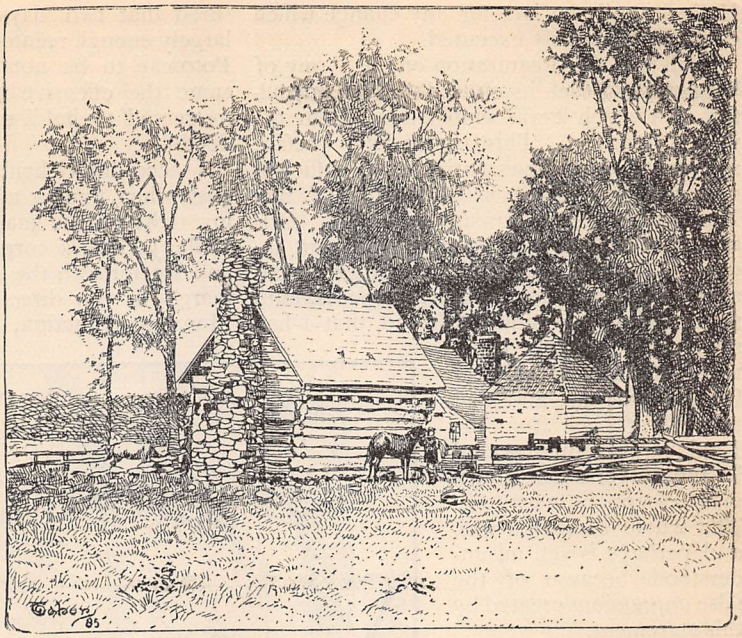
I stated that only on one condition would I be willing to involve the army under my command in direct operations against the enemy to relieve the Army of the Potomac. That condition was, that such peremptory orders be given to General McClellan, and in addition such measures taken in advance as would render it certain that he would make a vigorous attack on the enemy with his whole force the moment he heard that I was engaged.

In face of the extraordinary difficulties which existed and the terrible responsibility about to be thrown on me, I considered it my duty to state plainly to the President that I could not risk the destruction of my army in such a movement as was suggested if it were left to the discretion of General McClellan or any one else to withhold the vigorous use of his whole force when my attack was made.

The whole plan of campaign for the army under my command was necessarily changed by the movement of the Army of the Potomac to Harrison's Landing. A day or two after General McClellan had reached his position on James River I addressed him a letter stating to him my position, the disposition of the troops under my command, and what was required of them, and requesting him in all good faith and earnestness to write me freely and fully his views, and to suggest to me any measures which he thought desirable to enable me to coöperate with him, and offering to render any assistance in my power to the operations of the army under his command. I stated to him that I was very anxious to assist him in his operations, and that I would undertake any labor or run any risk for that purpose. I therefore requested him to feel no hesitation in communicating freely with me, as he might rest assured that any suggestions he made would meet all respect and consideration from me, and that, so far as was within my power, I would carry out his wishes with all energy and all the means at my command. In reply to this communication I received a letter from General McClellan very general in its terms and proposing nothing toward the accomplishment of the purpose I suggested to him.

It became very apparent, therefore, considering the situation in which the Army of the

Potomac and the Army of Virginia were placed in relation to each other and the absolute necessity of harmonious and prompt coöperation between them, that some military superior both of General McClellan and myself should be placed in general command of all the operations in Virginia, with power to enforce joint action between the two armies within that field of operations. General Halleck was accordingly called to Washington and assigned to the command-in-chief of the army, though Mr. Stanton was opposed to it and used some pretty strong language to me concerning General Halleck and my action in the matter. They, however, established friendly relations soon after General Halleck assumed command.



HOUSE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN WHERE GENERAL C. S. WINDER DIED. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Winder, who was in command of Stonewall Jackson's old division, was struck by a shell while directing the movements of the batteries of his division. — EDITOR.

The reasons which induced me, in the first instance, to ask to be relieved from the command of the Army of Virginia as heretofore set forth, were greatly intensified by the retreat of General McClellan to James River and the bitter feelings and controversies which it occasioned, and I again requested the President to relieve me from the command and permit me to return to the West. The utter impossibility of sending General McClellan anything like the reënforcements he asked for, the extreme danger to Washington involved in sending him even a fraction of the small force under my command, and the glaring necessity of concentrating in some judicious manner and as rapidly as possible these two armies, resulted in a determination to withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the James River and unite it with the Army of Virginia. The question of the command of these armies when united was never discussed in my presence, if at all, and I left Washington with the natural impression that when this junction was accomplished General Halleck would himself assume the command in the field.

Under the changed condition of things brought about by General McClellan's retreat to James River, and the purpose to withdraw his army and unite it with that under my command, the campaign of the Army of Virginia was limited to the following objects:

1. To cover the approaches to Washington from any enemy advancing from the direction of Richmond, and to oppose and delay its advance to the last extremity so as to give all the time possible for the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the James River.

2. If no heavy forces of the enemy moved north, to operate on their lines of communication with Gordonsville and Charlottesville, so as to force Lee to make heavy detachments from his force at Richmond and facilitate to that extent the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac.

General Halleck was of the opinion that the junction of the two armies could be made on the line of the Rappahannock, and my orders to hold fast to my communications with Fredericksburg, through which place the Army of the Potomac was to make its junction with the Army of Virginia, were repeated positively.

The decision of the enemy to move north with the bulk of his army was promptly made and vigorously carried out, so that it became apparent, even before General McClellan began to embark his army, that the line of the Rappahannock was too far to the front. That fact, however, was not realized by General

Halleck until too late for any change which could be effectively executed.

Such was the organization of the Army of Virginia, and such its objects and the difficulties with which it was embarrassed from the very beginning. This rather long preface appears to me to be essential to any sufficient understanding of the second battle of Bull Run, and why and how it was fought. It is also necessary as a reply to a statement industriously circulated at the time and repeated again and again for obvious purposes, until no doubt it is generally believed, that I had set out to capture Richmond with a force sufficient for the purpose, and that the falling back from the Rapidan was unexpected by the Government and a great disappointment to it. The whole campaign was, and perhaps is yet, misunderstood because of the false impressions created by this statement.

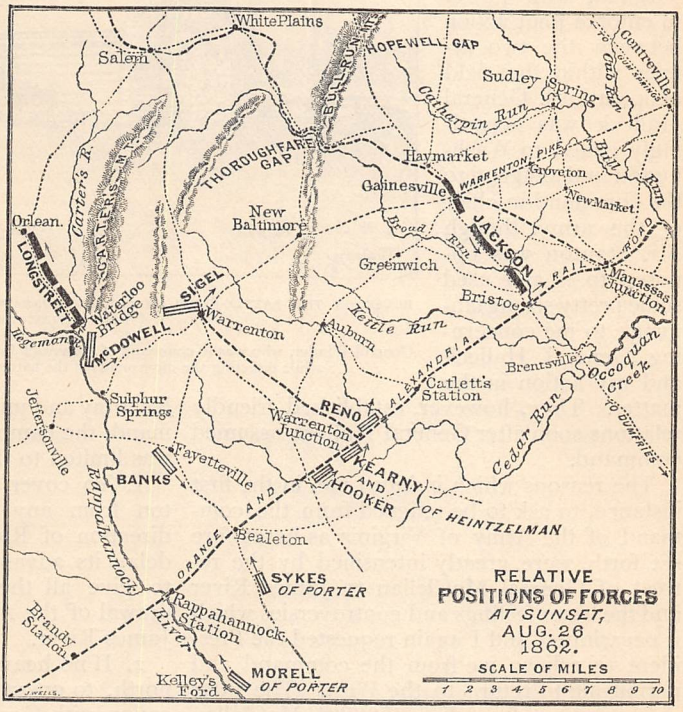
Under the orders heretofore referred to, the concentration of the three corps of the Army of Virginia (except King's division of McDowell's corps) was completed, Sigel's corps being at Sperryville, Banks's at Little Washington, and Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps at Waterloo Bridge. I assumed the command in person July 29th, 1862.

As this paper is mainly concerned with the second battle of Bull Run, I shall not recount any of the military operations beyond the Rappahannock, nor give any account of the battle of Cedar Mountain and the skirmishes which followed.

It is only necessary to say that the course of these operations made it plain enough that the Rappahannock was too far to the front, and that the movements of Lee were too rapid and those of McClellan too slow to make it possible, with the small force I had, to hold that line, or to keep open communication with Fredericksburg without being turned on my right flank by Lee's whole army and cut off altogether from Washington.

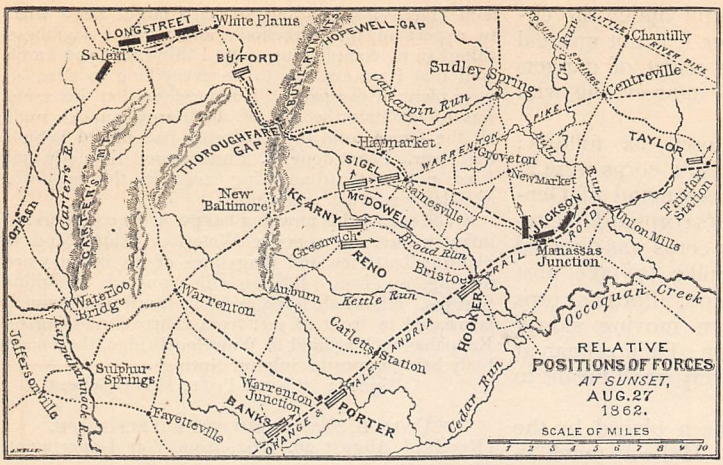
On the 21st of August, being then at Rappahannock Station, my little army confronted by nearly the whole force under General Lee, which had compelled the retreat of McClellan to Harrison's Landing, I was positively assured that two days more would see me largely enough reënforced by the Army of the Potomac to be not only secure but to assume the offensive against Lee, and I was instructed to hold on "and fight like the devil."

I accordingly held on till the 26th of August, when, finding myself to be outflanked on my right by the main body of Lee's army, while Jackson's corps having passed Salem and Rectortown the day before were in rapid march in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, and seeing that none



of the reënforcements promised me were likely to arrive, I determined to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and communications with Fredericksburg, and concentrate my whole force in the direction of Warrenton and Gainesville, to cover the Warrenton pike, and still to confront the enemy rapidly marching to my right.

Stonewall Jackson's movement was plainly seen and promptly reported, and I notified General Halleck of it. He informed me on the 23d of August that heavy reënforcements would begin to arrive at Warrenton Junction on the next day (24th), and as my orders still held me to the Rappahannock I naturally supposed that these troops would be hurried forward to me with all speed. Franklin's corps especially, I asked, should be sent rapidly to Gainesville. I also telegraphed Colonel Haupt



to direct one of the strongest divisions coming forward, and to be at Warrenton Junction on the 24th, to be put in the works at Manassas Junction. A cavalry force had been sent forward to observe the Thoroughfare Gap early on the morning of the 26th, but nothing was heard from it.

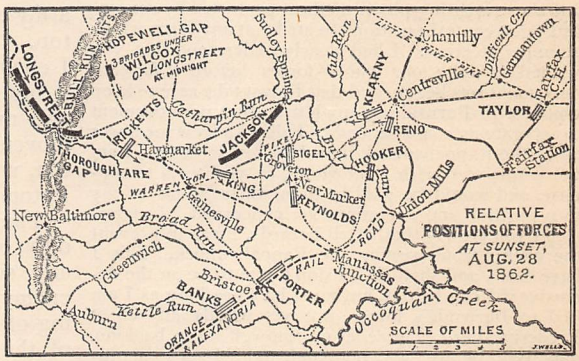
On the night of August 26th Jackson's advance, having passed Thoroughfare Gap, struck the Orange and Alexandria railroad at Manassas Junction, and made it plain to me that all of the reënforcements and movements of the troops promised me had altogether failed. Had Franklin been even at Centreville, or had Cox's and Sturgis's divisions been as far west as Bull Run on that day, the movement of Jackson on Manassas Junction would not have been practicable.

As Jackson's movement on Manassas Junction marks the beginning of the second battle of Bull Run, it is essential to a clear understanding of subsequent operations to give the positions of the army under my command on the night of August 26th, as also the movements and operations of the enemy as far as we knew them.

From the 18th until the night of the 26th of August the troops had been marching and fighting almost continuously. As was to be expected under such circumstances, the effective force had been greatly diminished by death, by wounds, by sickness, and by fatigue.

Heintzelman's corps, which had come up from Alexandria, was at Warrenton Junction, and numbered, as he reported to me, less than eight thousand men, but it was without wagons, without artillery, without horses even for the field-officers, and with only forty rounds of ammunition to the man. The corps of General F. J. Porter consisted of ten thousand men, and was by far the freshest if not the best in the army. He had made very short and deliberate marches from Fredericksburg, and his advance division, mainly troops of the regular army under Sykes, had arrived at Warrenton Junction by eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th, Morell's division of the same corps arriving later in the same day.

I saw General F. J. Porter at Warrenton Junction about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th. Sykes's division of his corps was encamped near; Morell's was expected in a few hours. I had seen General Porter at West Point while we were both cadets, but I think I never had an acquaintance with him there, nor do I think I ever met him afterward in the service except for about five minutes in Philadelphia in 1861, when I called at his office for a pass, then required to go to Washington *via* Annapolis. This, I think, was the first and only time I ever met him previous to the meeting at Warrenton Junction, but he had so high a reputation in the army and for



services since the outbreak of the war, that I was not only curious to see him, but was exceedingly glad that he had joined the army under my command with a corps which I knew to be one of the most effective in the service. This feeling was so strong that I expressed it warmly and on several occasions. He appeared to me a most gentlemanlike man, of a soldierly and striking appearance. I had but little conversation with him, as I was engaged, as he was, in writing telegrams. He seemed to me to exhibit a listlessness and

indifference not quite natural under the circumstances, which, however, it is not unusual for men to assume in the midst of dangers and difficulties, merely to impress one with their superior coolness.

The troops were disposed as follows: McDowell's corps and Sigel's corps were at Warrenton under general command of General McDowell, with Banks's corps at Fayetteville as a reserve. Reno's corps was directed upon the Warrenton turnpike to take post three miles east of Warrenton. Porter's corps was near Bealeton Station moving slowly towards Warrenton Junction; Heintzelman at Warrenton Junction, with very small means to move in any direction.

Up to this time I had been placed by the positive orders of General Halleck much in the position of a man tied by one leg and fighting with one much his physical superior and free to move in any direction. The following telegrams will explain exactly the situation as heretofore indicated:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
"*August* 25, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK: — Your dispatch just received. Of course I shall be ready to recross the Rappahannock at a moment's notice. You will see from the positions taken that each army corps is on the best roads across the river. You wished forty-eight hours to assemble the forces from the Peninsula behind the Rappahannock, and four days have passed without the enemy yet being permitted to cross. I don't think he is yet ready to do so. In ordinarily dry weather the Rappahannock can be crossed almost anywhere, and these crossing-places are best protected by concentrating at central positions to strike at any force which attempts to cross. I had clearly understood that you wished to unite our whole forces before a forward movement was begun, and that I must take care to keep united with Burnside on my left, so that no movement to separate us could be made. This withdrew me lower down the Rappahannock than I wished to come. I am not acquainted with your views, as you seem to suppose, and would be glad to know them so far as my own position and operations are concerned. I understood you clearly that, at all hazards, I was to prevent the enemy from passing the Rappahannock. This I have done, and shall do. I don't like to be on the defensive if I can help it, but must be so as long as I am tied to Burnside's forces, not yet wholly arrived at Fredericksburg. Please let me know, if it can be done, what is to be my own command, and if I am to act independently against the enemy. I certainly understood that, as soon as the whole of our forces were concentrated, you designed to take command in person, and that, when everything was ready, we were to move forward in concert. I judge from the tone of your dispatch that you are dissatisfied with something. Unless I know what it is, of course I can't correct it. The troops arriving here come in fragments. Am I to assign them to brigades and corps? I would suppose not, as several of the new regiments coming have been assigned to army corps directly from your office. In case I commence offensive operations I must know what forces I am to take and what you wish left, and what connection must be kept up with Burnside. It has been my purpose to conform my operations to your plans, yet I was not informed when McClellan evacuated Harrison's Landing, so that I might know what to expect in that direction; and when I say these things in no complaining spirit I think that you know well that I am anxious to do everything to advance your plans of campaign. I understood that this army was to maintain the line of the Rappahannock until all the forces from the Peninsula had united behind that river. I have done so. I understood distinctly that I was not to hazard anything except for this purpose, as delay was what was wanted.

"The enemy this morning has pushed a considerable infantry force up opposite Waterloo Bridge, and is planting batteries, and long lines of his infantry are moving up from Jeffersonville towards Sulphur Springs. His whole force, as far as can be ascertained, is massed in front of me, from railroad crossing of Rappahannock around to Waterloo Bridge, their main body being opposite Sulphur Springs.

(Signed) "JOHN POPE, Major-General."

"UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH.
(Received August 26, 1862, from War Department, 11:45 A. M.)

"MAJOR-GENERAL POPE: — Not the slightest dissatisfaction has been felt in regard to your operations on the Rappahannock. The main object has been accomplished in getting up troops from the Peninsula, although they have been greatly delayed by storms. Moreover, the telegraph has been interrupted, leaving us for a time ignorant of the progress of the evacuation. . . . If possible to attack the enemy in flank, do so, but the main object now is to ascertain his position. Make cavalry excursions for that purpose, especially toward Front Royal. If possible to get in his rear, pursue with vigor.

(Signed) "H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

The movements of the enemy towards my right forced me either to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and the communications with Fredericksburg, or to risk the loss of my army and the almost certain loss of Washington. Of course between these two alternatives I could not hesitate in a choice. I considered it my duty, at whatever sacrifice to my army and myself, to retard, as far as I could, the movement of the enemy towards Washington, until I was certain that the Army of the Potomac had reached Alexandria.

The movement of Jackson presented the only opportunity which had offered to gain any success over the superior forces of the enemy. I determined, therefore, on the morning of the 27th of August to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and throw my whole force in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, to crush any force of the enemy that had passed through Thoroughfare Gap, and to interpose between Lee's army and Bull Run. Having the interior line of operations, and the enemy at Manassas being inferior in force, it appeared to me, and still so appears, that with even ordinary promptness and energy we might feel sure of success.

In the mean time heavy forces of the enemy still confronted us at Waterloo Bridge, while his main body continued its march towards



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. HALLECK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Halleck, on July 23, 1862, assumed command as General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, in compliance with the President's order of July 11.

our right, following the course of Hedgman's River (the Upper Rappahannock). I accordingly sent orders, early on the 27th of August, to General McDowell to move rapidly on Gainesville by the Warrenton pike with his own corps, reënforced by Reynolds's division and Sigel's corps. I directed Reno, followed by Kearny's division of Heintzelman's corps, to move on Greenwich, so as to reach there that night, to report thence at once to General McDowell, and to support him in operations against the enemy which were expected near Gainesville. With Hooker's division of Heintzelman's corps I moved along the railroad toward Manassas Junction, to reopen our communications and to be in position to coöperate with the forces along the Warrenton pike.

On the afternoon of that day a severe engagement took place between Hooker's division and Ewell's division of Jackson's corps, near Bristoe Station, on the railroad. Ewell was driven back along the railroad, but at dark still confronted Hooker along the banks of Broad Run. The loss in this action was about three hundred killed and wounded on each side. Ewell left his dead, many of his wounded, and some of his baggage on the field.

I had not seen Hooker for many years, and I remembered him as a very handsome young man, with florid complexion and fair hair, and with a figure agile and graceful. As I saw him that afternoon on his white horse riding in rear of his line of battle, and close up to it, with the excitement of battle in his eyes, and that gallant and chivalric appearance which he always presented under fire, I was struck with admiration. As a corps

commander, with his whole force operating under his own eye, it is much to be doubted whether Hooker had a superior in the army.

The railroad had been torn up and the bridges burned in several places just west of Bristoe Station. I therefore directed General Banks, who had reached Warrenton Junction, to cover the railroad trains at that place until General Porter marched, and then to run back the trains toward Manassas as far as he could and rebuild the railroad bridges. Captain Merrill of the Engineers was also directed, with a considerable force, to repair the railroad track and bridges toward Bristoe. This work was done by that accomplished officer as far east as Kettle Run on the 27th, and the trains were run back to that point next morning.

At dark on the 27th Hooker informed me that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, only five rounds to the man being on hand. Before this time it had become apparent



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

that Jackson, with his whole force, was south of the Warrenton pike and in the immediate neighborhood of Manassas Junction.

McDowell reached his position at Gainesville during the night of the 27th, as did also Kearny and Reno at Greenwich, and it was clear on that night that we had completely interposed between Jackson and the main body of the enemy under Lee, which was still west of the Bull Run range and in the vicinity of White Plains.

In consequence of Hooker's report, and the weakness of the small division which he commanded, and to strengthen my right wing moving in the direction of Manassas, I sent orders to Porter at dark, which reached him at 9 o'clock P. M., to move forward from Warrenton Junction at one o'clock that night, and to report to me at Bristoe Station by daylight next morning (August 28th).

There were but two courses left to Jackson by this sudden movement of the army. He could not retrace his steps through Gainesville, as that place was occupied by McDowell with a force equal if not superior to his own. To retreat through Centreville would carry him still farther away from the main body of Lee's army. It was possible, however, to mass his whole force at Manassas Junction and assail our right (Hooker's division), which had fought a severe battle that afternoon, and was almost out of ammunition. Jackson with A. P. Hill's division retired through Centreville.* Thinking it altogether within the probabilities that he might adopt the other alternative, I sent the orders above mentioned to General Porter. He neither obeyed them nor attempted to obey them, but afterward gave as a reason for not doing so that his men were tired, the night was too dark to march, and that there was a wagon train on the road toward Bristoe. The distance was nine miles along the railroad track, with a wagon road on each side of it most of the way; but his corps did not reach Bristoe Station until 10:30 o'clock next morning, six hours after daylight; and the moment he found that the enemy had left our front he asked to halt and rest his corps. Of his first reason for not complying with my orders, it is only necessary to say that Sykes's division had reached Warrenton Junction at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and had been in camp all day. Morell's division arrived later in the day at Warrenton Junction, and would have been in camp for at least eight hours before the time it was ordered to march. The marches of these two divisions from Fredericksburg had been extremely deliberate, and involved but little more exercise than is needed for good health. The diaries of these marches make Porter's claim of fatigue ridiculous. To compare the condition of this corps and its marches with those of any of the troops of the Army of Virginia is a sufficient answer to such a pretext. The impossibility of marching on account of the darkness of that night finds its best answer

*A. P. Hill's division was sent by Jackson on a roundabout march to Centreville, apparently as a ruse. Two brigades of Ewell followed A. P. Hill. Ewell's other two brigades followed Hill to the north side of Bull Run, and then marched up stream to the Stone Bridge, crossing south again by the pike; Taliaferro's division took the shortest route to Groveton, following the Sudley Springs road to the Warrenton pike.— EDITOR.

in the fact that nearly every other division of the army, and the whole of Jackson's corps, marched during the greater part of the night in the immediate vicinity of Porter's corps, and from nearly every point of the compass. The plea of darkness and of the obstruction of a wagon train along the road will strike our armies with some surprise in the light of their subsequent experience of night marches. The railroad track itself was clear and entirely practicable for the march of infantry.

According to the testimony of Colonel Myers, quartermaster in charge of the train, the train was drawn off the roads and parked after dark that night; and even if this had not been the case, it is not necessary to tell any officer who served in the war that the infantry advance could easily have pushed the wagons off the road to make way for the artillery. Colonel Myers also testified that he could have gone on with his train that night, and that he drew off the road and parked his train for rest and because of the action of Hooker's division in his front, and not because he was prevented from continuing his march by darkness or other obstacles.

At nine o'clock on the night of the 27th, satisfied of Jackson's position, I sent orders to General McDowell at Gainesville to push forward at the earliest dawn of day upon Manassas Junction, resting his right on the Manassas Gap Railroad and extending his left to the east. I directed General Reno at the same time to march from Greenwich, also direct on Manassas Junction, and Kearny to move from the same place upon Bristoe Station. This move of Kearny was to strengthen my right at Bristoe and unite the two divisions of Heintzelman's corps.

Jackson began to evacuate Manassas Junction during the night (the 27th) and marched toward Centreville and other points of the Warrenton pike west of that place, and by eleven o'clock next morning was at and beyond Centreville and north of the Warrenton pike. I arrived at Manassas Junction shortly after the last of Jackson's force had moved off, and immediately pushed forward Hooker, Kearny, and Reno upon Centreville, and sent orders to Porter to come forward to Manassas Junction. I also wrote McDowell the situation and directed him to call back to Gainesville any part of his force which had moved in the direction of Manassas Junction, and march upon Centreville along the Warrenton pike with the whole force under his command to intercept the retreat of Jackson toward Thoroughfare Gap. With King's division in advance, McDowell, marching toward Centreville, encountered late in the afternoon the advance of Jackson's corps retreating toward Thoroughfare Gap. Late in the afternoon, also, Kearny drove the rear-guard of Jackson out of Centreville and occupied that place with his advance beyond it toward Gainesville. A very severe engagement occurred between King's division and Jackson's forces near the village of Groveton on the Warrenton pike, which was terminated by the darkness, both parties maintaining their ground. The conduct of this division in this severe engagement was admirable, and reflects the utmost credit both upon its commanders and the men under their command. That this division was not reënforced by Reynolds and Sigel seems unaccountable. The reason given, though it is not satisfactory, was the fact that General McDowell had left the command just before it encountered the enemy, and had gone toward Manassas Junction, where he supposed me to be, in order to give me some information about the immediate country in which we were operating, and with which, of course, he was much more familiar from former experience than I could be. I had left Manassas Junction, however, for Centreville. Hearing the sound of the guns indicating King's engagement with the enemy, McDowell set off to rejoin his command, but lost his way, and I first heard of him next morning at Manassas Junction. As his troops did not know of his absence, there was no one to give orders to Sigel and Reynolds.



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT C. SCHENCK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The engagement of King's division was reported to me about ten o'clock at night near Centreville. I felt sure then, and so stated, that there was no escape for Jackson. On the west of him were McDowell's corps (I did



CHARGE OF UNION CAVALRY UPON THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE NEAR BRANDY STATION, AUGUST 20, 1862.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

not then know that he had detached Ricketts), Sigel's corps, and Reynolds's division, all under command of McDowell. On the east of him, and with the advance of Kearny nearly in contact with him on the Warrenton pike, were the corps of Reno and Heintzelman. Porter was supposed to be at Manassas Junction, where he ought to have been on that afternoon.

I sent orders to McDowell (supposing him to be with his command), and also direct to General King, several times during that night and once by his own staff-officer, to hold his ground at all hazards, to prevent the retreat of Jackson toward Lee, and that at daylight our whole force from Centreville and Manassas would assail him from the east, and he would be crushed between us. I sent orders also to General Kearny at Centreville to move forward cautiously that night along the Warrenton pike; to drive in the pickets of the enemy, and to keep as closely as possible in contact with him during the night, resting his left on the Warrenton pike and throwing his right to the north, if practicable, as far as the Little River pike, and at daylight next morning to assault vigorously with his right advanced, and that Hooker and Reno would certainly be with him shortly after daylight. I sent orders to General Porter, who I supposed was at Manassas Junction, to move upon Centreville at dawn, stating to him the position of our forces, and that a severe battle would be fought that morning (the 29th).

With Jackson at and near Groveton, with McDowell on the west, and the rest of the army on the east of him, while Lee, with the mass of his army, was still west of Thoroughfare Gap, the situation for us was certainly as favorable as the most sanguine person could desire, and the prospect of crushing Jackson, sandwiched between such forces, was certainly excellent. There is no doubt, had General McDowell been with his command when King's division of his corps became engaged with the enemy, he would have brought forward to its support both Sigel and Reynolds, and the result would have been to hold the ground west of Jackson at least until morning brought against him also the forces moving from the direction of Centreville.

To my great disappointment and surprise, however, I learned toward daylight the next morning (the 29th) that King's division had fallen back toward Manassas Junction, and that neither Sigel nor Reynolds had been engaged or had gone to the support of King. The route toward Thoroughfare Gap had thus been left open by the wholly unexpected retreat of King's division, due to the fact that he was not supported by Sigel and Reynolds, and an immediate change was necessary in the disposition of the troops under my command. Sigel and Reynolds were near Grove-

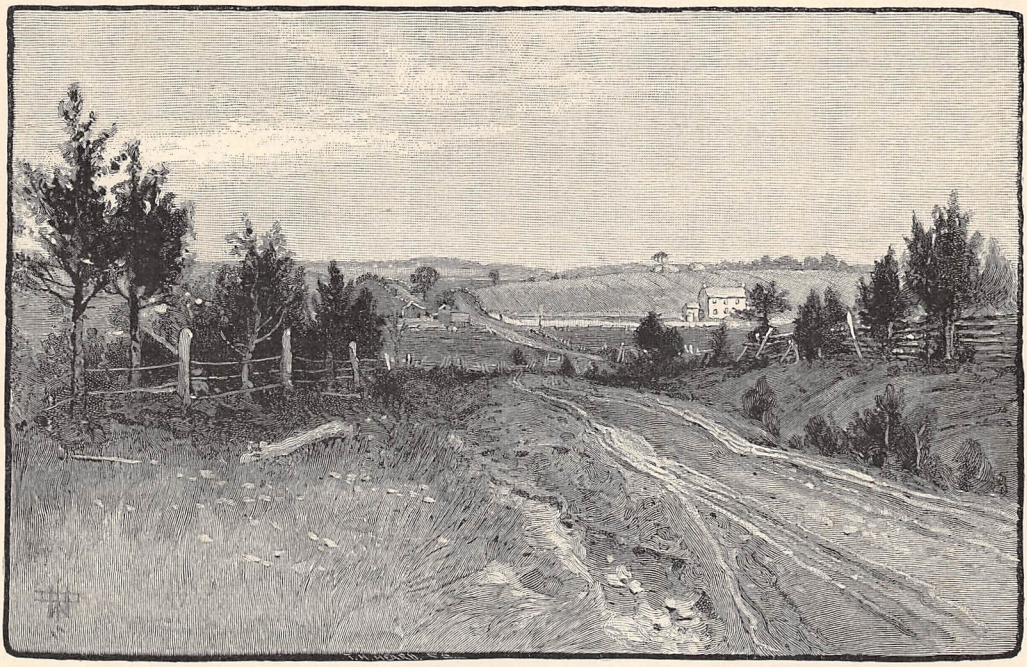
ton, almost in contact with Jackson; Ricketts had fallen back toward Bristoe from Thoroughfare Gap, after offering (as might have been expected) ineffectual resistance to the passage of the Bull Run range by very superior forces; King had fallen back to Manassas Junction; Porter was at Manassas Junction or near there; Reno and Hooker near Centreville; Kearny at Centreville and beyond toward Groveton; Jackson near Groveton with his whole corps; Lee with the main army of the enemy, except three brigades of Longstreet which had passed Hopewell Gap, north of Thoroughfare Gap.

The field of battle was practically limited to the space between the old railroad grade from Sudley to Gainesville if prolonged across the Warrenton pike and the Sudley Springs road east of it. The railroad grade indicates almost exactly the line occupied by Jackson's force, our own line confronting it from left to right.

The ridge which bounded the valley of Dawkins's Branch on the west, and on which were the Hampton Cole and Monroe houses, offered from the Monroe house a full view of the field of battle from right to left, and the Monroe house being on the crest of the ridge overlooked and completely commanded the approach to Jackson's right by the Warrenton turnpike. To the result of the battle this ridge was of the last importance, and if seized and held by noon, would absolutely have prevented any reënforcement of Jackson's right from the direction of Gainesville. The northern slope of this ridge was held by our troops near the Douglass house, near which, also, the right of Jackson's line rested. The advance of Porter's corps at Dawkins's Branch was less than a mile and a half from the Monroe house, and the road in his front was one of several which converged on that point.

The whole field was free from obstacles to movement of troops and nearly so to manœuvre, with only a few eminences, and these of a nature to have been seized and easily held by our troops even against very superior numbers. The ground was gently undulating and the water-courses insignificant, while the intersecting system of roads and lanes afforded easy communication with all parts of the field. It would be difficult to find anywhere in Virginia a more perfect field of battle than that on which the second battle of Bull Run was fought.

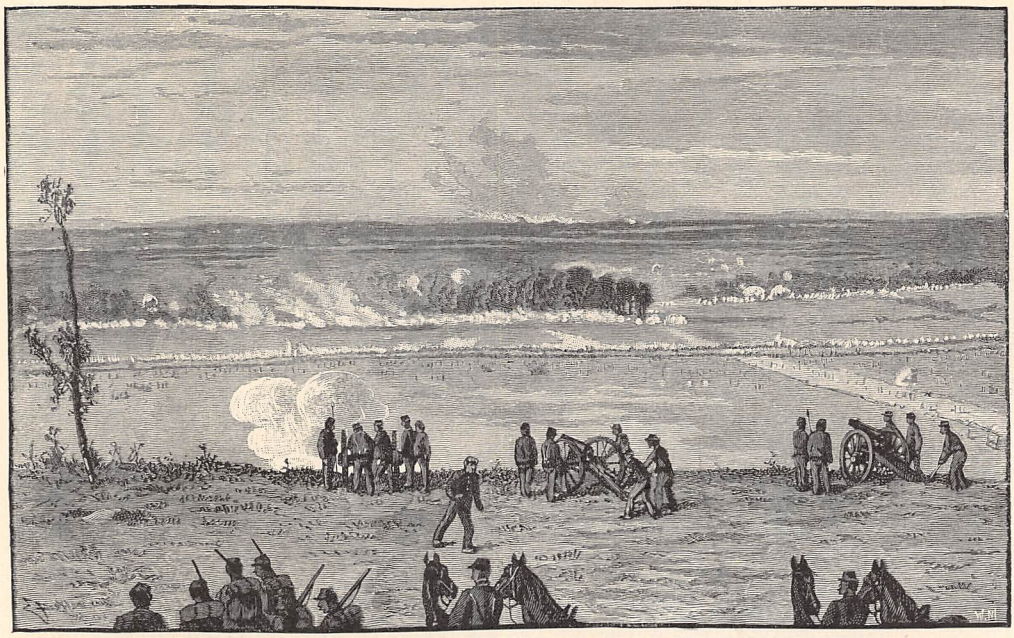
About daylight, therefore, on the 29th of August, almost immediately after I received information of the withdrawal of King's divis-



THE SUDLEY SPRINGS ROAD, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SLOPE OF THE HENRY HOUSE HILL.

In the middle-ground on the Warrenton turnpike stands the Stone House, the central landmark in both battles of Bull Run. The bank in the right foreground was a cover during the first battle for some of the supports of the Union batteries on the Henry House hill, the crest of which is two hundred and fifty yards distant to the right. In the first battle the fighting began on the Matthews hill, seen in the background behind the Stone House, and was most desperate on the Henry hill. In the second battle the fighting was on the other side of the Sudley Springs road, and extended from the north round to the south-west, on Bald Hill, and ended on the Henry hill and the turnpike. Pope's headquarters on August 29 and 30, 1862, were on the rising ground behind the Stone House.

EDITOR.



CONFLICT OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, BETWEEN KING'S DIVISION AND JACKSON'S RIGHT WING.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The view is from the north side of the Warrenton turnpike, a little east of Gainesville, and looking towards Manassas Junction, where smoke is seen over the ruins of the stores fired by Jackson during the previous night. King's infantry forms two lines perpendicular to and across the turnpike. The Confederates are in the woods. During the battle of the following Friday and Saturday, August 29 and 30, the opposing lines were reversed; Jackson was to the left looking toward Manassas, and Longstreet's lines, facing like King's in the above picture, were a little farther down the pike and extended far to the right.— EDITOR.

ion toward Manassas Junction, I sent orders to General Sigel, in the vicinity of Groveton, to attack the enemy vigorously at daylight and bring him to a stand if possible. He was to be supported by Reynolds's division. I instructed Heintzelman to push forward from Centreville toward Gainesville on the Warrenton pike at the earliest dawn with the divisions of Kearny and Hooker, and gave orders also to Reno with his corps to follow closely in their rear. They were directed to use all speed, and as soon as they came up with the enemy to establish communication with Sigel, and to attack vigorously and promptly. I also sent orders to General Porter at Manassas Junction to move forward rapidly with his own corps and King's division of McDowell's corps, which was there also, upon Gainesville by the direct route from Manassas Junction to that place. I urged him to make all possible speed, with the purpose that he should come up with the enemy or connect himself with the left of our line near where the Warrenton pike is crossed by the road from Manassas Junction to Gainesville.

Shortly after sending this order I received a note from General McDowell, whom I had not been able to find during the night of the 28th, dated Manassas Junction, requesting that King's division be not taken from his command. I immediately sent a joint order, addressed to Generals McDowell and Porter, repeating the instructions to move forward with their commands toward Gainesville, and informing them of the position and movements of Sigel and Heintzelman.

Sigel attacked the enemy at daylight on the morning of the 29th about a mile east of Groveton, where he was joined by the divisions of Hooker and Kearny. Jackson fell back, but was so closely pressed by these forces that he was obliged to make a stand. He accordingly took up his position along and behind the old railroad embankment extending along his entire front, with his left near Sudley Springs and his right just south of the Warrenton pike. His batteries, some of them of heavy caliber, were posted behind the ridges in the open ground, while the mass of his troops were sheltered by woods and the railroad embankment.

I arrived on the field from Centreville about noon, and found the opposing forces confronting each other both considerably cut up by the severe action in which they had been engaged since daylight. Heintzelman's corps (the divisions of Hooker and Kearny) occupied the right of our line toward Sudley Springs. Sigel was on his left, with his line extending

a short distance south of the Warrenton pike, the division of Schenck occupying the high ground to the left (south) of the pike. The extreme left was held by Reynolds. Reno's corps had reached the field and the most of it had been pushed forward into action, leaving four regiments in reserve behind the center of the line of battle. Immediately after I reached the ground, General Sigel reported to me that his line was weak, that the divisions of Schurz and Steinwehr were much cut up and ought to be drawn back from the front. I informed him that this was impossible, as there were no troops to replace them, and that he must hold his ground; that I would not immediately push his troops again into action, as the corps of McDowell and Porter were moving forward on the road from Manassas Junction to Gainesville, and must very soon be in position to fall upon the enemy's right flank and possibly on his rear. I rode along the front of our line and gave the same information to Heintzelman and Reno. I shall not soon forget the bright and confident face and the alert and hearty manner of that most accomplished and loyal soldier, General J. L. Reno. From first to last in this campaign he was always cheerful and ready; anxious to anticipate if possible, and prompt to execute with all his might, the orders he received. He was short in stature and upright in person, and with a face and manner so bright and engaging at all times, but most especially noticeable in the fury of battle, that it was both a pleasure and a comfort to see him. In his death, two weeks afterward, during the battle of South Mountain, when he led his troops with his usual gallantry and daring, the Government lost one of its best and most promising officers. Had he lived to see the end of the war, he would undoubtedly have attained one of the highest, if not the very highest position in the army. His superior abilities were unquestioned, and if he lacked one single element that goes to make a perfect soldier, certainly it was not discovered before his death.

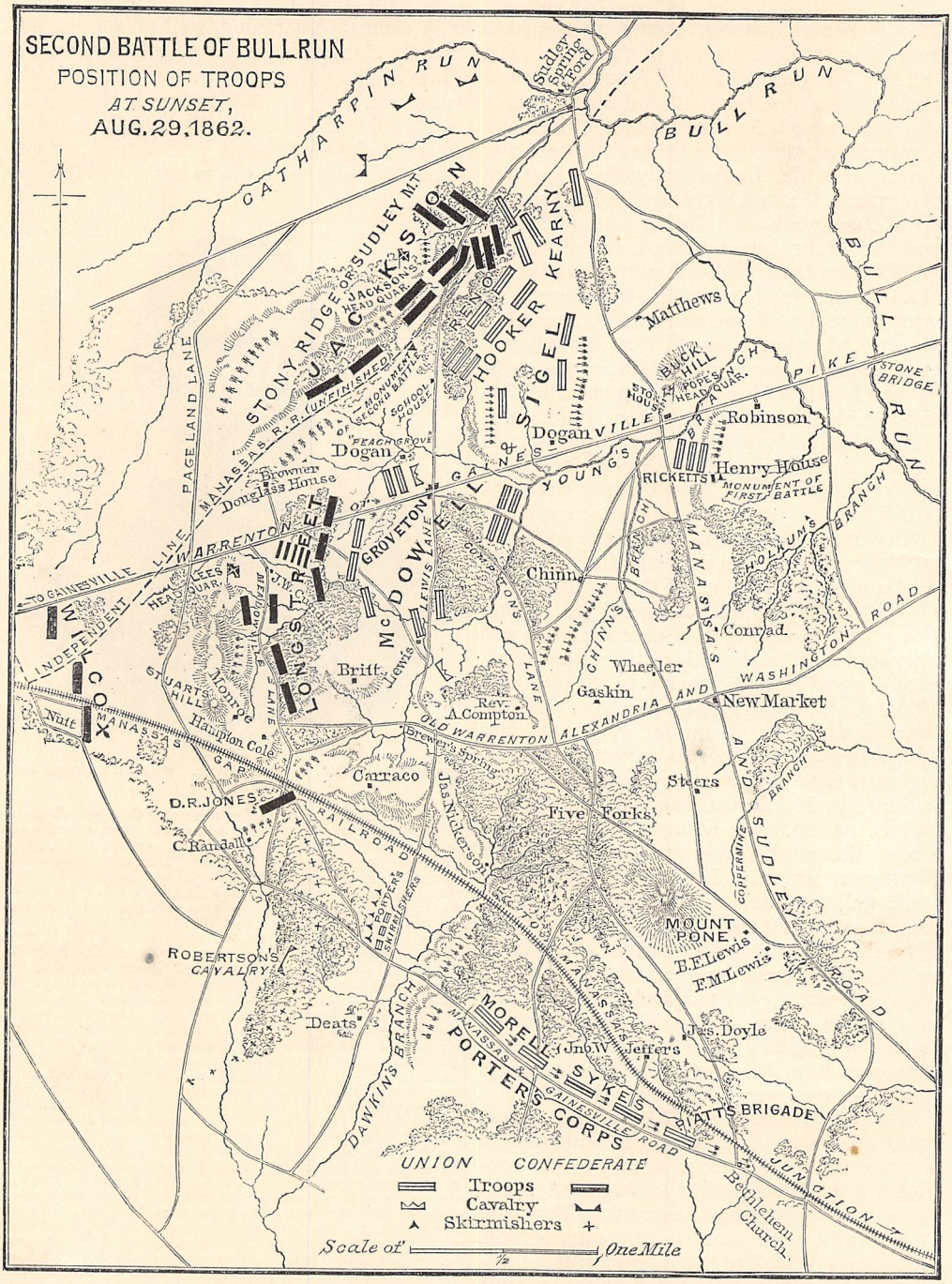
The troops were permitted to rest for a time, and to resupply themselves with ammunition. From 1:30 to 4 o'clock P. M. very severe conflicts occurred repeatedly all along the line, and there was a continuous roar of artillery and small arms, with scarcely an intermission. About two o'clock in the afternoon three discharges of artillery were heard on the extreme left of our line or right of the enemy's, and I for the moment, and naturally, believed that Porter and McDowell had reached their positions and were engaged with the enemy. I heard only three shots, and as nothing followed I was at a loss to know what had become of these corps, or what was delaying them, as before this hour they should have been, even with ordinary marching, well up on our left. Shortly afterwards I received information that McDowell's corps was advancing to join the left of our line by the Sudley Springs road, and would probably be up within two hours. At 4:30 o'clock I sent a peremptory order to General Porter, who was at or near Dawkins's



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CUVIER GROVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Both on Friday and Saturday afternoons there was desperate fighting about the railroad cut and embankment opposite and to the right of the site of the battle monument (see map on the next page). Grover's brigade of Hooker's division here charged Jackson's center on Friday afternoon, before Kearny's successful and bloody charge on Jackson's left. Grover led five regiments, altogether about 1500 men, and in twenty minutes lost 486, or nearly one-third of his command. In his report General Grover says: "I rode over the field in front as far as the position of the enemy would admit. After rising the hill under which my command lay an open field was entered, and from one edge of it gradually fell off in a slope to a valley, through which ran a railroad embankment. Beyond this embankment the forest continued, and the corresponding heights beyond were held by the enemy in force, supported by artillery. At 3 P. M. I received an order to advance in line of battle over this ground, pass the embankment, enter the edge of the woods beyond, and hold it. Dispositions for carrying out such orders were immediately made. Pieces were loaded, bayonets fixed, and instructions given for the line to move slowly upon the enemy until it felt his fire, then close upon him rapidly, fire one well-directed volley, and rely upon the bayonet to secure the position on the other side. We rapidly and firmly pressed upon the embankment, and here occurred a short, sharp, and obstinate hand-to-hand conflict with bayonets and clubbed muskets. Many of the enemy were bayoneted in their tracks, others struck down with the butts of pieces, and onward pressed our line. In a few yards more it met a terrible fire from a second line, which in its turn broke. The enemy's third line now bore down upon our thinned ranks in close order, and swept back the right center and a portion of our left. With the gallant Sixteenth Massachusetts on our left I tried to turn his flank, but the breaking of our right and center and the weight of the enemy's lines caused the necessity of falling back, first to the embankment, and then to our first position, behind which we rallied to our colors."—EDITOR.

Branch, about four or five miles distant from my headquarters, to push forward at once into action on the enemy's right, and if possible on his rear, stating to him generally the con-



POSITIONS OF TROOPS AT SUNSET, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

At noon of that day Porter's corps was in much the same position as at sunset; and, according to General Pope, at noon Porter, with very little resistance to overcome, might have occupied the hill of the Monroe and Hampton Cole houses. The great importance to the Union army of that position is described by General Pope on page 453. Longstreet at that hour was hurrying to the field through Gainesville, and the right of the Union army was arrayed in continuous line in front of Jackson from a point on the turnpike three-quarters of a mile west of Groveton to the point where the Sudley Springs road crosses the unfinished railroad which was Jackson's stronghold. The map above illustrates the situation at the time of the greatest success on the right, when Jackson's left had been turned upon itself by Kearny's, Reno's, and Hooker's divisions.— EDITOR.

dition of things on the field in front of me. At 5:30 o'clock, when General Porter should have been going into action in compliance with this order, I directed Heintzelman and Reno to attack the enemy's left. The attack was made promptly and with vigor and persistence, and the left of the enemy was doubled back toward his center. After a severe and bloody action of an hour, Kearny forced the position on the left of the enemy and occupied the field of battle there.

By this time General McDowell had arrived on the field, and I pushed his corps, supported by Reynolds, forward at once into action along the Warrenton pike toward the enemy's right, then said to be falling back. This attack along the pike was made by King's division near sunset; but as Porter made no movement whatever toward the field, Longstreet, who was pushing to the front, was able to extend his lines beyond King's left with impunity, and King's attack did not accomplish what was expected, in view of the anticipated attack which Porter was ordered to make, and should have been making at the same time.

From five o'clock in the day until some time after dark the fighting all along our lines was severe and bloody, and our losses were very heavy. To show clearly the character of the battle on the 29th, I embody extracts from the official reports of General Lee, of General T. J. Jackson, and of Longstreet and Hill, who commanded the enemy's forces on that day. I choose the reports of the officers commanding against us for several reasons, but especially to show Longstreet's movements and operations on the afternoon of the 29th of August, when, it is alleged, he was held in check by Porter. General Lee says:

. . . "Generals Jones and Wilcox bivouacked that night east of the mountain; and on the morning of the twenty-ninth the whole command resumed the march, the sound of cannon at Manassas announcing that Jackson was already engaged. Longstreet entered the turnpike near Gainesville, and moving down toward Groveton, the head of his column came upon the field in rear of the enemy's left, which had already opened with artillery upon Jackson's right, as previously described. He immediately placed some of his batteries in position, but before he could complete his dispositions to attack, the enemy withdrew; not, however, without loss from our artillery. Longstreet took position on the right of Jackson, Hood's two brigades, supported by Evans, being deployed across the turnpike, and at right angles to it. These troops were supported on the left by three brigades under General Wilcox, and by a like force on the right under General Kemper. D. R. Jones's division formed the extreme right of the line, resting on the Manassas Gap railroad. The cavalry guarded our right and left flanks; that on the right being under General Stuart in person. After the arrival of Longstreet the enemy changed his position and began to concentrate opposite Jackson's left, opening a brisk artillery fire, which was responded to with effect by some of General A. P. Hill's batteries. Colonel Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between the lines of Generals Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours. Soon afterward General Stuart reported the approach of a large force from the direction of Bristoe Station, threatening Longstreet's right. The brigades under General Wilcox were sent to reënforce General Jones, but no serious attack was made, and after firing a few shots the enemy withdrew. While this demonstration was being made on our right, a large force advanced to assail the left of Jackson's position, occupied by the division of General A. P. Hill. The attack was received by his troops with their accustomed steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, but again pressed on to the attack with fresh troops. Once he succeeded in penetrating an interval between General Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, and that of General Thomas, but was quickly driven back with great slaughter by the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, and the Forty-ninth Georgia, of Thomas's brigade. The contest was close and obstinate; the combatants sometimes delivering their fire at ten paces. General Gregg, who was most exposed, was reënforced by Hays's brigade under Colonel Forno, and successfully and gallantly resisted the attacks of the enemy, until, the ammunition of his brigade being exhausted, and all his field-officers but two killed or wounded, it was relieved, after several hours of severe fighting, by Early's brigade and the Eighth Louisiana regiment. General Early drove the enemy back, with heavy loss, and pursued about two hundred yards beyond the line of battle, when he was recalled to the position on the railroad where Thomas, Pender, and Archer had firmly held their ground against every attack. While the battle was raging on Jackson's left, General Longstreet ordered Hood and Evans to advance, but before the order could be obeyed Hood was himself attacked, and his command at once became warmly engaged. General Wilcox was recalled from the right and ordered to advance on Hood's left, and one of Kemper's brigades, under Colonel Hunton, moved forward on his right. The enemy was repulsed by Hood after a severe contest, and fell back, closely followed by our troops. The battle continued until 9 P. M., the enemy retreating until he reached a strong position, which he held with a large force. The darkness of the night put a stop to the engagement, and our troops remained in their advanced position until early next morning, when they were withdrawn to their first line. One piece of artillery, several stands of colors, and a number of prisoners were captured. Our loss was severe in this engagement; Brigadier-Generals Field and Trimble, and Colonel Forno, commanding Hays's brigade, were severely wounded, and several other valuable officers killed or disabled whose names are mentioned in the accompanying reports."

General Jackson in his report dated April 27, 1863, says:

. . . "My troops on this day were distributed along and in the vicinity of the cut of an unfinished railroad (intended as a part of the track to connect the Manassas road directly with Alexandria), stretching from the Warrenton turnpike in the direction of Sudley's Mill. It was mainly along the excavation of this unfinished road that my line of battle was formed on the 29th: Jackson's division, under Brigadier-General Starke, on the right; Ewell's division, under Brigadier-General Lawton, in the center; and Hill's division on the left. In the morning, about 10 o'clock, the Federal artillery opened with spirit and animation

upon our right, which was soon replied to by the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, Dement, Brockenbrough, and Latimer, under Major (L. M.) Shumaker. This lasted for some time, when the enemy moved around more to our left, to another point of attack. His next effort was directed against our left. This was vigorously repulsed by the batteries of Braxton, Crenshaw, and Pegram. About 2 o'clock P. M. the Federal infantry, in large force, advanced to the attack of our left, occupied by the division of General Hill. It pressed forward in defiance of our fatal and destructive fire with great determination, a portion of it crossing a deep cut in the railroad track, and penetrating in heavy force an interval of nearly one hundred and seventy-five yards, which separated the right of Gregg's from the left of Thomas's brigade. For a short time Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, was isolated from the main body of the command. But the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, with the Forty-ninth Georgia, left of Colonel Thomas, attacked the exultant enemy with vigor and drove them back across the railroad track with great slaughter." . . .

General Longstreet says in his report, dated October 10, 1862:

. . . "Early on the 29th [August] the columns [that had passed Thoroughfare and Hopewell Gaps] were united, and the advance to join General Jackson was resumed. The noise of battle was heard before we reached Gainesville. The march was quickened to the extent of our capacity. The excitement of battle seemed to give new life and strength to our jaded men, and the head of my column soon reached a position in rear of the enemy's left flank, and within easy cannon-shot.

"On approaching the field some of Brigadier-General Hood's batteries were ordered into position, and his division was deployed on the right and left of the turnpike, at right angles with it, and supported by Brigadier-General Evans's brigade. Before these batteries could open, the enemy discovered our movements and withdrew his left. Another battery (Captain Stribling's) was placed upon a commanding position to my right, which played upon the rear of the enemy's left and drove him entirely from that part of the field. He changed his front rapidly, so as to meet the advance of Hood and Evans.

"Three brigades, under General Wilcox, were thrown forward to the support of the left; and three others, under General Kemper, to the support of the right of these commands. General D. R. Jones's division was placed upon the Manassas Gap railroad to the right, and in echelon with regard to the three last brigades. Colonel Walton placed his batteries in a commanding position between my line and that of General Jackson, and engaged the enemy for several hours in a severe and successful artillery duel. At a late hour in the day Major-General Stuart reported the approach of the enemy in heavy columns against my extreme right. I withdrew General Wilcox, with his three brigades, from the left, and placed his command in position to support Jones in case of an attack against my right. After some few shots the enemy withdrew his forces, moving them around toward his front, and about four o'clock in the afternoon began to press forward against General Jackson's position. Wilcox's brigades were moved back to their former position, and Hood's two brigades, supported by Evans, were quickly pressed forward to the attack. At the same time Wilcox's three brigades made a like advance, as also Hunton's brigade, of Kemper's command.

"These movements were executed with commendable zeal and ability. Hood, supported by Evans, made a gallant attack, driving the enemy back till nine o'clock at night. One piece of artillery, several regimental standards, and a number of prisoners were taken. The enemy's entire force was found to be massed directly in my front, and in so strong a position that it was not deemed advisable to move on against his immediate front; so the troops were quietly withdrawn at one o'clock the following morning. The wheels of the captured piece were cut down, and it was left on the ground. The enemy seized that opportunity to claim a victory, and the Federal commander was so imprudent as to dispatch his Government, by telegraph, tidings to that effect. After withdrawing from the attack, my troops were placed in the line first occupied, and in the original order."

General A. P. Hill says in his report, dated February 25, 1863:

. . . "Friday morning, in accordance with orders from General Jackson, I occupied the line of the unfinished railroad, my extreme left resting near Sudley Ford, my right near the point where the road strikes the open field, Gregg, Field, and Thomas in the front line; Gregg on the left and Field on the right; with Branch, Pender, and Archer as supports. . . .

"The evident intention of the enemy this day was to turn our left and overwhelm Jackson's corps before Longstreet came up, and to accomplish this the most persistent and furious onsets were made, by column after column of infantry, accompanied by numerous batteries of artillery. Soon my reserves were all in, and up to six o'clock my division, assisted by the Louisiana brigade of General Hays, commanded by Colonel Forno, with a heroic courage and obstinacy almost beyond parallel, had met and repulsed six distinct and separate assaults, a portion of the time the majority of the men being without a cartridge. . . .

"The enemy prepared for a last and determined attempt. Their serried masses, overwhelming superiority of numbers, and bold bearing made the chances of victory to tremble in the balance; my own division exhausted by seven hours' unremitted fighting, hardly one round per man remaining, and weakened in all things save its unconquerable spirit. Casting about for help, fortunately it was here reported to me that the brigades of Generals Lawton and Early were near by, and, sending to them, they promptly moved to my front at the most opportune moment, and this last charge met the same disastrous fate that had befallen those preceding. Having received an order from General Jackson to endeavor to avoid a general engagement, my commanders of brigades contented themselves with repulsing the enemy and following them up but a few hundred yards."

General J. E. B. Stuart says in his report, dated February 28, 1863:

. . . "I met with the head of General Longstreet's column between Haymarket and Gainesville, and there communicated to the commanding general General Jackson's position and the enemy's. I then passed the cavalry through the column so as to place it on Longstreet's right flank, and advanced directly towards Manassas, while the column kept directly down the pike to join General Jackson's right. I selected a fine position for a battery on the right, and one having been sent to me, I fired a few shots at the enemy's supposed position, which induced him to shift his position. General Robertson, who, with his command, was sent to reconnoiter farther down the road toward Manassas, reported the enemy in his front. Upon repairing to that front, I found that Rosser's regiment was engaged with the enemy to the left of the road, and Robertson's vedettes had found the enemy approaching from the di-

rection of Bristoe Station towards Sudley. The prolongation of his line of march would have passed through my position, which was a very fine one for artillery as well as observation, and struck Longstreet in flank. I waited his approach long enough to ascertain that there was at least an army corps, at the same time keeping detachments of cavalry dragging brush down the road from the direction of Gainesville, so as to deceive the enemy (a ruse which Porter's report shows was successful), and notified the commanding general, then opposite me on the turnpike, that Longstreet's flank and rear were seriously threatened, and of the importance to us of the ridge I then held. Immediately upon the receipt of that intelligence, Jenkins's, Kemper's, and D. R. Jones's brigades, and several pieces of artillery were ordered to me by General Longstreet, and being placed in position fronting Bristoe, awaited the enemy's advance. After exchanging a few shots with rifle-pieces this corps withdrew toward Manassas, leaving artillery and supports to hold the position till night. Brigadier-General Fitz Lee returned to the vicinity of Sudley, after a very successful expedition, of which his official report has not been received, and was instructed to coöperate with Jackson's left. Late in the afternoon the artillery on this commanding ridge was, to an important degree, auxiliary to the attack upon the enemy, and Jenkins's brigade repulsed the enemy in handsome style at one volley, as they advanced across a corn-field. Thus the day ended, our lines having considerably advanced."

What would have been the effect of the application on the enemy's right at, or at any time after, five o'clock that afternoon of ten or twelve thousand effective men who had not been in battle at all, I do not myself consider doubtful.

In this battle the Fifth Corps, under General F. J. Porter, took no part whatever, but remained all day in column, without even deploying into line of battle or making any effort in force to find out what was in their front. That General Porter knew of the progress of the battle on his right, and that he believed the Union army was being defeated, is shown by his own dispatches to McDowell, several times repeated during the day. That subjoined will be sufficient:

"GENERALS MCDOWELL AND KING:—I found it impossible to communicate by crossing the woods to Groveton. The enemy are in great force on this road, and as they appear to have driven our forces back, the fire of the enemy having advanced and ours retired, I have determined to withdraw to Manassas. I have attempted to communicate with McDowell and Sigel, but my messengers have run into the enemy. They have gathered artillery and cavalry and infantry, and the advancing masses of dust show the enemy coming in force. I am now going to the head of the column to see what is passing and how affairs are going, and I will communicate with you. Had you not better send your train back?

"F. J. PORTER, Major-General."

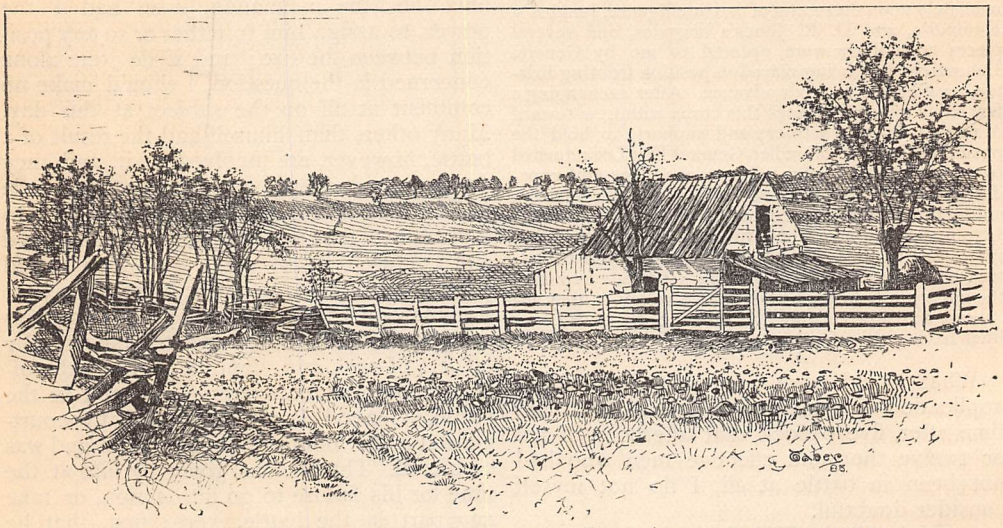
Not the artillery only, but the volleys of musketry in this battle were also plainly heard on their right and front by the advance of Porter's troops much of the day. In consequence of his belief that the army on his right was being defeated, as stated in more than one of these dispatches, he informed General McDowell that he intended to retire to Manassas, and advised McDowell to send back his trains in the same direction.

For this action, or non-action, he has been on the one hand likened to Benedict Arnold, and on the other favorably compared with George Washington. I presume he would not accept the first position, and probably would hardly lay claim to the second. Certainly I have not the inclination, even had I the power, to assign him to either or to any position between the two; and if he were alone concerned in the question, I should make no comment at all on the subject at this day. Many others than himself and the result of a battle, however, are involved in it, and they do not permit silence when the second battle of Bull Run is discussed. Without going into the merits of the case, which has been obscured and confused by so many and such varied controversies, I shall confine myself to a bare statement of the facts as they are known to me personally, or communicated officially by officers of rank and standing, and by the official reports of both armies engaged in the battle. General Porter was tried by court-martial a few months after the battle and was cashiered. The reasons given by him at the time for his failure to go into action, or take any part in the battle, were: first, that he considered himself under General McDowell's orders, who told him that they were too far to the front for a battle; and, second, that the enemy was in such heavy force in his front that he would have been defeated had he attacked. General McDowell stated before the court-martial that, so far from saying that they were too far to the front for battle, he directed General Porter before leaving him to put his corps into the action where he was, and that he (McDowell) would move farther to the right and go into the battle there. Upon Porter remarking that he could not go in there without getting into a fight, McDowell replied, "I thought that was what we came here for."

General Stuart (J. E. B.), who commanded the cavalry in Lee's army, tells in his official report above quoted precisely what was in General Porter's front, and what means he took to produce upon General Porter the impression that there were heavy forces in front of him and advancing toward him. General Porter certainly made no reconnoissance in force to ascertain whether or not there was a heavy force in his front; and Stuart's report makes it quite certain that at the time referred to by him, Porter could easily have moved forward from Dawkins's Branch and seized the ridge on which are the Hampton, Cole,

and Monroe houses, from which he would have had a complete view of the field from right to left. Not only this, but his occupation of that ridge would have connected him closely with our left, and absolutely prevented Longstreet from forming on Jackson's right until he had dislodged Porter, which would have occupied him too long to have permitted the effective use of his troops for any other purpose, and certainly for the advance which he subsequently made against our left. Longstreet now asserts that he was in front of Porter with part of his corps at some indefinite hour of the day, variously fixed, but according to him by eleven o'clock in the morning, about the time that Porter's corps reached Dawkins's Branch. He further asserts, somewhat extravagantly, that if Porter had attacked he (Longstreet) would have annihilated him. He seems to have thought it a simple matter to annihilate an army corps of ten or twelve thousand men, much of which was composed of regular troops, but perhaps his statement to that effect would hardly be accepted by military men. If such an assertion made by a corps commander of one army is sufficient reason for a corps commander of the opposing army not to attack, even under orders to do so, it is hard to see how any general commanding an army could direct a battle at all; and certainly if such assertions as Longstreet's are considered reliable, there would have been no battle fought in our civil war, since they could easily have been had from either side in advance of any battle that was fought.

It seems pertinent to ask why General Longstreet did not annihilate Porter's corps during the day if it were so easily in his power to do so. It is also proper to suggest that it would have required a long time and all of his force to do this annihilating business on such a corps as Porter's; and in that case, what would have become of Jackson's right deprived of Longstreet's active support, which barely enabled Jackson to hold the ground that afternoon, Longstreet himself falling back at least a mile from our front at one o'clock that night after several hours of severe fighting?



VIEW OF JACKSON'S POSITION AS SEEN FROM GROVETON CORNERS. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

The farthest ridge is the line of the unfinished railway. Jackson's center occupied the ground in the right of the picture. There, on elevated open ground, the front of a deep cut, stands the Union monument illustrated on the next page.— EDITOR.

I shall not discuss the various statements concerning the time of Longstreet's arrival on the field. That he may have been there in person at the hour he mentions is of course possible; but that his corps was with him, that it was in line of battle at any such hour, or was in any such condition to fight as Porter was, can neither be truthfully asserted nor successfully maintained. Whatever Porter supposed to be Longstreet's position, however, in no respect touches his obligation to move forward under the circumstances and force Longstreet to develop what he really had, which he (Porter) certainly did not know and had taken no measures to know. The severe fighting on his right, which he heard and interpreted into a defeat for the Union army, did not permit him to rest idle on the field with his troops in column and with no sufficient effort even to find out anything of the field in front of him.

If a mere impression that the enemy is in heavy force and that an attack or further advance might be hazardous is a sufficient rea-

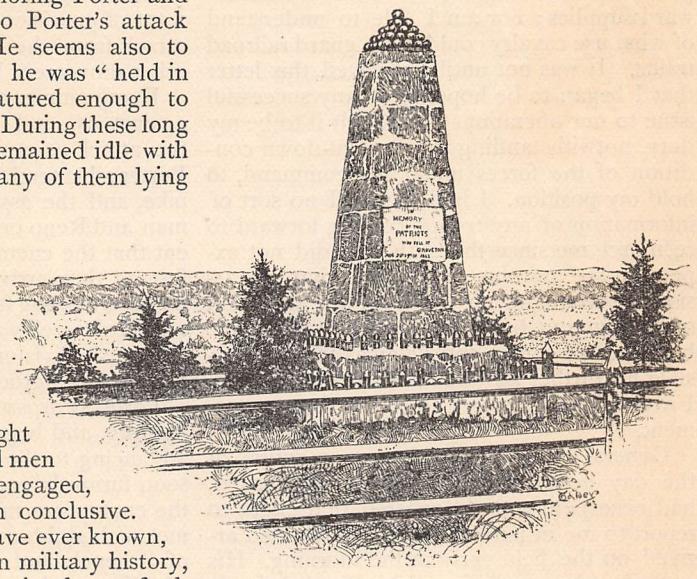
son for a corps commander to keep out of a battle, raging in his hearing, especially when he thinks that his friends are being defeated, it is extremely difficult to see how any army commander would venture to engage in battle at all, unless he could ascertain in advance and keep himself acquainted during the day with the impressions of his corps commanders about the propriety of going into the battle at all. Certainly Porter did not know at that time that Longstreet was in his front, and his non-action was based on fancy, and not on any fact that he knew.

But wherever Longstreet was in the morning, it is certain that at four o'clock that day, or about four o'clock, according to his own official report, he withdrew the larger part of his force and advanced to Jackson's right flank to resist the last attack of the Union army on Jackson's line, and that for several hours he was engaged in a severe battle on our left, utterly ignoring Porter and presenting his right flank to Porter's attack during that whole time. He seems also to have entirely forgotten that he was "held in check," as he was good-natured enough to say he was years afterward. During these long hours General Porter still remained idle with his corps in column and many of them lying on the ground, for ease of position probably, as they were not under fire.

Taking the enemy's own account of the battle that afternoon, which lasted several hours, and its result, it is not unreasonable to say that, if General Porter had attacked Longstreet's right with ten or twelve thousand men while the latter was thus engaged, the effect would have been conclusive. Porter's case is the first I have ever known, or that I think is recorded in military history, where the theory has been seriously put forth that the hero of a battle is the man who keeps out of it. With this theory in successful operation, war will be stripped of most of its terrors, and a pitched battle need not be much more dangerous to human life than a militia muster.

When the battle ceased on the 29th of August, we were in possession of the field on our right, and occupied on our left the position held early in the day, and had every right to claim a decided success. What that success might have been, if a corps of twelve thousand men who had not been in battle that day had been thrown against Longstreet's right while engaged in the severe fight that afternoon, I need not indicate. To say that General Porter's non-action during that whole day was wholly unexpected and disappointing, and that it provoked severe comment on all hands, is to state the facts mildly.

Every indication during the night of the 29th and up to ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th pointed to the retreat of the enemy from our front. Paroled prisoners of our own army, taken on the evening of the 29th, and who came into our lines on the morning of the 30th, reported the enemy retreating during the whole night in the direction of and along the Warrenton pike (since confirmed by Longstreet's report). Generals McDowell and Heintzelman, who reconnoitered the position held by the enemy's left on the evening of the 29th, also confirmed this statement. They reported to me the evacuation of these positions by the enemy, and that there was every indication of their retreat in the direction of Gainesville. On the morning of the 30th, as may be easily believed, our troops,



MONUMENT TO THE UNION SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT GROVETON AUGUST 28, 29 AND 30, 1862. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN 1865.)

This view was taken from the edge of the railway cut, looking toward the Union lines. The shaft is of brown sandstone, and in design and material is like the monument erected on the Henry hill at the same time. Vandals have removed the shot and shell that were fixed with mortar to the base and to the top of the shaft; every vestige of the inclosing fence has been carried off, and the monument is partly hidden by the four evergreens which were planted at the four corners. In May, 1884, we found a Union canteen on the well-grazed sward near the monument. The field behind the railway cut and behind the embankment, east of the cut, were even then strewn with the tins of cartridge boxes, rusty camp utensils, and bits of accouterments.— EDITOR.

who had been marching and fighting almost continuously for so many days, were greatly exhausted. They had had little to eat for two days, and artillery and cavalry horses had been in harness and under the saddle for ten days, and had been almost out of forage for the

last two days. It may be readily imagined how little these troops, after such severe labors and hardships, were in condition for further active marching and fighting. I had telegraphed General Halleck on the 28th our condition, and had begged of him to have rations and forage sent forward to us from Alexandria with all speed; but about daylight on the 30th I received a note from General Franklin, written by direction of General McClellan, informing me that rations and forage would be loaded into the available wagons and cars at Alexandria as soon as I should send back a cavalry escort to guard the trains. Such a letter, when we were fighting the enemy and Alexandria was full of troops, needs no comment. Our cavalry was well-nigh broken down completely, and certainly we were in no condition to spare troops from the front, nor could they have gone to Alexandria and returned within the time by which we must have had provisions and forage or have fallen back toward supplies; nor am I able to understand of what use cavalry could be to guard railroad trains. It was not until I received this letter that I began to be hopeless of any successful issue to our operations; but I felt it to be my duty, notwithstanding the broken-down condition of the forces under my command, to hold my position. I had received no sort of information of any troops coming forward to reënforce me since the 24th, and did not expect on the morning of the 30th that any assistance would reach me from the direction of Washington, but I determined again to give battle to the enemy and delay as long as possible his further advance toward Washington. I accordingly prepared to renew the engagement.

General Porter, with whose non-action of the day before I was naturally dissatisfied, had been peremptorily ordered that night to report to me in person with his corps, and arrived on the field early in the morning. His corps had been reënforced by Piatt's brigade of Sturgis's division, and was estimated to be about twelve thousand strong; but in some hitherto unexplained manner one brigade of his (Porter's) corps had straggled off from the corps and appeared at Centreville during the day. With this straggling brigade was General Morell, commander of the division to which it belonged.

This brigade remained at Centreville all day, in sight and sound of the battle in which the corps to which it belonged was engaged, but made no move to join it or to approach the field of battle. On the contrary, the brigade commander made requisition for ten thousand pairs of shoes on one of my aides-de-camp who was at Centreville in charge of the headquarters train. The troops under General Sturgis and General A. Sanders Piatt had followed this brigade by misunderstanding the situation; but the moment they found themselves away from the battle these two officers, with true soldierly spirit, passed Morell and brought their commands to the field and into the battle, where they rendered gallant and distinguished services.

Between twelve and two o'clock during the day I advanced Porter's corps, supported by King's division of McDowell's corps, and supported also on their left by Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division, to attack the enemy along the Warrenton pike. At the same time the corps of Heintzelman and Reno on our right were directed to push forward to the left and front toward the pike and attack the enemy's left flank. For a time Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps was placed in support of this movement. I was obliged to assume the aggressive or to fall back, as from want of provisions I was not able to await an attack from the enemy or the result of any other movement he might make.

Every moment of delay increased the odds against us, and I therefore pushed forward the attack as rapidly as possible. Soon after Porter advanced to attack along the Warrenton pike, and the assault was made by Heintzelman and Reno on the right, it became apparent that the enemy was massing his forces as fast as they arrived on the right of Jackson, and was moving forward to force our left. General McDowell was therefore directed to recall Ricketts's division from our right, and put it so as to strengthen our left thus threatened.

Porter's corps was repulsed after some severe fighting, and began to retire, and the enemy advancing to the assault, our whole line was soon furiously engaged. The main attack of the enemy was made against our left, but was met with stubborn resistance by the divisions of Schenck and Reynolds, and the brigade of Milroy, who were soon reënforced on the left by Ricketts's division. The action was severe for several hours, the enemy bringing up heavy reserves and pouring mass after mass of his troops on our left. He was able also to present at least an equal force all along our line of battle. Porter's corps was halted and re-formed, and as soon as it was in condition it was pushed forward to the support of our left, where it rendered distinguished service, especially the brigade of regulars under Colonel (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Buchanan.

McLean's brigade of Schenck's division, which was posted in observation on our left flank, and in support of Reynolds, became exposed to the attack of the enemy on our left

when Reynolds's division was drawn back to form line to support Porter's corps, then retiring from their attack, and it was fiercely assailed by Hood and Evans, in greatly superior force. This brigade was commanded in person by General Schenck, the division commander, and fought with supreme gallantry and tenacity. The enemy's attack was repulsed several times with severe loss, but he returned again and again to the assault.

It is needless for me to describe the appearance of a man so well known to the country as General R. C. Schenck. I have only to say that a more gallant and devoted soldier never lived, and to his presence and the fearless exposure of his person during these attacks is largely due the protracted resistance made by this brigade. He fell, badly wounded, in the front of his command, and his loss was deeply felt and had a marked effect on the final result in that part of the field.

Tower's brigade of Ricketts's division was pushed forward to his support, and the brigade was led by General Tower in person with conspicuous gallantry. The conduct of these two brigades and their commanders in plain view of our whole left was especially distinguished, and called forth hearty and enthusiastic cheers. Their example was of great service, and seemed to infuse new spirit into the troops that witnessed their intrepid conduct.

I have always considered it a misfortune to the country that General Tower received a severe wound in this action, which disabled him from active service. He is a man of very superior abilities, zealous, and full of spirit and *élan*, and might easily have expected to serve his country in a much higher position than he held on that field.

Reno's corps was withdrawn from our right center late in the afternoon and thrown into action on our left, where the assaults of the enemy were persistent and unintermitting. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we labored, our troops held their ground with the utmost firmness and obstinacy. The loss on both sides was heavy. By dark our left had been forced back half or three-fourths of a mile, but still remained firm and unbroken and still held the Warrenton pike on our rear, while our right was also driven back equally far, but in good order and without confusion. At dark the enemy took possession of the Sudley Springs road, and was in position to threaten our line of communication *via* Stone Bridge. After six o'clock in the evening I learned, accidentally, that Franklin's corps had arrived at a point about four miles east of Centreville, or twelve miles in our rear, and that it was only about eight thousand strong.

The result of the battle of the 30th convinced me that we were no longer able to hold our position so far to the front, and so far away from the absolute necessaries of life, suffering, as were men and horses, from fatigue and hunger, and weakened by the heavy losses in battle. About 8 o'clock in the evening, therefore, I sent written orders to the corps commanders to withdraw leisurely to Centreville, and stated to them what route each should pursue and where they should take position at and near Centreville. General Reno, with his corps, was ordered to take post to cover this movement. The withdrawal was made slowly, quietly, and in good order, no attempt whatever being made by the enemy to obstruct our movement. A division of infantry, with its batteries, was posted to cover the crossing of Cub Run.

The exact losses in this battle I am unable to give, as the reports from corps commanders only indicated the aggregate losses since August 22d, but they were very heavy.*

Before leaving the field I sent orders to General Banks, at Bristoe Station, where the railroad was broken, to destroy the cars and such of the stores as he could not take off in the wagon trains, and join me at Centreville. I had previously sent him instructions to bring off from Warrenton Junction and Bristoe Station all of the ammunition and all of the sick and wounded who could bear transportation, throwing personal baggage and prop-

* It is impossible to give with precision the number of men actually present on the field of battle at Groveton and Bull Run, August 29 and 30, 1862. The official returns and reports, on both sides, are not only imperfect, but often contradictory.

A careful study, however, of the subject, based upon the best information obtainable in the War Record's office, justifies the conclusion that the maximum effective strength of the Union army on the field was at least 63,000, and that of the Confederate army about 54,000,—of all arms. This computation of Pope's forces includes his own proper command (exclusive of Banks's corps, which did not reach the scene of action), Reno's corps, and the reënforcements that Pope received from the Army of the Potomac. The records force the conclusion that at least 63,000 were taken into action out of a total present for duty of at least 70,000. The Confederate force has been estimated by some Confederates as low as 47,000. Others concede the number given above.

According to the reports published in Volume XII., Part 2, of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies, the losses in the Northern Virginia campaign, from August 16 to September 2, 1862, were approximately as follows:

UNION FORCES.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Captured or Missing.*	*Total.*
Army of Virginia	929	4389	2787	8105
Army of the Potomac	600	3013	1115	4728
Ninth Army Corps	204	1000	319	1523
Kanawha Division	14	50	42	106
Aggregate	1747	8452	4263	14,462

CONFEDERATE FORCES.

Longstreet's Corps	663	4016	46	4725
Jackson's Corps	805	3547	35	4387
Stuart's Cavalry	18	83	18	119
Aggregate	1486	7646	99	9231

Unquestionably the numbers given here are too small for each army, but they are the nearest approximation attainable from the official records, in the absence of full returns.— EDITOR.

erty out of the regimental trains, if necessary, for the purpose.

At no time during the 29th, 30th, and 31st of August was the road between Bristoe and Centreville interrupted by the enemy. The orders will show conclusively that every arrangement was made in the minutest detail for the security of our wagon train and supplies; and General Banks's subsequent report to me is positive that none of the wagons or mules were lost. I mention this matter merely to answer the wholly unfounded statements made at the time, and repeated often since, of our loss of wagons, mules, and supplies.

I arrived personally at Centreville about nine or ten o'clock that night. The next morning the various corps were posted in the old intrenchments in and around Centreville, and ammunition trains and some supplies were brought up during the day and distributed. We spent that whole day resting the men and resupplying them with ammunition and provisions as far as our means permitted.

Franklin's corps arrived at Centreville late on the afternoon of the 30th; Sumner's the next day. What was then thought by the Government of our operations up to this time is shown in the subjoined dispatch:

> WASHINGTON, August 31, 1862. 11 A. M.
> MY DEAR GENERAL:— You have done nobly. Don't yield another inch if you can avoid it. All reserves are being sent forward. . . . I am doing all I can for you and your noble army. God bless you and it. . . .
> H. W. HALLECK, General-in-chief.

The enemy's cavalry appeared in front of Cub Run that morning, but made no attempt to attack. Our cavalry, under Buford and Bayard, was completely broken down, and both of these officers reported to me that not five horses to the company could be forced into a trot. No horses whatever had reached us for remounts since the beginning of operations. It was impracticable, therefore, to use the cavalry as cavalry to cover our front with pickets or to make reconnoissances of the enemy's front.

This paper would be incomplete indeed did it fail to contain some short, if entirely insufficient, tribute to that most gallant and loyal soldier, John Buford. I remember very well how surprised I was when I was first placed in command of the Army of Virginia that General Buford, then only a major in the inspector-general's department, reported to me for duty as inspector. I asked him how he could possibly remain in such a position while a great war was going on, and what objections he could have (if he had any) to be placed in a command in the field. He seemed hurt to think I could have even a doubt of his wish to take the field, and told me that he had tried to get a command, but was without influence enough to accomplish it. I went at once to the Secretary of War and begged him to have Major Buford appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers and ordered to report to me for service. The President was good enough to make the appointment, and certainly a better one was never made. It is hard, in the brief limits of such an article as this, to do justice to such an officer. His coolness, his fine judgment, and his splendid courage were known of all men who had to do with him; but besides, and in addition to these high qualities, he acquired in a few months, through his presence and manner, an influence over men as remarkable as it was useful. His quiet dignity, covering a fiery spirit and a military sagacity as far-reaching as it was accurate, made him in the short period of his active service one of the most respected and trusted officers in the service. His death, brought about by disease contracted during the months of active service and constant exposure, was widely lamented in the army.

I directed General Sumner, on the morning of the first of September, to push forward a reconnoissance toward Little River pike, which enters the Warrenton pike at Fairfax, with two brigades, to ascertain if the enemy was making any movement toward our right by that road. The enemy was found moving again slowly toward the right, heavy columns moving along the Little River pike in the direction of Fairfax. This movement had become so developed by the afternoon of that day, and was so evidently directed to turn our right, that I made the necessary disposition of troops to fight a battle between the Little River pike and the road from Fairfax to Centreville. General Hooker was sent early in the afternoon to Fairfax Court House, and directed to concentrate all the troops in that vicinity and to push forward to Germantown with his advance. I instructed McDowell to move along the road from Centreville toward Fairfax Court House, as far as Difficult Creek, and to connect on his right with Hooker. Reno was directed to push forward north of the road to Centreville, and in the direction of Chantilly, toward the flank of the enemy's advance; Heintzelman's corps to support Reno. Just before sunset the enemy attacked us toward our right, but was met by Hooker, McDowell, and Reno, and by Kearny's division of Heintzelman's corps. A very severe action was fought in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, and was only ended by the darkness. The enemy was driven back entirely from our front, and did not again renew his attack upon us.



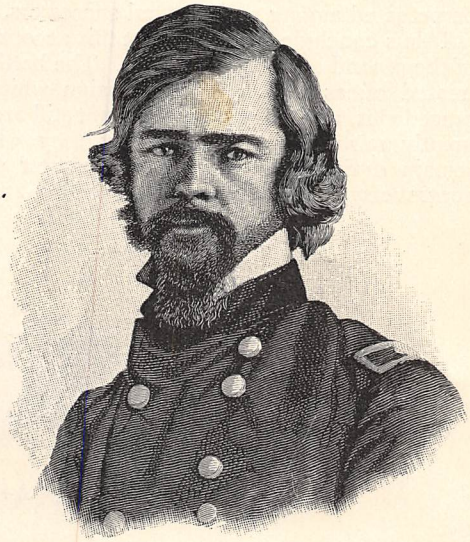
MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADDIS, IN THE POSSESSION OF GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.)

In this short but severe action the army lost two officers of the highest capacity and distinction, whose death caused general lamentation in the army and country. The first was Major-General Philip Kearny, killed in advance of and while commanding his division. There have been few such officers as Kearny in our own or any other army. In war he was an enthusiast, and he never seemed so much at home and so cheerful and confident as in battle. Tall and lithe in figure, with a most expressive and mobile countenance, and a manner which inspired confidence and zeal in all under his command, no one could fail to admire his chivalric bearing and his supreme courage. He seemed to think that it was his mission to make up the shortcomings of others, and in proportion as these shortcomings were made plain, his exertions and exposure were multiplied. He was a great and most accomplished soldier, and died as he would have himself wished to die, and as became his heroic character, at the head of his troops and in the front of the battle.

General Isaac I. Stevens, who was killed at the same time and nearly on the same ground, was an officer in many respects contrasted to Kearny. He was short and rather stout, with a swarthy complexion and very bright dark eyes. He was a man of very superior abilities and of marked skill and courage. His extreme political opinions before the war, ardently asserted, as was his habit in all matters which interested him, made it somewhat difficult for him to secure such a position in the army as one of his capacity might well have expected. The prejudice against him on this account was soon shown to be utterly groundless, for a more zealous and faithful officer never lived. His conduct in the battle in which he lost his life, and in every other operation of the campaign, was marked by high intelligence and the coolest courage, and his death in the front of battle ended too soon a career which would have placed him among the foremost officers of the war. As an officer of engineers before the war, and as Governor of, and delegate to Congress from, Washington Territory, he was always a man of note, and possessed the abilities and the force to have commanded in time any position to which he might have aspired. The loss of these two officers was a heavy blow to the army, not so much perhaps because of their soldierly capacity as because of their well-known and unshakable fidelity to duty, and their entire loyalty to their comrades in arm.

On the morning of the 2d of September the army was posted behind Difficult Creek from Flint Hill to the Alexandria pike. The enemy disappeared from our front, moving toward the Upper Potomac with no attempt to force our position. And here the second battle of Bull Run may be said to terminate. On that day I received orders from General Halleck to take position in the intrenchments in front of Washington, with a view to reorganizing the army and eliminating such of the discordant elements in it as had largely caused the misfortunes of the latter part of that campaign.

The transactions at Alexandria and Washington City during these eventful days, as also at Centreville during part of them, are as closely connected with these battles, and had nearly as much to do with their results, as any part of the operations in the field; but they



MAJOR-GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

demand more space than is accorded to a magazine article. The materials to write a complete account of these matters are at hand, and it is quite probable that the course of events may yet make their publication necessary.

There are other matters which, although not important, seem not out of place in this paper. A good deal of cheap wit has been expended upon a fanciful story that I published an order or wrote a letter or made a remark that my "headquarters would be in the saddle." It is an expression harmless and innocent enough, but it is even stated that it furnished General Lee with a basis for the only joke of his life. It is painful, therefore, to a well-constituted mind to be obliged to take away the foundation of that solitary joke; but I think it due to army tradition, and to the comfort of those who have so often repeated this ancient joke in the days long before the civil war, that these later wits should not be allowed with impunity to poach on this well-tilled manor. This venerable joke I first heard when a cadet at West Point, and it was then told of that gallant soldier and gentleman, General W. J. Worth. I presume it could be easily traced back to the Crusades and beyond; and while it may not be as old as the everlasting hills, it is certainly old enough to have been excused from active duty long years ago. Certainly I never used this expression or wrote or dictated it, nor does any such expression occur in any order of mine; and as it has perhaps served its time and effected its purpose, it ought to be retired. Let us hope that it may be permitted to sleep in peace and no longer rack the brain of those whose intellectual machinery can ill bear the strain, or be perpetuated among their natural successors.

I thus conclude for the present this account of the second battle of Bull Run. The battle treated of, as well as the campaign which preceded it, have been, and no doubt still are, greatly misunderstood. Probably they will remain during this generation a matter of controversy, into which personal feeling and prejudice so largely enter that dispassionate judgment cannot now be looked for.

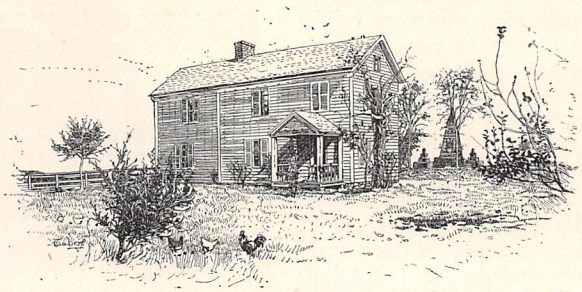
I submit this article to the public judgment with all confidence that it will be fairly considered, and as just a judgment passed upon it as is possible at this time. I well understood, as does every military man, how difficult and how thankless was the task imposed on me, and I do not hesitate to say that I would gladly have avoided it if I could have done so consistently with duty.

To confront with a small army greatly superior forces, to fight battles without the hope of victory, but only to gain time by delaying the forward movement of the enemy, is a duty the most hazardous and the most difficult that can be imposed on any general or any army. While such operations require the highest courage and endurance on the part of the troops, they are unlikely to be understood or appreciated, and the results, however successful in view of the object aimed at, have little in them to attract public commendation or applause.

At no time could I have hoped to fight a successful battle with the superior forces of the enemy which confronted me, and which were able at any time to outflank and bear my small army to the dust. It was only by constant movement, incessant watchfulness, and hazardous skirmishes and battles, that the forces under my command were saved from destruction, and that the enemy was embarrassed and delayed in his advance until the army of General McClellan was at length assembled for the defense of Washington.

I did hope that in the course of these operations the enemy might commit some imprudence, or leave some opening of which I could take such advantage as to gain at least a partial success. This opportunity was presented by the advance of Jackson on Manassas Junction; but although the best dispositions possible in my view were made, the object was frustrated by causes which could not have been foreseen, and which perhaps are not yet completely known to the country.

John Pope.



THE NEW HENRY HOUSE AND THE MONUMENT OF THE FIRST BATTLE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—VI.*

TWO DAYS OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.†



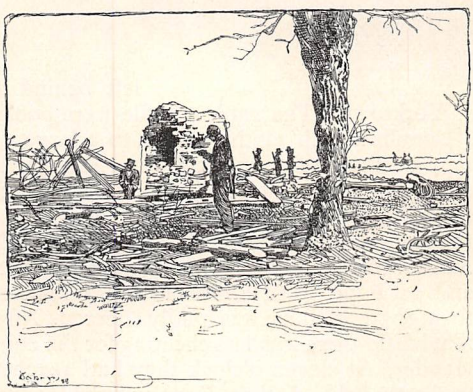
COUNTING THE SCARS IN THE COLORS.

POPE'S first orders on the 29th of August were partly given with a view to the possibility of falling back beyond Bull Run. At three o'clock of that morning Pope had written to Porter that McDowell had intercepted the retreat of Jackson; that Kearny and Hooker were to attack the enemy's rear; and that Porter was to move upon Centreville at dawn of day. Porter was obeying the order when he learned its revocation through a staff-officer riding with orders to another part of the field, and at once countermarched from Manassas Junction. Meanwhile Pope had learned that Ricketts's and King's divisions had retreated, leaving open the road for Lee's advance or Jackson's retreat. He ordered Sigel to attack in order to bring Jackson to a stand if possible. Jackson was in fact leisurely awaiting attack behind his chosen stronghold of the unfinished railroad, with his skirmishers in front for the most part veiled with thick woods. General Sigel soon developed the position of the enemy. There were gaps in Sigel's lines, the closing of which weakened the main line, itself already too thin for such an attempt. The enemy were quick to avail themselves of this weakness, and broke our lines by a furious attack, causing Sigel to fall back.

Longstreet had availed himself of the roads left open by King and Ricketts, and about noon his advance had formed on Jackson's right. After 12 o'clock McDowell brought to Porter information from General Buford, showing that Longstreet was holding the roads in force in Porter's front, and hence it was impossible, by marching on converging lines, to establish communications with the right wing of the army without giving battle. After consultation with Porter, McDowell started with King's division to go round by the Sudley Springs road. Porter waited to open up communications with McDowell, sending scouting parties through the broken country and tangled woods to the right for this purpose.

Towards noon a part of Sigel's force, under Schurz, gained a foothold on the railroad, and held on stubbornly for two hours. They were exhausted with marching, fighting, and manœuvring in the extreme heat since five in the morning.

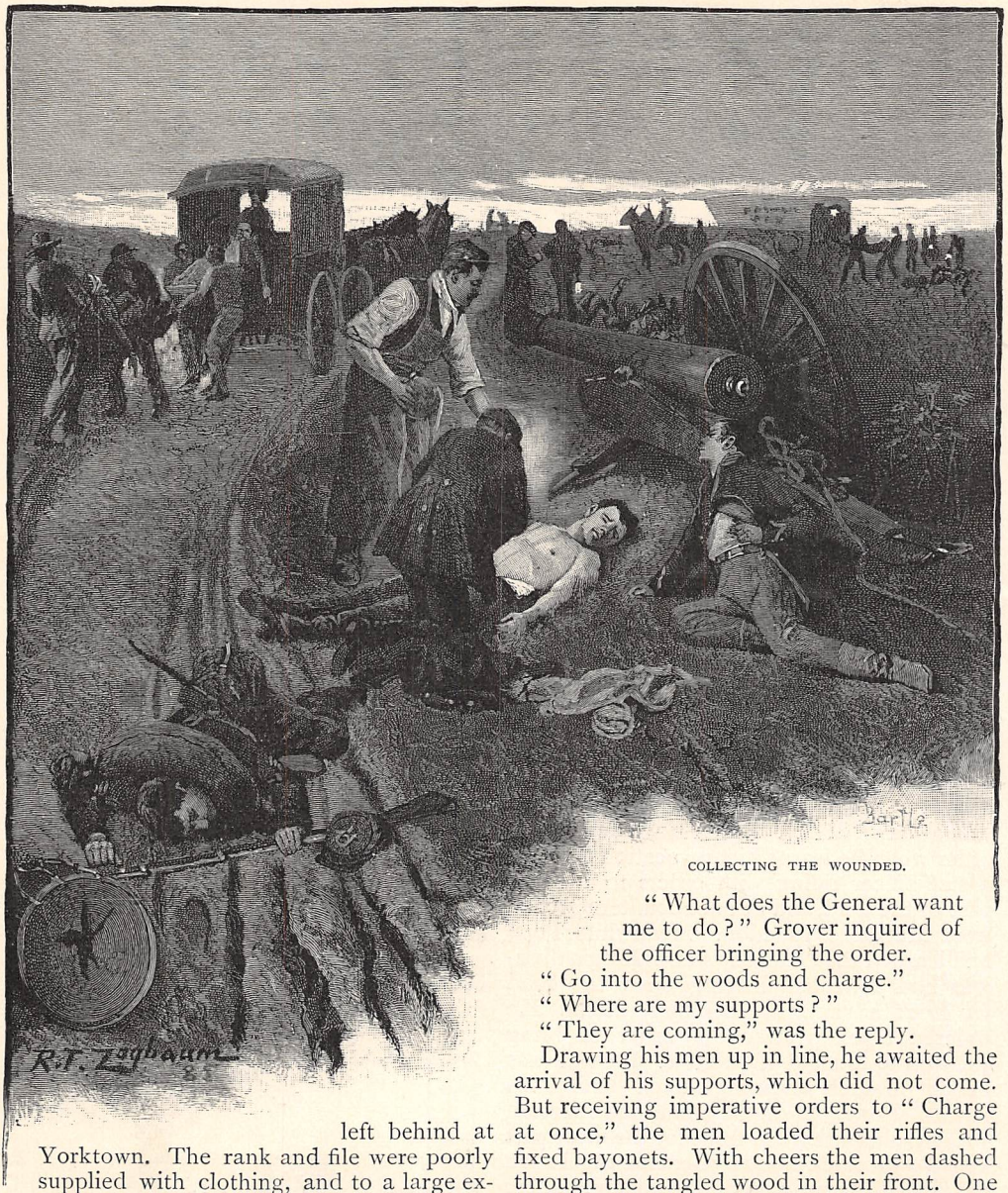
The veterans of Heintzelman, under Kearny and Hooker, aroused from their bivouacs at two in the morning, were an hour after sunrise on the heights of Centreville, in sight of the blue hills about Thoroughfare Gap through which Longstreet was hastening to Jackson's aid. Fording Bull Run, they came upon the rusty remains of guns, bayonets, weather-beaten fragments of gun-carriages and equipments, and the bleaching skulls and bones of their comrades who had perished on the field the year before — the first sacrifices to the blunders of the war. Many fields were black from the effect of fires ignited by our shells. This fragment of the army, under Hooker and Kearny, was in a destitute condition. The horses of the field-officers in most instances had been



RUINS OF THE HENRY HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE SECOND BATTLE.)

* Copyright, 1884, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

† The writer is indebted to friends of the 11th and 18th Mass. Volunteers and to comrades of other organizations for the incidents relating to this battle.—W. L. G.



COLLECTING THE WOUNDED.

left behind at Yorktown. The rank and file were poorly supplied with clothing, and to a large extent destitute of proper rations. Many were without blanket or blouse, some even without trousers; others with shoeless, blistered feet were marching over rough, hot, and dusty roads. Still they were full of enthusiasm for the fight; and as Pope, with a numerous staff, passed them on the road, he was loudly cheered. After that battle there was less cheering for the commander. At eleven o'clock they had reached the battle-field. At three Pope ordered Hooker to attack the strong position in his front. General Hooker, foreseeing that the attack promised but little chance of success, remonstrated.

Finally the order came to General Grover. "What does the General want me to do?" Grover inquired of the officer bringing the order.

"Go into the woods and charge."

"Where are my supports?"

"They are coming," was the reply.

Drawing his men up in line, he awaited the arrival of his supports, which did not come. But receiving imperative orders to "Charge at once," the men loaded their rifles and fixed bayonets. With cheers the men dashed through the tangled wood in their front. One of the regiments had its flag torn from its staff, and the eagle was shot away from its top, but the men answered to the cry, "Rally round the pole." As they stormed the railroad they saw wounded Confederates clutch the embankment, hold on for a moment, and then losing their grasp, roll down the steep bank. The first line of the enemy was overthrown. On they rushed upon a second line. Bayonets and swords were used at close quarters, so stubborn was the fight.

Had this attack been properly supported, it must have broken Jackson's center. There were many deeds performed in this action

which were heroic. A father and son charged side by side. The son fell, pierced by the enemy's bullets. Two privates, advancing through the woods, were separated from the main line, and were confronted by a squad of the enemy. They were called upon to surrender, but, standing shoulder to shoulder, they stood their ground until their assailants went back. Then one of the two fainted from a wound; his comrade took him in his arms, and brought him safely back into our lines. So the combat went on, till a new line of the enemy advanced upon our men, and compelled them to fall back.

Kearny was, at the same time, to have made an attack upon A. P. Hill's division, on Jackson's left, but for some unexplained reason he did not advance until Grover's brigade had been repulsed. General Kearny, the one-armed veteran, led his men in person. His soldiers wore the red square on their caps which was the insignia of "Kearny's men," or, as they were sometimes dubbed, "Phil Kearny's thieves." They went enthusiastically to the charge, supported by the troops of Reno. He doubled back the left of the enemy, and for a short time seemed to have achieved a decisive result. The enemy hurried up two brigades of Ewell's division, acting as reserve, who came down upon Kearny's thin and exhausted line, which was driven from its hard-won position.

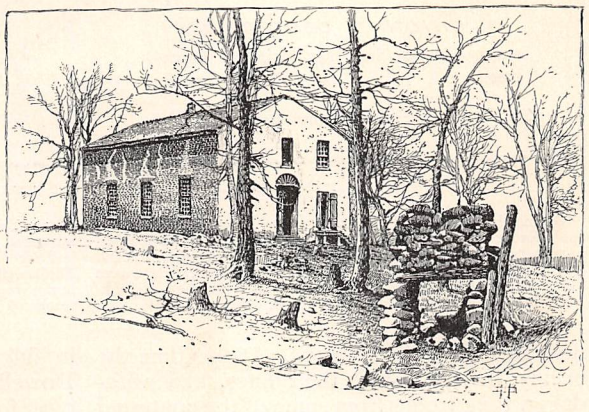
McDowell arrived at the scene of action between five and six in the afternoon, bringing up King's division, then commanded by Hatch. The enemy were making movements which were interpreted to mean a retreat, and Hatch was ordered to press them, and a fierce and bloody contest for three-quarters of an hour followed. Thus ended the first day of the second Bull Run, or Groveton. The enemy were readjusting their lines for another day's fighting, and Pope, misinterpreting these movements, conceived that the enemy were running away. It might be said in praise of Pope that he was never discouraged, always sanguine of success, always ready for a fight.

As usual, so soon as the fighting ceased many sought without orders to rescue comrades lying wounded between the opposing lines. There seemed to be a mutual understanding between the men of both armies that such parties were not to be disturbed in their mission of mercy. After the attempt of Grover and Kearny to carry the railroad embankment, the enemy followed them back and formed a line of battle in the edge of the woods. Our artillery sent their main line to the rear. It was replaced by a line of skirmishers formed in the fringe of this wood. These opened fire upon the wounded Union men who were attempting to creep to the protection of their friends. After this fire had died away along the darkling woods, little groups of men from the Union lines went stealthily about, bringing in the wounded from the exposed positions. Blankets attached to poles or muskets often served as stretchers to bear the wounded to the ambulances and surgeons. There was a great lack of organized effort to care for our wounded. Vehicles of various kinds were pressed into service. The removal of the wounded went on during the entire night, and tired soldiers were roused from their slumbers by the plaintive cries of wounded comrades passing in torturing vehicles. In one instance a Confederate and a Union soldier were found comforting each other on the field. They were put into the same Virginia farm-cart and sent to the rear, talking and groaning in fraternal sympathy.

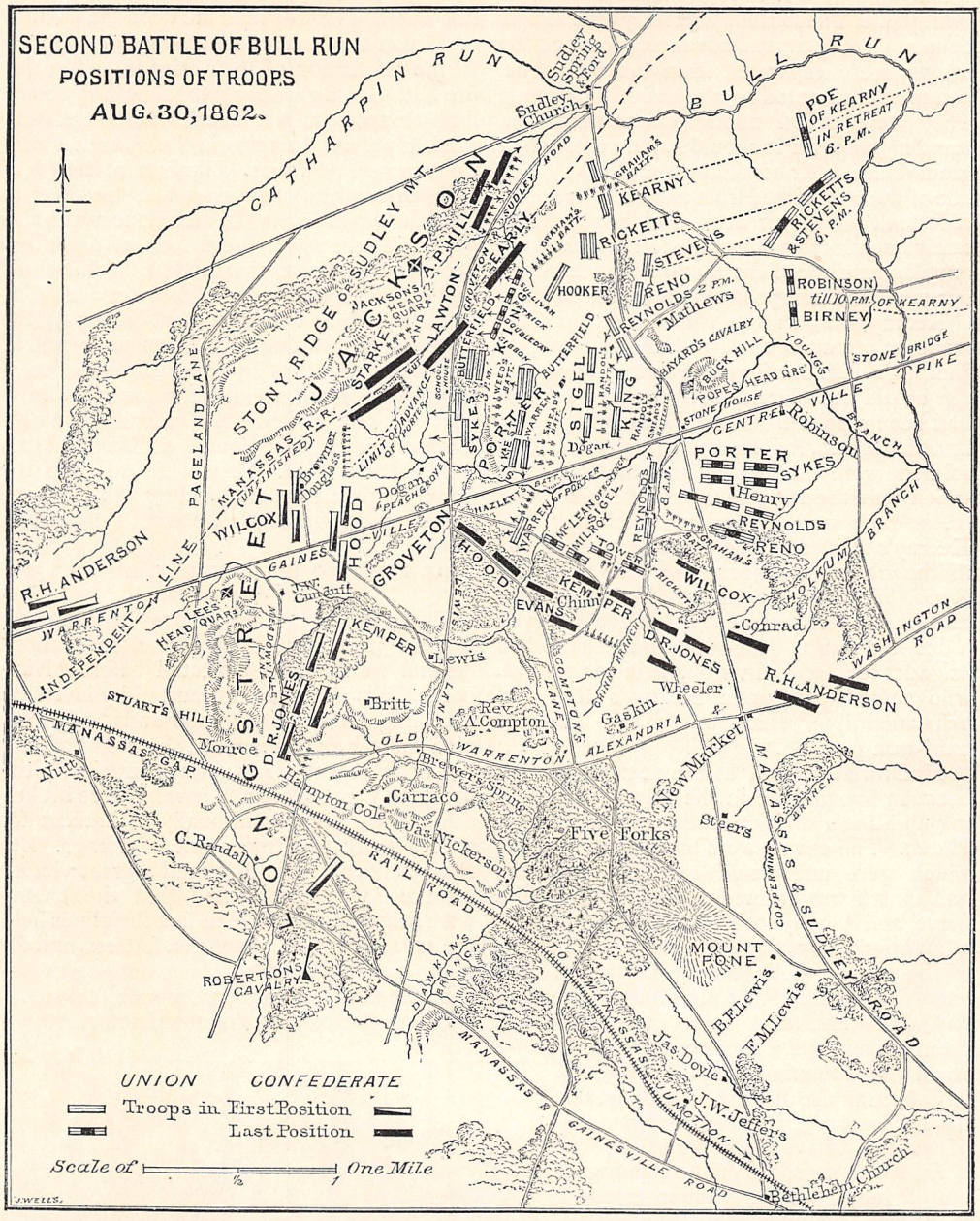
THE FIGHTING OF SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

THE condition of Pope's army on Saturday, August 30, was such that a more cautious general would have hesitated before giving battle. His men were exhausted by incessant marching and fighting; thousands had straggled from their commands; the men had had but little to eat for two days previous; the horses of the artillery and cavalry were broken down from being continually in harness for over a week and from want of forage. But Pope believed he had gained a great victory on the day previous, and that the enemy were demoralized, while in fact their lines held the railroad embankment as a fortress, and for thirty-six hours there had been nothing to prevent the union of Longstreet with Jackson.

At an early hour Pope ordered a recon-



SUDLEY CHURCH, FROM THE SUDLEY SPRINGS ROAD. A HOSPITAL IN BOTH BATTLES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE SECOND BATTLE.)



FIRST AND LAST POSITIONS IN THE FIGHTING OF AUGUST 30.

During the assault by Porter's corps and King's division Jackson's forces were all behind the unfinished railway. When that assault failed the Unionists north of the turnpike were attacked by two of the three brigades indicated as with Wilcox. These were Featherston's and Pryor's, which were acting with some of Jackson's troops and with one brigade of Hood. Wilcox with his own proper brigade passed far to the right and fought his way to an advanced position, after several brigades under Evans and Jones had by desperate fighting compelled the troops of Sigel and McDowell to loosen their hold on Bald Hill. The last fighting was in the woods where Wilcox's final position is indicated and where troops of D. R. Jones's division had also been fighting.— EDITOR.

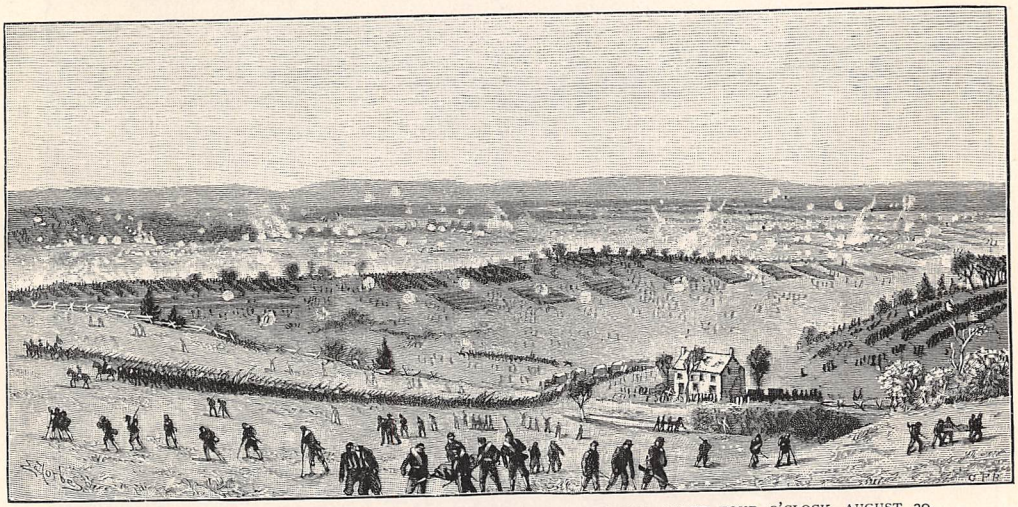
noissance made in his front. At this time the enemy, in readjusting their lines, had withdrawn their troops from some of the contested ground of the day previous. Pope interpreted this movement to mean that the enemy were in full retreat, and at noon assigned McDowell to the pursuit. Porter was ordered to push forward on the Warrenton turnpike, followed by the divisions of King and Reynolds.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle

was opened by Porter. With cheers the Union force dashed up the hill, through the intervening woods, and charged the railroad cut and embankment. Hatch, on the right, with King's division, moved to the attack. The fight was most obstinate and determined, and as one line was repulsed another took its place, the Confederates resisting with bayonets and stones after their ammunition gave out, and sticking to the deep cut and embankment as to a fortress. Longstreet opened on the force, assaulting Jackson with a murderous enfilading fire of shells. It was under this cannonade that the lines of Porter were broken and partly put to flight.

On the extreme right, Hooker's, Kearny's, and Ricketts's divisions, which were to have attacked by the Sudley Springs road, made no serious demonstration in that quarter. direction, relying upon Jackson's well-known skill and stubbornness, while he prepared for an attack on our flank. When half of our troops were either in actual conflict or already discomfited, then it was that Longstreet rolled like an irresistible wave upon our left.

It fell to McDowell to defend the line of retreat by the Warrenton turnpike. A strong prejudice existed among the men against this able but unfortunate commander. Nothing was more common during the day than to hear him denounced. He wore a peculiar head-gear which looked like a basket. It was a common remark that Pope had his "headquarters in the saddle, and McDowell his head in a basket." Such was the moral disadvantage under which McDowell labored with his men, and such elements have more to do with success or defeat than is generally



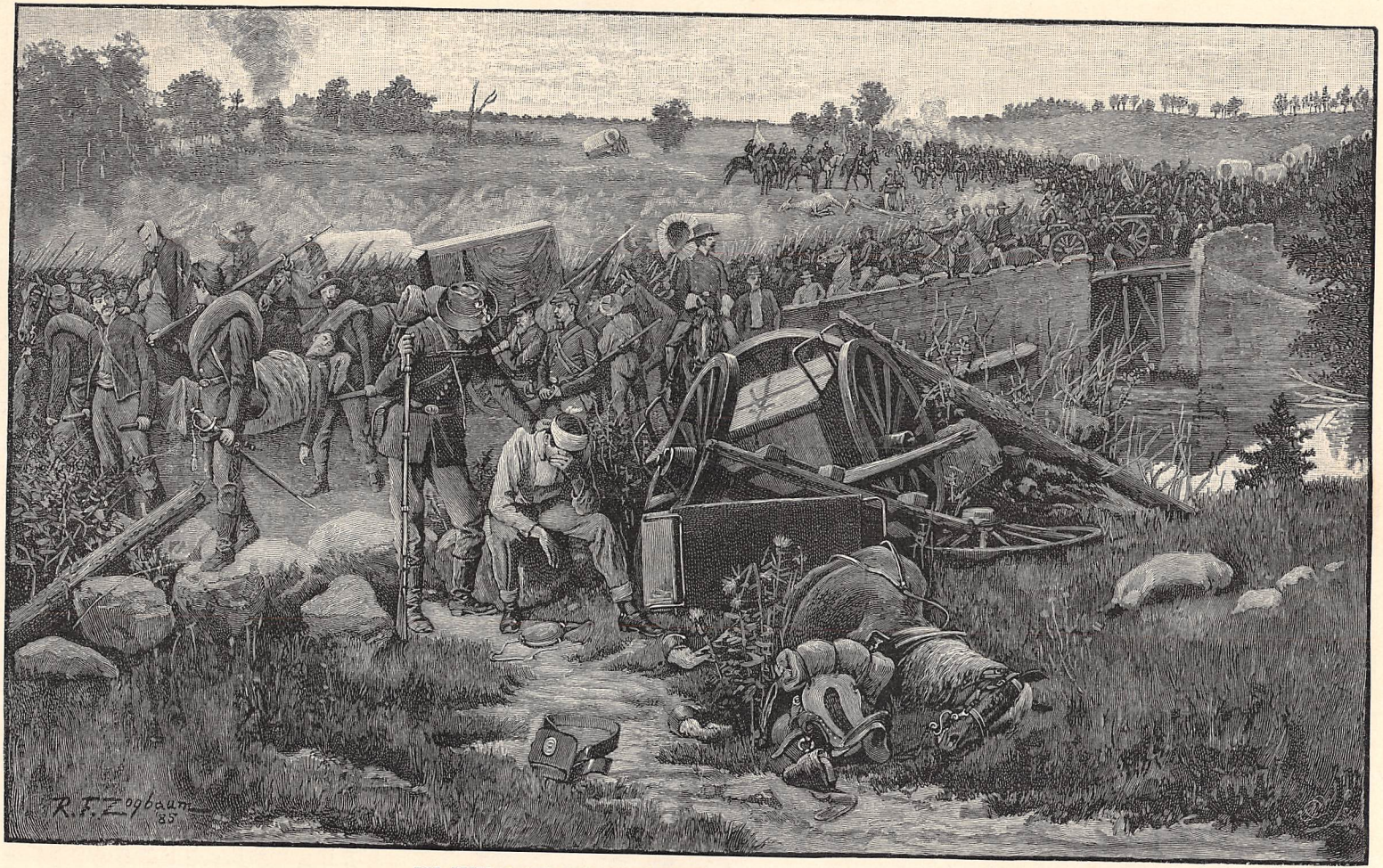
VIEW FROM THE HENRY HILL DURING THE ATTACK UPON JACKSON, ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK, AUGUST 30.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY EDWIN FORBES.)

In the foreground Reynolds's division is marching to the defense of the left flank. The stone house on the turnpike is seen in the hollow.— EDITOR.

Reynolds had meantime discovered the enemy in force concealed in the woods south of the turnpike. It was here that Lee had massed for the attack planned upon our left flank. Reynolds, who during the fighting described above occupied a key position protecting Porter's left flank, was ordered by Pope (or by McDowell) to support Porter, thus uncovering the left flank of the force attacking Jackson. Colonel G. K. Warren, in command of one of Porter's brigades, seeing the importance of this vacated position, without orders seized and held it obstinately with only a thousand men, of whom over four hundred were killed, wounded, or captured.

When Lee saw that Pope contemplated an attack north of the turnpike, he allowed the Union army to expend its strength in that imagined. Since understanding McDowell's character and record better, we soldiers are glad to acknowledge his true worth as a brave, able, and long-headed commander, and to apologize for abuse which was undeserved.

Pope took prompt measures to ward off impending disaster. The officers and privates, as a whole, by their devotion, coolness, and courage, gave steadiness to the wavering lines. Wearied and even wounded men dragged themselves forward to the conflict for the common safety. It was past five o'clock when Longstreet's five fresh divisions, hitherto concealed in the woods, came on, giving the rebel yell, and followed by artillery which took positions from point to point in conformity to the main line of advance. When, however, the Confederates reached the position where



THE RETREAT OVER THE STONE BRIDGE, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30.

they had hoped to intercept our line of retreat, they unexpectedly found it defended. McLean's brigade of Schenck's division, Milroy's independent brigade, and Tower with two brigades of Ricketts's, held the line of Bald Hill. Being severely pressed, Schenck in person brought up reënforcements to McLean's support, including two brigades of Schurz's division, and fell, severely wounded, while at the head of his men. Here it was that Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, fell while leading his regiment. Here also the brave Colonel Koltes, commanding Schurz's third brigade, was killed. Then came the struggle for the Henry house hill, the plateau which was the scene of the hardest fighting in the first Bull Run. It was bristling with the guns of Reynolds's and Reno's men, and of Sykes's regulars. The enemy made a vigorous attack. At last darkness, the succor of armies hard pressed, came. The army crossed Bull Run by the stone bridge, and by midnight were all posted on the heights of Centreville.*

Notwithstanding the surprise of Longstreet's flank attack, our men were at no time completely demoralized, and certainly under the circumstances were excusable for what demoralization did exist. While the fight was going on, many in other parts of the field made fires and were engaged in cooking their rations of fresh beef, just issued, while some stood on fences and gun-carriages to see how the fight was progressing. The sky was clear and blue, where not obscured by the battle-clouds. In the distance could be seen the bold outlines of the Bull Run and Blue Ridge mountains. At one time the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment was in the same position it held during the first battle of Bull Run about the same time the previous year.

Our prisoners were disposed to rally us on our defeat. "What was Stonewall doing in our rear when we came so near gobbling him?" was asked of a prisoner. "Gobbling!" exclaimed the indignant rebel; "we uns are foot cavalry, we uns are. We uns can march right around you uns while you uns are getting ready. Old Stonewall? He was up there to get our rations; we uns couldn't live if you

* Captain William H. Powell, of the Fourth Regular Infantry, in a letter to THE CENTURY, dated Fort Omaha, Neb., March 12, 1885, describes as follows the retreat upon Washington and McClellan's reception by his old army:

"The last volley had been fired, and as night fell upon us the division of regulars of Porter's corps was ordered to retire to Centreville. It had fought hard on the extreme left, to preserve the line of retreat by the turnpike and the stone bridge. We were gloomy, despondent, and about 'tired out'; we had not had a change of clothing from the 14th to the 31st of August, and had been living, in the words of the men, on 'salt horse,' 'hard tack,' and 'chicory juice.' As we filed from the battle-field into the turnpike leading over the stone bridge, we came upon a group of mounted officers, one of whom wore a peculiar style of hat which had been seen on the field that day, and which had been the occasion of a great deal of comment in the ranks. As we passed these officers, the one with the peculiar hat called out in a loud voice:

"'What troops are these?'

"'The regulars,' answered somebody.

"'Second Division, Fifth Corps,' replied another.

"'God bless them! they saved the army,' added the officer solemnly. We learned that he was General Irvin McDowell.

"As we neared the bridge, we came upon confusion. Men singly and in detachments were mingled with sutlers' wagons, artillery caissons, supply wagons, and ambulances, each striving to get ahead of the other. Vehicles rushed through organized bodies, and broke the columns into fragments. Little detachments gathered by the roadside, after crossing the bridge, crying out the numbers of their regiments as a guide to scattered comrades.

"And what a night it was! Dark, gloomy, and beclouded by the volumes of smoke which had risen from the battle-field. To our disgust with the situation was added the discomfort of a steady rain setting in after nightfall. With many threats to reckless drivers, and through the untiring efforts of our officers,—not knowing how, when, or where we should meet the enemy again,—we managed to preserve our organization intact, keeping out of the road as much as possible, in order to avoid mingling with others. In this way we arrived at Centreville some time before midnight, and on the morning of the 31st of August we were placed in the old Confederate earthworks surrounding that village to await the developments of the enemy.

"It was Sunday. The morning was cold and rainy; everything bore a look of sadness in unison with our feelings. All about were the *disjecta membra* of a shattered army; here were stragglers plodding through the mud, inquiring for their regiments; little squads, just issuing from their shelterless bivouac on the wet ground; wagons wrecked and forlorn; half-formed regiments, part of the men with guns and part without; wanderers driven in by the patrols; while every one you met had an unwashed, sleepy, downcast aspect, and looked as if he would like to hide his head somewhere from all the world.

"During the afternoon of Sept. 1, a council of war was held in the bivouac of the regular division, at which I noticed all the prominent generals of that army. It was a long one, and apparently not over-pleasant, if one might judge of it by the expressions on the faces of the officers when they separated. The information it developed, however, was that the enemy was between the Army of the Potomac and Washington; that Kearny was then engaged with him at Chantilly, and that we must fall back towards the defenses of the city. Dejection disappeared, activity took the place of immobility, and we were ready again to renew the contest. But who was to be our leader? and where were we to fight? Those were the questions that sprang to our lips. We had been ordered to keep our camp-fires burning brightly until 'tattoo'; and then, after the rolls had been called, we stole away — out into a gloomy night, made more desolate by the glare of dying embers. Nothing occurred to disturb our march; we arrived at Fairfax Court House early on the morning of the 2d of September. At this point we were turned off on the road to Washington, and went into bivouac. Here all sorts of rumors reached us; but, tired out from the weary night march, our blankets were soon spread on the ground, and we enjoyed an afternoon and night of comparative repose.

"About four o'clock on the next afternoon, from a prominent point, we descried in the distance the dome of the Capitol. We would be there at least in time to defend it. Darkness came upon us, and still we marched. As the night wore on, we found at each halt that it was more and more difficult to arouse the men from the sleep they would fall into apparently as soon as they touched the ground. During one of these halts, while Colonel Buchanan, the brigade commander, was resting a little off the road, some distance in advance of the head of the column, it being starlight, two horsemen came down the road towards us. I thought I observed a familiar form, and, turning to Colonel Buchanan, said:

"'Colonel, if I did not know that General McClellan had been relieved of all command, I should say that he was one of that party,' adding immediately, 'I do really believe it is he!'

"'Nonsense,' said the Colonel; 'what would General McClellan be doing out in this lonely place, at this time of night, without an escort?'

"The two horsemen passed on to where the column of troops was lying, standing, or sitting, as pleased each individual, and were lost in the shadowy gloom. But a few moments had elapsed, however, when Captain John D. Wilkins, of the Third Infantry (now colonel of the Fifth), came running towards Colonel Buchanan, crying out:

"'Colonel! Colonel! General McClellan is here!'

"The enlisted men caught the sound! Whoever was awake aroused his neighbor. Eyes were rubbed, and those tired fellows, as the news passed down the column, jumped to their feet, and sent up such a hurrah as the Army of the Potomac had never heard before. Shout upon shout went out into the stillness of the night; and as it was taken up along the road and repeated by regiment, brigade, division, and corps, we could hear the roar dying away in the distance. The effect of this man's presence upon the Army of the Potomac — in sunshine or rain, in darkness or in daylight, in victory or defeat — was ever electrical, and too wonderful to make it worth while attempting to give a reason for it. Just two weeks from this time this defeated army, under the leadership of McClellan, won the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and had to march ten days out of the two weeks in order to do it."

Yanks didn't keep we uns in fixin's." And this was very near the sober truth.

The hardships of the army in this campaign were unparalleled in its experience. The field hospitals contained nearly eight thousand wounded men, and a ghastly army of dead lay on the field. The ambulances, too few for the occasion, were supplemented by hacks and carriages of every description, brought from Washington. The tender hand of woman was there to alleviate distress, and the picture of misery was qualified by the heroic grit of those who suffered.

The greatest losses in a battle are in the wounded, their ratio being as ten to one of the killed; and it seemed as if accident exhausted its combination in the variety of places in which a man could be wounded and yet live. I have seen men die from a trivial scratch, and others live with a fractured skull; others were killed by a shell or shot passing very near them, without leaving a bruise or scratch upon the body, and men shot through the lungs and bowels lived and got well. During the fighting of Saturday an officer put out his foot to stop a cannon-ball, which seemed to be rolling very slowly along the ground. It took off his leg and killed him. Another picked up a shell from the ground, not thinking it was lighted, and it exploded in his hands without doing him any serious injury. Jar and concussion often broke down the nervous system and produced death, while men with frightful wounds often recovered.

After that hard experience the *morale* of the army was much better than might have been expected, though some, for the first time, began to regard our cause as a losing one. Most of the soldiers believed the Confederate armies were more ably commanded than our own. Said one: "If the rebels have a small force, they manage to get into some strong place like that old railroad cut that Jackson held." Another said: "They always have the most men where the nip comes." This expressed in a nutshell two facts. When weak, the Confederates took strong defensive positions, and at the supreme moment they were superior at the point of contact. Along with stubbornness and confidence, the natural inclination of the soldiers in our ranks was towards cautiousness and economy. Sometimes they ceased the fight before receiving orders because they recognized its uselessness in advance of their commander. The common soldiers represented the average intelligence of the North, and many of them — enough to give tone to the whole — looked upon the cause as peculiarly their own. It was felt that we must keep up the fight because it was a cause that belonged to ourselves and children. This view was deeply impressed upon the great bulk of our army. It supplied a bond of cohesion when discipline failed; and although we had fought and retreated, retreated and fought, we were neither dismayed nor badly disorganized. We were learning the trade of war thoroughly and systematically, and only needed a commander. The regard the private soldiers felt for McClellan arose from a deep conviction that he would not needlessly throw away our lives; that, with all his faults, he understood his trade.

Warren Lee Goss.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Broad View of Art.

MUCH has been said, much has been written of late years, to advocate the cause of art-education in this country; and a great deal also has been done in the way of practical response to such appeals. But Dr. Waldstein's articles in this and in the foregoing number of THE CENTURY differ from most of those which have hitherto been devoted to the subject as regards the *kind* of art-education advocated. These essays, it seems to us, are of peculiar value for this very reason. Great stress has hitherto been laid upon the necessity of teaching the processes of art-production, little upon the necessity of cultivating the artist's mind and heart as well as his hand, and still less, perhaps, upon the necessity of educating the public — of inculcating the method and forming the habit of *art-appreciation;* and turning to what has been done in the matter, we find the same mood prevailing. The founding of art-schools has usually preceded the founding of museums, galleries, and collections; and these last have more often been advocated in the interest of those who may be called the active than of those who may be called the passive students of art.

For these reasons, we repeat, Dr. Waldstein's arguments deserve the most careful perusal; and for the reason, too, that they lift the whole discussion to the very highest and broadest plane, and contain thoughts and suggestions that should interest every member of the community. His suggestions are based chiefly on the lessons of Greek art; but they find a still more indisputable support in the lessons which may be drawn from the condition of our own art at the present moment. No one who looks about him here to-day with open and unprejudiced eyes can be long in doubt as to what our art most needs at this very time. No one can doubt that it needs the cultivation of the artist's mind and heart more than the cultivation of his hand, and more even than this, the cultivation of the appreciative power of the public. The prime necessity is that we should go earnestly and systematically to work to inspire, to develop, to guide and clarify the taste

of the people — either through the mediation of our rulers, as Dr. Waldstein suggests, though this seems impracticable as things now are, or through that multiple private activity which in a state constituted as is ours must often play the part elsewhere assumed by governments and princes. The truth is that the American artist has outstripped the American public, that our supply of art (we speak of *quality*, not of quantity) has grown faster than our demand for it. The fact may seem curious, but it is indisputable none the less; and it is hardly curious if we reflect upon our material conditions — especially upon our isolated position in a new continent far from the accumulated treasures of the splendid past. Given a people of growing artistic instincts situated as are we, it is not unnatural that it should develop those instincts first in its creative artists. Those who are impelled to make art the work and motive of their lives are naturally those who will take most pains and go farthest afield to learn about it. It is for the others we should provide easily accessible instruction. Those others who do not want to be and never could be artists, but who might and gladly would be intelligent appreciators, are the ones who most need inspiration, guidance, and enlightenment. It is idle to say, as has sometimes been said, that the artist alone can profit by definite instruction; that he *must* be taught, while a public which does not appreciate by instinct neither deserves nor could assimilate outside teaching. Has not Mr. Theodore Thomas educated New York in music almost against its will — coaxing, beguiling, actually forcing it to listen to works it did not want to hear and at first could not comprehend? He has won his battle, and the whole nation owes him a debt of gratitude. The latent appreciative power which he rightly believed to exist under the ignorance of his audience is, without the shadow of a doubt, not limited to music,— probably exists in greater breadth and depth for other forms of art. Our best painters and sculptors and architects are to-day appealing to it as confidently as he appealed some years ago. But the conditions under which they speak are so much less favorable that they are in greater need than he was of outside help in the way of definite, formal education. Already, as Dr. Waldstein says, they have done much to win our public to the appreciation of good art in its minor, domestic branches. But they cannot so easily guide it to the appreciation of *great* art. Great art, monumental art, public art, can flourish only in response to a concerted public call. There are already men who could produce it for us, we believe, and their list would grow with astonishing rapidity if only a high grade of work were wanted; and that it may be wanted we must educate ourselves in appreciative power, and in that which is the obverse quality — in critical power. We must learn to know the good when we see it and the bad when we see it; — a mood of irrational, uncritical enthusiasm is not much better than a mood of dull unconcern. What we want is a public such as existed in the Florence of Donatello's day. Writing from Padua he says: "If I remain in this place the praises I hear will cause me to forget everything I know. In Florence, on the contrary, the incessant criticisms of my compatriots force me continually to make new efforts and thereby bring me constantly new glories." We see it is not ignorant praise an artist wants, any more than ignorant criticism or sheer indifference. When our artists can find in us just what Donatello found in his Florentines,— discriminating appreciation, enlightened criticism, an enthusiasm as wary as impassioned,— then indeed the fault will be all their own if they fail to endow us with a great national art.

If, then, we care for the future of our art, we must educate ourselves as well as and (for the moment) more diligently than our artists. And if, on the other hand, we care for ourselves, for the American people, for that greatest good of the greatest number which is the final test of all things in a republic worthy of the name, how imperatively we are called to the same task!

The New Political Economy.

THE New Chemistry has displaced the old, the New Theology is fighting for its life; and now comes the New Political Economy, and asks that the science of that name sometimes described as "Orthodox" be required to show cause why it should not abdicate in favor of another claimant. It was at Saratoga in September last that this demand was made; and the formal challenge is conveyed in the constitution of "The American Economic Association," then and there adopted by a number of the students and teachers of political economy, gathered for the purpose from various parts of the country. The list of officers, with the council of twenty-one members, includes some strong names, and shows that the association will be able to make a vigorous defense of its purposes.

These purposes, as stated in the constitution, are by no means warlike. "The encouragement of economic research, the publication of economic monographs, the encouragement of perfect freedom in all economic discussion, and the establishment of a bureau of information designed to aid members in their economic studies," are objects with which nobody can quarrel. The first of these purposes indicates, however, to some extent, the peculiarity of the new economy. It professes to follow the Baconian method,— to gather its facts first, and to make its theories conform to them. It insists that this is the right way of studying political economy; that it possesses no scientific character, unless it conforms to this fundamental law of all the sciences. The political economy of former generations followed no consistent method. Adam Smith collected many facts, and commented on them in an interesting way; but his assumptions soon outran his data, and the science under his hand was often more speculative than experimental. Many of those who followed him discarded almost wholly the inductive method; and the complaint brought by the new economists against some of their most distinguished predecessors is that they have dealt too freely in abstractions; that they have occupied themselves chiefly in reasoning about what men must and will do, instead of trying to find out what men have done and are doing; that they have simply started with two or three cardinal facts of human nature,— viz.: that men are selfish and indolent, that they desire wealth, and wish to get it with the least possible exertion,— and out of these cardinal facts have evolved their science by logical inference. This, say the new economists, is not the right way to develop the science. Doubtless, we must recognize the fundamental principles of human nature, and must

be guided by them in our reasonings; but we need to verify and correct our reasonings by the careful study of history and of statistics. Economic research, they would say, quite as much as economic ratiocination, is our business; and by following it diligently we mean to give to political economy a truly scientific character.

Another doctrine of the new school will be more sharply questioned; that is, the doctrine that the sphere of the state in the development of the economic welfare of society may be, and should be, considerably enlarged. It is probable that the new school and the old school would agree in saying that the state ought never to undertake what can best be done by individual enterprise; but they would differ considerably in the application of this principle. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, would deny that governmental inspection of commodities offered for sale is in any case admissible; the late Professor Jevons thought that such inspection was in many cases necessary, and that sound principles of common sense would determine when such inspection should be required. Mr. Spencer does not approve of the factory legislation of England; Professor Jevons strongly defended it. The new economy insists that under the "let-alone" policy grievous wrongs are perpetrated, and that many of the precious fruits of civilization are going fast to decay; and it declares that when the weak are obviously suffering from the encroachments of the strong, political economy does not forbid, but commands, the state to interpose for their succor. Doubtless it is assumed in this contention that the government represents the intelligence and conscience of the people; that it is not merely "all of us," as Professor Sumner urges, but the wisest and best of us. If the old economy turn upon the new, demanding, "Is this, indeed, the fact?" the new economy will at once be confronted with its hardest question. For the solemn truth is that the representatives of the state, the people who frame and administer its laws, are not, in Professor Sumner's phrase, "all of us," since a great many of us have but little part in the matter; much less are they always the wisest and best of us; very often, indeed, they are nearly the foolishest and worst of us, and the expectation that the bad matters now let alone will be greatly mended by their interference is certainly ill-founded. This is the natural and obvious retort of the old economists when they hear the new economists saying: "We regard the state as an agency whose positive assistance is one of the indispensable conditions of human progress."

But the new economists will scarcely admit the conclusiveness of the answer. "If our government," they may say, "were always to be administered by officials chosen from among the least capable and worthy of our citizens, this objection might be final; but we decline to count on such a possibility. The intelligence and virtue of the nation have a right to rule the nation, and they have the power to rule it too. Intelligence and virtue are stronger than ignorance and vice. A government which represents the worst classes is a monstrosity. Nature abhors it, and will not let it propagate its species. A government which represents only the average wisdom and integrity of the land is a solecism. Government means direction, leadership, wise control; if it fail to supply these, it is a hindrance and a burden. The theory of democracy is not that the ruler should be no wiser than the average citizen, the blind leading the blind;— the theory is that when all hereditary rule is abolished, and the people are left free to form their own government, those who are the natural rulers will be chosen; and the natural rulers are the wisest and best of the people. Democracy rests upon the belief that when artificial restraints are removed, the free action of the social forces will bring to the top the elements that belong there. If democracy means anything else than this, it is a delusion, and will speedily abolish itself. We assume that it means this, and this is what we are determined that it shall mean. Civil-service reform and all the other movements toward the purification of government rest on this assumption. We expect the legislatures and the executives of this land to be not only far better than the worst, but considerably above the average of the citizens in intelligence and virtue; and therefore we maintain that we are not irrational when we ask, for the government that we are determined to set up, the right to exercise those functions which naturally belong to it. If any one answer, 'Set up your pure government first, and then ask to have its power enlarged,' we reply that one way to purify it is to lay heavier responsibilities upon it."

We are not authorized to speak for the new economists, and they may decline to adopt our defense of their position respecting the functions of the state; but it is a position which they will be summoned to defend. The questions they raise are of great interest, not only to political economists, but to all students of social science; and the discussions they promise to open, by means of the platform and the press, must aid in the formation of a sound public opinion.

OPEN LETTERS.

Some Recent Experiments in Hybridization.

THE wheat crop of the world is undoubtedly the most valuable commercial product obtained from the soil. The wheat plant is one of the oldest in cultivation. The Chinese recorded its culture as early as 2700 B. C., and it is one of the prehistoric plants, remains of wheat seeds being found in the ruins of the houses of the earliest lake-dwellers. While there are several races of wheat, and while these have been crossed producing hybrids, it has retained its true character and been entirely independent of other plants since its culture began. Compared with wheat, rye is a modern plant. It is not figured on any Egyptian monuments, and seems to have been first cultivated in the Roman Empire about the beginning of the Christian era, though it may have been known somewhat earlier in Russia and Tartary. While these two commercial plants have been cultivated side by side for centuries, the first plants appearing to be true hybrids between them bore seeds this year in this country. Wheat and rye may have been crossed be-

fore, yet there appears to be no record of anything like the results here obtained. Having made a personal examination of the crossing of these two great plant races, the writer may be prepared to report the history and present aspect of this most interesting experiment.

A very slight examination of a head of wheat shows plainly how and why it has kept its race purity so long. The flowers of the common squash stand wide open. The wind or a wandering bee may carry the pollen from the male to the female, and fertilization be effected in the roughest and most simple manner. It is the same with the strawberry blooms and the flowers of many other plants, and as a result such plants are inclined to "sport" and exhibit many varieties. Wheat, on the other hand, is self-fertilizing, the pistillate and staminate portions of the flower being close together and inclosed in a casing completely protecting them from contact with pollen from any other flowers. The flower is practically shut out from all natural crossing, and the only way in which a cross can be obtained is to open the case protecting the flower and make a purely artificial crossing. In this way all the crossed varieties of wheat have been produced.

The first step in the experiment was to make an artificial crossing between wheat and rye. For the female plant a head of Armstrong's beardless white was selected, and the flowers were carefully opened and the stamens cut out with a pair of scissors while still green. Shortly after, when the pistils were in the best condition, pollen from a head of common rye was dusted over them and the casing carefully closed again upon the wheat pistils, and fastened by means of a paper ring. This was repeated three times on each of the flowers where the stamens had been removed. This was in the summer of 1883, and from one head of wheat ten good seeds were obtained. These were planted on the 29th of the following September, and in due time nine new plants appeared, grew, and lived through the winter of 1883–4. In the summer of 1884 eight of these plants produced good seeds, and one plant produced a few apparently sterile and worthless seeds. The experiment here divides into two sections. The good seeds from the eight plants were planted in September, 1884, and produced many strong and healthy plants that survived the winter and bore this summer the greatest variety of wheats, some beardless, some fully bearded, some of one type and some of another, but all more closely allied to wheat than to rye. The result of this experiment is interesting, and it will in the future be continued, the various kinds being divided and again cultivated to see if the new types will be permanent. This portion of the experiment needs no further discussion, as the other branch, with the plants springing from the apparently sterile or worthless seeds, is of more interest. One of the original nine plants produced fourteen heads giving seventeen shriveled and narrow grains. The plant exhibited some of the features of rye, and this led to the hope that the seeds might germinate. The seventeen seeds were planted September 29, 1884, and fifteen plants grew up and safely passed the winter, two of the plants having been accidentally destroyed. These fifteen plants in July, 1885, presented a most curious appearance and bore heads of wheat closely resembling rye. The average height of all the plants was three feet five inches, the tallest plant being four feet high. The best plant had thirteen heads, the poorest only two heads. There were one hundred and seven heads in all, or an average of seven and two-fifteenths heads to a plant. All the heads produced more or less seeds, and fifteen seeds selected, one from each plant, appeared to be in every respect good and perfect seeds. Of these, five were larger than the largest wheat, and three were larger than rye and closely resembled rye in shape. As a whole the seeds appeared to be wheat and yet had somewhat the shape of rye. No experiments were made to test the flouring qualities or taste of these seeds. That must come later when more seeds can be obtained. The point of interest lies in the fact that good seeds that resemble wheat were obtained from plants that had all the distinctive features of rye plants. An examination of these fifteen plants showed the following points:

1st, size and strength of stem and glaucous (or blue) color; 2d, tomentose appearance of stem or fuzziness of stem just below the heads; 3d, the heads were larger and narrower than wheat, and had more spikelets, being an average of twenty-six spikelets to each head; 4th, the glumes were marked more like rye than wheat, and the heads were bearded more like rye than wheat. In one head there were sixty-seven glumes, thirty-four on one side and thirty-three on the other. These features of color, bloom, shape, and character of heads seem to indicate that the plants followed their rye or male parent. They were considered by experts to be rye plants. The seed, on the other hand, is more like wheat than rye, and plainly not rye.

The object of this experiment is to see if a hybrid plant can be produced that will give seeds as good as wheat and yet be as a plant like rye; that is, a plant that will grow where wheat will not, or in fields exhausted by wheat, and will be as hardy as rye and ripen its seeds earlier than wheat. The fact that the young plants survived one winter is something, and the seeds certainly ripened earlier by several days than the original Armstrong wheat. At the present stage of the experiment, plants giving good seeds and having all the features of rye have been obtained. In other words, wheat has been produced from plants plainly not wheat. Whether the future plants will retain this combination of plant and seed characteristics remains to be seen. The experiments have been conducted with the greatest care, and the result, even at this point, is both interesting and of the greatest promise. Should the future plants give good flouring wheat, and have the good qualities of the rye plant, it may prove of the greatest benefit to the leading cereal crops of the world.

Charles Barnard.

A National Conservatory of Music.

FROM time to time there have been efforts made by lovers of music and others to establish a National Conservatory of Music in New York. For one reason or another these efforts have failed, and until within a very short time it looked as though there would be no individual, or collection of individuals, with enthusiasm or money enough to carry such a scheme through to successful completion. But while we were regarding the establishment of a national conservatory as a thing in the very distant future, it was nearer realization than it had ever been before, and all through the

energy and liberality of one woman, who made the plan practicable, and, by the time this reaches your readers, will have a school of opera, which is the nucleus of a national conservatory, successfully begun. This school, which owes its existence to the efforts of Mrs. F. B. Thurber, has its present headquarters at No. 128 East Seventeenth street; a modest dwelling-house, which, however, has been remodeled for its new uses, and will admirably serve its purpose for some time to come. Such a school as this must of necessity depend at first on private subscriptions; and a considerable amount has, I believe, been already subscribed or promised. A first meeting of the incorporators was held at Delmonico's on October 27th, for the purpose of completing the organization and appointing officers. Parke Godwin, Esq., was elected president, August Belmont, Esq., vice-president, and Richard Irvin, Jr., Esq., treasurer. The Executive Board consists of a number of prominent ladies and gentlemen of New York and other cities. Madame Fursch-Madi has been chosen directress of the school, and Mons. J. Bouhy, of Brussels, Professor of Opera. To successful applicants instruction will be given free in all the branches of musical art that relate to the production of opera.

Connected with the school, and designed for the fuller instruction of the pupils, a company has been formed for the production of "Opera Sung by Americans." It has been found impracticable at present to render this company as absolutely exclusive in the matter of nationality as its title would indicate, the school having graduated no pupils as yet.

Some people may think that it is putting the cart before the horse to organize the opera before the school has fairly begun; but Mrs. Thurber meets this objection with a pertinent rejoinder in the last paragraph but one of her address, read before the incorporators and trustees, when she says: "It has been strongly felt that the most effective way of impressing upon the minds of our people a thoroughly practical conviction of the extent and character of American musical talent — so inadequately appreciated hitherto, except in special instances — was to put that talent in evidence before them upon a befitting scale, and at the very outset." The opera will be under the musical direction of Theodore Thomas. The singers, though unknown in many instances, have been thoroughly tried and give promise of excellent work. The star system is to be entirely abolished. The orchestra itself is, of course, a tower of strength. There is a very large chorus, composed of young men and women who are in every sense far above the average of opera chorus singers. The Associated Artists, under Mrs. Wheeler, have the oversight of the *mise-en-scène*, and the scenery and costumes are from the hands of well-known artists. The performances will be given at the Academy of Music, the season opening on the 4th of January with Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew." This will be followed by Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," Wagner's "Lohengrin," Mozart's "Magic Flute," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Bizet's "Carmen," Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Delibes's "Lakme," "Faust," "The Flying Dutchman," "Oberon," "The Huguenots," and "L'Eclair." An opera by Rubinstein will follow these. This repertoire shows that the management intend to diverge from the usual routine. There will thus be presented in English operas that have heretofore been confined to the German or Italian stage, and are only known to Americans in those languages.

That in the matter of music there is a great deal of material in this country which has remained hitherto undeveloped, and which is only waiting for such an institution as the School of Opera to afford it the necessary means of attaining development, is admitted on all sides. The progress made by America in music astonishes every one but Americans. Accustomed to their own quick ways of doing everything, in business or art, they are less surprised than others at the rapidity of their own triumphs. The American School of Opera, as the nucleus of a National Conservatory of Music, is certain to meet with the warmest sympathy.

G.

A Brave Candidate.

I HAVE just seen in the October CENTURY your reference to the position of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge in regard to the negro problem. Your remarks recall a speech I heard from this gentleman in 1867–8. It was while I was pastor of the Baptist church in Richmond, Kentucky. He was a candidate for commonwealth attorney in that judicial district, and his opponents had used against him the fact that he was in favor of granting the negro the right to testify in the courts of justice. Prejudice was very high and feeling was very bitter on that question, and it was a most effective argument against Colonel Breckinridge. Before a crowded and inflamed audience the wily gentlemen had denounced Colonel Breckinridge for his emphatic approval of the hated measure. With eloquence he replied:

"Fellow-citizens, the charge my opponents urge against me is true. I am aware that this avowal will most likely defeat me in this canvass, for you are not ready to view this question calmly and dispassionately. Your prejudices blind your judgment. Nevertheless, the measure is one not only of justice to a down-trodden race, but also of an enlightened public policy. As chivalrous white men, we should be ashamed of our delay in granting this boon to the black man for his protection. In the after days, when the passions of this hour shall have been cooled, when reason shall assert her sway, when the nobler feelings of your nature shall rule your hearts and judgment, — in that hour you will approve though now you condemn me."

The effect was electrical. The vast crowd broke out with the wildest applause, as the bold and eloquent speaker gazed earnestly in their faces. He was warmly complimented on every side, even by the most determined opponents of the measure. Yet prejudice was too strong in the opposite direction, and Colonel Breckinridge (fortunately for him) was defeated.

Very truly yours,

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI. *C. E. W. Dobbs.*

Southern Women as Teachers of Colored Children.

THE statement in the letter from a Southern woman signed "A. Z." in the August number of THE CENTURY, that "hundreds of Southern women of fair education are so reduced as to accept gladly a position in the homes of friends or relatives equivalent to that of upper servants without wages, yet not one can be found to fill the useful and honorable position of teaching a colored school because of the social ostracism which would follow," is not true certainly of the whole

South, is misleading to the uninformed, and unjust to the large number of good and noble women in the South who have been in the past and are to-day teachers of colored schools, both public and private.

In South Carolina, perhaps the most conservative of the States of the Old South, there are in one small community a number of ladies, than whom none stand higher socially, who have for many years taught in the public schools exclusively for colored children, for the small salary paid by the State to the teachers of its schools, and who to obtain such positions have passed the rigid examinations required by the school commissioners as a test of proficiency for such teaching. So far from suffering "social ostracism," or the fear of it, these ladies are pointed to with pride by their neighbors as true women who are ready and willing to do whatsoever their hands find to do when the necessity arises.

These I know of personally, and I venture to say many such can be found "to fill the useful and honorable position of teaching a colored school"; nor have they any cause to fear social degradation. In a small town in the mountains of Virginia, four years ago, a daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, the rector of the parish, and a member of one of the oldest families in that State, established through her own exertions a parish school for the religious and literary instruction of colored children, exactly similar in design to the plan mentioned by "A. Z." as being lately "set on foot" in Vicksburg, Mississippi, which was well conducted and encouraging in its results, and has been abandoned with regret on account of the failing health of the lady teacher, and a lack of means with which to rent a suitable school-house and to purchase the necessary books and stationery for the proper conduct of the institution. Nor had this lady any difficulty in engaging, in the same town, the services of two young ladies who gladly accepted positions as assistants in this colored school.

These are instances, and they might be multiplied, of Southern ladies who teach secular schools for colored children. The Sunday-schools for negro children taught by ladies in the South are too numerous, widely known, and of long standing to be matter of dispute.

Believe me, no lady who undertakes to teach colored children in the South braves "ostracism" to do her noble work.

E. M. G.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Helen Jackson's "King Redwald's Altars."

THE editorial note appended to the late Mrs. Helen Jackson's poem in the September number, "King Redwald's Altars," has called forth comments from several correspondents. Doubtless the true explanation of the discrepancies pointed out in the note, and of the prompting motive of the poem, is that furnished by M. C. Lenox, of Plainfield, New Jersey,— namely, that Redwald, King of East Anglia, might by poetic license be called King of Kent, since his kingdom was subordinate to the latter; that Kent, under Eadbald, had relapsed to paganism, while, as related in Green's "Shorter History of the English People," "Redwald of East Anglia resolved to serve Christ and the older gods together, and a pagan and Christian altar confronted one another in the same royal temple," thus going only half-way in his apostasy; and that Edwin, King of Northumbria (by a further poetic license called Britain), had meanwhile "warmly embraced Christ's religion." Thus the groundwork of the poem is historically true, and its excellent point, as intimated in the note, is not affected by the liberties taken with the literal facts.

Editor C. M.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



"WE HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS."
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

IF we expect to be happy we must be busy; it is better to hunt up a hornet's nest, and fight that, than to be out of a job; no idle man ever was happy, and but few idle men are innocent long.

MIRTH is short-lived; cheerfulness never tires.

IT never was intended that man should be perfect on earth; the great thing is, not never to miss the bull's-eye,—but to get a little nearer to it, every time we shoot.

THOSE who mold and move most the minds and actions of men, are seldom seen. They never head the procession.

RHEUMATISM, like many other things, is easy enough to cure in some one else; but when we undertake to cure our own, then business begins.

MY dear youth, if you must talk about yourself, pray don't mention your good luck; the world doesn't care to listen to such things.

YOU may put the world down as a mob of fools, but don't forget this: it takes a smart man to beat them.

NO man ever did a polite thing yet, without feeling a little prouder for it.

THERE are plenty of people on earth, who are going to be very indignant when they reach the other world, and find there are no reserved seats.

JUSTICE ought to be as cheap as the dew, but half the time it costs more to get it than it is worth.

Uncle Esek.

A Protest.

THEY pass me by unnoticed, these well-bred women and men;
I find no recognition at the hands of the Upper Ten;
They return my hat uplifted and my cordial "How d'ye do?"
With a stony stare —
A "Well! I declare!" —
Or a "Who the dickens are you?"

And yet I meet them nightly at german, dinner, and rout,
The men of the clubs, the matrons and "buds" this season "out."
At wedding and fête and luncheon, I'm always there to see.
I know them all —
The great and small;
And all of them know me.

There's Jones, of the Knickerbocker — I've helped him often of late;
At Mrs. van der Velvet's I've polished many a plate;
To Miss Dudette, at Newport, I was all smiles and respect;—
And yet when we meet
In the park or the street,
They give me the cut direct!

Then what is this vaunted breeding of the boasted Upper Ten —
This courtesy of women — this chivalry of men?
Do they think that I have no feeling? Do they all ignore me so
Because I'm a waiter
From the eminent cater-
Ing firm of Gobble & Co.?

Arthur Lovell.

In Advance.

NOW Winter is fighting his battles
With many an icicle lance,
But I'm writing a "gentle spring" poem
Which the editors wish "in advance."

It is full, as is usual, of "violets,"
It alludes to the "robin's first peep,"
Though a blizzard's a daily occurrence
And the snow-drifts are seven feet deep.

But the editors — singular creatures,
To whom I am bound hand and foot —
Grasp at Father Time's typical forelock,
Till it's nearly pulled out by the root.

For they get 'way ahead of the season,
In a manner most wily and arch;
So that while you are reading December
They finish the number for March.

And he who would hope for acceptance
Must strike up betimes with his tune,
And sing Harvest Home in Mid-Winter
And jingle his sleigh-bells in June.

So when my spring poem is finished,
No rest does my weary pen get;
I must write a review of a novel
Which isn't itself written yet!

Bessie Chandler.

Beneath the Mistletoe.

THE viols played their sweetest tune,
The dancers tripped it to and fro,
And whirling in a giddy round,
We waltzed beneath the mistletoe.

I closer clasped her little hand;
She, blushing, bade me let it go.
"Nay, Nell," I answered, stooping down,
And kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.

We whirled away without a word,
Until I whispered, soft and low,
"Dear Nelly, have you seen my heart?
I lost it 'neath the mistletoe."

She laughed a merry little laugh,
She quavered yes, she quavered no;
And then she said, "We'll go and hunt
Your heart beneath the mistletoe."

The viols played their sweetest tune,
The waltzers tripped it to and fro;
I lost my heart, but hers I found,
A-dancing 'neath the mistletoe.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

The Uhlan's Return.

"I'VE decked my bodice with ribbons new,
Made ready for song and dance; —
To-morrow morn my lover true
Comes back from the wars of France!

"And flow'rs in my soldier's path I'll strew,
As homeward the squadrons prance; —
He fought where thickest the death-balls flew,
Unharmed by the guns of France!"

Ay! maid, he showeth to the view
No sign of war's mischance;
Yet got he wound that thou shalt rue
In fair and fickle France!

Under the trim coat's gallant blue
'Tis hid from thy trusting glance —
The heart that was piercéd through and through
By a dark-eyed girl of France!

C. E. S.

Two Negatives.

SHE answered "No"; tears rose to fill
Her bonny eyes; yet something still
Bade me stay on — perhaps the slight
Soft pressure of her hand, which might
Have been her heart's own sweet "I will."

But ah! how hope died in the chill
Of that hard word! It dimmed the light
Of moon and stars, as trembling, white,
She answered "No."

Then, loth to leave my love until
Essayed was all my lover's skill,
Her lily waist encircling quite,
I whispered, "Did I hear aright?"
When, softlier than a song-bird's trill,
She answered "No."

F. E. Wright.



Ed S. Wallen

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

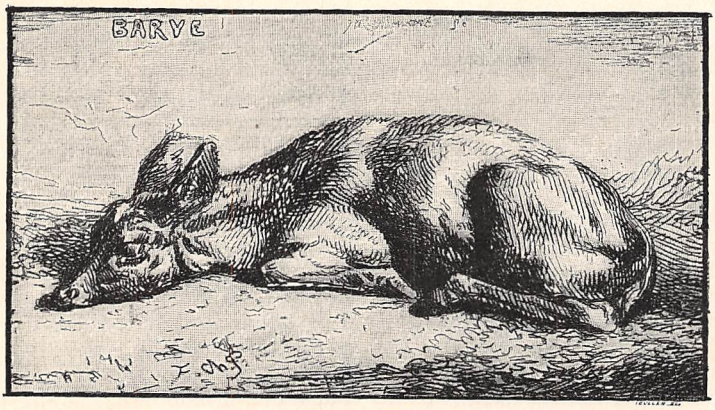
HIS wife dared not tell him Corot was dead, and that another, the power of whose pictures he felt even more,—namely, Millet,—was dangerously ill. It was now too late. One day in June, 1875, there was a quiet bustling to and fro in a small plain house on the Quai des Célestins. Men in dress-coats, with serious faces, forming a kind of deputation, and followed by others in black frocks with the ribbons of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole, entered the courtyard. Students who affected some garb of Bohemia and students foppish in dress rubbed elbows with workmen in blouses, army officers, foreigners interested in art, and staid friends of the family. The householder and father, a master second to no other of his generation, lay in his coffin surrounded by many of the smaller works of art he had created. The dress-coats were present officially: they represented the School of the Fine Arts. The decorations and the uniforms were there to grace the last ceremonies of a member of the Legion of Honor. The art-students and foreigners came from reverence or curiosity. The blouses testified to the popular esteem for a man whose triumphs in art were reflected back on that great lower middle class of France from which he sprang. For Antoine Louis Barye was not rich ever, and was not noble in the hereditary sense, but when he died he had attained to pretty much everything except fortune which seems to a modest and honorable ambition worth the struggle. When the ceremonies at the house were done and the popular high artists of the day, such as MM. Carolus Duran and Meissonier, had, with ardent gesticulations, extolled the beauty of the statuettes about the rooms after their generous wont; when, with its military escort, the train of mourners and friends left the courtyard behind the bier, then the worth of the man and artist in the estimate of the rough people appeared. Moving through a quarter where workshops and forges and factories of all kinds are plenty, workmen still sweaty from their labor came to join the procession or to greet it, to make more motley but still more impressive the funeral of a person who was known to be modesty itself. No man in all Paris could cast bronze as he could; no foreman of a foundry but could take lessons from Barye in the elements of foundry-work. No one ever heard him belittle other artists or try to push himself; many could recall generous words of praise that came with doubled force from a man so quiet, so reserved, so silent. And here was a man of peace accompanied to his grave with military honors; a republican proceeding in pomp. Here he was, a member of that true democracy of the arts which does not deny to men the spiritual glories of an aristocracy provided they have shown their right to preëminence, accorded a funeral that a prince might envy. Here was a man who had seen in his atelier the highest princes of France, and the last king; who had been favored by an emperor and snubbed by envious bureaucrats, regretted and reverently followed by the most irreverent and leveling populace in the world.

Barye was born in Paris four years before that century began whose major part, and in all probability whose most stirring events, fell within his term of life. Still a boy, he was apprenticed to a maker of molds for the brass-work on uniforms. He was hardly through the half of his teens when Napoleon I., robbing for soldiers "the cradle and the grave," took him by way of the conscription. Luckily he was appointed to an inglorious but useful division, that of the military map-makers, so that when the Emperor's last card

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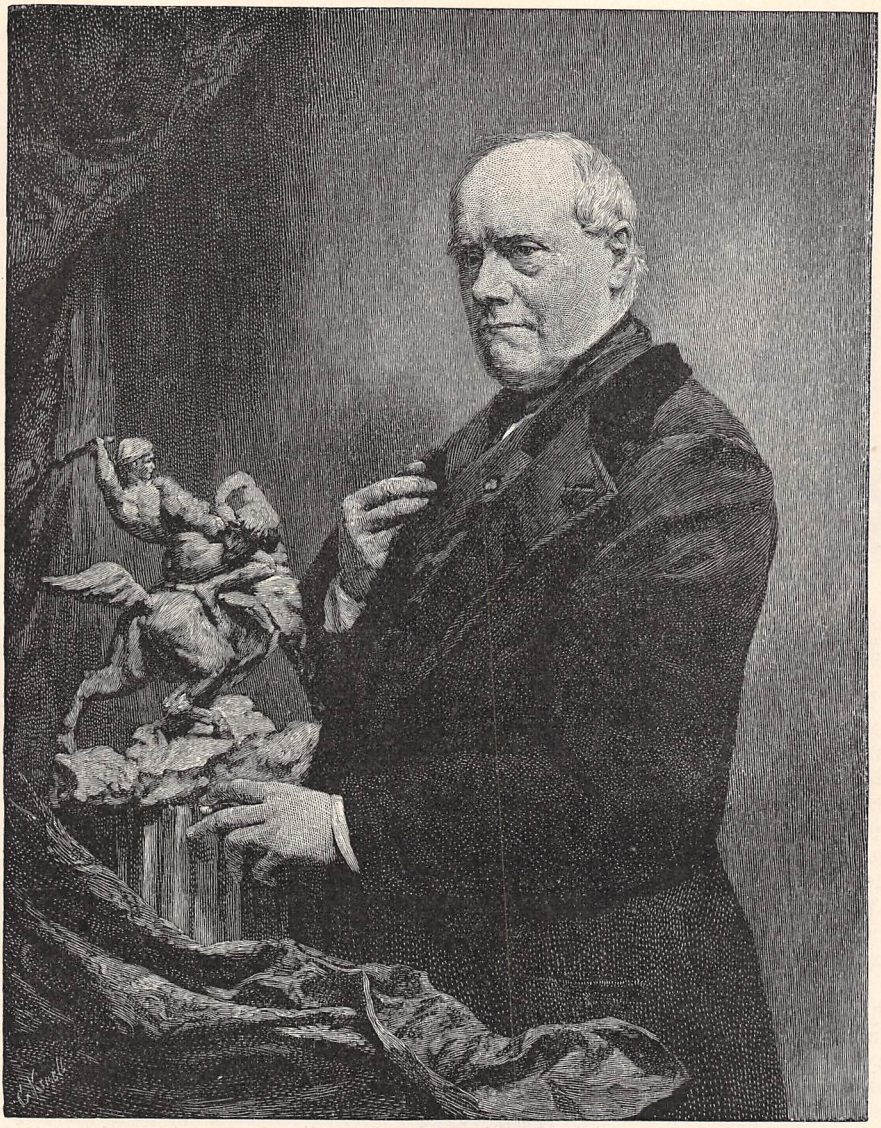
was played he became apprentice to a jeweler instead of leaving his bones at Waterloo. He worked on steel with the burin before he was of age, and got some idea of the artistic treatment of objects in metal; then he fashioned medallions large and small, was a pupil in the atelier of Bosio, a mediocre sculptor in the Italian way, and got flattering marks of esteem; studied in oils with Baron Gros, and had serious ambition to become a painter, being at one time encouraged by a faint show of success. Between 1823 and 1827 the jeweler Fauconnier benefited by his designs and took what credit they brought. He felt the tumult of 1830, and listened more than he spoke in the great windy war between classicists and romanticists — needless to say on which side his sympathies were! He had early successes and quick reverses in the exhibitions; so quick, indeed, that they might be fairly taken as warnings from the controlling spirits that it would not do to be overmuch original. Then came the period of indignant withdrawal from the Salon, followed by other and greater successes. Louis Philippe visited his studio and flattered him, but paid him meagerly. A prime minister wished to give him one of the most salient points in the Parisian panorama to decorate — an arch that has played a part in modern French history, been crowned with spoils from other nations, and seen those nations in turn despoil it; an arch which has not yet perhaps received its crowning work of art, though lately it bore a model designed by Falguière. Fifty years ago he brought envy and malice on his head through the erection in the Avenue des Feuillants in the Tuileries gardens of his colossal bronze lion and serpent. It was then the sneer of "animalist" began. "What!" cried an artist, "are the Tuileries to become a menagerie?" He answered detractors by devoting himself to the statuary of animals until, as it is the fashion in the world, for the same traits he became as much lauded as he had been formerly damned. The Third Napoleon became his patron. Meantime he opened the eyes of people to new beauties in art, widened the sympathies of the connoisseur, and in his own way helped a great work of reformation which will be spoken of later. At the very last, when followers and imitators swarmed, and his fame had spread, with but slender profits to his pocket, into every civilized land, the doors of the French Institute were about to open to him, and he died.

Barye was a sturdy and simple man of few words, quiet manners, and steady habits. Twice married, he was the father of ten children. He dressed like the worthy and respectable burgher he was. His face shows a life of industry and economy; it bears the mark of long hours of solitary thought. "In all French history," writes an admiring American sculptor, Mr. Truman Bartlett of Boston, "there is no artist who lived in such lofty, isolated strength." Look in the wood-cut at the massive face with broad forehead, broad, square jaw, straight nose, eyes looking keenly from under pronounced brows such as the phrenologist will have us believe denote unusual powers of observation. It is a face of big masses and planes. A thick-set, short-legged man, with the broad, fleshy, powerful hands of the people, the square tips of the fingers representing, in the lately revived lore of the palmist, a love of movement in the artistic product, whatever it may be. Gravity is felt in his strong shoulders and determined gait. There he stands, a plain, hardworking, patient artist, often so poor that the legend runs (doubtfully enough) how he carried about, like a peddler, his Centaur group for sale; a good husband and father; a professor — without pupils — at the zoölogical buildings in the Jardin des Plantes; one who earned the respect



SLEEPING DOE.

(ETCHED BY JACQUE FROM A BARYE BRONZE IN 1846; ENGRAVED FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.)



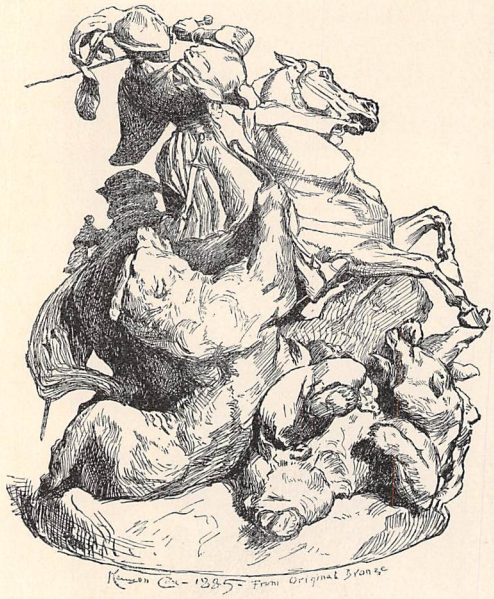
ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

of everybody that met him, and whose work stirred deeply many sculptors and painters with reputations wider spread and more glittering than his own. Finally, he was a man conscious of his own worth under all his modesty. During his last illness the smaller bronzes stood about the room. To keep up a cheerful tone his wife said to him, as she busied herself dusting them off:

"My dear, when you are better, see that the signatures are more legible."

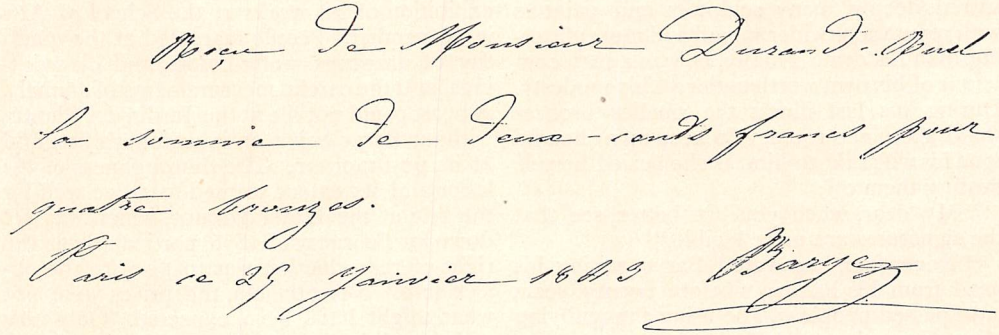
"Never fear," answered Barye, raising his head from his hands; "before twenty years have passed people will be using a magnifying glass to my signatures."

Barye dying in June, 1875, there was an exhibition of his works at the School of Arts in November. People marveled at the quantity of drawings, water-colors, and oil-paintings, and the careful measurements of animals. A beast could not die at the Jardin des Plantes without Barye being on its coroner's jury and at its post-mortem. The thoroughness of his labor and its extent seemed to argue well for the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, which was set down for February of 1876, particularly as the right of reproduction was to go with the object sold. Nevertheless, the prices were not what might have been expected. Only now and then did one overstep the valuation placed



BEAR-HUNT. (DRAWN FROM ONE OF THE CORNER-PIECES IN THE TABLE SERVICE OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. W. T. BLODGETT.)

on it by the experts. Why was this? Partly, no doubt, because very few connoisseurs can tell first castings from later ones. The objects had been in many cases already reproduced, and few people were sufficiently skilled in such matters, and in Barye bronzes particularly, to hazard a mistake. Somewhat similar embarrassment exists in buying etchings, or used to exist, perhaps it is safer to say, since the processes to harden the surface from which etchings are printed have become perfected. But there was another reason. Even Barye could not entirely live down the old sneer against the "animalist," a sneer which became popular and acute during his later years, owing to the aggravated polemic between religionists and evolutionists. Nor could he make headway always against the scoff about paper-weights and clock and parlor ornaments. From pure ignorance the bulk of buyers must class all small bronzes as paper-weights or some such supposed word of contempt, since they cannot be expected to understand that a two-inch figurine may be a masterpiece while a Colossus of Rhodes is a gigantic botch; and then, in Paris classicism is even to-day powerful, and Barye was a heretic. But while the mass of buyers abstained from the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, the professionals were there, and secured, for the foundries to which Barye disdained to intrust his precious work, a supply of beautiful and original models, which in some instances brought them wealth. The world is full of Barye bronzes now; but those we see are rarely the fine examples. The jewels are those which Barye designed and cast for some friend or patron, over which he lingered lovingly, touching and filing the cast work, and giving it the full benefit of the master's hand. These bring, as he meant to give his wife to understand, fabulous prices, and the magnifying glass does literally explore each stroke in the letters of his name to make sure that he and no other touched it. Yet it is rather a printed name than a signature, and how legible that was appears from one in the possession of Mr. Avery reproduced below. It was a pity that his family should have parted at once with the right to reproduce the groups. The fear of it haunted Barye during his life, and one is at a loss to understand how his executors dared to violate a cherished wish well known to his wife. Alas! he feared not only on account of his family these reproductions "for the trade," but on account of his own fame. He knew that one bronze badly cast would do more harm to his reputation than ten would do it good, though superintended by himself, cast at his own foundry, and touched by his own tools. It is said that false Baryes were cast in New York twenty years ago. It is certain that a parasitical workman who lived on Barye's name in Paris had his shop visited by the police before the sculptor died. The iron lions which one sees in the stores are

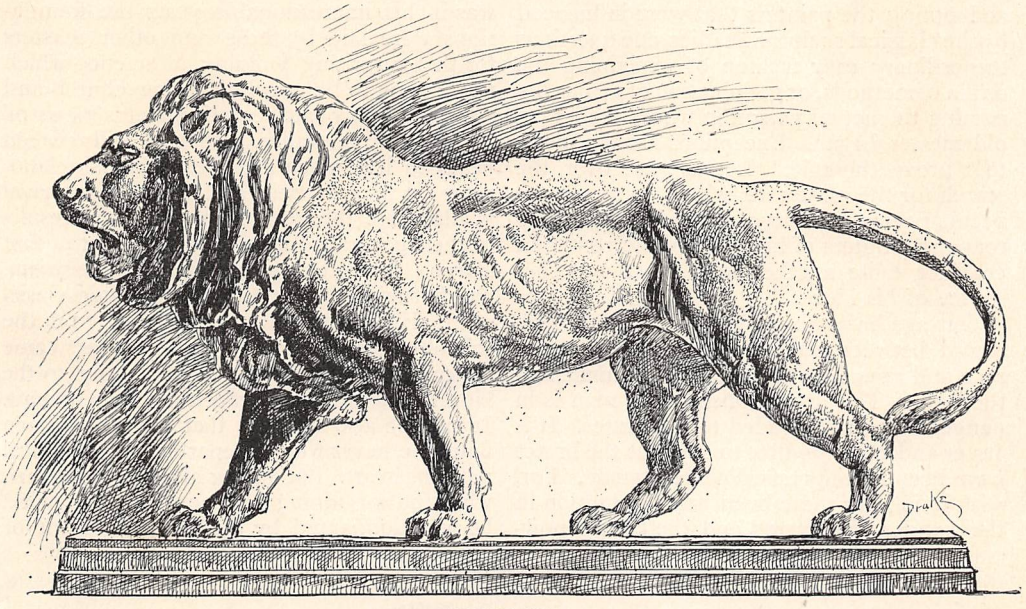


FAC-SIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH RECEIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.

often Barye's, the design being stolen without acknowledgment.

Who were Barye's comrades in art? Among the artists of Paris with whom was he in sympathy? With Corot, the poet of atmosphere; with Rousseau, the friend of trees and woodlands, hardly inferior to Corot in aërial subtleties; with Millet, the painter of the sad and grandiose in the life of peasants. And who in art are his spiritual forefathers? Michael Angelo has been suggested by one, Leonardo da Vinci by another. His contemporary Delacroix, though a painter, has been pointed out by an enthusiastic sculptor, a competent judge. Certainly the water-color animals of Barye are like the animals painted by his friend Delacroix, and the passionate creative nature of that great prototype of the Impressionists must have been specially welcome to a kindred but very different genius in another branch of the fine arts. M. Genevay says that Barye passionately admired Rubens, and in the group of Roger the Paladin bearing away Angelica on the hippogriff sees in the swelling bosom and hips of Angelica the influence of the mighty Fleming. The statuette group embodies two strong traits in Barye — movement, and love of transition forms in animals; for it is Ariosto's hippogriff on which the enamored couple drive through the air, and in accordance with the poet's description, the bird-beast is not a fictitious creation of magic, but a real horse-griffin, with the head, claws, and plumed wings of its father and the hind-quarters of its mother. Remember how quaintly Ariosto remarks that while such odd birds come to the Rhipæan mountains across the icy sea, they are rare! The pace at which Barye's hippogriff is going is tremendous. Roger backs him well. It is true that the princess of Cathay is liberal of charms, but of Rubens it is hard to see the trace.

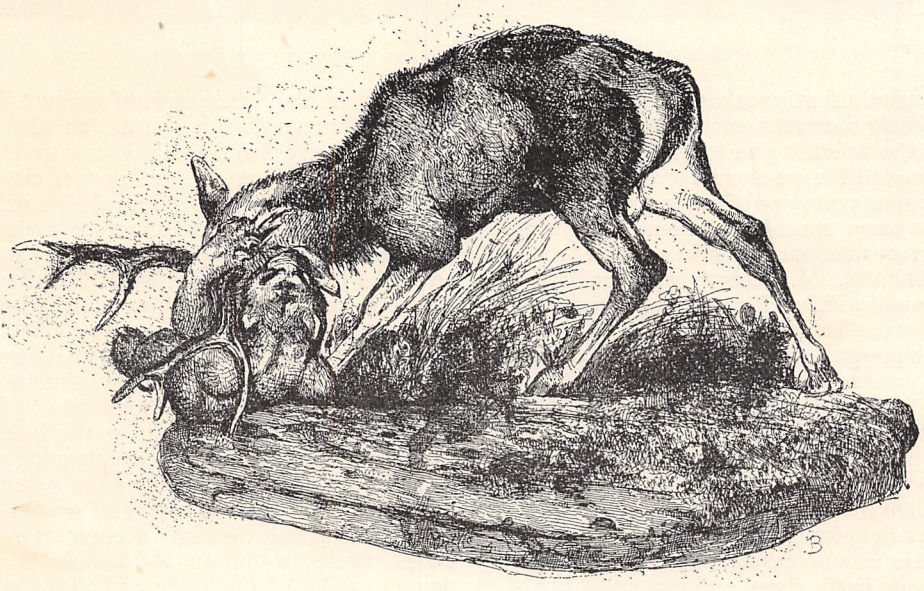
Why, one is often tempted to complain, do critics insist on tracing these godfathers in art? Few things anger artists more; for it is felt by a sensitive person as a slight put on his originality. Yet, after all, the critics only obey a process natural to all minds, and one in which artists, when they criticise, indulge more than others. We regard with distrust an idea we cannot classify, for the reason that it is by simplification of masses, categories, classification, that we have what knowledge exists. Therefore the artist who cannot be assigned to a predecessor or made one of a school is apt to be thought no artist at all. Until he is affiliated with others, forcibly or otherwise, or at least placed historically in some connection with the men before or after him, he is an outcast. It is of small use for the victim to cry loudly meanness, timidity, ignorance! Not these are to blame so much as the love of system; the need, in fact, of cataloguing and disposing in groups that go by the name of "schools" the various artists of a country. The coördinating necessity accounts for the efforts made to button the mantle of one painter to that of a follower, to find the germ of this sculptor's art in the work of that. Per-



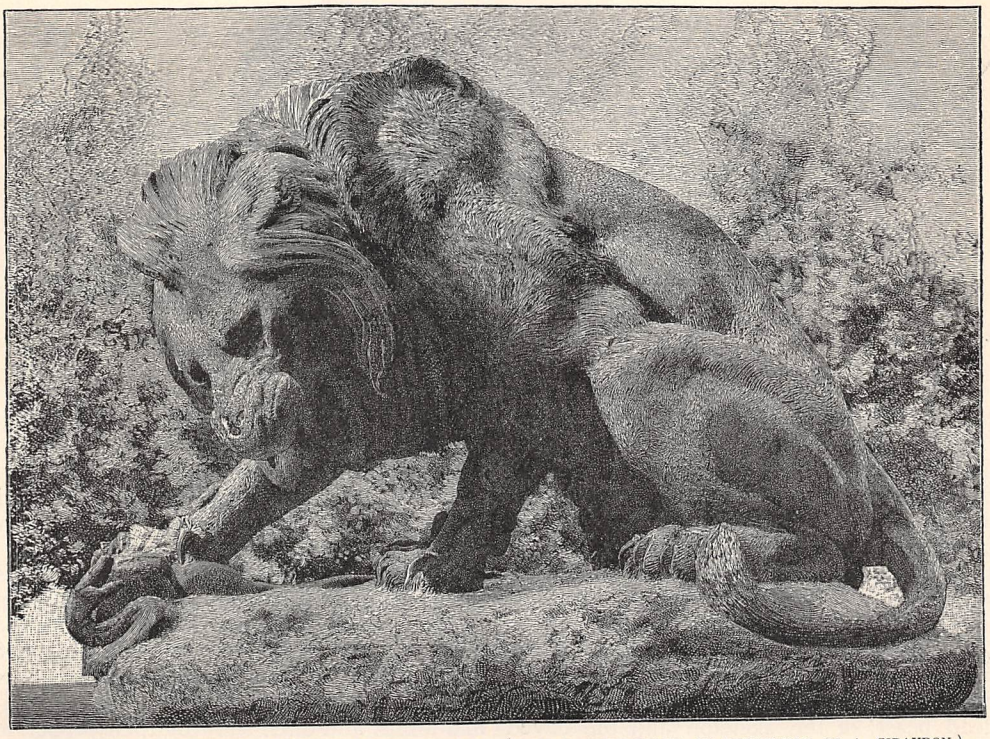
WALKING LION.
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

haps we have gone too far in that direction. It is certain that some artists decline to be indexed so simply, for there are points in their work not to be explained in this way. Nor does it follow that a painter gets the spur in the beginning of his career from a painter, or a sculptor from a sculptor. Another art often shows him truth much more clearly, because his trained faculty of observation is not so much trammeled by the prejudices and habits of mind acquired in the study of his specialty. Looking at France to-day and seeing how many sculptors have had inspiration from Jean François Millet, looking at France earlier in the century and noting the painters that were influenced by the classical sculptor Pradier, one questions the ordinary easy fashion of explaining the origin of methods, or germination of genius, by naming the actual person in whose atelier an old master began. Exceptions are too many to "prove the rule." Let us give over the search for the master to whom to assign the peculiar genius of Barye; let us drop all sculptors and painters of his day and the past, and consider quite another field for the likelier source of his ideas.

Our age has seen the gaps wonderfully narrowed between nation and nation, between race and race, between the human animal and the beast. The cry has been that man is in danger of being degraded to the brutes. It is juster and more godlike to say that the brutes have been steadily raised nearer to man. For, with it all, has there been any diminution in the wonders discovered and the further powers suspected in man himself? Man is more marvelous than ever; but the brute is no longer separated from him by a gulf that excused any cruelty from the higher to the lower form of creation. Before our century opened Buffon, Goethe, Erasmus Darwin, stirred men to be natural historians, to be naturalists, as the word is still broadly used. On the threshold Lamarck and Cuvier made their lasting effect, carrying men on, the one by profounder theorizing, the other by more careful collection of facts, toward a far more thorough and exhaustive examination of life now and formerly on the globe. While Barye was in his impressionable years the foundations were laid by these and other masters for that surprising building of science which now seems to be revolutionizing church and state, or at any rate recasting men's views of society and morality. He had still sixteen years to live when the great English elaborator Charles Darwin and his brilliant rival Wallace set the world agog with the results of their generalizations. It is true that at first Barye's practice was mastered by classicism, or what might better be termed pseudo-classicism. He did not as a scholar revolt from the school of the day, but in maturer years came slowly to change his views according to the bidding of a sober, reflective temperament. It may be also allowed that with the human figure he never wholly departed from classical patterns in art. But during his strongest years, when he was doing his most original work, he was dominated by the scientific spirit of



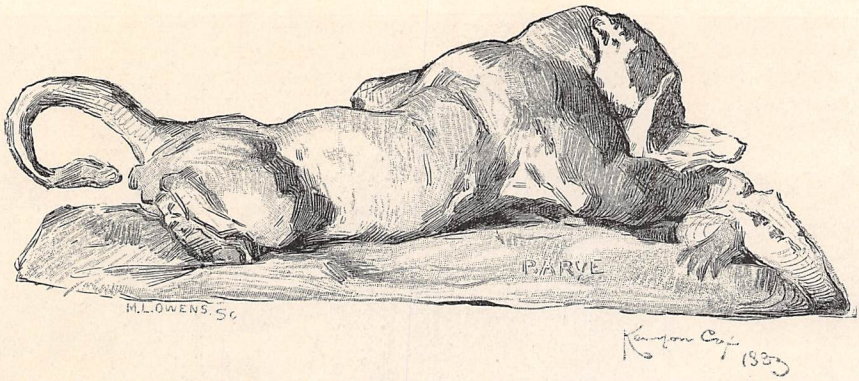
STAG ATTACKED BY PANTHER. (FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY BARYE, FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ. ACCORDING TO MR. AVERY, THIS IS THE ONLY ETCHING BARYE EVER EXECUTED.)



BRONZE LION AND SERPENT OF THE TUILERIES GARDENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. GIRAUDON.)

the advanced minds of his nation. It was not Darwinism exactly; it was not evolution; but it partook of it. The idea was latent; it had occurred partially to a French botanist in the middle of the last century, and to a German observer of flowers toward the close. Lamarck almost told it; Darwin finally modeled it as we now see it. Not that Barye was a scientific man, but that Barye sympathetically expressed in art, or forecast if you will, the idea of a gradually unrolling creation at which the Maker sits sublime, with folded arms, needing to give but one First Impulse to matter and no more. It was the artistic form of science that turned him toward the study of wild beasts; him, the respectable, hard-working citizen of a town whose sons are renowned for their ignorance of field sports and of foreign lands. It was science that bade him examine animals near at hand, become intimate with them, instead of accepting the conventions decreed by the art of the past. Science made him haunt the Jardin des Plantes and tabulate the measures of all beasts he could lay his hands on; Science urged him to lecture to empty benches; Science upheld him in penury; Science allowed him to stay content, though he was leaving to his family little more than a great name. He felt himself in the stir of new views of the world of men and beasts, in the current of a great age, and foresaw that what he had done would some day, and that not far off, be recognized at its full worth.

The master of Barye, let us then believe, was not Michael Angelo, or Leonardo, or Delacroix, or poor Bosio, but the spirit of his age. For that reason was he the creator, the opener of a new line of work, the widener of our enjoyment in the plastic arts. But as such he inevitably mixed the novel with the hackneyed in a way that sometimes perplexes admirers. Had he done otherwise, could he have succeeded at all? He would have been cast aside as an eccentric; he would have starved. Moreover, it is evident that the two strains of classicism and modern realism were not incompatible in his mind. His effort was to appropriate the best in each and fuse them in his work. In this way he aided the cause of evolution not less powerfully because on a side-issue, bringing people to consider the claims of brutes by making them admire their beauty and recognize their dramatic character. He, too, was an evolutionist, artistically speaking. Like Millet, he had a mission, and, as usually happens, was only half conscious of its bearing and scope. It was not to reach what some artists consider the apex of art, and which, if done well, is indeed art of a high order; it was not to bring back animal statuary to those conventional but vivid forms which obtained



JAGUAR ATTACKING CROCODILE. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

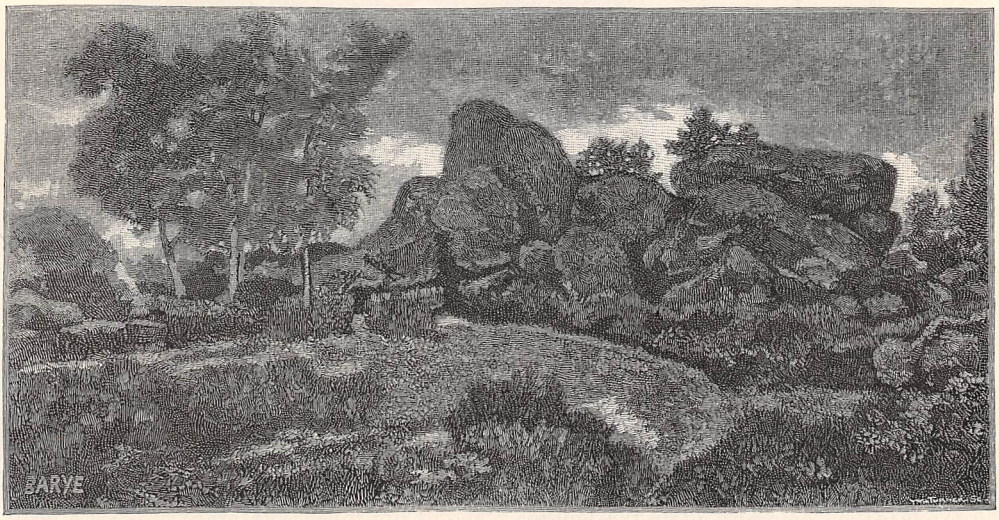
to some extent in Italy during the renaissance, but had their bloom in Greece during the great epoch, and their magnificent roots in Asia Minor during pre-Athenian times. His mission was to raise animal statuary from the contemptible situation in which it lay by pursuing quite another plan. Preliminary sketches were made in pencil and water-color for outline and pose. The animal was then examined close at hand and measured. Next the model was constructed, measurement by measurement, from figures and from studies of the dead beast, of the skeleton and the flayed body. Nothing was left to chance. Had Barye stopped there, he would have been a common realist such as we hear much of today in the arts and in letters. But with him this drudgery did not preclude the synthetic effort in addition to the analytic. "The magnificent lion of Barye," said the painter Rousseau to his pupil Letronne, "which is in the Tuileries, has all his fur much more truly than if the sculptor had modeled it hair by hair." Having built his figure as accurately as possible, he then felt it safe, and only then, to let imagination have its way. He was master of that wonderful organism and knew it inside and out; he could take liberties with it, make a wild beast more than wild, thicken the thick paws of a lion, make more sinuous the winding back of a tigress, broaden the planes on the muscular shoulders of a jaguar, until they look like the broad protecting sheath-plates of an antediluvian lizard, a cousin of that very alligator with which the big cat is fighting; wind the neck of a tall wading-bird until it is forced to show how near is the relationship between reptiles, the crawlers, and birds, the flyers; unite in one horse the best points of heavy chargers and high-bred Arab steeds,—in this way calling attention to the beauties in animal forms, and often showing their desperate struggles for existence. What was Barye doing so very different from Millet? It was another field. The latter called to the passer to note the somber lot of the peasant, that man who before the Revolution was described as a being little better, to outward appearance, than a brute. Barye helped the cause of the dumb creation. He raised the animal in art as Millet did the human caste from which he sprang.

This kinship in aim was accompanied by a strong personal friendship. Barye also had his *pied-à-terre* in Barbizon village near the woods of Fontainebleau, where Rousseau, Millet, and Diaz lived, where Corot often came. He left a number of studies in oil of the Fontainebleau landscape, studies that have a somber dig-



JAGUAR ATTACKING CROCODILE. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

nity, a quiet richness, which are very individual. The wood-cut is from such a picture in the possession of Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, who, with Messrs. Theodore K. Gibbs of New York and Wm. T. Walters of Baltimore, has enabled us to study and enjoy Barye more completely than is possible in France. Those who estimate a man by the breadth of his range can hardly refuse to place Barye beside if not before the greatest of these friends. The Tuileries lion with serpent is animated; but what a sullen dignity in the colossal lion seated before the gateway of the Prefecture of the Seine on the river front of the Louvre! How magnificently have the mane and heavy hair about the head and shoulders been massed! At Marseilles the Château d'Eau is ornamented with four gigantic animals. The Bastille column has in relief a lion of the zodiac which is

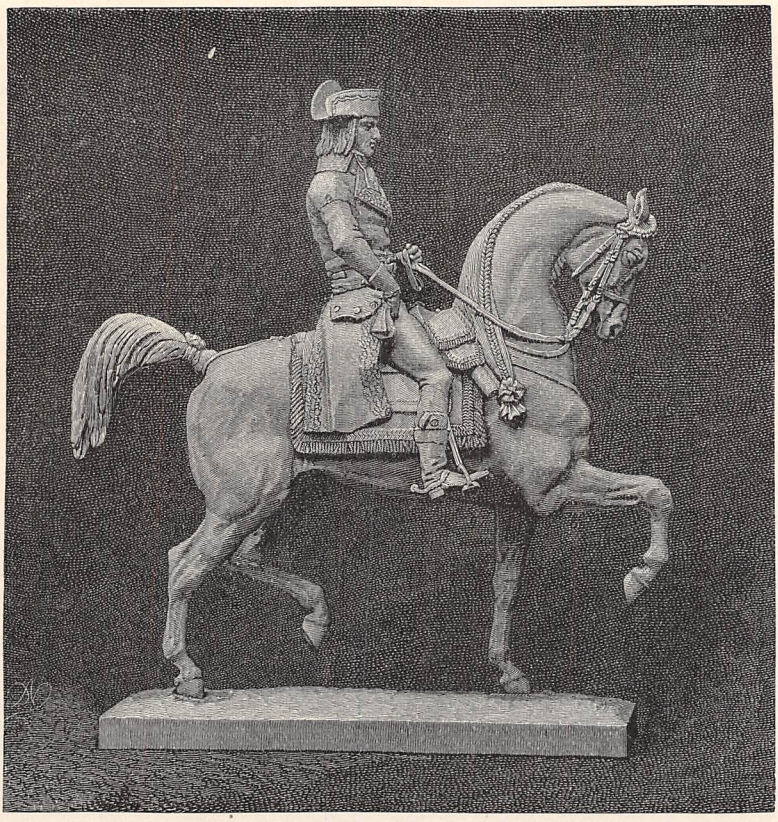


FONTAINEBLEAU LANDSCAPE. (FROM A PAINTING IN OIL BY BARYE, IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

greatly admired. The Madeleine and Sainte Clothilde have full-length statues of woman saints. At Ajaccio, Corsica, is the equestrian statue of Napoleon the Great surrounded by four standing figures, and carrying in his right hand a globe surmounted by a winged victory. This is perhaps the most classical (and the least interesting) large work by Barye. The little statuette of the First Consul or of the young General Bonaparte on horseback is a wonderful piece, infinitely finer than the Ajaccio Emperor ordered by Napoleon III. The face of the young Corsican is ascetic and beautiful, the figure slender, the costume most picturesque. The horse unites the Arab head with the barrel of a charger, and the treatment of the tail and mane is singularly fine, massive, original. Is it needful to speak of the groups of stag, doe, and fawn in which he curbed his natural propensity for animated action, and showed the domestic idyl in the lives of wild deer? He reached humor in the figurine of a Senegal elephant trotting. The quiet ferocity of the walking lion is most impressive. In the little group of jaguar and dead hare, the sense of muscular power and ferocious rapacity is terrible.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright!"

Who ever molded such limbs before? What sculptor ever told a tragedy so inexorably? One must go back to the wounded lioness on the bas-reliefs from Mesopotamia to find this spirit. The famous lion in the Tuileries gardens was a revelation to many artists in 1833, when it was put up. Perhaps more open to criticism than later work, it showed the world a new master, not merely because of its extraordinary lifelikeness, but in a more technical sense by its boldness in the handling of the hair. The same group occurs, slightly different, in a small bronze in which the lion is younger. The mood is pettier; he is snarling and strikes at the serpent in a perfectly cat-like manner. Then there are the eagles; they surprise one by the size of their talons and spread of wings as compared with their bodies. The rabbit in the wood-cut is full of character, a minute "paper-weight" bigly molded. This and certain minim stork-like birds are delightful bits; but each, though a "paper-weight," is treated with a largeness in the modeling that removes it from all fear of contempt. In Japan the nobles treasure okimonos or paper-weights signed by famous masters in metal-work who lived several centuries ago. In regard to them the phrase "worth their weight in gold" becomes ridic-



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL, STATUETTE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

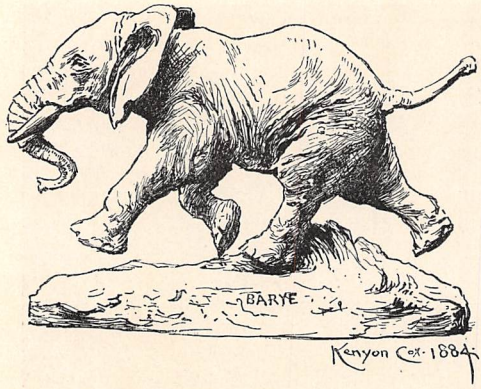
ulous. When Western amateurs can get them, the prices range from three to ten thousand dollars, yet one hundred golden dollars may outweigh them in the balances. Looking over a collection of Barye bronzes like the large one in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, or private collections like those of Messrs. Lawrence and Gibbs, one is astonished at the amount of genius modestly hidden in such figurines. Not every one is equally great; yet the evenness of their excellence is remarkable. Look at Barye's hunting-dogs, bears, wolves, panthers, jaguars, and ocelots; his hares and rabbits; his axis deer, stags, *bouquetins*, buffaloes, bulls; his tortoises, crocodiles, and pythons; his eagles, storks, marabouts, and pheasants; his half-bred and his pure Turkish horses. It is a marvel where he found time to study all these animals in the conscientious fashion we know he did. It was in these and the groups of them that he showed most his love of movement. Soon after his death, forced to it by unappreciative criticism in America, Mr. Truman Bartlett wrote a warm letter to "The Tribune." He spoke as a sculptor and a personal acquaintance. "No sculptor of modern times," he wrote, "has treated so large a number of subjects with such consummate grasp and elevation of conception. A candlestick was as seriously and successfully composed as if done by a Greek. No subject was too simple. There was none he did not touch with grace." What a heart-rending series of struggles the collection holds! If one allows oneself to look at Barye from that side alone, without remembering the great lessons that science was telling the world at the time, it is natural enough to feel more than amazed, perhaps to feel shocked at the savageness of the scenes. By superficial observers he has been accused of brutality. But the scenes were true; they were, moreover, refined and enlarged above the bald truth; and they were part of the great lesson of evolution in which, so far as the writer is aware, here for the first time Barye has been shown to have done his part.

A powerful trait in Barye was his faculty of generalization. He saw things naturally on a big scale, in great masses. Only his laborious career permitted this trait to remain a good one and not become a danger. His big, broad-palmed, short-fingered hands are, according to gypsy lore, the hands of one who



BRONZE LIONS IN FRONT OF THE PREFECTURE OF THE SEINE.
(ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. GIRAUDON, PARIS.)

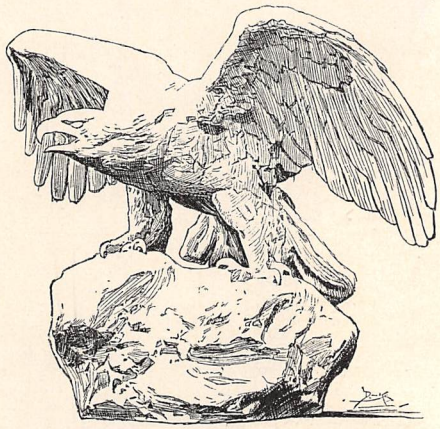
thinks of things first as wholes and afterward in particulars. A case in point occurred when Louis Philippe, who admired the Lion and Serpent extremely, and yet haggled with Barye over its price, agreed to have the Arc de Triomphe crowned with a suitable sculpture to take the place of that which the Allies carried off. Thiers, always an advanced connoisseur in matters of the fine arts, asked Barye for a design. The genius of the latter did not shape for the top of that handsome arch a complicated, semi-classical group. Perhaps the richness of the lower parts warned him that a big and simple object was needed. Very certainly, knowing from what great distances the arch can be seen, he formed in his mind some large single figure, but not a human one, because, to be effective, that would be too tall and slender if standing, too complicated in outline if seated. So he modeled in extreme roughness a gigantic eagle, the eagle of France and her armies, alighting on a pile of cannon and trophies from all nations. It was this simple, colossal, effective, and, for the period, incredibly bold conception which was then cast aside, and now perhaps will be supplanted by a labored and unsimple, a complicated and uneffective group, containing a chariot, a female Liberty, a mass of standards, two falling figures, four horses in wild movement, and a group of men behind. So that even at the present, even under a republic which seems come to stay, classicism is so intrenched in Paris that Barye's big simple



ELEPHANT OF SENEGAL.
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

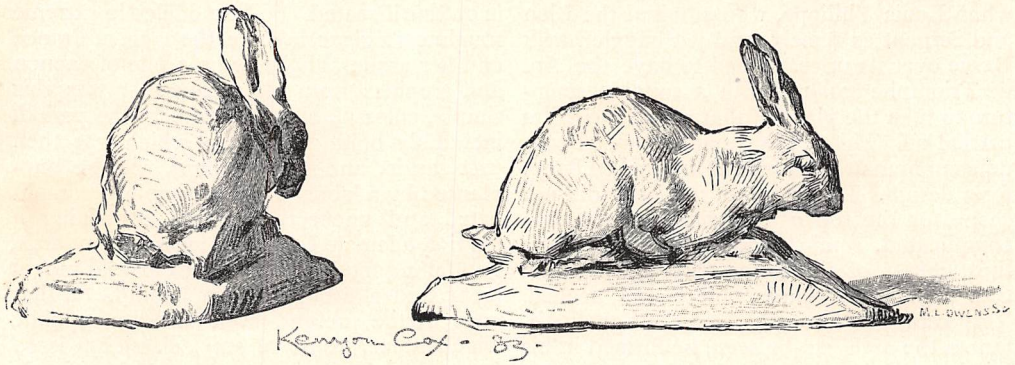
thought is not revived, but an inferior by Falguière considered—a design difficult to understand, and impossible to decipher at a distance.

Among other treasures the Louvre contains a series of chambers devoted to antiquities from Nineveh and older towns in the Euphrates valley. There can be little doubt that Barye availed himself of any hints the remote past might give. But he was far too able to be an imitator. In all probability the lioness dying under the bolts of an Assyrian king, the most vivid piece of Assyrian bas-relief which has been unearthed, was to Barye a delightful surprise. Yet if he took from it anything, it was not, as a weaker might have done, a pose, but movement in its very essence, the living emotion of anguish in the crippled beast. Assyria has revealed transition forms in art between man and brutes such as Greek art was indeed not without, but analyzed as the Greek was not, and grosser. At Phigaleia there was one, a horse-headed Demeter, goddess of agriculture, and at Delphi there are traces of a bear-headed Artemis, sacred to the Arcadians, whose symbol was a bear. How instructive to Barye must have been the imposing bull-men, guards at the portals of royal court-yards, which Layard found at Nineveh and Place at Khorsabad! It must have thrown a flood of light on the origin of the Centaur and Minotaur figures, which his patient and audacious hand evolved again under the glare of the skeptical nineteenth century. Barye's "Theseus Slaying Minotaur" is in the museum of Le Puy. We are



EAGLE. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

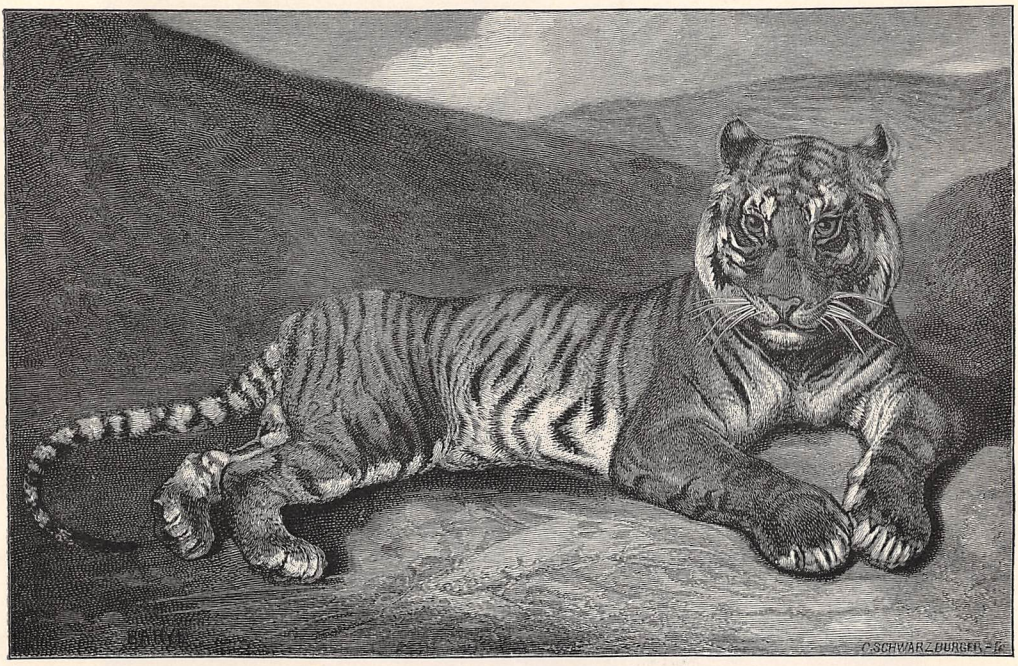
now able to understand better than the savants of thirty years ago what this grotesque among Greek myths signified. Instead of considering Minotaur the product of licentious imaginations run wild, or the caricature of an early tyrant who exacted slaves as tribute from Attica, or the symbol of the juncture in Crete of two warring religions, or a special emblem of the god of the sun, we can now ally him with such genii, *jinr*, as the wardens of the portals in Babylonia and Assyria, and, like them, consider him the idol of a subjugated people, the sign of a religion relegated to a second place. We can be as confident as possible that Theseus himself was a pure sun-god humanized, like Hercules, Bellerophon, and Perseus. He makes war on and



RABBIT. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

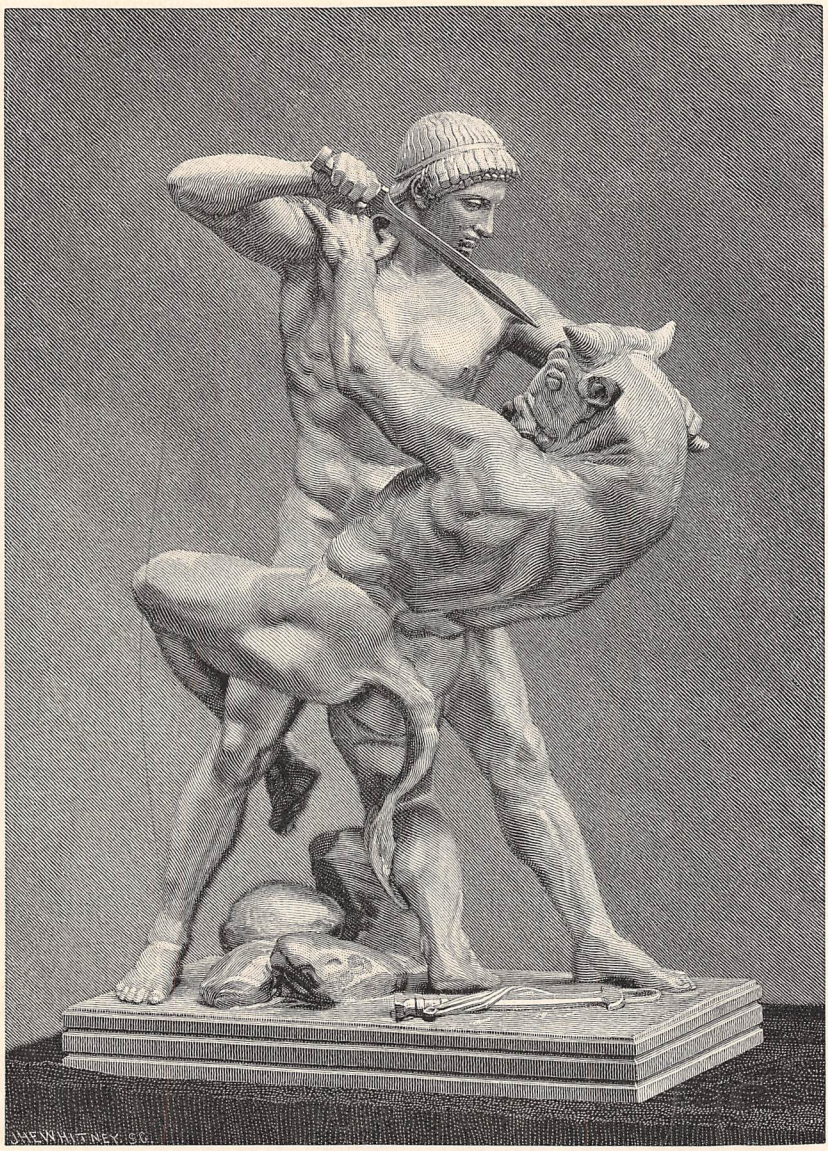
subdues a monster who bears the root of the word "moon" in his name. As it was suggested long ago, Minotaur means the moon plus the beast sacred to the moon. Theseus overwhelms him, just as the rising sun causes the moon to fade. The labyrinth in which he wanders is the dark world under the flat earth, Hades. The boys and maidens dedicate to him are the human sacrifices his rites demanded, which the new religion puts an end to. In many other places besides Crete sun-worship drove out moon-worship with its horrid rites of Moloch. Thus Minotaur belongs with Gorgon, Typhon, the Titans, Giants, Cyclopes, among the gods of a dark past and lower civilization. By a further move back into the past these composites of animals and men connect themselves with totems, or the animal badges assumed as crests or emblems by families, tribes, and nations.

But, to leave the myth, Barye has fashioned the sun-man beautiful, shapely, stalwart, with the calm look of triumph irresistible that one finds in the best period of Greek art, and perhaps on the features a trace of the earlier and more conventional epoch when religious precedents and the absorbing attention paid to the human figure rather than the human face made the sculptor think more of form than feature. The moon-bull man is tailed, big-footed, thick-ankled, grossly fleshed. Marvelous is the modeling where the bull neck begins to appear between the man shoulders and meets the bull head with its sharp horns. The only human beings who recall him are the horrible *goîtreux* one sees at Aosta and in some of the Swiss valleys; bull-visaged, half-imbecile creatures, who sit begging by the wayside; incorrigible misers, whose relatives fill the local courts with suits for guardianship of their rights and property. Various and sometimes unmentionable are the causes assigned for these beings among the people — Italian imagination running riot to account for their origin, just as the Greek fantasy tried to explain Minotaur through the fable of Pasiphaë (whose name means the shining moon) and Dædalus, the complacent artificer. Somewhat like these poor creatures, but not disgusting, because he seems to be a possible and in no way a morbid form, is Barye's Minotaur, as he catches at the shoulder of implacable Theseus and tries to throw him; as he feels his own knees giving way, although the sharp short sword leveled at him is not yet buried in his neck, very much as in the Iliad the unarmed Lykaon suffers at the hands of Achilles. "But Achilles drew his sharp sword and smote on the collar-bone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank into him, and he lay stretched prone upon the earth, and blood flowed dark from him and soaked the earth." (Myers's translation.)



TIGER. (FROM A WATER-COLOR BY BARYE, IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.)

The Centaur is a more grateful subject. What



THESEUS BATTLING WITH THE MINOTAUR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

looks like fun, laughter, or perhaps the intoxication of love or of wine, in the famous Centaur of the Capitol, appears a mad struggle for existence in the group by Barye of Theseus killing the Centaur Bianor. It is the tragic antithesis. The Centaurs may be allied in art to the genii of Mesopotamia, but in history it is likely that they represent a tribe, not a religion; a totem, not a faith. When first mentioned the Centaurs have no special monster-trait. We can see in many early sculptures the gradual evolution of the Centaur on Greek soil: first, the man being the larger, a monster man, with the equine barrel and hind-legs added to the complete human figure; then, with the horse preponderating, a four-hoofed beast with a human torso in the place of the horse's neck. In the arts we can watch the Centaur becoming less and less man, more and more horse, thus corroborating history, which does not assign to the Centaur tribes physical monstrosity, but savagery and moral depravity. The Centaurs in art are curiously parallel to the Asian man-bulls, and if the meaning of their name as the learned explain it is correct, namely, "bull-drivers" (compare the vulgar Western term "cow-punchers"), and, later, "horse-bull-drivers" (Hippocentaurs), it is extremely likely that we



PEACE — IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

owe the Centaur of Greek art to a mixture of ideas among the Greeks of the Asia Minor coast. They had seen on the Euphrates, cut in soft stone, the majestic man-bulls, and heard from Greece of the equestrian bull-drivers whose crest was a horse's head. In all probability we have a singular and complete instance of the march of a Semitic art-idea from Asia into Europe, which idea became Aryanized in the process, changing from the bull, more common to Semitic moon-worship (the golden calf, the brazen serpent, Moloch, Astarte, Baal), to the horse, the favorite Aryan symbol of the sun.

Barye's Centaur was much criticised, and objection in particular was made to one of its most realistic points, the digging of the toes of the Theseus into the sides of the Centaur's horse-back. That reminds one of the story told about Regnault's horses of Achilles in the picture now at Boston.

"Have you ever seen such a horse as that?" cried an envious person.

"No," was the answer, "but I have been looking for one like it for forty years."

To those who believe that all art worth thinking about was confined to a couple of centuries before Christ and to the small land of Greece, the battle between the man and the horse-monster is too violently moved. The suspended blow of the Theseus worries them; the agony of Bianor's face as his rider drags back his head to give him the finishing stroke, the convulsive grasp of his hands, and the stumbling of his hoofs (whereby the horse is shown in the most intimate fusion and sympathy with the man) do not give them that sense of peace, that gentle glow of delight, which the greatest sculptors in Greek art are capable of imparting. After Canova's spirited but conventional group, at Vienna, too much importance seemed given to the conquered man-horse. It is the bane of art that people make standards for themselves, and force every new creation to reach the mark they have fixed. To be narrow in sympathies is one of the cheapest, simplest ways of setting up for wisdom. Unfortunately, habits of mind grow like others. He who, narrow from ignorance, begins innocently enough, remains narrow always, becomes narrower and narrower the more he learns. Without claiming for

Barye's Centaur the magnificent simplicity of the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon, or the restrained wildness of the broken bas-reliefs of Pergamos, it may be pointed out that he has shown new beauties, new capabilities in the horse, and made more spirited and understandable as a possible creature the Greek Centaur.

Thus Barye passed the gap between brutes and men by the stepping-stone of the monsters. He was an evolutionist unconsciously; not a scientist, but a sculptor who based his work more immediately than others before



ORDER — IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

him upon that basis of science, accurate observation. His stepping-stones were not of the barbarous kind mentioned in the sixth book of the Iliad: "First he bade Bellerophon slay Chimaira the unconquerable. Of divine birth was she and not of men, in front a lion and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat, and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire." (Leaf's translation.) It was the monster that could lend itself to compositions, in which the magnificent movement of the horse or the muscular power of the bull could be joined to the grace of the human torso. Nor did the ideal of grace desert him when he rose to the human form unallied to the beast, as we have seen in his two figures of Theseus. Yet when one weighs him against the greatest sculptors of the past, it is an error to claim for Barye as high a position for his human figures as for his transition figures and for his beasts. This, let it be at once said, is very far from conceding that he was weak in the treatment of the human being. Few careful judges will hold to that opinion, however much it may have been heretofore advanced. It is notorious that Barye was crippled by the stigma "animalist," in so far that he failed of getting many orders for human groups. While the painter, lucky mortal! can paint a great picture between whiles, keeping the hearth alight with commissions on lower levels, the sculptor, like the architect, works with materials too costly to permit experiments. His work is seldom independent of its background and surroundings; these must commonly be known to him before he begins on the clay. He must do what is ordered and feel in luck if he gets a commission at all. At the most he can model a sketch, and trust to its catching the eye of a patron wise enough in such matters to forecast its appearance when enlarged and hewn or cast. But Barye does not need to rest upon negative arguments his claim to a high place as a sculptor of the human nude. At the Tuileries is the graceful recumbent youth as a river-god, a charming, sober, peaceful male deity of the Seine, let us say, with none of the turbulence supposed to be characteristic of the inhabitants of its great city, but with much of the tranquil beauty of its glistening reaches. Among the statuettes are the Duc d'Orléans, the Tartar Warrior Reining in his Horse, the small Minerva, the Piqueur in seventeenth century dress, the little Roman Fool, the Horseman Surprised by a Serpent, the animated groups of sportsmen and of beast combats modeled for the dinner-table of the Duc d'Orléans, a central elephant-hunt with eight supporting groups, and a number of other human figures and groups besides. The table-ornament, by the way, forms probably the strongest proof that can be advanced for the theory that Barye was beholden to Delacroix; for the fiery painter loved such Oriental scenes as the center-piece now in the galleries of Mr. Walters of Baltimore, the elk and bear hunts in the possession of Mrs. Wm. T. Blodgett, and the other groups of that famous and now scattered set. The pieces, however, on which his high claims to a sculptor of the human figure must rest are the large three-figure groups which perch high above the tourist's gaze in the Carrousel court of the Louvre. Here are pretty effectually concealed from notice the compositions of man, boy, and beast that symbolize War, Peace, Force, and Order respectively. Unlike the Centaur, with its tremendous movement, they are extremely restful, particularly in the dominant member of each group, the man. Varied expressions and some range of individuality are given to the man; his gestures of head and arms, either martial, or

pondering, or determined, or insistent, add wonderfully to the effect of each. The naked boy is delightful, perhaps the most delightful of the trio, in one case supplying an element of humor. Barye allowed himself more play of surface, of curves, and rounded masses in the outlines of these charmingly fresh young figures. Peace and War have two domesticated animals — the ox and the horse. Order and Force have the savage — the lion and tiger. Each beast is thoroughly subordinated in the composition: the peaceful lie at the feet of the human beings in trustful comradeship; the savage aid the meaning of Order and Force by showing the repression of their natural instincts to destroy. It is true that he might have made the action of the man more moved and his face more vividly expressive. But the effects he sought were strength, calmness, massiveness. He felt that the meaning ought to be told by masses rather than play of features; taking a useful leaf from the Greek book, he subordinated expression in feature and brought out expression in the composition of the whole. Sculptors say that the combination of man, boy, and beast is difficult to manage; these do not, without great art, come together as a group in a way that will satisfy the requirements from all points of view. But Barye has not solved the problem once or twice — thrice, four times he has solved it. When one reflects on the task one is amazed at the simple, solid power of these four groups, which may be seen in bronze, reduced, on one of the principal squares of Baltimore (the gift of Mr. Walters of that city). Still, it is by no means needful to contend that his greatest work will be found in the human groups. Let him remain, like St. Francis of Assisi, the apostle of the animals. Let us agree that his highest level, or his highest originality, was reached in them. But it is wrong to hold that he failed in life-sized and heroic human statuary. On the contrary, there, too, he was original enough. It was a monumental, massive, large-planed figure that he made, but it does not follow that it is not good because it resembles hardly at all the hollow elegancies of Canova or the commonplaces of Thorwaldsen and Rauch. His human statuary is unlike that of the century in which he lived, as if it had been evolved out of sources quite different from those drained by other sculptors. Michael Angelo, Cellini, Bernini, David d'Angers, were not for Barye; his ambition took a much humbler flight. The masses and broad planes of his men recall the sculptor's own face and figure. His statues of men may be wanting in majesty, or in style, or in grimace, or in technical dexterousness, but they are unmistakably genuine, unmistakably Barye, the work of a master more truly representative of France (not Paris) than any native since Goujon and Pujet. The pity is that nobody who had the power quite realized how alone the genius of Barye was; how unlikely it is that he will have an equal. Otherwise the French, in many ways the most patriotic nation in the world, devoured with ambition to be first in arts, letters, and war, would have given him earlier in life as good a chance as Rude to grapple with human groups on a scale worthy of his mettle. He is the modern equivalent of the stone-cutter artists on the old French



FORCE — IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)



WAR — IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)



THESEUS BATTLING WITH THE CENTAUR BIANOR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

cathedrals; like them showing a passion for animal forms, but, unlike them, learned in books and instructed at once in life and art by the menageries and museums of Paris. Surely without a tithe of the fame he deserved has this quiet, modest, deep-thinking man passed away! Is there any sculptor now living in Europe or America who can fill his shoes? But let us think farther back. Where, when, was there a sculptor like him? Exaggeration reacts and harms its subject. But is it exaggeration to say he was unequaled in his range? The Assyrian human figures do not approach his. The great Greeks and Michael Angelo: could they near him in modeling animals? The more one studies Barye, the more his range fills the mind, the bigger his genius seems to grow. Another significant fact, and then an end. The closer one examines the sculpture of to-day in France, Italy, England, and America into which animals enter, the more one meets with Barye.

Henry Eckford.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;*

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

I.

ON their way back to the farm-house where they were boarding, Sewell's wife reproached him for what she called his recklessness. "You had no right," she said, "to give the poor boy false hopes. You ought to have discouraged him — that would have been the most merciful way — if you knew the poetry was bad. Now, he will go on building all sorts of castles in the air on your praise, and sooner or later they will come tumbling about his ears — just to gratify your passion for saying pleasant things to people."

"I wish you had a passion for saying pleasant things to me, my dear," suggested her husband evasively.

"Oh, a nice time I should have!"

"I don't know about *your* nice time, but I feel pretty certain of my own. How do you know — Oh, *do* get up, you implacable cripple!" he broke off to the lame mare he was driving, and pulled at the reins.

"Don't saw her mouth!" cried Mrs. Sewell.

"Well, let her get up, then, and I won't. I don't like to saw her mouth; but I have to do something when you come down on me with your interminable consequences. I dare say the boy will never think of my praise again. And besides, as I was saying when this animal interrupted me with her ill-timed attempts at grazing, how do you know that I knew the poetry was bad?"

"How? By the sound of your voice. I could tell you were dishonest in the dark, David."

"Perhaps the boy knew that I was dishonest too," suggested Sewell.

"Oh, no, he didn't. I could see that he pinned his faith to every syllable."

"He used a quantity of pins, then; for I was particularly profuse of syllables. I find that it requires no end of them to make the worse appear the better reason to a poet who reads his own verses to you. But come, now, Lucy, let me off a syllable or two. I — I have a conscience, you know well enough, and if I thought — But pshaw! I've merely cheered a lonely hour for the boy, and he'll go back to hoeing potatoes to-morrow, and that will be the end of it."

"I *hope* that will be the end of it," said Mrs. Sewell, with the darkling reserve of ladies intimate with the designs of Providence.

"Well," argued her husband, who was trying to keep the matter from being serious, "perhaps he may turn out a poet yet. You never can tell where the lightning is going to strike. He has some idea of rhyme, and some perception of reason, and — yes, some of the lines *were* musical. His general attitude reminded me of Piers Plowman. Didn't he recall Piers Plowman to you?"

"I'm glad you can console yourself in that way, David," said his wife relentlessly.

The mare stopped again, and Sewell looked over his shoulder at the house, now black in the twilight, on the crest of the low hill across the hollow behind them. "I declare," he said, "the loneliness of that place almost broke my heart. There!" he added, as the faint sickle gleamed in the sky above the roof, "I've got the new moon right over my left shoulder for my pains. That's what comes of having a sympathetic nature."

THE boy was looking at the new moon, across the broken gate which stopped the largest gap in the tumbled stone wall. He still gripped in his hand the manuscript which he had been reading to the minister.

"There, Lem," called his mother's voice from the house, "I guess you've seen the last of 'em for one while. I'm 'fraid you'll take cold out there'n the dew. Come in, child."

The boy obeyed. "I was looking at the new moon, mother. I saw it over my right shoulder. Did you hear — hear him," he asked in a broken and husky voice, — "hear how he praised my poetry, mother?"

"OH, *do* make her get up, David!" cried Mrs. Sewell. "These mosquitoes are eating me alive!"

"I will saw her mouth all to the finest sort of kindling-wood, if she doesn't get up this very instant," said Sewell, jerking the reins so wildly that the mare leaped into a galvanic canter, and continued without further urging for twenty paces. "Of course, Lucy," he resumed, profiting by the opportunity for conversation which the mare's temporary activity afforded,

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"I should feel myself greatly to blame if I thought I had gone beyond mere kindness in my treatment of the poor fellow. But at first I couldn't realize that the stuff was so bad. Their saying that he read all the books he could get, and was writing every spare moment, gave me the idea that he *must* be some sort of literary genius in the germ, and I listened on and on, expecting every moment that he was coming to some passage with a little lift or life in it; and when he got to the end, and hadn't come to it, I couldn't quite pull myself together to say so. I had gone there so full of the wish to recognize and encourage, that I couldn't turn about for the other thing. Well! I shall know another time how to value a rural neighborhood report of the existence of a local poet. Usually there is some hardheaded cynic in the community with native perception enough to enlighten the rest as to the true value of the phenomenon; but there seems to have been none here. I ought to have come sooner to see him, and then I could have had a chance to go again and talk soberly and kindly with him, and show him gently how much he had mistaken himself. Oh, *get* up!" By this time the mare had lapsed again into her habitual absent-mindedness, and was limping along the dark road with a tendency to come to a full stop, from step to step. The remorse in the minister's soul was so keen that he could not use her with the cruelty necessary to rouse her flagging energies; as he held the reins he flapped his elbows up toward his face, as if they were wings, and contrived to beat away a few of the mosquitoes with them; Mrs. Sewell, in silent exasperation, fought them from her with the bough which she had torn from an overhanging birch-tree.

In the morning they returned to Boston, and Sewell's parish duties began again; he was rather faithfuller and busier in these than he might have been if he had not laid so much stress upon duties of all sorts, and so little upon beliefs. He declared that he envied the ministers of the good old times who had only to teach their people that they would be lost if they did not do right; it was much simpler than to make them understand that they were often to be good for reasons not immediately connected with their present or future comfort, and that they could not confidently expect to be lost for any given transgression, or even to be lost at all. He found it necessary to do his work largely in a personal way, by meeting and talking with people, and this took up a great deal of his time, especially after the summer vacation, when he had to get into relations with them anew, and to help them recover themselves from the moral lassitude into which people fall during that season of physical recuperation.

He was occupied with these matters one morning late in October when a letter came addressed in a handwriting of copybook carefulness, but showing in every painstaking stroke the writer's want of training, which, when he read it, filled Sewell with dismay. It was a letter from Lemuel Barker, whom Sewell remembered, with a pang of self-upbraiding, as the poor fellow he had visited with his wife the evening before they left Willoughby Pastures; and it inclosed passages of a long poem which Barker said he had written since he got the fall work done. The passages were not submitted for Sewell's criticism, but were offered as examples of the character of the whole poem, for which the author wished to find a publisher. They were not without ideas of a didactic and satirical sort, but they seemed so wanting in literary art beyond a mechanical facility of versification, that Sewell wondered how the writer should have mastered the notion of anything so literary as publication, till he came to that part of the letter in which Barker spoke of their having had so much sickness in the family that he thought he would try to do something to help along. The avowal of this meritorious ambition inflicted another wound upon Sewell's guilty consciousness; but what made his blood run cold was Barker's proposal to come down to Boston, if Sewell advised, and find a publisher with Sewell's assistance.

This would never do, and the minister went to his desk with the intention of dispatching a note of prompt and total discouragement. But in crossing the room from the chair into which he had sunk, with a cheerful curiosity, to read the letter, he could not help some natural rebellion against the punishment visited upon him. He could not deny that he deserved punishment, but he thought that this, to say the least, was very ill-timed. He had often warned other sinners who came to him in like resentment that it was this very quality of inopportuneness that was perhaps the most sanative and divine property of retribution; the eternal justice fell upon us, he said, at the very moment when we were least able to bear it, or thought ourselves so; but now in his own case the clear-sighted prophet cried out and revolted in his heart. It was Saturday morning, when every minute was precious to him for his sermon, and it would take him fully an hour to write that letter; it must be done with the greatest sympathy; he had seen that this poor foolish boy was very sensitive, and yet it must be done with such thoroughness as to cut off all hope of anything like literary achievement for him.

At the moment Sewell reached his desk, with a spirit disciplined to the sacrifice required of it, he heard his wife's step outside his study door, and he had just time to pull open a drawer, throw the letter into it, and shut it again before she entered. He did not mean finally to conceal it from her, but he was willing to give himself breath before he faced her with the fact that he had received such a letter. Nothing in its way was more terrible to this good man than the righteousness of that good woman. In their case, as in that of most other couples who cherish an ideal of dutiful living, she was the custodian of their potential virtue, and he was the instrument, often faltering and imperfect, of its application to circumstances; and without wishing to spare himself too much, he was sometimes aware that she did not spare him enough. She worked his moral forces as mercilessly as a woman uses the physical strength of a man when it is placed at her direction.

"What is the matter, David?" she asked, with a keen glance at the face he turned upon her over his shoulder.

"Nothing that I wish to talk of at present, my dear," answered Sewell, with a boldness that he knew would not avail him if she persisted in knowing.

"Well, there would be no time if you did," said his wife. "I'm dreadfully sorry for you, David, but it's really a case you can't refuse. Their own minister is taken sick, and it's appointed for this afternoon at two o'clock, and the poor thing has set her heart upon having you, and you must go. In fact, I promised you would. I'll see that you're not disturbed this morning, so that you'll have the whole forenoon to yourself. But I thought I'd better tell you at once. It's only a child—a little boy. You won't have to say much."

"Oh, of course I must go," answered Sewell, with impatient resignation; and when his wife left the room, which she did after praising him and pitying him in a way that was always very sweet to him, he saw that he must begin his sermon at once, if he meant to get through with it in time, and must put off all hope of replying to Lemuel Barker till Monday at least. But he chose quite a different theme from that on which he had intended to preach. By an immediate inspiration he wrote a sermon on the text, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," in which he taught how great harm could be done by the habit of saying what are called kind things. He showed that this habit arose not from goodness of heart, or from the desire to make others happy, but from the wish to spare one's self the troublesome duty of formulating the truth so that it would perform its heavenly office without wounding those whom it was intended to heal. He warned his hearers that the kind things spoken from this motive were so many sins committed against the soul of the flatterer and the soul of him they were intended to flatter; they were deceits, lies; and he besought all within the sound of his voice to try to practice with one another an affectionate sincerity, which was compatible not only with the brotherliness of Christianity, but the politeness of the world. He enforced his points with many apt illustrations, and he treated the whole subject with so much fullness and fervor, that he fell into the error of the literary temperament, and almost felt that he had atoned for his wrong-doing by the force with which he had portrayed it.

Mrs. Sewell, who did not always go to her husband's sermons, was at church that day, and joined him when some ladies who had lingered to thank him for the excellent lesson he had given them at last left him to her.

"Really, David," she said, "I wondered your congregation could keep their countenances while you were going on. Did you think of that poor boy up at Willoughby Pastures when you were writing that sermon?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Sewell gravely; "he was in my mind the whole time."

"Well, you were rather hard upon yourself; and I think I was rather too hard upon you, that time, though I *was* so vexed with you. But nothing has come of it, and I suppose there are cases where people are so lost to common sense that you can't do anything for them by telling them the truth."

"But you'd better tell it, all the same," said Sewell, still in a glow of righteous warmth from his atonement; and now a sudden temptation to play with fire seized him. "You wouldn't have excused me if any trouble had come of it."

"No, I certainly shouldn't," said his wife. "But I don't regret it altogether if it's made you see what danger you run from that tendency of yours. What in the world made you think of it?"

"Oh, it came into my mind," said Sewell.

He did not find time to write to Barker the next day, and on recurring to his letter he saw that there was no danger of his taking another step without his advice, and he began to postpone it: when he had time he was not in the mood; he waited for the time and the mood to come together, and he also waited for the most favorable moment to tell his wife that he had got that letter from Barker and to ask her advice about answering it. If it had been really a serious matter, he would have told

her at once; but being the thing it was, he did not know just how to approach it, after his first concealment. He knew that, to begin with, he would have to account for his mistake in attempting to keep it from her, and would have to bear some just upbraiding for this unmanly course, and would then be miserably led to the distasteful contemplation of the folly by which he had brought this trouble upon himself. Sewell smiled to think how much easier it was to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife; and before he had brought himself to the point of answering Barker's letter, there came a busy season in which he forgot him altogether.

II.

One day in the midst of this Sewell was called from his study to see some one who was waiting for him in the reception-room, but who sent in no name by the housemaid.

"I don't know as you remember me," the visitor said, rising awkwardly, as Sewell came forward with a smile of inquiry. "My name's Barker."

"Barker?" said the minister, with a cold thrill of instant recognition, but playing with a factitious uncertainty till he could catch his breath in the presence of the calamity. "Oh, yes! How do you do?" he said; and then planting himself adventurously upon the commandment to love one's neighbor as one's self, he added: "I'm very glad to see you!"

In token of his content, he gave Barker his hand and asked him to be seated.

The young man complied, and while Sewell waited for him to present himself in some shape that he could grapple with morally, he made an involuntary study of his personal appearance. That morning, before starting from home by the milk-train that left Willoughby Pastures at 4:05, Barker had given his Sunday boots a coat of blacking, which he had eked out with stove-polish, and he had put on his best pantaloons, which he had outgrown, and which, having been made very tight a season after tight pantaloons had gone out of fashion in Boston, caught on the tops of his boots and stuck there in spite of his efforts to kick them loose as he stood up, and his secret attempts to smooth them down when he had reseated himself. He wore a single-breasted coat of cheap broadcloth, fastened across his chest with a carnelian clasp-button of his father's, such as country youth wore thirty years ago, and a belated summer scarf of gingham, tied in a breadth of knot long since abandoned by polite society.

Sewell had never thought his wife's reception-room very splendidly appointed, but Barker must have been oppressed by it, for he sat in absolute silence after resuming his chair, and made no sign of intending to open the matter upon which he came. In the kindness of his heart Sewell could not refrain from helping him on.

"When did you come to Boston?" he asked with a cheeriness which he was far from feeling.

"This morning," said Barker, briefly, but without the tremor in his voice which Sewell expected.

"You've never been here before, I suppose," suggested Sewell, with the vague intention of generalizing or particularizing the conversation, as the case might be.

Barker abruptly rejected the overture, whatever it was. "I don't know as you got a letter from me a spell back," he said.

"Yes, I did," confessed Sewell. "I did receive that letter," he repeated, "and I ought to have answered it long ago. But the fact is——" He corrected himself when it came to his saying this, and said, "I mean that I put it by, intending to answer it when I could do so in the proper way, until, I'm very sorry to say, I forgot it altogether. Yes, I forgot it, and I certainly ask your pardon for my neglect. But I can't say that as it's turned out I altogether regret it. I can talk with you a great deal better than I could write to you in regard to your"— Sewell hesitated between the words poems and verses, and finally said— "work. I have blamed myself a great deal," he continued, wincing under the hurt which he felt that he must be inflicting on the young man as well as himself, "for not being more frank with you when I saw you at home in September. I hope your mother is well?"

"She's middling," said Barker, "but my married sister that came to live with us since you was there has had a good deal of sickness in her family. Her husband's laid up with the rheumatism most of the time."

"Oh!" murmured Sewell sympathetically. "Well! I ought to have told you at that time that I could not see much hope of your doing acceptable work in a literary way; and if I had supposed that you ever expected to exercise your faculty of versifying to any serious purpose,— for anything but your own pleasure and entertainment,— I should certainly have done so. And I tell you now that the specimens of the long poem you have sent me give me even less reason to encourage you than the things you read me at home."

Sewell expected the audible crash of Barker's air-castles to break the silence which the young man suffered to follow upon

these words; but nothing of the kind happened, and for all that he could see, Barker remained wholly unaffected by what he had said. It nettled Sewell a little to see him apparently so besotted in his own conceit, and he added: "But I think I had better not ask you to rely altogether upon my opinion in the matter, and I will go with you to a publisher, and you can get a professional judgment. Excuse me a moment."

He left the room and went slowly upstairs to his wife. It appeared to him a very short journey to the third story, where he knew she was decking the guest-chamber for the visit of a friend whom they expected that evening. He imagined himself saying to her when his trial was well over that he did not see why she complained of those stairs; that he thought they were nothing at all. But this sense of the absurdity of the situation which played upon the surface of his distress flickered and fled at sight of his wife bustling cheerfully about, and he was tempted to go down and get Barker out of the house, and out of Boston if possible, without letting her know anything of his presence.

"Well?" said Mrs. Sewell, meeting his face of perplexity with a penetrating glance. "What is it, David?"

"Nothing. That is — everything! Lemuel Barker is here!"

"Lemuel Barker? Who is Lemuel Barker?" She stood with the pillow-sham in her hand which she was just about to fasten on the pillow, and Sewell involuntarily took note of the fashion in which it was ironed.

"Why, surely you remember! That simpleton at Willoughby Pastures." If his wife had dropped the pillow-sham, and sunk into a chair beside the bed, fixing him with eyes of speechless reproach; if she had done anything dramatic, or said anything tragic, no matter how unjust or exaggerated, Sewell could have borne it; but she only went on tying the sham on the pillow, without a word. "The fact is, he wrote to me some weeks ago, and sent me some specimens of a long poem."

"Just before you preached that sermon on the tender mercies of the wicked?"

"Yes," faltered Sewell. "I had been waiting to show you the letter."

"You waited a good while, David."

"I know — I know," said Sewell miserably. "I was waiting — waiting —" He stopped, and then added with a burst, "I was waiting till I could put it to you in some favorable light."

"I'm glad you're honest about it at last, my dear!"

"Yes. And while I was waiting I forgot Barker's letter altogether. I put it away somewhere — I can't recollect just where, at the moment. But that makes no difference; he's here with the whole poem in his pocket, now." Sewell gained a little courage from his wife's forbearance; she knew that she could trust him in all great matters, and perhaps she thought that for this little sin she would not add to his punishment. "And what I propose to do is to make a complete thing of it, this time. Of course," he went on convicting himself, "I see that I shall inflict twice the pain that I should have done if I had spoken frankly to him at first; and of course there will be the added disappointment, and the expense of his coming to Boston. But," he added brightly, "we can save him any expense while he's here, and perhaps I can contrive to get him to go home this afternoon."

"He wouldn't let you pay for his dinner out of the house anywhere," said Mrs. Sewell. "You must ask him to dinner here."

"Well," said Sewell, with resignation; and suspecting that his wife was too much piqued or hurt by his former concealment to ask what he now meant to do about Barker, he added: "I'm going to take him round to a publisher and let him convince himself that there's no hope for him in a literary way."

"David!" cried his wife; and now she left off adjusting the shams, and erecting herself looked at him across the bed. "You don't intend to do anything so cruel."

"Cruel?"

"Yes! Why should you go and waste any publisher's time by getting him to look at such rubbish? Why should you expose the poor fellow to the mortification of a perfectly needless refusal? Do you want to shirk the responsibility — to put it on some one else?"

"No; you know I don't."

"Well, then, tell him yourself that it won't do."

"I have told him."

"What does he say?"

"He doesn't say anything. I can't make out whether he believes me or not."

"Very well, then; you've done your duty, at any rate." Mrs. Sewell could not forbear saying also: "If you'd done it at first, David, there wouldn't have been any of this trouble."

"That's true," owned her husband, so very humbly that her heart smote her.

"Well, go down and tell him he must stay to dinner, and then try to get rid of him the best way you can. Your time is really too precious, David, to be wasted in this way. You *must* get rid of him, somehow."

Sewell went back to his guest in the reception-room, who seemed to have remained as immovably in his chair as if he had been a sitting statue of himself. He did not move when Sewell entered.

"On second thoughts," said the minister, "I believe I will not ask you to go to a publisher with me, as I had intended; it would expose you to unnecessary mortification, and it would be, from my point of view, an unjustifiable intrusion upon very busy people. I must ask you to take my word for it that no publisher would bring out your poem, and it never would pay you a cent if he did." The boy remained silent as before, and Sewell had no means of knowing whether it was from silent conviction or from mulish obstinacy. "Mrs. Sewell will be down presently. She wished me to ask you to stay to dinner. We have an early dinner, and there will be time enough after that for you to look about the city."

"I shouldn't like to put you out," said Barker.

"Oh, not at all," returned Sewell, grateful for this sign of animation, and not exigent of a more formal acceptance of his invitation. "You know," he said, "that literature is a trade, like every other vocation, and that you must serve an apprenticeship if you expect to excel. But first of all you must have some natural aptitude for the business you undertake. You understand?" asked Sewell; for he had begun to doubt whether Barker understood anything. He seemed so much more stupid than he had at home; his faculties were apparently sealed up, and he had lost all the personal picturesqueness which he had when he came in out of the barn, at his mother's call, to receive Sewell.

"Yes," said the boy.

"I don't mean," continued Sewell, "that I wouldn't have you continue to make verses whenever you have the leisure for it. I think, on the contrary, that it will give a grace to your life which it might otherwise lack. We are all in daily danger of being barbarized by the sordid details of life; the constantly recurring little duties which must be done, but which we must not allow to become the whole of life." Sewell was so much pleased with this thought, when it had taken form in words, that he made a mental note of it for future use. "We must put a border of pinks around the potato-patch, as Emerson would say, or else the potato-patch is no better than a field of thistles." Perhaps because the logic of this figure rang a little false, Sewell hastened to add: "But there are many ways in which we can prevent the encroachment of those little duties without being tempted to neglect them, which would be still worse. I have thought a good deal about the condition of our young men in the country, and I have sympathized with them in what seems their want of opportunity, their lack of room for expansion. I have often wished that I could do something for them—help them in their doubts and misgivings, and perhaps find some way out of the trouble for them. I regret this tendency to the cities of the young men from the country. I am sure that if we could give them some sort of social and intellectual life at home, they would not be so restless and dissatisfied."

Sewell felt as if he had been preaching to a dead wall; but now the wall opened, and a voice came out of it, saying: "You mean something to occupy their minds?"

"Exactly so!" cried Sewell. "Something to occupy their minds. Now," he continued, with a hope of getting into some sort of human relations with his guest which he had not felt before, "why shouldn't a young man on a farm take up some scientific study, like geology, for instance, which makes every inch of earth vocal, every rock historic, and the waste places social?" Barker looked so blankly at him that he asked again, "You understand?"

"Yes," said Barker; but having answered Sewell's personal question, he seemed to feel himself in no wise concerned with the general inquiry which Sewell had made, and he let it lie where Sewell had let it drop. But the minister was so well pleased with the fact that Barker had understood anything of what he had said, that he was content to let the notion he had thrown out take its chance of future effect, and rising, said briskly: "Come upstairs with me into my study, and I will show you a picture of Agassiz. It's a very good photograph."

He led the way out of the reception-room, and tripped lightly in his slippered feet up the steps against which Barker knocked the toes of his clumsy boots. He was not large, nor naturally loutish, but the heaviness of the country was in every touch and movement. He dropped the photograph twice in his endeavor to hold it between his stiff thumb and finger.

Sewell picked it up each time for him, and restored it to his faltering hold. When he had securely lodged it there, he asked sweetly: "Did you ever hear what Agassiz said when a scheme was once proposed to him by which he could make a great deal of money?"

"I don't know as I did," replied Barker.

"'But, gentlemen, *I've no time to make money*.'"

Barker received the anecdote in absolute silence, standing helplessly with the photograph in his hand; and Sewell with a hasty sigh forbore to make the application to the ordinary American ambition to be rich that he had intended. "That's a photograph of the singer Nilsson," he said, cataloguing the other objects on the chimney-piece. "She was a peasant, you know, a country girl in Norway. That's

Grévy, the President of the French Republic; his father was a peasant. Lincoln, of course. Sforza, throwing his hoe into the oak," he said, explaining the picture that had caught Barker's eye on the wall above the mantel. "He was working in the field, when a band of adventurers came by, and he tossed his hoe at the tree. If it fell to the ground, he would keep on hoeing; if it caught in the branches and hung there he would follow the adventurers. It caught, and he went with the soldiers and became Duke of Milan. I like to keep the pictures of these great Originals about me," said Sewell, "because in our time, when we refer so constantly to law, we are apt to forget that God is creative as well as operative." He used these phrases involuntarily; they slipped from his tongue because he was in the habit of saying this about these pictures, and he made no effort to adapt them to Barker's comprehension, because he could not see that the idea would be of any use to him. He went on pointing out the different objects in the quiet room, and he took down several books from the shelves that covered the whole wall, and showed them to Barker, who, however, made no effort to look at them for himself, and did not say anything about them. He did what Sewell bade him do in admiring this thing or that; but if he had been an Indian he could not have regarded them with a greater reticence. Sewell made him sit down from time to time, but in a sitting posture Barker's silence became so deathlike that Sewell hastened to get him on his legs again, and to walk him about from one point to another, as if to keep life in him. At the end of one of these otherwise aimless excursions Mrs. Sewell appeared, and infused a gleam of hope into her husband's breast. Apparently she brought none to Barker; or perhaps he did not conceive it polite to show any sort of liveliness before a lady. He did what he could with the hand she gave him to shake, and answered the brief questions she put to him about his family to precisely the same effect as he had already reported its condition to Sewell.

"Dinner's ready now," said Mrs. Sewell, for all comment. She left the expansiveness of sympathy and gratulation to her husband on most occasions, and on this she felt that she had less than the usual obligation to make polite conversation. Her two children came down-stairs after her, and as she unfolded her napkin across her lap after grace she said, "This is my son, Alfred, Mr. Barker; and this is Edith." Barker took the acquaintance offered in silence, the young Sewells smiled with the wise kindliness of children taught to be good to all manner of strange guests, and the girl cumbered the helpless country boy with offers of different dishes.

Mr. Sewell as he cut at the roast beef lengthwise, being denied by his wife a pantomimic prayer to be allowed to cut it crosswise, tried to make talk with Barker about the weather at Willoughby Pastures. It had been a very dry summer, and he asked if the fall rains had filled up the springs. He said he really forgot whether it was an apple year. He also said that he supposed they had dug all their turnips by this time. He had meant to say potatoes when he began, but he remembered that he had seen the farmers digging their potatoes before he came back to town, and so he substituted turnips; afterwards it seemed to him that dig was not just the word to use in regard to the harvesting of turnips. He wished he had said, "got your turnips in," but it appeared to make no difference to Barker, who answered, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Yes, sir," and let each subject drop with that.

III.

THE silence grew so deep that the young Sewells talked together in murmurs, and the clicking of the knives on the plates became painful. Sewell kept himself from looking at Barker, whom he nevertheless knew to be changing his knife and fork from one hand to the other, as doubt after doubt took him as to their conventional use, and to be getting very little good of his dinner in the process of settling these questions. The door-bell rang, and the sound of a whispered conference between the visitor and the servant at the threshold penetrated to the dining-room. Some one softly entered, and then Mrs. Sewell called out, "Yes, yes! Come in! Come in, Miss Vane!" She jumped from her chair and ran out into the hall, where she was heard to kiss her visitor; she reappeared, still holding her by the hand, and then Miss Vane shook hands with Sewell, saying in a tone of cordial liking, "*How* d'ye do?" and to each of the young people, as she shook hands in turn with them, "How d'ye *do*, dear?" She was no longer so pretty as she must have once been; but an air of distinction and a delicate charm of manner remained to her from her fascinating youth.

Young Sewell pushed her a chair to the table, and she dropped softly into it, after acknowledging Barker's presentation by Mrs. Sewell with a kindly glance that probably divined him.

"You must dine with us," said Mrs. Sewell. "You can call it lunch."

"No, I can't, Mrs. Sewell," said Miss Vane. "I could once, and should have said with

great pleasure, when I went away, that I had been lunching at the Sewells; but I can't now. I've reformed. What have you got for dinner?"

"Roast beef," said Sewell.

"Nothing I dislike more," replied Miss Vane. "What else?" She put on her glasses, and peered critically about the table.

"Stewed tomatoes, baked sweet potatoes, macaroni."

"How unimaginative! What are you going to have afterwards?"

"Cottage pudding."

"The very climax of the commonplace! Well!" Miss Vane began to pull off her gloves, and threw her veil back over her shoulder. "I will dine with you, but when I say dine, and people ask me to explain, I shall have to say 'Why, the Sewells still dine at one o'clock, you know,' and laugh over your old-fashioned habits with them. I should like to do differently, and to respect the sacredness of broken bread and that sort of thing; but I'm trying to practice with every one an affectionate sincerity, which is perfectly compatible not only with the brotherliness of Christianity, but the politeness of the world." Miss Vane looked demurely at Mrs. Sewell. "I can't make any exceptions."

The ladies both broke into a mocking laugh, in which Sewell joined with sheepish reluctance; after all, one does not like to be derided, even by one's dearest friends.

"As soon as I hear my other little sins denounced from the pulpit, I'm going to stop using profane language and carrying away people's spoons in my pocket."

The ladies seemed to think this also a very good joke, and his children laughed in sympathy, but Sewell hung his head; Barker sat bolt upright behind his plate, and stared at Miss Vane. "I never have been all but named in church before," she concluded, "and I've heard others say the same."

"Why didn't you come to complain sooner?" asked Sewell.

"Well, I have been away ever since that occasion. I went down the next day to Newport, and I've been there ever since, admiring the ribbon-planting."

"On the lawns or on the ladies?" asked Sewell.

"Both. And sowing broadcast the seeds of plain speaking. I don't know what Newport will be in another year if they all take root."

"I dare say it will be different," said Sewell. "I'm not sure it will be worse." He plucked up a little spirit, and added: "Now you see of how little importance you really are in the community; you have been gone these three weeks, and your own pastor didn't know you were out of town."

"Yes, you did, David," interposed his wife. "I told you Miss Vane was away two weeks ago."

"Did you? Well, I forgot it immediately; the fact was of no consequence, one way or the other. How do you like that as a bit of affectionate sincerity?"

"I like it immensely," said Miss Vane. "It's delicious. I only wish I could believe you were honest." She leaned back and laughed into her handkerchief, while Sewell regarded her with a face in which his mortification at being laughed at was giving way to a natural pleasure at seeing Miss Vane enjoy herself. "What do you think," she asked, "since you're in this mood of exasperated veracity,— or pretend to be,— of the flower charity?"

"Do you mean by the barrel, or the single sack? The Graham, or the best Haxall, or the health-food cold-blast?" asked Sewell.

Miss Vane lost her power of answering in another peal of laughter, sobering off, and breaking down again before she could say, "I mean cut flowers for patients and prisoners."

"Oh, that kind! I don't think a single pansy would have an appreciable effect upon a burglar; perhaps a bunch of forget-me-nots might, or a few lilies of the valley carelessly arranged. As to the influence of a graceful little *boutonnière*, in cases of rheumatism or cholera morbus, it might be efficacious; but I can't really say."

"How perfectly cynical!" cried Miss Vane. "Don't you know how much good the flower mission has accomplished among the deserving poor? Hundreds of bouquets are distributed every day. They prevent crime."

"That shows how susceptible the deserving poor are. I don't find that a bowl of the most expensive and delicate roses in the center of a dinner-table tempers the asperity of the conversation when it turns upon the absent. But perhaps it oughtn't to do so."

"I don't know about that," said Miss Vane; "but if you had an impulsive niece to supply with food for the imagination, you would be very glad of anything that seemed to combine practical piety and picturesque effect."

"Oh, if you mean that," began Sewell more soberly, and his wife leaned forward with an interest in the question which she had not felt while the mere joking went on.

"Yes. When Sibyl came in this morning with an imperative demand to be allowed to go off and do good with flowers in the homes of virtuous poverty, as well as the hospitals and prisons, I certainly felt as if there had been an interposition, if you will allow me to say so."

Miss Vane still had her joking air, but a note of anxiety had crept into her voice.

"I don't think it will do the sick and poor any harm," said Sewell, "and it may do Sibyl some good." He smiled a little in adding: "It may afford her varied energies a little scope."

Miss Vane shook her head, and some lines of age came into her face which had not shown themselves there before. "And you would advise letting her go into it?" she asked.

"By all means," replied Sewell. "But if she's going to engage actively in the missionary work, I think you'd better go with her on her errands of mercy."

"Oh, of course, she's going to do good in person. What she wants is the sensation of doing good — of seeing and hearing the results of her beneficence. She'd care very little about it if she didn't."

"Oh, I don't know that you can say that," replied Sewell in deprecation of this extreme view. "I don't believe," he continued, "that she would object to doing good for its own sake."

"Of course she wouldn't, David! Who in the world supposed she would?" demanded his wife, bringing him up roundly at this sign of wandering, and Miss Vane laughed wildly.

"And is this what your doctrine of sincerity comes to? This fulsomeness! You're very little better than one of the wicked, it seems to me! Well, I *hoped* that you would approve of my letting Sibyl take this thing up, but such *unbounded* encouragement!"

"Oh, I don't wish to flatter," said Sewell, in the spirit of her raillery. "It will be very well for her to go round with flowers; but don't let her," he continued seriously — "don't let her imagine it's more than an innocent amusement. It would be a sort of hideous mockery of the good we ought to do one another if there were supposed to be anything more than a kindly thoughtfulness expressed in such a thing."

"Oh, if Sibyl doesn't feel that it's real, for the time being she won't care anything about it. She likes to lose herself in the illusion, she says."

"Well!" said Sewell with a slight shrug, "then we must let her get what good she can out of it as an exercise of the sensibilities."

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed his wife. "You *don't* mean anything so abominable as that! I've heard you say that the worst thing about fiction and the theater was that they brought emotions into play that ought to be sacred to real occasions."

"Did I say that? Well, I must have been right. I ——"

Barker made a scuffling sound with his boots under the table, and rose to his feet. "I guess," he said, "I shall have to be going."

They had all forgotten him, and Sewell felt as if he had neglected this helpless guest. "Why, no, you mustn't go! I was in hopes we might do something to make the day pleasant to you. I intended proposing ——"

"Yes," his wife interrupted, believing that he meant to give up one of his precious afternoons to Barker, and hastening to prevent the sacrifice, "my son will show you the Public Garden and the Common, and go about the town with you." She rose too, and young Sewell, accustomed to suffer, silently acquiesced. "If your train isn't to start very soon ——"

"I guess I better be going," said Barker, and Mrs. Sewell now gave her husband a look conveying her belief that Barker would be happier if they let him go. At the same time she frowned upon the monstrous thought of asking him to stay the night with them, which she detected in Sewell's face.

She allowed him to say nothing but, "I'm sorry; but if you really must ——"

"I guess I better," persisted Barker. He got himself somehow to the door, where he paused a moment, and contrived to pant "Well, good-day," and without effort at more cordial leave-taking, passed out.

Sewell followed him, and helped him find his hat, and made him shake hands. He went with him to the door, and, beginning to suffer afresh at the wrong he had done Barker, he detained him at the threshold. "If you still wish to see a publisher, Mr. Barker, I will gladly go with you."

"Oh, not at all, not at all. I guess I don't want to see any publisher this afternoon. Well, good-afternoon!" He turned away from Sewell's remorseful pursuit, and clumsily hurrying down the steps, he walked up the street and round the next corner. Sewell stood watching him in rueful perplexity, shading his eyes from the mild October sun with his hand; and some moments after Barker had disappeared, he remained looking after him.

When he rejoined the ladies in the dining-room they fell into a conscious silence.

"Have you been telling, Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes, I've been telling, David. It was the only way. Did you offer to go with him to a publisher again?".

"Yes, I did. It was the only way," said Sewell.

Miss Vane and his wife both broke into a cry of laughter. The former got her breath first. "So *that* was the origin of the famous sermon that turned all our heads gray with good resolutions." Sewell assented with a sickly grin. "What in the world *made* you encourage him?"

"My goodness of heart, which I didn't take the precaution of mixing with goodness of head before I used it."

Everything was food for Miss Vane's laugh, even this confession. "But what is the natural history of the boy? How came he to write poetry? What do you suppose he means by it?"

"That isn't so easy to say. As to his natural history, he lives with his mother in a tumble-down, unpainted wooden house in the deepest fastness of Willoughby Pastures. Lucy and I used to drive by it and wonder what kind of people inhabited that solitude. There were milk-cans scattered round the door-yard, and the Monday we were there a poverty-stricken wash flapped across it. The thought of the place preyed upon me till one day I asked about it at the post-office, and the postmistress told me that the boy was quite a literary character, and read everything he could lay his hands on, and 'sat up nights' writing poetry. It seemed to me a very clear case of genius, and the postmistress's facts rankled in my mind till I couldn't stand it any longer. Then I went to see him. I suppose Lucy has told you the rest?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sewell has told me the rest. But still I don't see how he came to write poetry. I believe it doesn't pay, even in extreme cases of genius."

"Ah, but that's just what this poor fellow didn't know. He must have read somewhere, in some deleterious newspaper, about the sale of some large edition of a poem, and have had his own wild hopes about it. I don't say his work didn't show sense; it even showed some rude strength, of a didactic, satirical sort, but it certainly didn't show poetry. He might have taken up painting by a little different chance. And when it was once known about the neighborhood that he wrote poetry, his vanity was flattered——"

"Yes, I see. But wasn't there any kind soul to tell him that he was throwing his time away?"

"It appears not."

"And even the kind soul from Boston, who visited him," suggested Mrs. Sewell. "Go on, David."

"Visited him in spite of his wife's omniscience,—even the kind soul from Boston paltered with this plain duty. Even he, to spare himself the pain of hurting the boy's feelings, tried to find some of the lines better than others, and left him with the impression that he had praised them."

"Well, that was pretty bad," said Miss Vane. "You had to tell him to-day, I suppose, that there was no hope for him?"

"Yes, I had to tell him at last, after letting him waste his time and money in writing more stuff and coming to Boston with it. I've put him to needless shame, and I've inflicted suffering upon him that I can't lighten in the least by sharing."

"No, that's the most discouraging thing about pitying people. It does them no manner of good," said Miss Vane, "and just hurts you. Don't you think that in an advanced civilization we shall cease to feel compassion? Why don't you preach against common pity, as you did against common politeness?"

"Well, it isn't quite such a crying sin yet. But really, really," exclaimed Sewell, "the world seems so put together that I believe we ought to think twice before doing a good action."

"David!" said his wife warningly.

"Oh, let him go on!" cried Miss Vane, with a laugh. "I'm proof against his monstrous doctrines. Go on, Mr. Sewell."

"What I mean is this." Sewell pushed himself back in his chair, and then stopped.

"Is what?" prompted both the ladies.

"Why, suppose this boy really had some literary faculty, should I have had any right to encourage it? He was very well where he was. He fed the cows and milked them, and carried the milk to the cross-roads, where the dealer collected it and took it to the train. That was his life, with the incidental facts of cutting the hay and fodder, and bedding the cattle; and his experience never went beyond it. I doubt if his fancy ever did, except in some wild, mistaken excursion. Why shouldn't he have been left to this condition? He ate, he slept, he fulfilled his use. Which of us does more?"

"How would you like to have been in his place?" asked his wife.

"I couldn't *put* myself in his place; and therefore I oughtn't to have done anything to take him out of it," answered Sewell.

"It seems to me that's very un-American," said Miss Vane. "I thought we had prospered up to the present point by taking people out of their places."

"Yes, we have," replied the minister, "and sometimes, it seems to me, the result is hideous. I don't mind people taking themselves out of their places; but if the particles of this mighty cosmos have been adjusted by the divine wisdom, what are we to say of the temerity that disturbs the least of them?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Vane, rising. "I'm almost afraid to stir, in view of the possible consequences. But I can't sit here all day, and if Mrs. Sewell will excuse me, I'll go at once. Yes, 'I guess I better be going,' as your particle Barker says. Let us hope he'll get safely back to his infinitesimal little crevice in the cosmos. He's a very pretty particle, don't you think? That thick, coarse, wavy black hair growing in a natural bang

over his forehead would make his fortune if he were a certain kind of young lady."

They followed her to the door, chatting, and Sewell looked quickly out when he opened it for her.

As she shook his hand she broke into another laugh. "Really, you looked as if you were afraid of finding him on the steps!"

"If I could only have got near the poor boy," said Sewell to his wife, as they returned within doors. "If I could only have reached him where he lives, as our slang says! But do what I would, I couldn't find any common ground where we could stand together. We were as unlike as if we were of two different species. I saw that everything I said bewildered him more and more; he couldn't understand me! Our education is unchristian, our civilization is pagan. They both ought to bring us in closer relations with our fellow-creatures, and they both only put us more widely apart! Every one of us dwells in an impenetrable solitude! We understand each other a little if our circumstances are similar, but if they are different all our words leave us dumb and unintelligible."

IV.

Barker walked away from the minister's door without knowing where he was going, and with a heart full of hot pain. He burned with a confused sense of shame and disappointment and anger. It had turned out just as his mother had said: Mr. Sewell would be mighty different in Boston from what he was that day at Willoughby Pastures. There he made Barker think everything of his poetry, and now he pretended to tell him that it was not worth anything; and he kept hinting round that Barker had better go back home and stay there. Did he think he would have left home if there had been anything for him to do there? Had not he as much as told him that he was obliged to find something to make a living by, and help the rest? What was he afraid of? Was he afraid that Barker wanted to come and live off *him?* He could show him that there was no great danger. If he had known how, he would have refused even to stay to dinner.

What made him keep the pictures of these people who had got along, if he thought no one else ought to try? Barker guessed to himself that if that Mr. Agassiz had had to get a living off the farm at Willoughby Pastures, he would have *found* time to make money. What did Mr. Sewell mean by speaking of that Nilsson lady by her surname, without any Miss or Mrs.? Was that the way people talked in Boston?

Mr. Sewell had talked to him as if he were a baby, and did not know anything; and Barker was mad at himself for having staid half a minute after the minister had owned up that he had got the letter he wrote him. He wished he had said, "Well, that's all I want of *you*, sir," and walked right out; but he had not known how to do it. Did they think it was very polite to go on talking with that woman who laughed so much, and forget all about him? Pretty poor sort of manners to eat with her bonnet on, and tell them she hated their victuals.

Barker tried to rage against them in these thoughts, but at the bottom of all was a simple grief that he should have lost the friend whom he thought he had in the minister; the friend he had talked of and dreamed of ever since he had seen and heard him speak those cordial words; the friend he had trusted through all, and had come down to Boston counting upon so much. The tears came into his eyes as he stumbled and scuffled along the brick pavements with his uncouth country walk.

He was walking up a straight, long street, with houses just alike on both sides, and bits of grass before them, that sometimes were gay with late autumn flowers. A horse-car track ran up the middle, and the cars seemed to be tinkling by all the time, and people getting on and off. They were mostly ladies and children, and they were very well dressed. Sometimes they stared at Barker, as they crossed his way in entering or issuing from the houses, but generally no one appeared to notice him. In some of the windows there were flowers in painted pots, and in others little marble images on stands.

There were more images in the garden that Barker came to presently: an image of Washington on horseback, and some orator speaking, with his hand up, and on top of a monument a kind of Turk holding up a man that looked sick. The man was almost naked, but he was not so bad as the image of a woman in a granite basin; it seemed to Barker that it ought not to be allowed there. A great many people of all kinds were passing through the garden, and after some hesitation he went in too, and walked over the bridge that crossed the pond in the middle of the garden, where there were rowboats and boats with images of swans on them. Barker made a sarcastic reflection that Boston seemed to be a great place for images, and passed rather hurriedly through the garden on the other side of the bridge. There were beds of all kinds of flowers scattered about, and they were hardly

touched by the cold yet. If he had been in better heart, he would have liked to look round a little; but he felt strange, being there all alone, and he felt very low-spirited.

He wondered if this were the Public Garden that Mrs. Sewell had spoken of, and if that kind of grove across the street were the Common. He felt much more at home in it, as he wandered up and down the walks, and finally sat down on one of the iron benches beside the path. At first he obscurely doubted whether he had any right to do so, unless he had a lady with him; most of the seats were occupied by couples who seemed to be courting, but he ventured finally to take one; nobody disturbed him, and so he remained.

It was a beautiful October afternoon; the wind, warm and dry, caught the yellow leaves from the trees overhead in little whiffs, and blew them about the grass, which the fall rains had made as green as May; and a pensive golden light streamed through the long loose boughs, and struck across the slopes of the Common. Slight buggies flashed by on the street near which he sat, and glistening carriages, with drivers dressed out in uniform like soldiers, rumbled down its slope.

While he sat looking, now at the street and now at the people sauntering and hurrying to and fro in the Common, he tried to decide a question that had mixed itself up with the formless resentment he had felt ever since Mr. Sewell played him false. It had got out in the neighborhood that he was going to Boston before he left home; his mother must have told it; and people would think he was to be gone a long time. He had warned his mother that he did not know when he should be back, before he started in the morning; and he knew that she would repeat his words to everbody who stopped to ask about him during the day, with what she had said to him in reply: "You better come home to-night, Lem; and I'll have ye a good hot supper waitin' for ye."

The question was whether he should go back on the five o'clock train, which would reach Willoughby Centre after dark, and house himself from public ignominy for one night at least, or whether self-respect did not demand that he should stay in Boston for twenty-four hours at any rate, and see if something would not happen. He had now no distinct hope of anything; but his pride and shame were holding him fast, while the homesickness tugged at his heart, and made him almost forget the poverty that had spurred him to the adventure of coming to Boston. He could see the cows coming home through the swampy meadow as plain as if they were coming across the Common; his mother was calling them; she and his sister were going to milk in his absence, and he could see her now, how she looked going out to call the cows, in her bare, gray head, gaunt of neck and cheek, in the ugly Bloomer dress in which she was not grotesque to his eyes, though it usually affected strangers with stupefaction or alarm. But it all seemed far away, as far as if it were in another planet that he had dropped out of; he was divided from it by his failure and disgrace. He thought he must stay and try for something, he did not know what; but he could not make up his mind to throw away his money for nothing; at the hotel, down by the depot, where he had left his bag, they were going to make him pay fifty cents for just a room alone.

"Any them beats 'round here been trying to come their games on *you?*"

At first Barker could not believe himself accosted, though the young man who spoke stood directly in front of him, and seemed to be speaking to him. He looked up, and the young man added, "Heigh?"

"Beats? I don't know what you mean," said Barker.

"Confidence sharps, young feller. They're 'round everywheres, and don't you forget it. Move up a little!"

Barker was sitting in the middle of the bench, and at this he pushed away from the young man, who had dropped himself sociably beside him. He wore a pair of black pantaloons, very tight in the legs, and widening at the foot so as almost to cover his boots. His coat was deeply braided, and his waistcoat was cut low, so that his plastron-scarf hung out from the shirt-bosom, which it would have done well to cover.

"I tell you, Boston's full of 'em," he said, excitedly. "One of 'em come up to me just now, and says he, 'Seems to me I've seen you before, but I can't place you.' 'Oh yes,' says I, 'I'll tell you where it was. I happened to be in the police court one morning when they was sendin' you up for three months.' I tell you he got round the corner! Might 'a' played checkers on his coat-tail. Why, what do you suppose would been the next thing if I hadn't have let him know I saw through him?" demanded the young man of Barker, who listened to this adventure with imperfect intelligence. "He'd 'a' said, 'Hain't I seen you down Kennebunk way som'eres?' And when I said, 'No, I'm from Leominster!' or whereever I was from if I was green, he'd say, 'Oh yes, so it *was* Leominster. How's the folks?' and he'd try to get me to think that *he* was from Leominster too; and then he'd want me to go off and see the sights with him; and pretty soon he'd meet a feller that

'ud dun him for that money he owed him; and he'd say he hadn't got anything with him but a check for forty dollars; and the other feller'd say he'd got to have his money, and he'd kind of insinuate it was all a put-up job about the check for forty dollars, any way; and that 'ud make the first feller mad, and he'd take out the check, and ask him what he thought o' that; and the other feller'd say, well, it was a good check, but it wa'n't money, and he wanted money; and then the first feller'd say, 'Well, come along to the bank, and get your money,' and the other'd say the bank was shut. 'Well, then,' the first feller'd say, 'well, sir, I ain't a-goin' to ask any favor of *you*. How much *is* your bill?' and the other feller'd say ten dollars, or fifteen, or may be twenty-five, if they thought I had that much, and the first feller'd say, 'Well, here's a gentleman from up my way, and I guess he'll advance me that much on my check if I make it worth his while. He knows me.' And the first thing you know — he's been treatin' you, and so polite, showin' you round, and ast you to go to the theayter — you advance the money, and you keep on with the first feller, and pretty soon he asks you to hold up a minute, he wants to go back and get a cigar; and he goes round the corner, and you hold up, and *hold* up, and in about a half an hour, or may be less time, you begin to smell a rat, and you go for a policeman, and the next morning you find your name in the papers, 'One more unfortunate!' You look out fer 'em, young feller! Wish I *had* let that one go on till he done something so I could handed him over to the cops. It's a shame they're allowed to go 'round, when the cops knows 'em. Hello! There *comes* my mate, *now*." The young man spoke as if they had been talking of his mate and expecting him, and another young man, his counterpart in dress, but of a sullen and heavy demeanor very unlike his own brisk excitement, approached, flapping a bank-note in his hand. "I just been tellin' this young feller about that beat, you know."

"Oh, he's all right," said the mate. "Just seen him down on Tremont street, between two cops. Must ha' caught him in the act."

"You don't say so! Well, that's good, any way. Why! Didn't you get it changed?" demanded the young man with painful surprise as his mate handed him the bank-note.

"No, I didn't. I been to more'n twenty places, and there ain't no small bills nowhere. The last place, I offered 'em twenty-five cents if they'd change it."

"Why didn't you offer 'em fifty? I'd 'a' give fifty, and glad to do it. Why, I've *got* to have this bill changed."

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said the mate, with ironical sympathy, "because I don't see how you're goin' to git it done. Won't you move up a little bit, young feller?" He sat down on the other side of Barker. "I'm about tired out." He took his head between his hands in sign of extreme fatigue, and drooped forward, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

Lemuel's heart beat. Fifty cents would pay for his lodging, and he could stay till the next day and prolong the chance of something turning up without too sinful a waste of money.

"How much is the bill?" he asked.

"Ten dollars," said the young man despondently.

"And will you give me fifty cents if I change it?"

"Well, I *said* I'd give fifty cents," replied the young man gloomily, "and I *will*."

"It's a bargain," said Lemuel promptly, and he took from his pocket the two five-dollar notes that formed his store, and gave them to the young man.

He looked at them critically. "How do I know they're good?" he asked. "You're a stranger to me, young feller, and how do I know you ain't tryin' to beat me?" He looked sternly at Lemuel, but here the mate interposed.

"How does *he* know that you ain't tryin' to beat *him?*" he asked contemptuously. "I never saw such a feller as you are! Here you make me run half over town to change that bill, and now when a gentleman offers to break it for you, you have to go and accuse him of tryin' to put off counterfeit money on you. If I was him I'd see you furder."

"Oh, well, I don't want any words about it. Here, take your money," said the young man. "As long as I said I'd do it, I'll do it. Here's your half a dollar." He put it, with the bank-note, into Lemuel's hand, and rose briskly. "You stay here, Jimmy, till I come back. I won't be gone a minute."

He walked down the mall, and went out of the gate on Tremont street. Then the mate came to himself. "Why, I've *let* him go off with both them bills now, and he owes me one of 'em." With that he rose from Lemuel's side and hurried after his vanishing comrade; before he was out of sight he had broken into a run.

Lemuel sat looking after them, his satisfaction in the affair alloyed by dislike of the haste with which it had been transacted. His rustic mind worked slowly; it was not wholly content even with a result in its own favor, where the process had been so rapid; he was scarcely able to fix the point at which the

talk ceased to be a warning against beats and became his opportunity for speculation. He did not feel quite right at having taken the fellow's half-dollar; and yet a bargain was a bargain. Nevertheless, if the fellow wanted to rue it, Lemuel would give him fifteen minutes to come back and get his money; and he sat for that space of time where the others had left him. He was not going to be mean; and he might have waited a little longer if it had not been for the behavior of two girls who came up and sat down on the same bench with him. They could not have been above fifteen or sixteen years old, and Lemuel thought they were very pretty, but they talked so, and laughed so loud, and scuffled with each other for the paper of chocolate which one of them took out of her pocket, that Lemuel, after first being abashed by the fact that they were city girls, became disgusted with them. He was a stickler for propriety of behavior among girls; his mother had taught him to despise anything like carrying-on among them, and at twenty he was as severely virginal in his morality as if he had been twelve.

People looked back at these tomboys when they had got by; and some shabby young fellows exchanged saucy speeches with them. When Lemuel got up and walked away in reproving dignity, one of the hoydens bounced into his place, and they both sent a cry of derision after him. But Lemuel would not give them the satisfaction of letting them know that he heard them, and at the same time he was not going to let them suppose that they had driven him away. He went very slowly down to the street where a great many horse-cars were passing to and fro, and waited for one marked "Fitchburg, Lowell, and Eastern Depots." He was not going to take it; but he meant to follow it on its way to those stations, in the neighborhood of which was the hotel where he had left his traveling-bag. He had told them that he might take a room there, or he might not; now since he had this half-dollar extra he thought that he would stay for the night; it probably would not be any cheaper at the other hotels.

He ran against a good many people in trying to keep the car in sight, but by leaving the sidewalk from time to time where it was most crowded, he managed not to fall very much behind; the worst was that the track went crooking and turning about so much in different streets, that he began to lose faith in its direction, and to be afraid, in spite of the sign on its side, that the car was not going to the depots after all. But it came in sight of them at last, and then Lemuel, blown with the chase but secure of his ground, stopped and rested himself against the side of a wall to get his breath. The pursuit had been very exhausting, and at times it had been mortifying; for here and there people who saw him running after the car had supposed he wished to board it, and in their good-nature had hailed and stopped it. After this had happened twice or thrice, Lemuel perceived that he was an object of contempt to the passengers in the car; but he did not know what to do about it; he was not going to pay six cents to ride when he could just as well walk, and on the other hand he dared not lose sight of the car, for he had no other means of finding his way back to his hotel.

But he was all right now, as he leaned against the house-wall, panting, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief; he saw his hotel a little way down the street, and he did not feel anxious about it.

"Gave you the slip after all," said a passer, who had apparently been interested in Lemuel's adventure.

"Oh, I didn't want to catch it," said Lemuel.

"Ah, merely fond of exercise," said the stranger. "Well, it's a very good thing, if you don't overdo it." He walked by, and then after a glance at Lemuel over his shoulder, he returned to him. "May I ask why you wanted to chase the car, if you didn't want to catch it?"

Lemuel hesitated; he did not like to confide in a total stranger; this gentleman looked kind and friendly, but he was all the more likely on that account to be a beat; the expression was probably such as a beat would put on in approaching his intended prey. "Oh, nothing," said Lemuel evasively.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, and he walked away with what Lemuel could only conjecture was the air of a baffled beat.

He waited till he was safely out of sight, and then followed on down the street towards his hotel. When he reached it he walked boldly up to the clerk's desk, and said that he guessed he would take a room for the night, and gave him the check for his bag that he had received in leaving it there.

The clerk wrote the number of a room against Lemuel's name in the register, and then glanced at the bag. It was a large bag of oil-cloth, a kind of bag which is by nature lank and hollow, and must be made almost insupportably heavy before it shows any signs of repletion. The shirt and pair of every-day pantaloons which Lemuel had dropped that morning into its voracious maw made no apparent effect there, as the clerk

held it up and twirled it on the crook of his thumb.

"I guess I shall have to get the money for that room in advance," he said, regarding the bag very critically. However he might have been wounded by the doubt of his honesty or his solvency implied in this speech, Lemuel said nothing, but took out his ten-dollar note and handed it to the clerk. The latter said apologetically, "It's one of our rules, where there isn't baggage," and then glancing at the note he flung it quickly across the counter to Lemuel. "That won't do!"

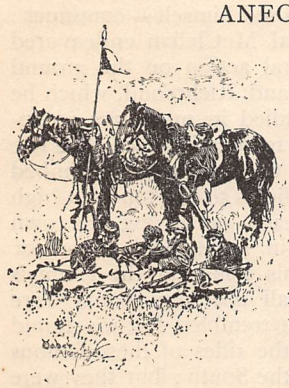
"Won't do?" repeated Lemuel, taking up the bill.

"Counterfeit," said the clerk.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

ANECDOTES OF McCLELLAN'S BRAVERY.



LANCER-SCOUTS.

THE first distinct recollection I have of General McClellan is connected with an incident in the Mexican War which impressed his personality upon my mind so sharply that I have never forgotten it. Of course I had seen him before, as on the occasion referred to I recognized and spoke familiarly to him, but when and where I cannot with certainty say.

McClellan was attached as a lieutenant to the company of sappers and miners, the first engineer troops raised in our army under the organization of 1821. This company was engaged in 1846–7, soon after its recruitment, in opening the road from Matamoras to Tampico, Mexico; then at the siege of Vera Cruz, and either there or at Cerro Gordo I must have met McClellan for the first time. After the battle of Cerro Gordo Worth's division, to which I belonged, was sent forward in advance, seized the castle and town of Perote, and remained some weeks at Tepeyahualco, twenty miles beyond, while General Scott at Jalapa was reorganizing his army for an advance to Puebla. Near the middle of May, Worth's division resumed its march, followed by a large wagon train, a day in the rear, which was accompanied by General Quitman's small division.

On reaching Amozoque, fifteen miles from Puebla, news was received that Santa Anna with the rear-guard of the Mexican army — a cavalry force — was about withdrawing from Puebla towards the city of Mexico, and a commission from the council arrived to arrange for the surrender of the town. General Worth remained a day to complete arrangements, and in the meantime the troops put themselves in good order for their entrance to so considerable a place. As the days were long we arranged for a rather late start on the next morning, and as I left my quarters early I saw McClellan riding past in company with a large, fine-looking Mexican officer whom I took for one of the commissioners. They were followed by a mounted orderly. After bowing to the Mexican I said to McClellan, "You are out early this morning." And he replied quietly, "I have been a little way down the road." I was struck with and noted his appearance. A slight, youthful figure which had not yet attained its full growth, for he was not yet twenty-one. He had graduated at West Point the preceding July, with the reputation of having a brilliant as well as a solid mind, and his bright eye and intelligent expression seemed to justify the reputation. They passed on toward General Worth's quarters, and in a few moments the "long-roll" was beaten, taken up by the drums of the different regiments, and in a short time the division was under arms, staff-officers hurrying off; and soon came the report from the pickets that the enemy was advancing in heavy force. On pushing out of the village our eyes were greeted by an imposing spectacle — some 2500 cavalry forming up, apparently for attack. At that time, it may be noted, "a little army went a great way"; and so a good strong brigade of cavalry produced a decided sensation,— no doubt the more impressive from its sudden and wholly unexpected appearance. I heard soon after that "that boy McClellan" had, according to his custom of looking sharply about him, ridden out early on the Puebla road. He soon came to a narrow ridge of high ground or hills at the end of which the road forked. After riding some distance on the main road he turned up a ravine to take a look at the other side of the ridge, when he suddenly came upon a Mexican engineer officer. Taking in the situation at a glance, he dashed forward, and with his large American horse rode down his opponent, disarmed him, and handed him over to his orderly; whilst he himself climbed to the summit and there saw approaching, by

the other and least-used fork, a heavy body of cavalry. Returning at once with his prisoner to headquarters, he reported the facts to General Worth, who immediately turned out his division and sent word to General Quitman, who was now approaching. It seems that Santa Anna thought he had a favorable opportunity to pass Worth on the march unseen and strike the wagon train; so instead of marching west toward the city of Mexico he had marched east, without any regard to the engagements of the town council. The Mexican engineer officer was enacting the same part as McClellan—"scouting." Santa Anna, finding that his *coup* had failed, withdrew after the exchange of a few cannon-shots, resumed his march to the city of Mexico, and General Worth that day occupied Puebla.

In the subsequent operations in the valley of Mexico McClellan's reputation was rather one for personal intrepidity than for other qualities, which was natural in a junior lieutenant of a company. Still he was active in all the duties of an engineer, and was awarded the two brevets of first-lieutenant and captain, the latter of which he declined because, as I heard at the time, his company commander had not received a similar brevet. This omission being corrected so that their relative rank was not changed, he accepted his captaincy.

In 1852 he accompanied Captain Marcy in the exploration of the sources of the Red River, which separates Texas from the Indian Territory. When stationed in this territory a few years after, I was asked by an old hunter what had become of Captain McClellan. On my informing him that I had not met the captain since the Mexican War he said, "Well, he is a mighty plucky little man," and gave me an account of a hunt by the two captains. They left camp together, and separating a short distance, Captain Marcy tried his fawn-bleat in hopes of calling up a doe. Hearing a rustle through the prairie grass he thought he had been successful, but found that he had called in another hunter, in the shape of a panther, or, as the man called it, "a big painter, a monstrous ugly customer," which came bounding towards him. Marcy fired and, the beast rolling over, uttered a shout of triumph, which soon called McClellan to his side, when suddenly the "painter," which had only been stunned, made the fact known by a sudden attack, before Marcy had reloaded. McClellan fired, missed, and as promptly as in the case of the Mexican, took in the situation, clubbed his rifle, met the animal half-way, and broke both the animal's head and the rifle, but bagged the game. I heard the incident spoken of repeatedly in that country as one showing great activity, courage, and presence of mind.

He showed this same habit of personal exposure when the circumstances justified it,—and sometimes when they did not,—after he was placed at the head of a great army. He reconnoitered boldly, and none went nearer the enemy nor ran more risks than he on such duty. Of this trait the Prince de Joinville gave an instance in an article printed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" soon after the Peninsula Campaign. Speaking of the measures taken by McClellan after Fair Oaks, the prince—who was also noted for the freedom with which he exposed himself—continues: "This done, General McClellan endeavored to provoke a general action on the ground between his army and Richmond, which he had thoroughly studied in numerous reconnaissances. These reconnaissances gave rise to many incidents. Once the general climbed with some of his officers to the top of a high tree, and there, each occupying his own branch, field-glass in hand, held a sort of council of war. This was near the enemy's pickets, to whom all our movements were perfectly plain. We trembled lest we should hear the crack of the rifles of these famous squirrel-hunters of the South; but they were magnanimous, and the reconnaissance terminated without disagreeable consequences."

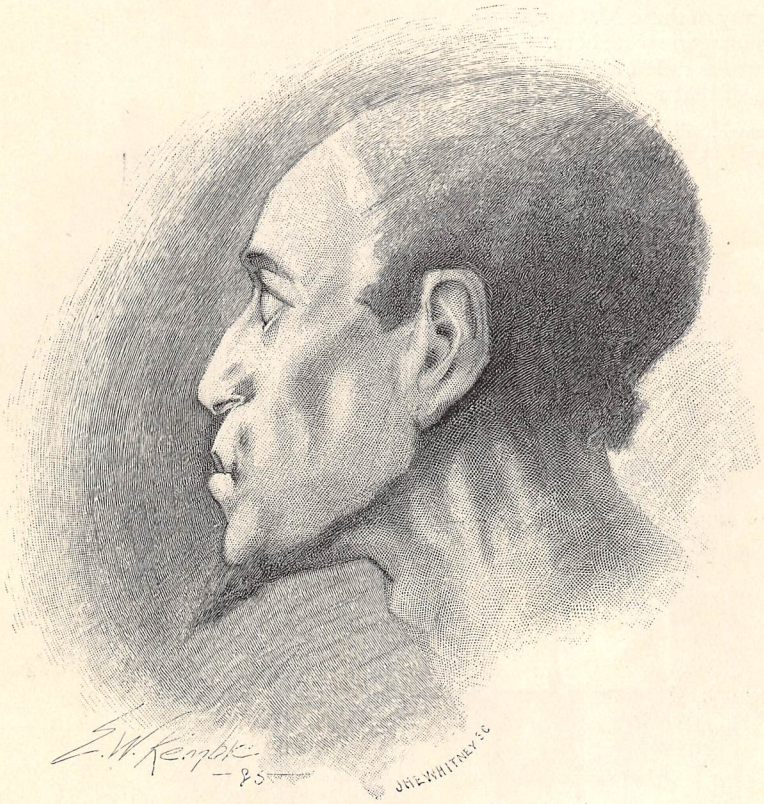
I know of others myself, and am a competent witness to one of them. At Yorktown, being out one day with a member of his staff, I joined them. The general approached closer and closer to the works on which the enemy were engaged, diminishing from time to time the number of his followers, until we two only were left. We dismounted, crept along under cover of the ravines and bushes until close to the works, when he thought it would be imprudent for more than one to advance farther, and directed me to stop and await his return. I remonstrated and told him I would go forward, but he insisted, and leaving me was soon beyond my sight. After a time, much to my relief on my own account as well as his, he returned and we silently withdrew. He had got immediately below the works, got a sight of their armaments, of the character of the works, and could hear the conversation of the men. At a later period of the war this special trait of McClellan's character was once suddenly recalled to my mind by an abrupt speech of an engineer officer, still living, to the then commander of the army. The engineer had made a very close and dangerous reconnaissance and was reporting its result, when the general said he was mistaken on a certain point. The officer insisted that he was right, when the general rather tartly said he was mistaken, and quoted his authority. This nettled the engineer, who replied at once: "I

don't care what —— says; I risked my life to find out how this was. Why don't you examine such an important point yourself? *McClellan always did.*" This closed the discussion very promptly.

This trait, well known to his troops, and the further fact that it was utilized for their benefit,—that he was careful not to expose them without full knowledge of the work he put them upon, and that intelligent care was taken to provide against the effects of reverses,—were powerful elements in confirming the confidence he had inspired from the beginning, and it fixed the affection and devotion for his person, which has rarely been equaled in the history of armies.

Z.

THE DANCE IN PLACE CONGO.



A MANDINGO.

I.

CONGO SQUARE.

WHOEVER has been to New Orleans with eyes not totally abandoned to buying and selling will, of course, remember St. Louis Cathedral, looking south-eastward — riverward — across quaint Jackson Square, the old Place d'Armes. And if he has any feeling for flowers, he has not forgotten the little garden behind the cathedral, so antique and unexpected, named for the beloved old priest Père Antoine.

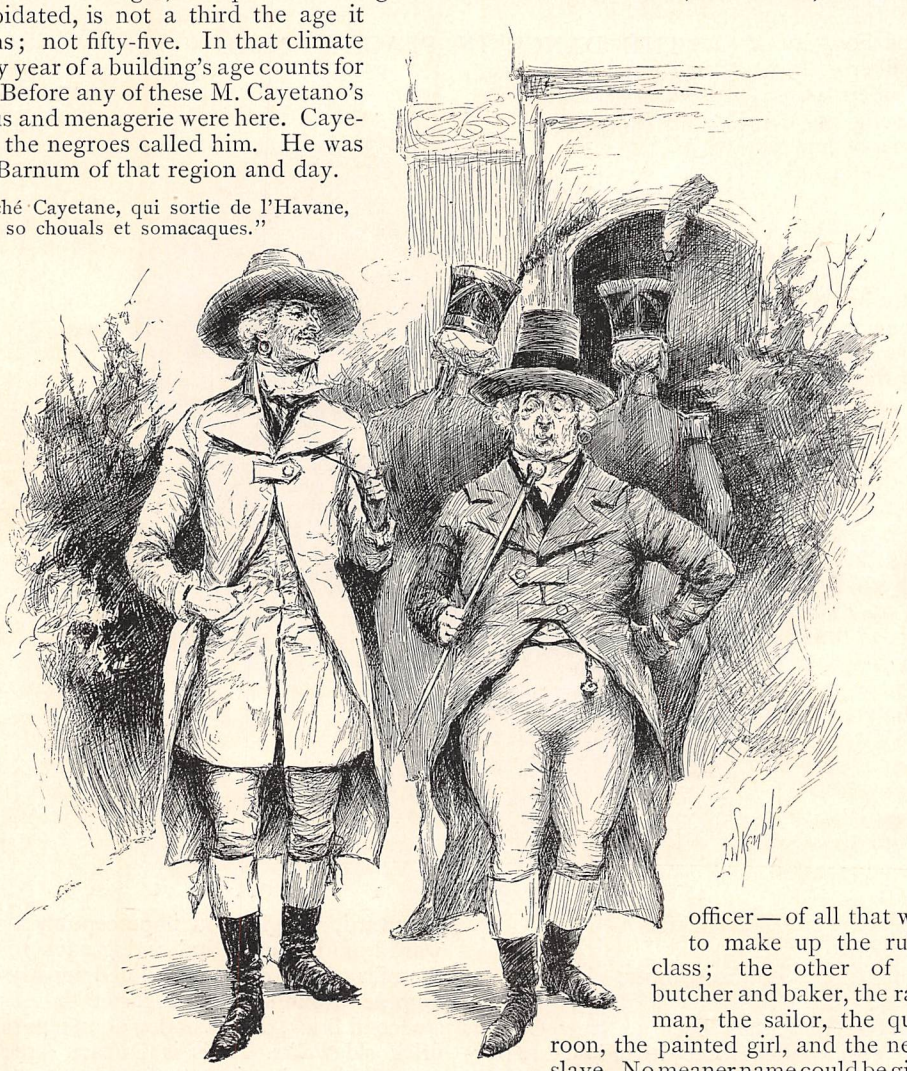
The old Rue Royale lies across the sleeping garden's foot. On the street's farther side another street lets away at right angles, northwestward, straight, and imperceptibly downward from the cathedral and garden toward the rear of the city. It is lined mostly with humble ground-floor-and-garret houses of stuccoed brick, their wooden doorsteps on the brick sidewalks. This is Orleans street, so named when the city was founded.

Its rugged round-stone pavement is at times nearly as sunny and silent as the landward side of a coral reef. Thus for about half a mile; and then Rampart street, where the palisade wall of the town used to run in Spanish days, crosses it, and a public square just beyond draws a grateful canopy of oak and sycamore boughs. That is the place. One may shut his buff umbrella there, wipe the beading sweat from the brow, and fan himself with his

hat. Many's the bull-fight has taken place on that spot Sunday afternoons of the old time. That is Congo Square.

The trees are modern. So are the buildings about the four sides, for all their aged looks. So are all the grounds' adornments. Trémé market, off, beyond, toward the swamp, is not so very old, and the scowling, ill-smelling prison on the right, so Spanish-looking and dilapidated, is not a third the age it seems; not fifty-five. In that climate every year of a building's age counts for ten. Before any of these M. Cayetano's circus and menagerie were here. Cayetane the negroes called him. He was the Barnum of that region and day.

"Miché Cayetane, qui sortie de l'Havane,
Avec so chouals et somacaques."



"THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE RICH MAN."

That is, "who came from Havana with his horses and baboons."

Up at the other end of Orleans street, hid only by the old padre's garden and the cathedral, glistens the ancient Place d'Armes. In the early days it stood for all that was best; the place for political rallying, the retail quarter of all fine goods and wares, and at sunset and by moonlight the promenade of good society and the haunt of true lovers; not only in the military, but also in the most unwarlike sense the place of arms, and of hearts and hands, and of words tender as well as words noble.

The Place Congo, at the opposite end of the street, was at the opposite end of everything. One was on the highest ground; the other on the lowest. The one was the rendezvous of the rich man, the master, the military officer — of all that went to make up the ruling class; the other of the butcher and baker, the raftsman, the sailor, the quadroon, the painted girl, and the negro slave. No meaner name could be given the spot. The negro was the most despised of human creatures and the Congo the plebeian among negroes. The white man's plaza had the army and navy on its right and left, the court-house, the council-hall and the church at its back, and the world before it. The black man's was outside the rear gate, the poisonous wilderness on three sides and the proud man's contumely on its front.

Before the city overgrew its flimsy palisade

walls, and closing in about this old stamping-ground gave it set bounds, it was known as Congo Plains. There was wide room for much field sport, and the Indian villagers of the town's outskirts and the lower class of white Creoles made it the ground of their wild ball game of *raquette*. Sunday afternoons were the time for it. Hence, beside these diversions there was, notably, another.

The hour was the slave's term of momentary liberty, and his simple, savage, musical and superstitious nature dedicated it to amatory song and dance tinctured with his rude notions of supernatural influences.

II.

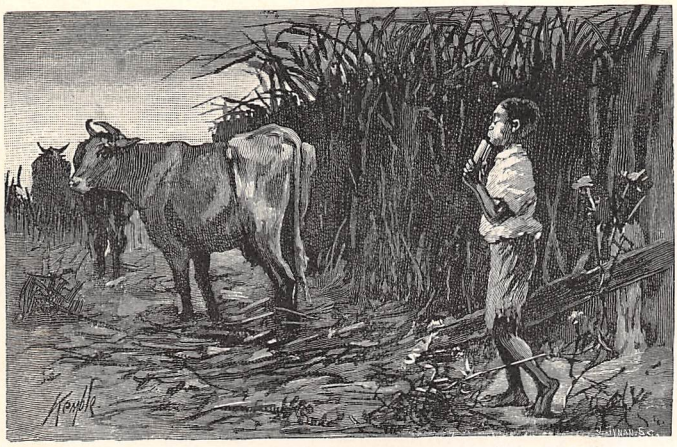
GRAND ORCHESTRA.

THE booming of African drums and blast of huge wooden horns called to the gathering. It was these notes of invitation, reaching beyond those of other outlandish instruments, that caught the Ethiopian ear, put alacrity into the dark foot, and brought their owners, male and female, trooping from all quarters. The drums were very long, hollowed, often from a single piece of wood, open at one end and having a sheep or goat skin stretched across the other. One was large, the other much smaller. The tight skin heads were not held up to be struck; the drums were laid along on the turf and the drummers bestrode them, and beat them on the head madly with fingers, fists, and feet,— with slow vehemence on the great drum, and fiercely and rapidly on the small one. Sometimes an extra performer sat on the ground behind the larger drum, at its open end, and "beat upon the wooden sides of it with two sticks." The smaller drum was often made from a joint or two of very large bamboo, in the West Indies where such could be got, and this is said to be the origin of its name; for it was called the *Bamboula*.

In stolen hours of night or the basking-hour of noon the black man contrived to fashion these rude instruments and others. The drummers, I say, bestrode the drums; the other musicians sat about them in an arc, cross-legged on the ground. One important instrument was a gourd partly filled with pebbles or grains of corn, flourished violently at the end of a stout staff with one hand and beaten upon the palm of the other. Other performers rang triangles, and others twanged from jew's-harps an astonishing amount of sound. Another instrument was the jawbone of some ox, horse, or mule, and a key rattled rhythmically along its weather-beaten teeth. At times the drums were reënforced by one or more empty barrels or casks beaten on the head with the shank-bones of cattle.

A queer thing that went with these when the affair was pretentious — full dress, as it were — at least it was so in the West Indies, whence Congo Plains drew all inspirations — was the Marimba brett, a union of reed and string principles. A single strand of wire ran lengthwise of a bit of wooden board, sometimes a shallow box of thin wood, some eight inches long by four or five in width, across which, under the wire, were several joints of reed about a quarter of an inch in diameter and of graduated lengths. The performer, sitting cross-legged, held the board in both hands and plucked the ends of the reeds with his thumb-nails. The result was called — music.

But the grand instrument at last, the first violin, as one might say, was the banjo. It had but four strings, not six: beware of the dictionary. It is not the "favorite musical instrument of the negroes of the Southern States of America." Uncle Remus says truly that



BLOWING THE QUILLS.



A FIELD-HAND.

that is the fiddle; but for the true African dance, a dance not so much of legs and feet as of the upper half of the body, a sensual, devilish thing tolerated only by Latin-American masters, there was wanted the dark inspiration of African drums and the banjo's thrump and strum.

And then there was that long-drawn human cry of tremendous volume, richness, and resound, to which no instrument within their reach could make the faintest approach:

"Eh! pou' la belle Layotte ma mourri 'nocent,
Oui 'nocent ma mourri!"

all the instruments silent while it rises and swells with mighty energy and dies away distantly, "Yea-a-a-a-a-a!" — then the crash of savage drums, horns, and rattles —

"For the fair Layotte I must crazy die!
Yes, crazy I must die!"

To all this there was sometimes added a Pan's-pipe of but three reeds, made from single





A CONGO WOMAN.

joints of the common brake cane, and called by English-speaking negroes "the quills." One may even at this day hear the black lad, sauntering home at sunset behind a few cows that he has found near the edge of the cane-brake whence he has also cut his three quills, blowing and hooting, over and over,—

But to show how far the art of playing the "quills" could be carried, if we are not going too much aside, see this "quill tune" (page 529), given me by Mr. Krehbiel, musical critic of the "New York Tribune," and got by him from a gentleman who heard it in Alabama.

Such was the full band. All the values of



contrast that discord can furnish must have been present, with whatever there is of ecstasy in maddening repetition, for of this the African can never have too much.

And yet there was entertaining variety. Where? In the dance! There was constant, exhilarating novelty — endless invention — in the turning, bowing, arm-swinging, posturing and leaping of the dancers. Moreover, the music of Congo Plains was not tamed to mere monotone. Monotone became subordinate to many striking qualities. The strain was wild. Its contact with French taste gave it often great tenderness of sentiment. It grew in fervor, and rose and sank, and rose again, with the play of emotion in the singers and dancers.

III.

THE GATHERING.

IT was a weird one. The negro of colonial Louisiana was a most grotesque figure. He was nearly naked. Often his neck and arms, thighs, shanks, and splay feet were shrunken, tough, sinewy like a monkey's. Sometimes it was scant diet and cruel labor that had made them so. Even the requirement of law was only that he should have not less than a barrel of corn — nothing else,— a month, nor get more than thirty lashes to the twenty-four hours. The whole world was crueler those times than now; we must not judge them by our own.

Often the slave's attire was only a cotton shirt, or a pair of pantaloons hanging in indecent tatters to his naked waist. The bondwoman was well clad who had on as much as a coarse chemise and petticoat. To add a *tignon* — a Madras handkerchief twisted into a turban — was high gentility, and the number of kerchiefs beyond that one was the measure of absolute wealth. Some were rich in *tignons;* especially those who served within the house, and pleased the mistress, or even the master — there were Hagars in those days. However, Congo Plains did not gather the house-servants so much as the "field-hands."

These came in troops. See them; wilder than gypsies; wilder than the Moors and Arabs whose strong blood and features one sees at a glance in so many of them; gangs — as they were called — gangs and gangs of them, from this and that and yonder direction; tall, well-knit Senegalese from Cape Verde, black as ebony, with intelligent, kindly eyes and long, straight, shapely noses; Mandingoes, from the Gambia River, lighter of color, of cruder form, and a cunning that shows in the countenance; whose enslavement seems specially a shame, their nation the "merchants of Africa," dwelling in towns, industrious, thrifty, skilled in commerce and husbandry, and expert in the working of metals, even to silver and gold; and Foulahs, playfully miscalled "*Poulards*," — fat chickens, — of goodly stature, and with a perceptible rose tint in the cheeks; and Sosos, famous warriors, dexterous with the African targe; and in contrast to these, with small ears, thick eyebrows, bright eyes, flat, upturned noses, shining skin, wide mouths and white teeth, the negroes of Guinea, true and unmixed, from the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast, and the Cape of Palms — not from the Grain Coast; the English had that trade. See them come! Popoes, Cotocolies, Fidas, Socoes, Agwas, short, copper-colored Mines — what havoc the slavers did make! — and from interior Africa others equally proud and warlike: fierce Nagoes and Fonds; tawny Awassas; Iboes, so light-colored that one could not tell them from mulattoes but for their national tattooing; and the half-civilized and quick-witted but ferocious Arada, the original Voudou worshiper. And how many more! For here come, also, men and women from all that great Congo coast,— Angola, Malimbe, Ambrice, etc.,— small, good-natured, sprightly "boys," and gay, garrulous "gals," thick-lipped but not tattooed; chattering, chaffering, singing, and guffawing as they come: these are they for whom the dance and the place are named, the most numerous sort of negro in the colonies, the Congoes and Franc-Congoes, and though serpent worshipers, yet the gentlest and kindliest natures that came from Africa. Such was the company. Among these *bossals* — that is, native Africans — there was, of course, an ever-growing number of negroes who proudly called themselves Creole negroes, that is, born in America;* and at the present time there is only here and there an old native African to be met with, vain of his singularity and trembling on his staff.

IV.

THE BAMBOULA.

THE gathering throng closed in around, leaving unoccupied the circle indicated by the crescent of musicians. The short, harsh turf was the dancing-floor. The crowd stood. Fancy the picture. The pack of dark, tattered

* This broader use of the term is very common. The Creole "dialect" is the broken English *of the Creoles*, while the Creole *patois* is the corrupt French, not of the Creoles, but rather of the former slave race in the country of the Creoles. So of Creole negroes and Creole dances and songs.

figures touched off every here and there with the bright colors of a Madras *tignon*. The squatting, cross-legged musicians. The low-roofed, embowered town off in front, with here and there a spire lifting a finger of feeble remonstrance; the flat, grassy plain stretching around and behind, dotted with black stumps; in the distance the pale-green willow undergrowth, behind it the *cyprière* — the cypress swamp — and in the pale, seven-times-heated sky the sun, only a little declined to south and westward, pouring down its beams.

With what particular musical movements the occasion began does not now appear. May be with very slow and measured ones; they had such that were strange and typical. I have heard the negroes sing one — though it was not of the dance-ground but of the cane-field — that showed the emphatic barbarism of five bars to the line, and was confined to four notes of the open horn.*

But I can only say that with some such slow and quiet strain the dance may have been preluded. It suits the Ethiopian fancy for a beginning to be dull and repetitious; the bottom of the ladder must be on the ground.

The singers almost at the first note are many. At the end of the first line every voice is lifted up. The strain is given the second time with growing spirit. Yonder glistening black Hercules, who plants one foot forward, lifts his head and bare, shining chest, and rolls out the song from a mouth and throat like a cavern, is a *candio*, a chief, or was before he was overthrown in battle and dragged away, his village burning behind him, from the mountains of High Soudan. That is an African amulet that hangs about his neck — a *greegree*. He is of the Bambaras, as you may know by his solemn visage and the long tattoo streaks running down from the temples to the neck, broadest in the middle, like knife-gashes. See his play of restrained enthusiasm catch from one bystander to another. They swing and bow to right and left, in slow time to the piercing treble of the Congo women. Some are responsive; others are competitive. Hear that bare foot slap the ground! one sudden stroke only, as it were the foot of a stag. The musicians warm up at the sound. A smiting of breasts with open hands begins very softly and becomes vigorous. The women's voices rise to a tremulous intensity. Among the chorus of Franc-Congo singing-girls is one of extra good voice, who thrusts in, now and again, an improvisation. This girl here, so tall and straight, is a Yaloff. You see it in her almost Hindoo features, and hear it in the plaintive melody of her voice. Now the chorus is more piercing than ever. The women clap their hands in time, or standing with arms akimbo receive with faint courtesies and head-liftings the low bows of the men, who deliver them swinging this way and that.

See! Yonder brisk and sinewy fellow has taken one short, nervy step into the ring, chanting with rising energy. Now he takes another, and stands and sings and looks here and there, rising upon his broad toes and sinking and rising again, with what wonderful lightness! How tall and lithe he is. Notice his brawn shining through his rags. He too, is a *candio*, and by the three long rays of tattooing on each side of his face, a Kiamba. The music has got into his feet. He moves off to the farther edge of the circle, still singing, takes the prompt hand of an unsmiling Congo girl, leads her into the ring, and leaving the chant to the throng, stands her before him for the dance.

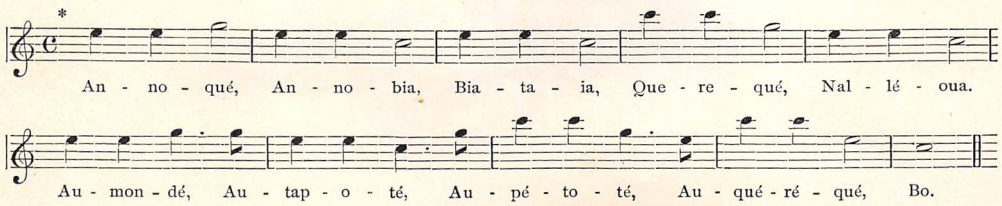
Will they dance to that measure? Wait! A sudden frenzy seizes the musicians. The measure quickens, the swaying, attitudinizing crowd starts into extra activity, the female voices grow sharp and staccato, and suddenly the dance is the furious Bamboula. (See page 529.)

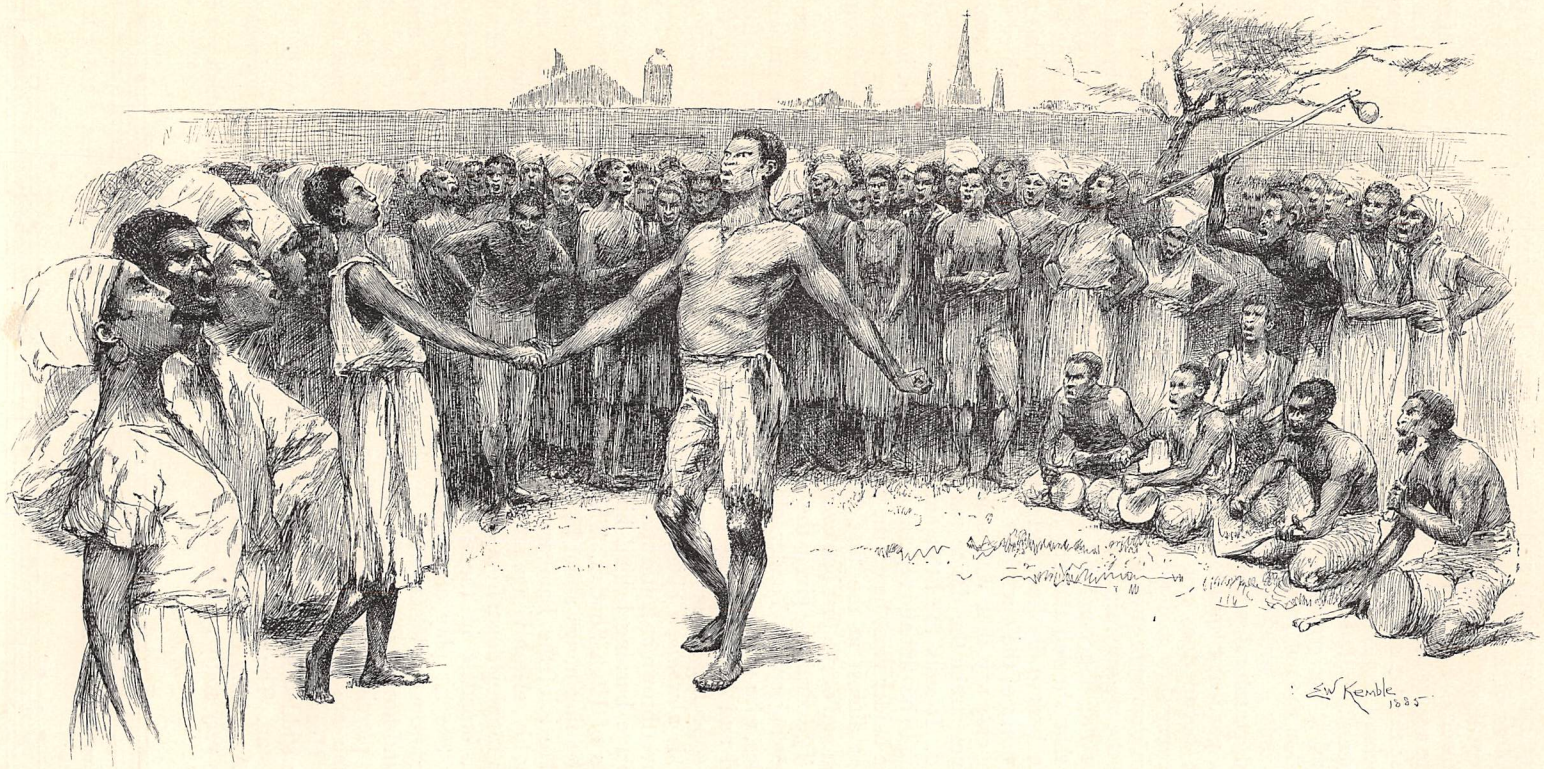
Now for the frantic leaps! Now for frenzy! Another pair are in the ring! The man wears a belt of little bells, or, as a substitute, little tin vials of shot, "bram-bram sonnette!" And still another couple enter the circle. What wild — what terrible delight! The ecstasy rises to madness; one — two — three of the dancers fall — *bloucoutoum! boum!* — with foam on their lips and are dragged out by arms and legs from under the tumultuous feet of crowding new-comers. The musicians know no fatigue; still the dance rages on:

"Quand patate la cuite na va mangé li!"

And all to that one nonsense line meaning only,

"When that 'tater's cooked don't you eat it up!"





THE BAMBOULA.

It was a frightful triumph of body over mind, even in those early days when the slave was still a genuine pagan; but as his moral education gave him some hint of its enormity, and it became a forbidden fruit monopolized by those of reprobate will, it grew everywhere more and more gross. No wonder the police stopped it in Congo Square. Only the music deserved to survive, and does survive — coin snatched out of the mire. The one just given, Gottschalk first drew from oblivion. I have never heard another to know it as a bamboula; but Mr. Charles P. Ware, in "Slave Songs of the United States," has printed one got from Louisiana, whose characteristics resemble the bamboula reclaimed by Gottschalk in so many points that here is the best place for it:* As much as to say, in English, "Look at that darky," — we have to lose the saucy double meaning between *mulet* (mule) and *mulâtre* (mulatto)—

"Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs!
Hat cocked on one side, Mr. Banjo,
Walking-stick in hand, Mr. Banjo,
Boots that go 'crank, crank,' Mr. Banjo,—
Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs!"

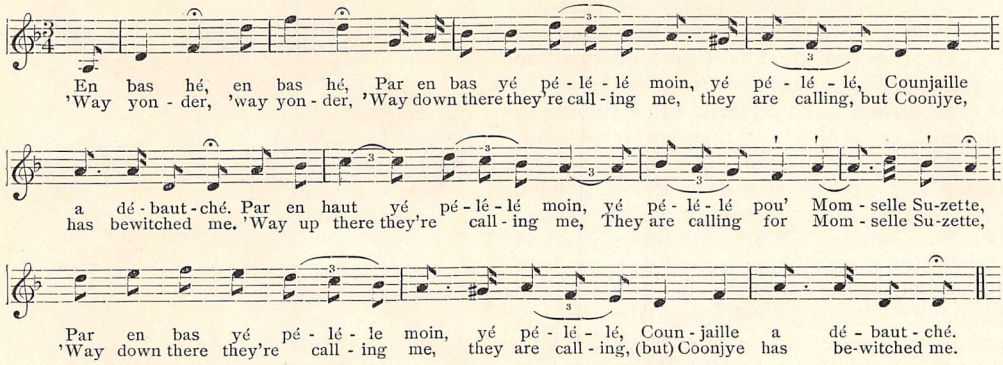


THE LOVE SONG.

It is odd that such fantastical comicality of words should have been mated to such fierce and frantic dancing, but so it was. The reeking faces of the dancers, moreover, always solemnly grave. So we must picture it now if we still fancy ourselves spectators on Congo Plains. The bamboula still roars and rattles, twangs, contorts, and tumbles in terrible earnest, while we stand and talk. So, on and on. Will they dance nothing else? Ah! — the music changes. The rhythm stretches out heathenish and ragged. The quick contagion is caught by a few in the crowd, who take it up with spirited smitings of the bare sole upon the ground, and of open hands upon the thighs. From a spot near the musicians a single male voice, heavy and sonorous, rises in improvisation,— the Mandingoes brought that art from Africa,— and in a moment many others have joined in refrain, male voices in rolling, bellowing resonance, female responding in high, piercing unison. Partners are stepping into the ring. How strangely the French language is corrupted on the thick negro tongue,



as with waving arms they suit gesture to word and chant (the translation is free, but so is the singing and posturing):



and chanting and swinging and writhing has risen with it, and the song is changed. (See RÉMON, page 530.)

V.

THE COUNJAILLE.

SUDDENLY the song changes. The rhythm sweeps away long and smooth like a river escaped from its rapids, and in new spirit, with louder drum-beat and more jocund rattle, the voices roll up into the sky and the dancers are at it. Aye, ya, yi!*

I could give four verses, but let one suffice; it is from a manuscript copy of the words, probably a hundred years old, that fell into my hands through the courtesy of a Creole lady some two years ago. It is one of the best known of all the old Counjaille songs. The four verses would not complete it. The Counjaille was never complete, and found its end, for the time being, only in the caprice of the improvisator, whose rich, stentorian voice sounded alone between the refrains.

But while we discourse other couples have stepped into the grassy arena, the instrumental din has risen to a fresh height of inspiration, the posing and thigh-beating and breast-patting

But the dance is not changed, and love is still the theme. Sweat streams from the black brows, down the shining black necks and throats, upon the men's bared chests, and into dark, unstayed bosoms. Time wears, shadows lengthen; but the movement is brisker than ever, and the big feet and bent shanks are as light as thistles on the air. Let one flag, another has his place, and a new song gives new vehemence, new inventions in steps, turns, and attitudes.

More stanzas could be added in the original *patois*, but here is a translation into African English as spoken by the Creole negro:

CHORUS. I done been 'roun' to evvy spot
Don't foun' nair match fo' sweet Layotte. } *Bis.*

SOLO. I done hunt all dis settle*ment*
All de way 'roun' fum Pierre Soniat';
Never see yalla gal w'at kin
'Gin to lay 'longside sweet Layotte.
I done been, etc.

SOLO. I yeh dey talk 'bout 'Loïse gal—
Loïse, w'at b'long to Pierre Soniat';
I see her, but she can't biggin
Stan' up 'longside my sweet Layotte.
I done been, etc.





A MARCHANDE DES CALAS.

SOLO. I been meet up wid John Bayou,
Say to him, "John Bayou, my son,
Yalla gal nevva meet yo' view
Got a face lak dat chahmin' one!"
I done been, etc.

The fair Layotte appears not only in other versions of this *counjaille* but in other songs. (See MA MOURRI, page 531.)

Or in English:

Well I know, young men, I must die,
Yes, crazy, I must die.
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,
Yes, crazy, I must die. Eh-h-h-h!
For the fair Layotte, I must crazy die,— Yes, etc.
Well I know, young men, I must die,— Yes, etc.
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,
I must die for the fair Layotte.

VI.

THE CALINDA.

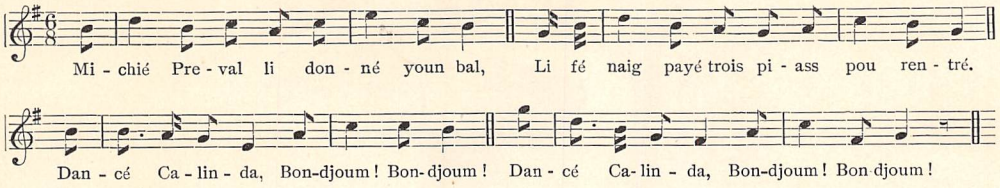
THERE were other dances. Only a few years ago I was honored with an invitation, which I had to decline, to see danced the Babouille, the Cata (or Chacta), the Counjaille, and the Calinda. Then there were the Voudou, and the Congo, to describe which would not be pleasant. The latter, called Congo also in Cayenne, Chica in San Domingo, and in the Windward Islands confused under one name with the Calinda, was a kind of Fandango, they say, in which the Madras kerchief held by its tip-ends played a graceful part.

The true Calinda was bad enough. In Louisiana, at least, its song was always a grossly personal satirical ballad, and it was the favorite dance all the way from there to Trinidad. To dance it publicly is not allowed this side the West Indies. All this Congo Square business was suppressed at one time; 1843, says tradition.

The Calinda was a dance of multitude, a sort of vehement cotillion. The contortions of the encircling crowd were strange and terrible, the din was hideous. One Calinda is still familiar to all Creole ears; it has long been a vehicle for the white Creole's satire; for generations the man of municipal politics was fortunate who escaped entirely a lampooning set to its air.

In my childhood I used, at one time, to hear,

every morning, a certain black *marchande des calas* — peddler-woman selling rice croquettes — chanting the song as she moved from street to street at the sunrise hour with her broad, shallow, laden basket balanced on her head.



In other words, a certain Judge Preval gave a ball — not an outdoor Congo dance — and made such Cuffees as could pay three dollars a ticket. It doesn't rhyme, but it was probably true. "Dance, dance the Calindá! Boujoum! Boujoum!"

The number of stanzas has never been counted; here are a few of them.

"Dans l'equirie la 'y' avé grand gala;
Mo cré choual la yé t b'en étonné.

Miché Preval, li té capitaine bal;
So cocher Louis, té maite cérémonie.

Y avé des négresses belle passé maitresses,
Qui volé bel-bel dans l'ormoire momselle.
* * * * * *

Ala maite la geôle li trouvé si drôle,
Li dit, "moin aussi, mo fé bal ici."

Ouatchman la yé yé tombé la dans;
Yé fé gran' déga dans léquirie la." etc.

"It was in a stable that they had this gala night," says the song; "the horses there were greatly astonished. Preval was captain; his coachman, Louis, was master of ceremonies. There were negresses made prettier than their mistresses by adornments stolen from the ladies' wardrobes *(armoires)*. But the jailer found it all so funny that he proposed to himself to take an unexpected part; the watchmen came down"——

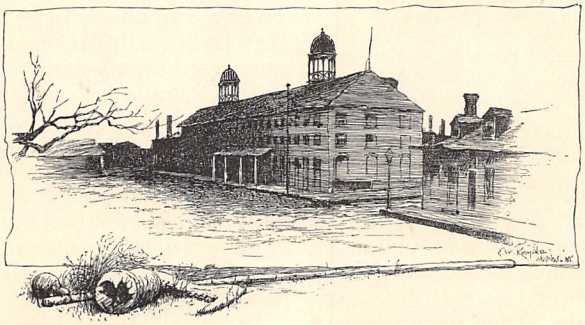
No official exaltation bought immunity from the jeer of the Calinda. Preval was a magistrate. Stephen Mazureau, in his attorney-general's office, the song likened to a bull-frog in a bucket of water. A page might be covered by the roll of victims. The masters winked at these gross but harmless liberties and, as often as any others, added stanzas of their own invention.

The Calinda ended these dissipations of the summer Sabbath afternoons. They could not run far into the night, for all the fascinations of all the dances could not excuse the slave's tarrying in public places after a certain other *bou-djoum!* (that was not of the Calinda, but of the regular nine-o'clock evening gun) had rolled down Orleans street from the Place d'Armes; and the black man or woman who wanted to keep a whole skin on the back had to keep out of the Calaboose. Times have changed, and there is nothing to be regretted in the change that has come over Congo Square. Still a glamour hangs over its dark past. There is the pathos of slavery, the poetry of the weak oppressed by the strong, and of limbs that danced after toil, and of barbaric love-making. The rags and semi-nakedness, the bamboula drum, the dance, and almost the banjo, are gone; but the *bizarre* melodies and dark lovers' apostrophes live on; and among them the old Counjaille song of Aurore Pradère.

AURORE PRADÈRE.

CHO. ‖ Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, ‖ *(ter)*
She's just what I want and her I'll have.
SOLO. Some folks say she's too pretty, quite;
Some folks they say she's not polite;
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!
More fool am I!
For she's what I want and her I'll have.

CHO. ‖ Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, ‖ *(ter)*
She's just what I want and her I'll have.
SOLO. Some say she's going to the bad;
Some say that her mamma went mad;
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!
More fool am I!
For she's what I want and her I'll have.



THE CALABOOSE.

Mr. Ware and his associate compilers have neither of these stanzas, but one very pretty one; the third in the music as printed here, and which we translate as follows:

SOLO. A muslin gown she doesn't choose,
She doesn't ask for broidered hose,
She doesn't want prunella shoes,
O she's what I want and her I'll have.
CHO. Aurore Pradère, etc.

This article and another on a kindred theme were originally projected as the joint work of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, musical editor of the "New York Tribune," author of "The History of Choral Music in New York City," etc.; and the present writer. But under the many prior claims of the journalist's profession, Mr. Krehbiel withdrew from the work, though not until he had furnished a number of instrumental accompaniments, as well as the "Quill Song" credited to him, and much valuable coöperation.

As may in part be seen by the names attached to the musical scores, the writer is indebted to a number of friends: Mr. Krehbiel; Miss Mary L. Bartlett, of Hartford, Conn.; Madame Louis Lejeune, of New Orleans; Dr. Blodgett, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; Mr. C. G. Ware, of Brookline, in the same State; Madame Clara Gottschalk Petersen, of Philadelphia; and in his earlier steps—for the work of collection has been slow—to that skillful French translator and natural adept in research, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, of New Orleans; the late Isaac N. Philips, Mr. Louis Powers, Miss Clara Cooper Hallaran, the late Professor Alexander Dimitry, all of the same city; Madame Sidonie de la Houssaye, of Franklin, La.; and, through the editors of THE CENTURY, to Mr. W. Macrum, of Pittsburg.—G. W. C.

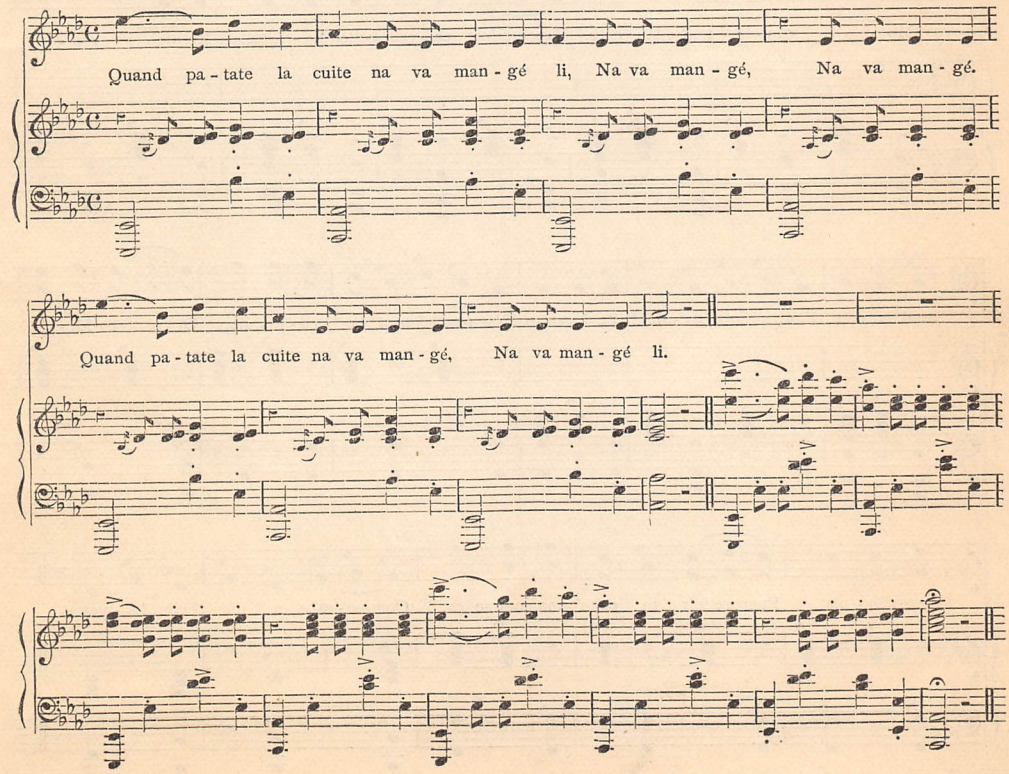
QUILL TUNE.

NOTED BY H. E. KREHBIEL.



THE BAMBOULA.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.



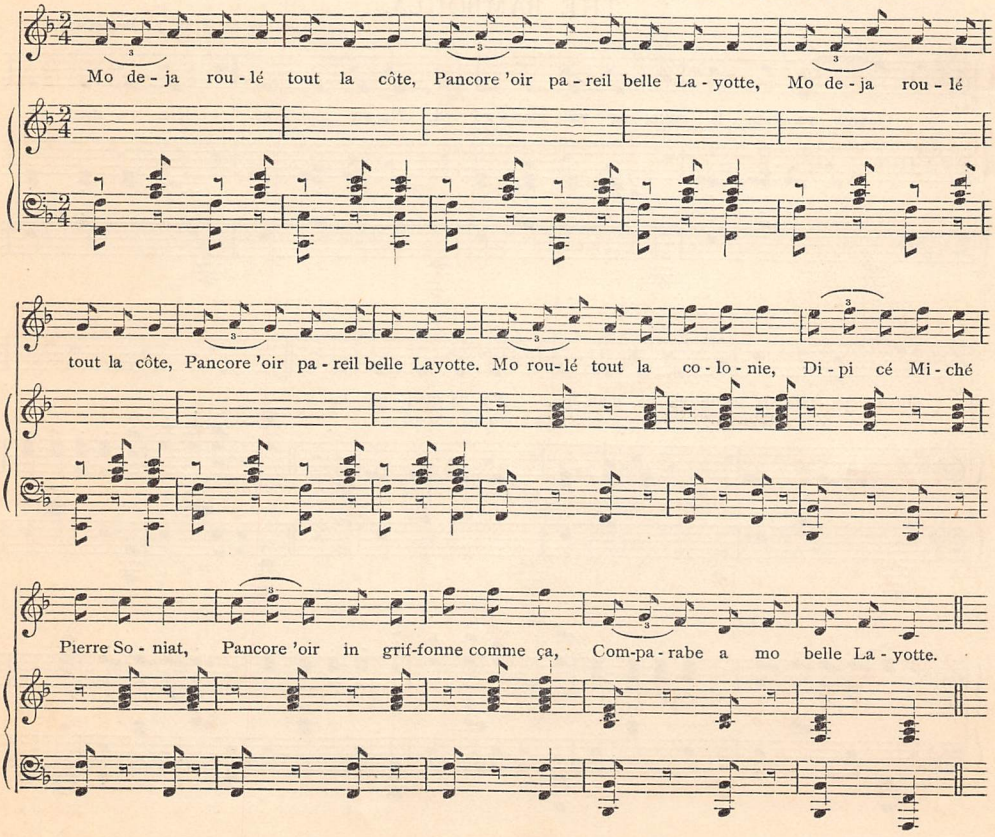
RÉMON, RÉMON.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN.



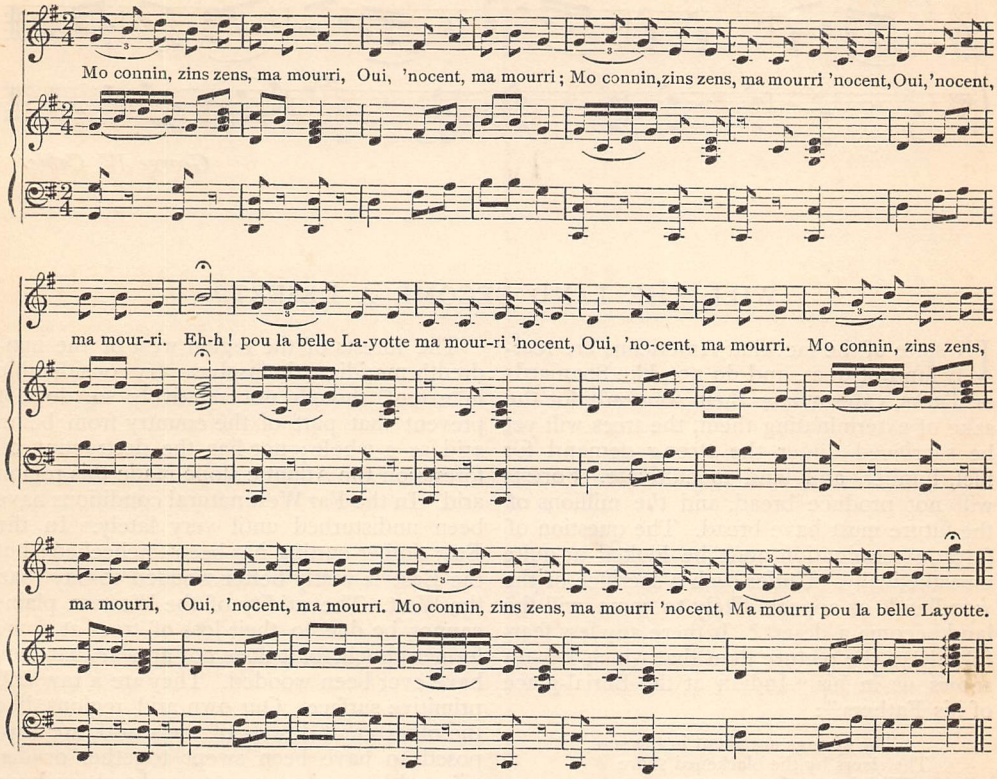
BELLE LAYOTTE.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN.



MA MOURRI.

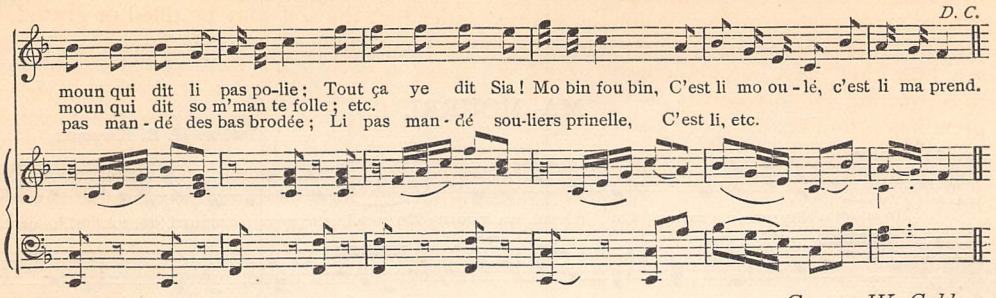
ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.



AURORE PRADÈRE.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.





George W. Cable.

WILL THE LAND BECOME A DESERT?

IN spite of the fact that Americans are really fond of trees, and do not, like Spaniards or Turks, exterminate them wantonly for the sake of exterminating them, the trees will yet be sacrificed under the strong demand for fuel, lumber, and land to cultivate. Forests will not produce bread, and the millions of the future must have bread. The question of forest extermination must be looked at quite unæsthetically. Under such a sacrifice of the woodlands as appears likely to come, will the land become a desert? Is there any less fearful side to the picture than that which Bryant shows us in his "Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers":

> "The springs are silent in the sun;
> The rivers by the blackened shore
> With lessened current run;
> The realm our tribes were crushed to get
> May be a barren desert yet"?

Our country is not now meagerly provided with forests. In addition to the vast aggregate expanse of woodlands which are the property of private persons or of States of the Union, the timber-lands owned by the Federal Government in 1880 were estimated (no exact account of the matter having ever been made) at 84,000,000 acres. This area is half the size of Texas, and twice the size of Virginia. These woods are widely scattered, 20,000,000 acres being in the Southern States, and a very large proportion of the remainder west of the Mississippi. But this total area falls far short of the one-quarter of the land which, it is held, should be left wooded for climatic reasons. If the land is to become arid for want of timber, it is clear that the Government, without planting trees on its lands or seizing private woodlands, cannot prevent it, though it may preserve in special districts the proportion of timber-land which is deemed desirable.

The forests of the region west of the hundredth meridian, themselves very considerable in extent, though not relatively so, do not prevent that part of the country from being arid as a whole; nor has the destruction of forests on the Atlantic slope made this region arid. In the Far West natural conditions have been undisturbed until very lately. In the East timber-cutting has been unchecked; but the East is vastly better wooded to-day than the West. The aridity of the Western plains cannot be due to their loss of trees at some former epoch, for it does not appear that they have ever been wooded. They are a raw and primitive surface. Our own arid regions, like the other great deserts of the world, are supposed to have been swept together or distributed by marine currents, and to have been elevated above the ocean by the same means as the other upheaved strata.* Lieutenant Ives, an early explorer of the trans-Mississippi region, found, indeed, in the central basin, near the Mexican border, tracts with trees standing dry and dead, as if killed within a recent period; but such discoveries have been extremely rare. There is no large district in our West (I mean large relatively to the mass of the country) known to owe its aridity to disafforesting. The character of the soil, not the hand of man, has prevented the clothing of a great portion of the Western plains with woods. We find, for instance, that the line upon these plains marking the junction of the carboniferous rocks with the cretaceous and the tertiary is a distinct limitation of many trees. The soil and the underlying rocks are too porous to retain sufficient moisture to nourish forests,† though the earth struggles to clothe itself with trees, and has, where the conditions are in some measure favorable, been able to do so; and the gradual transformation of the surface

* G. P. Marsh, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," p. 546.
† "Distribution of the Forests and Trees of America." J. G. Cooper, Smithsonian Report, 1858.

by human occupancy is being followed by the extension of tree-growths. As for the prairie regions proper, further east, we shall presently see how they have spontaneously sought a tree-covering for themselves as their surface grew less primitive, and have been obliged to seek it from neighboring regions.

The soil has as great an influence in the East as in the West, but in a different direction. There can be no phenomenon more striking throughout the whole region east of the prairies than the great vitality and spontaneity of growth of kinds of trees suited to the soil. If a forest in this part of the country is cut down simply for its timber, and not with a view to the use of the soil, the new growth, being left free, springs up immediately. I have stood on the most barren portion of the pine-belt of Michigan, where the timber had all been cut away, and where the soil was clear sand. As far as the eye could reach there was a continuous though scanty stretch of scrub-oaks, thorns, blackberry-bushes, and other more or less stunted growths, interspersed with a crop of coarse weeds,— a poor vegetation, leaving the land unspeakably wearisome to the eye, and yet affording the beginning of a future genuine forest-growth. And in the Old Colony district of Massachusetts I know many stony wastes and hill-sides, never cultivated, but regularly and completely stripped of their timber for fuel as often as it grows large enough to "work up," the last cutting having been within thirty years; yet there is on every hand a most promising growth of young trees of many varieties, deciduous and evergreen. A very large portion of eastern Massachusetts is now covered with a young forest-growth, everywhere vigorous, and sometimes almost impenetrable — a forest which no man planted, and which exists in spite of the most persistent and unsparing felling of the timber. This condition seems to be the rule except upon Cape Cod and other tracts bordering the ocean, where the severity of the winds blights young tree-growths.

If the forests are burned, the new growth asserts itself with astonishing vigor. The late Mr. Marsh, in the invaluable work already mentioned, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," mentions the case of the great forest fire of Miramichi in 1825, "probably the most extensive and terrific conflagration recorded in authentic history, which spread over six thousand square miles, and was of such intensity that it seemed to consume the very soil itself; but in twenty-five years the ground was thickly covered with trees of fair dimensions." The same phenomenon has occurred in the case of forest fires throughout our eastern and central regions.

And if the original forest is cut down in order that the soil may be tilled or grazed, it need not suffer deterioration. The effect of tillage is not desiccation, and the land that is actually tilled must not be begrudged to man, whether it is taken from the forest or the savanna. If the soil is grazed, the covering of turf (except on very steep hill-sides) prevents it from washing away; holds the rain as it falls more readily than the forest itself, though it afterward throws it off more rapidly by evaporation; and grows richer, deeper, and more capable of retaining moisture, even though the springs may be "silent in the sun." And if the pastures are not watched and guarded, evergreen-trees, which the cattle will not crop, quickly cover the ground, if there are trees of the sort in the neighborhood to cast the seeds. Hundreds of pastures in Vermont and New Hampshire are becoming pine or spruce forests, because they have been abandoned by farmers moving westward, or not properly cared for by their "shiftless" owners. Indeed, the white pine is now reasserting itself in its old New England habitat to an extent which threatens to turn the land into a wilderness.

Precipitous mountain slopes must, of course, suffer a considerable and rapid erosion during heavy rains if stripped all at once of their timber, the new growth finding it very hard to establish itself. But many of the steepest mountain slopes might lose their covering of soil without sensibly altering the climatic conditions of the surrounding regions. The space above the timber-line cannot be clothed with woods. The area of totally bare rock surface in the White and Green mountains and their spurs, which has been bare from a time antedating our knowledge, is sufficient to cause inundations which could not be prevented by any amount of reafforestation, though they may be aggravated by an increase of the area of bare surface. The bare faces of Lafayette and Moosilauke alone must pour down into the streams below a vast volume of water in every heavy rain. If inundations are to be prevented in the districts below mountains, reservoirs must be constructed to retain the water; and these, it has been demonstrated, will perform this work more effectively than the forests themselves.

We can only conclude that the region of the Appalachians and the Atlantic coast are not in danger of falling into aridity through loss of trees from any process now going on. What is the condition and prospect with regard to the great Mississippi Valley, west of the wooded foot-hills of the Alleghanies and east of the arid plains? This region was not originally wooded. This is proved not only by the story told by the soil, but by the fact

that, though it was not without its woodlands at the time of its settlement, it *has no characteristic trees*. All are derived either from the Appalachian region or from the west and north, ninety varieties coming from the east, and only nine or ten from the west and north.* The great prairie region has sought all the trees it possesses from adjoining regions. Does it lose these under occupancy? The testimony of the inhabitants is strongly to the effect that there are more trees in the prairie States than have ever been there at any previous epoch. Tree-planting is encouraged in many ways, and is a prevailing fashion. There is no systematic forest-planting worthy the name, but there is going on a process of spontaneous growth or spreading of certain kinds of trees upon the prairies, especially of cottonwoods, which may some time produce genuine forests. This large section is gaining trees, not losing them.

And here we reach the consideration of a highly important fact, which seems to teach us that the greater part of our national territory is beyond the danger of a serious change in its character. The fact that permanence of conditions may be reached is shown by Marsh, who says on the subject:

"If the precipitation, whether great or small in amount, be equally distributed through the seasons, so that there are neither torrential rains nor parching droughts, and if, further, the general inclination of ground be moderate, so that the superficial waters are carried off without destructive rapidity of flow, and without sudden accumulation in the channels of natural drainage, there is little danger of the degradation of the soil in consequence of the removal of forest or other vegetable covering, and the natural face of the earth may be considered as virtually permanent. These conditions are well exemplified in Ireland, in a great part of England, in extensive districts in Germany, and, fortunately, in an immense proportion of the valley of the Mississippi, and the basin of the great American lakes."

As for the South, it is still a land abounding in forests. Its great woods have scarcely been touched, save where the turpentine industry has stripped some of the more accessible districts of their pines. But this immunity is, unfortunately, not likely to continue. The lumbering industry is turning southward from exhausted Northern forests. The Southern hard-wood district extends over large portions of North Carolina, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. About one-half of the last-named State is said to be covered with fine and valuable forests. West Virginia has enormous forests of cherry, walnut, white oak, maple, ash, and black spruce timber. In North Carolina there yet remain at least forty thousand square miles of fine forests. In that State and Tennessee there are white pine and the much-valued long-leaf pine in abundance, and further south is a vast area of yellow pine and cypress. But already inroads are being made in the Southern forests. A recent number of the Boston "Commercial Bulletin" names five places in Kentucky where large saw-mills have been erected within the last eighteen months. It adds that numerous wood-working establishments have been erected there and elsewhere in the South. This need not be a melancholy assurance, as it certainly is now, if the forests were to be *used* instead of destroyed; but the American woodman does not understand the distinction. Other Southern States will doubtless soon join Kentucky in the wood-working industry, and the Government timber will be taken first, because it is cheaper to "take" than to buy. It remains to be seen whether the South, with its fiercer sun, can stand the cutting down of its forests without unfavorable climatic effect. But there is little reason to suppose that the timber-growth of the South would not be found at least as persistent as that of the North and West.

At about the hundredth meridian west from Greenwich the prairies give way to the plains, so called, and new conditions begin. But the prairies, as we have already seen, are encroaching upon the plains; the latter are losing their buffalo-grass, even in advance of cultivation, exchanging it for the rich, sharp-bladed, thick, and tall prairie-grass, which covers the ground when it falls in masses, and around the roots of which a moss-like undergrowth forms and *humus* is created. The earth, with the true wild prairie-grass growing upon it, becomes as spongy as in a forest.† The shifty soil becomes fixed; the rainfall is equalized; roadside shade-trees and even orchards are planted, and begin to thrive under the new conditions. Very many of the people familiar with these changes believe that eventually the cultivated belt will extend to the base of the Rocky Mountains. An extravagant prediction, perhaps; but it is, at least, certain that the cultivated and measurably humid region is extending westward.

Forests grow upon the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the sea, and are often very extensive. More serious consequences follow their destruction

* "Distribution of Forests and Trees of North America." J. G. Cooper, Smithsonian Report, 1858.

† This condition is perhaps reached only where the prairie-grass is left uncut for a few years. I have known a prairie fire in southern Wisconsin, in an exceptionally dry season, to burn away two feet of the surface soil, because the soil for that depth was little else than a mass of roots of the grass, mingled with moss and light loam.

than follow the similar process on the Appalachian ranges. The spontaneity of reafforestation characteristic of the more humid regions does not seem to prevail; very destructive avalanches and land-slides are the first effect of the destruction of these woods. The chief danger here is the drying up of the streams, upon which agriculture at the base of the mountains is wholly dependent for irrigation. Agriculture there does not thrive without artificial irrigation; a constantly increasing supply of water is needed, and vast sums are expended in making great irrigating canals. But if the sources of the streams are dried up by the destruction of the mountain forests, these great ditches, upon which millions are to be spent, will be useless. The people of Colorado, New Mexico, and other Western States and Territories dependent upon irrigation, appear quite indifferent to forest destruction; but it is the duty of Congress to be watchful in this respect, even if the people chiefly interested are not. All the Western mountain forests should be withdrawn at once from preëmption or sale — a step which would not, of course, prevent the Government from deriving a considerable revenue, in time, from the sale of the timber which could be spared.

It appears to be quite within the bounds of possibility, if the proper efforts of the settlers to water and cultivate the soil are seconded by prudent legislation, while such legislation is possible,— the work of both citizens and Government being still further advanced, as it would surely be, by the kindly efforts of nature,— to make the Western arid region no longer arid, and to render it fit for the occupancy of millions of people where thousands now subsist. Would not such a transformation be a result worthy of the efforts of the greatest statesmen? Would not the forwarding of such a work be a noble feature in the policy of any political party?

But with the destruction of the forests now on the mountains which are robbed by the Sierras of the moisture of the Pacific winds, we must look for the end of all possibility of successful irrigation in the entire region, except in certain favored valleys; for the relapse to a desert state of tracts already reclaimed; for the enlargement of the area of desolation; and for the aggravation of every climatic evil that now afflicts the region.

The Pacific coast proper has many advantages in climate, but the irregularity in precipitation that now constitutes so great a menace to the agriculture of California would, no doubt, be aggravated by loss of the forests now standing. In Oregon and Washington Territory the moisture is certainly abundant, and the immense forests, as yet almost untouched, exercise a beneficial effect upon the climate.

HAVING completed this rapid survey of our own country, with a result possibly in some degree reassuring, though not altogether so, we may with profit, I believe, note certain considerations of a general nature bearing on the question under examination. We have been told often that the Mediterranean countries indicate what the face of our own country may become through disafforesting. The conditions of that region, however, are not like those of any considerable portion of the United States. Parching winds from the African deserts tend to prevent reafforestation, as the winds from the Australian deserts blight the vegetation of the Timor group of the Malay Archipelago, while all the islands protected from these winds are marked by a luxuriance and vigor of vegetation not equaled elsewhere.

True desert lands are the result of geologic causes; or, where lands have become desert through loss of forests and erosion, such lands have generally been within the reach of the parching influence of neighboring deserts. This is exemplified in the desolation of a large area upon the slopes of the Atlas Mountains in northern Africa. The breath of the Sahara has not only seconded the destructive agencies of man — and in this instance of the camel and goat, which crop all young vegetation — in rendering desolate a large portion of northern Africa, once fruitful, but is now, as we have seen, withering the shores of southern Europe. It is a significant fact that while the southern slopes of the Pyrenees are bare, the northern are wooded. On the other hand, lesser areas, arid from original causes, tend to clothe themselves with vegetation. The plains of Hungary were, within a recent geological period, a desert. They are now almost unwatered save by streams from the mountains which traverse them; the water in the wells and occasional pools is very brackish, and great sand-storms even now sometimes fill the streets of Debreczin and Pesth. Yet these plains are the most fruitful region of Austria-Hungary, producing immense crops of grain. They are treeless, and always have been; but nature has reclaimed them.

There is no proof that the amount of rainfall is diminished by destruction of forests, nor has any forest destruction in the United States, where summer rains fall, put an end to those rains; and we have good authority for assuming that "in the United States, where summer rains are abundant, the quantity of water furnished by deep wells and natural streams depends almost as much upon the

rains of summer as those of the rest of the year, and consequently a large portion of the rain of that season must find its way into strata too deep for the water to be wasted by evaporation." *

Inundations certainly do result from the destruction of forests at the head-waters of rivers, but these and other resulting evils are curable in a very great degree, as a last resort, by the systematic cultivation of forests there. Even partial reafforestation in Brescia, Bergamo, and other Italian provinces, is said to have stopped the inundations in their streams. The Landes or sand-wastes of Gascony have, to a great extent, been rendered once more inhabitable by the planting of woods.

Totally unwooded districts in a humid region, conditions of soil being favorable, are in no danger of becoming arid. Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Rhode Island, Block Island, and other islands on the Atlantic coast are practically treeless, but are no more subject to droughts than wooded districts on the mainland. On these islands, however, the natural water-courses are to a great extent dried up.

Inundations, it has been proved, can be prevented by artificial reservoirs upon the head-waters of rivers.

Nature appears to pass through periods of loss and recovery. In France, where a sentiment has, during the present generation, been aroused in behalf of forest preservation, destruction is no new thing. "Under the reign of Augustus," says Ribbe, in "La Provence," "the forests which protected the Cévennes were felled or destroyed by fire in mass. A vast country, before covered with impenetrable woods, was suddenly swept bare, and soon after a scourge hitherto unknown struck terror over the land — the mistral." Provence, however, was once more thickly clothed with woods. Once more a large part of it has been stripped with disastrous results. In the great alluvial plain of northern Italy the superficial stratum of fine earth and vegetable mold is very extensively underlaid with beds of pebbles and gravel, brought down by mountain torrents at a remote epoch.† Now the torrents are again overlaying the mold with gravel. This points to an ancient erosion from which there was recovery.

THE reasonable conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that while there is no present serious menace to the eastern half of the United States through the loss of forests, there is good reason to urge the preservation of as much of them as possible and the encouragement of new plantations; while in the western half of the country the immediate withdrawal from sale of the whole body of forests belonging to the Government is highly desirable. There should be an exhaustive inquiry, at the hands of a competent Government commission, into the subject of the extent of forests belonging to the Government, their location, value, character, etc., the proportion of private lands now wooded, and the apparent dependence or independence, as the case may be, of all sections of the country upon the modifying effect of forests. Exact information is now needed, which could scarcely be obtained except through the efforts of such a commission.

Sentimental considerations, I suppose, are to be held secondary to the practical in the matter; but they are powerful, and should be aroused in behalf of no object more readily than the woods, which have occupied so large a place in the sentimental life of man from the earliest times.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.

* Marsh, p. 217. † Baird Smith, "Italian Irrigation."

RETROSPECT.

Los Angeles.

A BREATH of balm,— of orange bloom!
By what strange fancy wafted me,
Through the lone starlight of the room?
And suddenly I seem to see

The long, low vale, with tawny edge
Of hills, within the sunset glow;
Cool vine-rows through the cactus hedge,
And fluttering gleams of orchard snow.

Far off, the slender line of white
Against the blue of ocean's crest;
The slow sun sinking into night,
A quivering opal, in the west.

Somewhere a stream sings, far away;
Somewhere from out the hidden groves,
And dreamy as the dying day,
Comes the soft coo of mourning doves.

One moment all the world is peace!
The years like clouds are rolled away,
And I am on those sunny leas,
A child, amid the flowers at play.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

A BORROWED MONTH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

EAST.

I AM a painter of landscapes, and my brethren in the craft, as well as all those who delight in the beauties of lake and valley, the grandeur of snowy mountain-peaks, and the invigoration of pure mountain air, can imagine the joy with which I found myself in Switzerland on a sketching tour. It had not been easy for me to make this, my first visit to Europe. Circumstances, which the very slightly opened purses of my patrons had not enabled me to control, had deferred it for several years. And even now my stay was strictly limited, and I must return by a steamer which sailed for America early in the autumn. But I had already traveled a good deal on the Continent; had seen Italy; and now had six summer weeks to give to Switzerland. Six months would have suited me much better, but youth and enthusiasm can do a great deal of sketching and nature-reveling in six weeks.

I began what I called my Alpine holidays in a little town not far from the upper end of Lake Geneva, and at the close of my second day of rambling and sketching I was attacked by a very disagreeable and annoying pain in my left leg. It did not result, so far as I could ascertain, from a sprain, a bruise, or a break, but seemed to be occasioned by a sort of tantalizing rheumatism; for while it entirely disappeared when I remained at rest, its twinges began as soon as I had taken half-a-dozen steps in walking. The next day I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a lotion. This, however, was of no service, and for three or four days he made use of other remedies, none of which were of the slightest benefit to me.

But, although I was confined to the house during this period, I did not lose my time. From the windows of my room in the hotel I had a series of the most enchanting views, which I sketched from early morning until twilight, with an earnest and almost ecstatic zeal. On the other side of the lake rose, ten thousand feet in the air, the great Dent du Midi, with its seven peaks clear and sharp against the sky, surrounded by its sister mountains, most of them dark of base and white of tip. To the east stretched the beautiful valley of the Rhone, up which the view extended to the pale-blue pyramid of Mont Vélan. Curving northward around the end of the lake was a range of lower mountains, rocky or verdant; while at their base, glistening in the sun, lay the blue lake reflecting the white clouds in the sky, and dotted here and there with little vessels, their lateen-sails spread out like the wings of a descending bird.

I sketched and painted the lake and mountains, by the light of morning, in their noontide splendors, and when all lay in shadow except where the highest snowy peaks were tipped with the rosy afterglow. My ailment gave me no trouble at all so long as I sat still and painted, and in the wonderful opportunity afforded by nature to my art I forgot all about it.

But in the course of a week I began to get very impatient. There was a vast deal more of Switzerland to be seen and sketched; my time was growing short, and the pain occasioned by walking had not abated in the least. I felt that I must have other views than those which were visible from my window, and I had myself driven to various points accessible to vehicles, from which I made some very satisfactory sketches. But this was not roaming in Alpine valleys and climbing mountain-peaks. It was only a small part of what brought me to Switzerland, and my soul rebelled. Could any worse fate befall a poor young artist, who had struggled so hard to get over here, than to be thus chained and trammeled in the midst of the grandest opportunities his art life had yet known?

My physician gave me but little comfort. He assured me that if I used his remedies and had patience, there would be no doubt of my recovery; but that it would take time. When I eagerly asked how much time would be required, he replied that it would probably be some weeks before I was entirely well, for these disorders generally wore off quite gradually.

"Some weeks!" I ejaculated when he had gone. "And I have barely a month left for Switzerland!"

This state of affairs not only depressed me, but it disheartened me. I might have gone by rail to other parts of Switzerland, and made other sketches from hotels and carriages,

but this I did not care to do. If I must still carry about with me my figurative ball and chain, I did not wish to go where new temptations would beckon and call and scream to me from every side. Better to remain where I was; where I could more easily become used to my galling restraints. This was morbid reasoning, but I had become morbid in body and mind.

One evening I went in the hotel omnibus to the Kursaal of the little town where I was staying. In this building, to which visitors from the hotels and *pensions* of the vicinity went in considerable numbers every afternoon and evening, for the reason that they had nothing else to do, the usual concert was going on in the theater. In a small room adjoining, a company of gentlemen and ladies, the latter chiefly English or Russian, were making bets on small metal horses and jockeys which spun round on circular tracks, and ran races which were fairer to the betters than the majority of those in which flesh-and-blood animals, human and equine, take part. Opening from this apartment was a large refreshment-room, in which I took my seat. Here I could smoke a cigar and listen to the music, and perhaps forget for a time the doleful world in which I lived. I had not been long seated before I was joined by a man whom I had met before, and in whom I had taken some interest. He was a little man with a big head, on which he occasionally wore a high-crowned black straw hat; but whenever the sun did not make it absolutely necessary he carried this in his hand. His clothes were black and of very thin material, and he always had the appearance of being too warm. In my occasional interviews with him I had discovered that he was a reformer, and that his yearnings in the direction of human improvement were very general and inclusive.

This individual sat down at my little table and ordered a glass of beer.

"You do not look happy," he said. "Have you spoiled a picture?"

"No," I replied, "but a picture has been spoiled for me." And, as he did not understand this reply, I explained to him how the artistic paradise which I had mentally painted for myself had been scraped from the canvas by the knife of my malicious ailment.

"I have been noticing," he said,—he spoke very fair English, but it was not his native tongue,—"that you have not walked. It is a grand pity." And he stroked his beard and looked at me steadfastly. "An artist who is young is free," he said, after some moments' reflection. "He is not obliged to carry the load of a method which has grown upon him like the goître of one of these people whom you meet here. He can despise methods and be himself. You have everything in art before you, and it is not right that you should be held to the ground like a serpent in your own country, with a forked stick. You have some friends, perhaps?"

I replied, a little surprised, that I had a great many friends in America.

"It is of no import where they are," he said. And then he again regarded me in silence. "Have you a good faith?" he presently asked.

"In what?" said I.

"In anything. Yourself, principally."

I replied that just now I had very little faith of that sort.

His face clouded; he frowned, and, pushing away his empty glass, he rose from the table. "You are a skeptic," he said, "and an infidel of the worst sort."

In my apathetic state this remark did not annoy me. "No man would be a skeptic," I said carelessly, "if other people did not persist in disagreeing with him."

But my companion paid no attention to me, and walked away before I had finished speaking. In a few minutes he came back, and, leaning over the table, he said in low but excited tones: "It is to yourself that you are an infidel. That is very wrong. It is degrading."

"I do not understand you at all," I said. "Won't you sit down and tell me what you mean?"

He seated himself, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then he fixed his eyes upon me, and said: "It is not to everybody I would speak as I now speak to you. You must believe something. Do you not believe in the outstretching power of the mind; of the soul?"

My ideas in this regard were somewhat chaotic. I did not know what was his exact meaning, but I thought it best to say that it was likely that some souls could outstretch.

"And do you not believe," he continued, "that when your friend sleeps, and your thoughts are fixed upon him, and your whole soul goes out to him in its most utter force and strength, that your mind becomes his mind?"

I shook my head. "That is going rather far," I said.

"It is not far," he exclaimed emphatically. "It is but a little way. We shall go much farther than that when we know more. And is it that you doubt that the mind is in the brain? And where is pain? Is it in the foot? In the arm? It is not so. It is in the brain. If you cut off your wounded foot, you have

the pain all the same; the brain remains. I will say this to you. If it were I who had soul-friends, it would not be that every day I should shut the door on my art. Once it happened that I suffered — not like you, much worse. But I did not suffer every day. No, no, my friend, not every day. But that was I; I have faith. But I need speak no more to you. You are infidel. You do not believe in yourself."

And with this he suddenly pushed back his chair, picked up his black straw hat from the floor, and walked out of the room, wiping his forehead as he went. I am not given to sudden reciprocations of sentiment, but what this man had said made a good deal of impression upon me. Not that I had any confidence in the value of his psychological ideas, but his words suggested a train of thought which kept me awake a long time after I had gone to bed that night; and gradually I began to consider the wonderful advantage and help it would be to me if it were possible that a friend could bear my infirmity even for a day. It would inconvenience him but little. If he remained at rest he would feel no pain, and he might be very glad to be obliged to take a quiet holiday with his books or family. And what a joy would that holiday be to me among the Alps, and relieved of my fetters! The notion grew. One day one friend might take up my burden, and the next another. How little this would be for them; how much for me! If I should select thirty friends, they could, by each taking a day of pleasant rest, make me free to enjoy to the utmost the month which yet remained for Switzerland. My mind continued to dwell on this pleasing fancy, and I went to sleep while counting on my fingers the number of friends I had who would each be perfectly willing to bear for a day the infirmity which was so disastrous to me, but which would be of such trifling importance to them.

I woke very early in the morning, and my thoughts immediately recurred to the subject of my ailment and my friends. What a pity it was that such an advantageous arrangement should be merely whim and fancy! But if my companion of the night before were here, he would tell me that there was no impossibility, only a want of faith — faith in the power of mind over mind, of mind over body, and, primarily, of faith in my own mind and will. I smiled as I thought of what might happen if his ideas were based on truth. There was my friend Will Troy. How gladly would he spend a day at home in his easy-chair, smoking his pipe and forgetting, over a novel, that there were such things as ledgers, day-books, and columns of figures, while I strode gayly over the mountain-sides. If Troy had any option in the matter, he would not hesitate for a moment; and, knowing this, I would not hesitate for a moment in making the little arrangement, if it could be made. If belief in myself could do it, it would be done; and I began to wonder if it were possible, in any case, for a man to believe in himself to such an extent.

Suddenly I determined to try. "It is early morning here," I said to myself, "and in America it must be about the middle of the night, and Will Troy is probably sound asleep. Let me then determine, with all the energy of my mental powers, that my mind shall be his mind, and that he shall understand thoroughly that he has some sort of trouble in his left leg which will not inconvenience him at all if he allows it to rest, but which will hurt him very much if he attempts to walk about. Then I will make up my mind, quite decidedly, that for a day it shall be Will who will be subject to this pain, and not I."

For half an hour I lay flat on my back, my lips firmly pressed together, my hands clinched, and my eyes fixed upon the immutable peaks of the Dent du Midi, which were clearly visible through the window at the foot of my bed. My position seemed to be the natural one for a man bending all the energies of his mind on a determinate purpose. The great mountain stood up before me as an example of the steadfast and immovable. "Now," said I to myself, over and over again, "Will Troy, it is you who are subject to this trouble. You will know exactly what it is, because you will feel it through my mind. I am free from it; I will that, and it shall be so. My mind has power over your mind, because yours is asleep and passive, while mine is awake and very, very active. When I get out of bed I shall be as entirely free from pain and difficulty in walking as you would have been if I had not passed my condition over to you for one short day." And I repeated again and again: "For one day; only for one day."

The most difficult part of the process was the mental operation of believing all this. If I did not believe it, of course, it would come to nothing. Fixing my mind steadfastly upon this subject, I believed with all my might. When I had believed for ten or fifteen minutes, I felt sure that my faith in the power of my mind was well grounded and fixed. A man who has truly believed for a quarter of an hour may be considered to have embraced a faith.

And now came the supreme moment, and when I arose would I be perfectly well and strong? The instant this question came into

my mind I dismissed it. I would have no doubt whatever on the subject. I would *know* that I would be what I willed I should be. With my mind and my teeth firmly set, I got out of bed, I walked boldly to the window, I moved about the room, I dressed myself. I made no experiments; I would scorn to do so. Experiments imply doubt. I believed. I went down several flights of stairs to my breakfast. I walked the whole length of the long *salle-à-manger*, and sat down at the table without having felt a twinge of pain or the least discomfort.

"Monsieur is better this morning," said the head-waiter, with a kindly smile.

"Better," said I; "I am well."

When I returned that evening after a day of intoxicating delight, during which I had climbed many a mountain path, had stood on bluffs and peaks, had gazed over lake and valley, and had breathed to the full the invigorating upper air, I stood upon the edge of the lake, just before reaching the hotel, and stretched forth my hands to the west.

"I thank you, Will Troy," I said, "from the bottom of my heart I thank you for this day; and if I ever see my way to repay you, I will do it, my boy. You may be sure of that."

I now resolved to quit this place instantly. I had been here too long; and before me was spread out in shadowy fascination the whole of Switzerland. I took a night-train for Berne, where I arrived early the next day. But before I descended from the railway carriage, where I had managed to slumber for part of the night, I had determinately willed an interchange of physical condition with another friend in America. During the previous day I had fully made up my mind that I should be false to myself and to my fortunes if I gave up this grand opportunity for study and artistic development, and I would call upon my friends to give me these precious holidays, of which, but a little while ago, I believed myself forever deprived. I belonged to a club of artists, most of whom were young and vigorous fellows, any one of whom would be glad to do me a service; and although I desired on special occasions to interchange with particular friends, I determined that during the rest of my holiday I would, for the most part, exchange physical conditions with these young men, giving a day to each.

The next week was a perfect success. As Martyn, Jeffries, Williams, Corbell, Field, Booker, and Graham, I walked, climbed, sketched, and, when nobody was near, shouted with delight. I took Williams for Sunday, because I knew he never sketched on that day, although he was not averse to the longest kind of rural ramble. I shall not detail my route. The Bernese Oberland, the region of Lake Lucerne, the Engadine, and other earthly heavens opened their doors to my joyous anticipations, provided always that this system of physical exchange continued to work.

The Monday after Williams's Sunday I appropriated to a long tramp which should begin with a view of the sunrise from a mountain height, and which necessitated my starting in the morning before daylight. For such an excursion I needed all the strength and endurance of which I could possess myself, and I did not hesitate as to the exchange I should make for that long day's work. Chester Parkman was the man for me. Parkman was a fairly good artist, but the sphere in which he shone was that of the athlete. He was not very tall, but he was broad and well made, with a chest and muscles which to some of his friends appeared to be in an impertinent condition of perfect development. He was a handsome fellow, too, with his well-browned face, his fine white teeth, and his black hair and beard, which seemed to curl because the strength which they imbibed from him made it necessary to do something, and curling is all that hair can do. On some occasions it pleased me to think that when by the power of my will my physical incapacity was transferred for a time to a friend, I, in turn, found myself in his peculiar bodily condition, whatever it might be. And whether I was mistaken or not, and whether this phase of my borrowed condition was real or imaginary, it is certain that when I started out before dawn that Monday morning I strode away with vigorous Parkmanic legs, and inhaled the cool air into what seemed to be a deep Parkmanic chest. I took a guide that day, and when we returned, some time after nightfall, I could see that he was tired, and he admitted the fact; but as for me, I ate a good supper, and then walked a mile and a half to sketch a moonlight effect on a lake. I will here remark that, out of justice to Parkman, I rubbed myself down and polished myself off to the best of my knowledge and ability before I went to bed.

When, as usual, I awoke early the next morning, I lay for some time thinking. It had been my intention to spend that day in a boat on the lake, and I had decided to direct my will-power upon Tom Latham, a young collegian of my acquaintance. Tom was an enthusiastic oarsman, and could pull with such strength that if he were driving a horse he could almost haul the animal back into the vehicle, but if a stout boy were to be pushed off a horse-block Tom could not do it. Tom's unequally developed muscles were just what I wanted that day; but before I threw out my mind in his direction I let it

dwell in pleasant recollection upon the glorious day I had had with Chester Parkman's corporeal attributes. Thinking of Chester, I began to think of some one else — one on whom my thoughts had rested with more pleasure and more pain than on any other person in the world. That this was a woman I need not say. She was young, she was an artist, and a very good friend of mine. For a long time I had yearned with all my heart to be able to say that she was more than this. But so far I could not say it. Since I had been in Europe I had told myself over and over that in coming away without telling Kate Balthis that I loved her I made the greatest mistake of my life. I had intended to do this, but opportunity had not offered. I should have made opportunity.

The reason that the thought of Chester Parkman made me think of Kate was the fact that they occupied studios in the same building, and that he was a great admirer not only of her work, but of herself. If it had not been for the existence of Parkman, I should not have blamed myself quite so much for not proposing to Kate before I left America. But I consoled myself by reflecting that the man was so intent upon the development of his lungs that his heart, to put it anatomically, was obliged to take a minor place in his consideration.

Thinking thus, a queer notion came into my head. Suppose that Kate were to bear my troubles for a day! What friend had I who would be more willing to serve me than she? And what friend from whom I would be more delighted to receive a favor? But the next instant the contemptibleness of this idea flashed across my mind, and I gritted my teeth as I thought what a despicable thing it would be to deprive that dear girl of her strength and activity, even for a day. It was true, as I honestly told myself, that it was the joy and charm of being beholden to her, and not the benefit to myself, that made me think of this thing. But it was despicable, all the same, and I utterly scouted it. And so, forgetting as far as possible that there was such a person in the world as Kate, I threw out my mind, as I originally intended, towards Tom Latham, the oarsman.

I spent that day on the lake. If I had been able to imagine that I could walk as far as Chester Parkman, I failed to bring myself to believe that I could row like young Latham. I got on well enough, but rowed no better than I had often done at home, and I was soon sorry that I had not brought a man with me to take the oars, of which I had tired.

Among those I called upon in the next few days was Professor Dynard, a man who was not exactly a friend, but with whom I was very well acquainted. He was a scientific man, a writer of books, and an enthusiastic lover of nature. He was middle-aged and stooped a little, but his legs were long, and he was an unwearied walker. Towards the end of the very pleasant day which I owed to my acquaintance with him, I could not help smiling to find that I had thought so much of the professor during my rambles that I had unconsciously adopted the stoop of his shoulder and his ungainly but regular stride.

The half-starved man to whom food is given eats too much; the child, released from long hours of school, runs wild, and is apt to make himself objectionable; and I, rising from my condition of what I had considered hopeless inactivity to the fullest vigor of body and limb, began to perceive that I had walked too much and worked too little. The pleasure of being able to ramble and scramble wherever I pleased had made me forget that I was in Switzerland not only for enjoyment, but for improvement. Of course I had to walk and climb to find points of view, but the pleasure of getting to such places was so great that it overshadowed my interest in sitting down and going to work after I had reached them. The man who sketches as he walks and climbs is an extraordinary artist, and I was not such a one.

It was while I was in the picturesque regions of the Engadine that these reflections forced themselves upon me, and I determined to live less for mere enjoyment and more for earnest work. But not for a minute did I think of giving up my precious system of corporeal exchange. I had had enough of sitting in my room and sketching from the window. If I had consented to allow myself to relapse into my former condition, I feared that I would not be able to regain that firm belief in the power of my mental propulsion which had so far enabled my friends to serve me so well, with such brief inconvenience to themselves. No. I would continue to transfer my physical incapacity, but I would use more conscientiously and earnestly the opportunities which I thus obtained.

Soon after I came to this determination, I established myself at a little hotel on a mountain-side, where I decided to stay for a week or more and do some good hard work; I was surrounded by grand and beautiful scenery, and it was far better for my progress in art to stay here and do something substantial than to wander about in search of fresh delights. As an appropriate beginning to this industrious period, I made an exchange with my friend Bufford, one of the hardest-working painters I knew. His industry as well as his

genius had brought him, when he had barely reached middle life, to a high position in art, and it pleased me to think that I might find myself influenced by some of his mental characteristics as well as those of a physical nature. At any rate, I tried hard to think so, and I am not sure that I did not paint better on the Bufford day than on any other. If it had not been that I had positively determined that I would not impose my ailment upon any one of my friends for more than one day, I would have taken Bufford for a week.

There were a good many people staying at the hotel, and among them was a very pretty English girl, with whom I soon became acquainted; for she was an enthusiastic amateur artist, and was engaged in painting the same view at which I had chosen to work. Every morning she used to go some distance up the mountain-side, accompanied by her brother Dick, a tall, gawky boy of about eighteen, who was considered to be a suitable and sufficient escort, but who was in reality a very poor one, for no sooner was his sister comfortably seated at her work than he left her and rambled away for hours. If it had not been for me I think she would sometimes have been entirely too lonely and unprotected. Dick's appetite would generally bring him back in time to carry down her camp-chair and color-box when we returned to dinner; and as she never complained of his defections, I suppose her mother knew nothing about them. This lady was a very pleasant person, a little too heavy in body and a little too large in cap for my taste, but hearty and genial, and very anxious to know something about America, where her oldest son was established on a Texas ranch. She and her daughter and myself used to talk a good deal together in the evenings, and this intimacy made me feel quite justified in talking a good deal to the daughter in the mornings as we were working together on the mountain-side. The first thing that made me take an interest in this girl was the fact that she considered me her superior, and looked up to me. I could paint a great deal better than she could, and could inform her on a lot of points, and I was always glad to render her such service. She was a very pretty girl,—the prettiest English girl I ever saw,—with large, gray-blue eyes, which had a trustfulness about them which I liked very much. She evidently had a very good opinion of me as an artist, and paid as much earnest and thoughtful attention to what I said about her work as if she had really been the scholar and I the master. I tried not to bore her by too much technical conversation, and endeavored to make myself as agreeable a companion as I could. I found that fellowship of some kind was very necessary to a man so far away from home, and so cut off from social influences.

Day after day we spent our mornings together, sketching and talking; and as for Dick, he was the most interesting brother I ever knew. He had a great desire to discover something hitherto unknown in the heights above our place of sketching. Finding that he could depend on me as a protector for his sister, he gave us very little of his company. Even when we were not together I could not help thinking a great deal about this charming girl. Our talks about her country had made me remember with pride the English blood that was in me, and revived the desire I had often felt to live for a time, at least, in rural England, that land of loveliness to the Anglo-Saxon mind. And London too! I had artist friends, Americans, who lived in London, and such were their opportunities, such the art atmosphere and society, that they expected to live there always. If a fellow really wished to succeed as an artist, some years' residence in England, with an occasional trip to the Continent, would be a great thing for him. And, in such a case — well, it was a mere idle thought. If I had been an engaged man, I would not have allowed myself even such idle thoughts. But I was not engaged; and alas! I thought with a sigh, I might never be. I thought of Parkman and of Kate, and how they must constantly see each other; and I remembered my stupid silence when leaving America. How could I tell what had happened since my departure? I did not like to think of all this, and tried to feel resigned. The world was very wide. There was that English brother, over on the Texas ranch; he might marry an American girl; and here was his sister — well, this was all the merest nonsense, and I would not admit to myself that I attached the slightest importance to these vague and fragmentary notions which floated through my mind. But the girl had most lovely, trustful eyes, and I felt that a sympathy had grown up between us which must not be rudely jarred.

We had finished our work at the old sketching-place, and we proposed on the morrow to go to a higher part of the mountain, and make some sketches of a more extended nature than we had yet tried. This excursion would require a good part of the day, but we would take along a luncheon for three, and no doubt nothing would please Dick better than such a trip. The mother agreed, if Dick could be made to promise that he would take his sister by the hand when he came to any steep places. But, alas! when that youngster was called upon to receive his injunctions, he

declared he could not accompany us. He had promised, he said, to go on a tramp with some of the other men, which would take him all day. And that, of course, put an end to our expedition. I shall not soon forget the air, charming to me, of evident sorrow and disappointment with which Beatrice told me this early in the evening. The next day was the only one for which such a trip could be planned, for, on the day following, two older sisters were expected, and then everything would be different. I, too, was very much grieved and disappointed, for I had expected a day of rare pleasure; but my regret was tempered by an intense satisfaction at perceiving how sorry she was. The few words she said on the subject touched me very much. She was such a true, honest-hearted girl that she could not conceal what she felt; and when we shook hands in bidding each other good-night, it was with more warmth than either of us had yet shown at the recurrence of this little ceremony. When I went to my room I said to myself: "If she had not been prevented from going, I should never have known how glad she would be to go." The thought pleased me greatly, but I had no time to dwell upon it, for in came Dick, who, with his hands in his pockets and his legs very wide apart, declared to me that he had found his sister was so cut up by not being able to make those sketches on the mountain the next day, that he had determined to go with us.

"It will be a beastly shame to disappoint her," he said; "so you can get your traps together, and we will have an early breakfast and start off."

"Now," said I, when he had shut the door behind him, "I know how much she wanted to go, and she is going! Could anything be better than this?"

In making the physical transfers which were necessary at this period for my enjoyment of an outdoor excursion, I did not always bring my mental force to work upon an exchange of condition. Very often I was willing to send out my ailment to another, and to content myself with being for the day what I would be in my ordinary health. But in particular instances, such as those of Parkman and Bufford, I willed — and persuaded myself that I had succeeded — that certain desirable attributes of my benefactor for the day, which would be useless to him during his period of enforced restfulness, should be attracted to myself. Before I went to sleep I determined that on the following day I would exchange with my brother Philip, and would make it as absolute an exchange as my will could bring about. Phil was not an athlete, like Parkman, but he was a strong and vigorous fellow, with an immense deal of go in him. He was thoroughly good-natured, and I knew that he would be perfectly willing, if he could know all about it, to take a day's rest, and give me a day with Beatrice. And what a charming day that was to be! We did not know exactly where we were going, and we would have to explore. There would be steep places to climb, and it would not be Dick who would help his sister. We would have to rest, and we would rest together. There would be a delightful lunch under the shade of some rock. There would be long talks, and a charming coöperation in the selection of points of view and in work. Indeed, there was no knowing what might not come out of a day like that.

In the morning I made the transfer, and soon afterwards I arose. Before I was ready to go down-stairs I was surprised by an attack of headache, a thing very unusual with me. The pain increased so much that I was obliged to go back to bed. I soon found that I must give up the intended excursion, and I remained in bed all day. In the course of the afternoon, while I lay bemoaning my present misery as well as the loss of the great pleasure I had expected, a thought suddenly came into my mind, which, in spite of my miseries, made me burst out laughing. I remembered that my brother Phil, although enjoying, as a rule, the most vigorous good health, was subject to occasional attacks of sick headache, which usually laid him up for a day or two. Evidently I had struck him on one of his headache days. How relieved the old fellow must be to find his positive woe changed to a negative evil! It was very funny!

In the evening came Dick with a message from his mother and his sister Beatrice, who wanted to know how I felt by this time, and if I would have a cup of tea, or anything. "It's a beastly shame," said he, "that you got yourself knocked up in this way."

"Yes," said I, "but my misfortune is your good fortune, for, of course, you had your tramp with your friends."

"Oh, I should have had that any way," replied the good youth, "for I only intended to walk a mile or two up the mountain, just to satisfy the old lady, and then, without saying whether I was coming back or not, I intended to slip off and join the other fellows. Wouldn't that have been a jolly plan? Beatrice would have had her day, and I would have had mine. But *you* must go and upset her part of it."

When Dick had gone I reflected. What a day this would have been! Alone so long with Beatrice among those grand old moun-

tains! As I continued to think of this I began to tremble, and the more I thought the more I trembled; and the reason I trembled was the conviction that if I had spent that day with her, I certainly should have proposed to her.

"Phil," I said, "I thank you. I thank you more for your headache than for anything else any other fellow could give me."

A sick headache, aided by conscience, can work a great change in a man. My soul condemned me for having come so near being a very false lover, and my mind congratulated me upon having the miss made for me, for I never would have been strong enough to make it for myself.

The next day the sisters arrived, and I saw but little of Beatrice, for which, although quite sorry, I was also very glad; and after a day on the mountain which I owed to Horace Bartlett, the last man in our club on whom I felt I could draw, I returned to the hotel, and wrote a long letter to Kate. I had informed my friends in America of the ailment which had so frustrated all my plans of work and enjoyment, but I had never written anything in regard to my novel scheme of relief. This was something which could be better explained by word of mouth when I returned. And, besides, I did not wish to say anything about it until the month of proposed physical transfers had expired. I wrote to Kate, however, that I was now able to walk and climb as much as I pleased, and in my repentant exuberance I hinted at a great many points which, although I knew she could not understand them, would excite her curiosity and interest in the remarkable story I would tell her when I returned. I tried to intimate, in the most guarded way, much that I intended to say to her when I saw her concerning my series of deliverances; and my satisfaction at having escaped a great temptation gave a kindly earnestness to my manner of expressing myself, which otherwise it might not have had.

There were now six days of my Swiss holiday left; and during these I threw myself upon the involuntary kindness of Mr. Henry Brinton, editor of a periodical entitled "Our Mother Earth," and upon that of his five assistants in the publishing and editorial departments. Brinton was a good fellow, devoted to scientific agriculture and the growing of small fruits; a man of a most practical mind. I knew him and his associates very well, and had no hesitation in calling upon them.

At the end of the month, as I had previously resolved, I brought my course of physical transfers to a close; and it was with no little anxiety that I arose one morning from my bed with my mind determined to bear in my own proper person all the ills of which I was possessed.

I walked across the room. It may appear strange, but I must admit that it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I felt a twinge. It was but a little twinge, but yet I felt it, and this was something that had not happened to me for a month.

"It was not fancy then," I said to myself, "that gave me this precious relief, this month of rare delight and profit; it was the operation of the outstretching power of the mind. I owe you much happiness, you little man with the big head whom I met in the Kursaal, and if you were here I would make you admit that I can truly believe in myself."

The next day I was better, with only an occasional touch of the old disorder; and in a few days I was free from it altogether, and could walk as well as ever I could in my life.

I returned to America strong and agile, and with a portfolio full of suggestive sketches. One of these was the back hair and part of the side face of a girl who was engaged in sketching in a mountainous region. But this I tore up on the voyage.

(To be concluded.)

Frank R. Stockton.

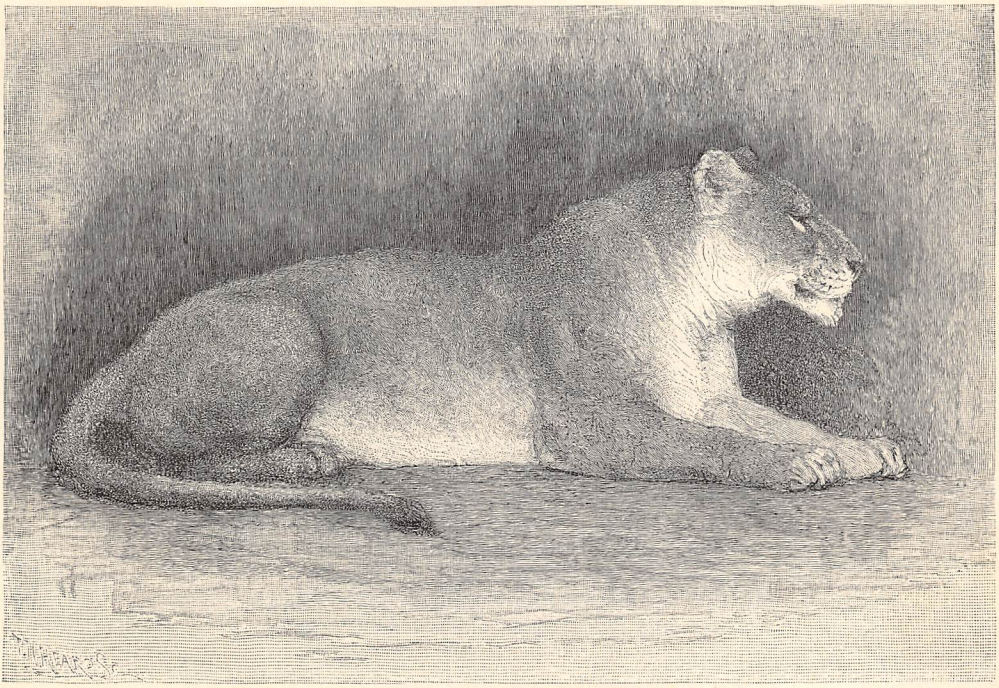
CAMPION.

I PLACED a scarlet campion flower
In the wreathed tresses of my head.
"No damosel in hall or bower
Is fairer than my love," he said.

Years after, in a folded book,
I found a withered campion flower,
And paled with that swift backward look
That ghost-seers have at twilight hour.

O withered heart, O love long dead!
"Poor faded flower that shone so fair,
Well suits thy phantom bloom," I said,
"With the white tresses of my hair."

Alice Williams Brotherton.



HEBE.

SEE, what a beauty! Half-shut eyes,—
Hide all buff, and without a break
To the tail's brown tuft that mostly lies
So quiet one thinks her scarce awake;
But pass too near, one step too free,
You find her slumber a devil's truce:
Up comes that paw,— all plush, you see,—
Out four claws, fit for Satan's use.

'Ware! Just a sleeve's breadth closer then,
And your last appearance on any stage!
Loll, if you like, by Daniel's Den,
But clear and away from Hebe's cage: —
That's Hebe! listen to that purr,
Rumbling as from the ground below:
Strange, when the ring begins to stir,
The fleshings always vex her so.

You think 'twere a rougher task by far
To tame her mate with the sooty mane?
A splendid bronze for a showman's car,
And quiet enough for bit and rein.
But Hebe is — just like all her sex —
Not good, then bad,— be sure of that:
In either case 'twould a sage perplex
To make them out, both woman and cat.

A curious record, Hebe's. Reared
In Italy; age,— that's hard to fix;
Trained from a cub, until she feared
The lash, and learned her round of tricks;
Always a traveler,— one of two
A woman-tamer took in hand,
Whipped them, coaxed them,— and so they grew
To fawn or cower at her command.

None but Florina — that was her name
And this the story of Hebe here —
Entered their cage; the brutes were tame
As kittens, though, their mistress near.
A tall, proud wench as ever was seen,
Supple and handsome, full of grace:
The world would bow to a real queen
That had Florina's form and face.

Her lover — for one she had, of course —
Was Marco, acrobat, circus-star,
The lightest foot on a running horse,
The surest leap from a swinging bar;
And she,— so jealous he dared not touch
A woman's hand, and, truth to say,
He had no humor to tease her much
Till a girl in spangles crossed their way.

'Twas at Marseilles, the final scene:
This pretty rider joined the ring,
Ma'am'selle Céleste or Victorine,
And captured him under Florina's wing.
They hid their meetings, but when, you see,
Doubt holds the candle, love will show,
And in love's division the one of three,
Whose share is lessened, needs must know.

One night, then, after the throng outpoured
From the show, and the lions my Lady's power
Had been made to feel, with lash that scored
And eye that cowed them, a snarling hour; —
(They were just in the mood for pleasantry
Of those holidays when saints were thrown
To beasts, and the Romans, entrance-free,
Clapped hands;) — that night, as she stood alone,

Florina, Queen of the Lions, called
Sir Marco toward her, while her hand
Still touched the spring of a door that walled
Her subjects safe within Lion-land.
He came there panting, hot from the ring,
So brave a figure that one might know
Among all his tribe he must be king,—
If in some wild tract you met him so.

"Do you love me still," she asked, "as when
You swore it first?" "Have never a doubt!"
"But I have a fancy — men are men,
And one whim drives another out,— "

"What fancy? Is this all? Have done:
You tire me." "Look you, Marco! oh,
I should die, if another woman won
Your love,— but would kill you first, you know!"

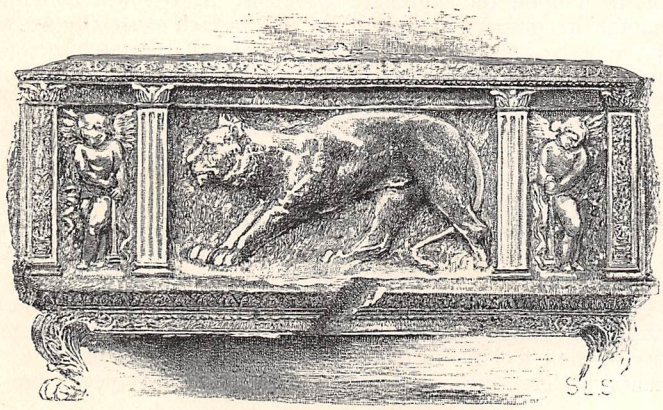
"Kill me? and how,— with a jealous tongue?"
"THUS!" quoth Florina, and slipped the bolt
Of the cage's door, and headlong flung
Sir Marco, ere he could breathe, the dolt!
Plump on the lion he bounced, and fell
Beyond, and Hebe leapt for him there,—
No need for their lady's voice to tell
The work in hand for that ready pair.

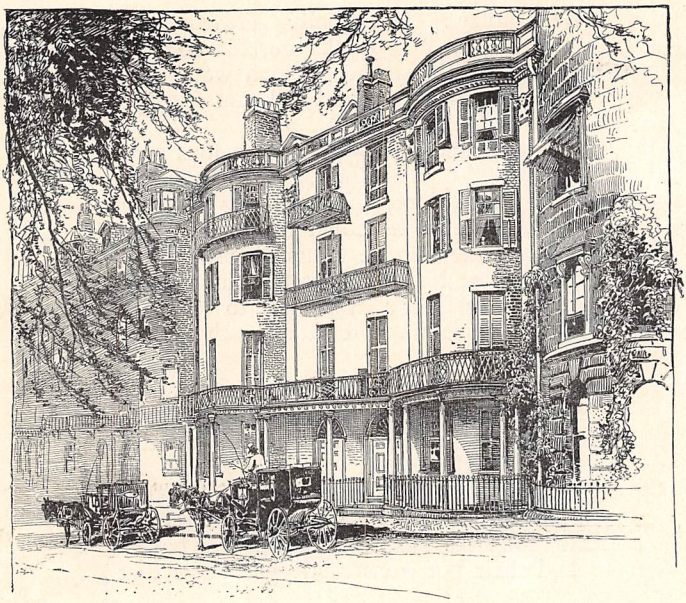
They say one wouldn't have cared to see
The group commingled, man and beast,
Or to hear the shrieks and roars,— all three,—
One red, the feasters and the feast!
Guns, pistols, blazed, till the lion sprawled,
Shot dead, but Hebe held to her prey
And drank his blood, while keepers bawled
And their hot irons made yon scars that day.

But the woman? True, I had forgot:
She never flinched at the havoc made,
Nor gave one cry, but there on the spot
Drove to the heart her poniard-blade,
Straight, like a man, and fell, nor stirred
Again; — so that fine pair were dead;
One lied, and the other kept her word,—
And death pays debts, when all is said.

So they hustled Hebe out of France,
To Spain, or may be to England first.
Then hitherward over seas, by chance,
She came as you see her, always athirst,—
As if, like the tigresses that slink
In the village canes of Hindostan,
Of one rare draught she loves to think,
And ever to get it must plan and plan.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.





THE APPLETON HOUSE, 54 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. V.

CITY DWELLINGS.

THE days are long since past when the temple or cathedral, the royal palace, the feudal castle, or the civic hall overshadowed the homes of men as the oak-tree overshadows the grasses of the field. The progress of modern civilization has meant the growing importance of the average individual, and this can nowhere more clearly be traced than in the history of architecture. It is true that even in our republican land the average does not mean the noblest, either among men or buildings. But it means that which is *collectively* most prominent. The general effect of a modern town depends less upon its monumental structures than upon the aggregate of its dwellings, humble in comparison though these individually may be. So there is no architectural branch in which success is more desirable than in the domestic branch. And there is none, perhaps, where it is so difficult of attainment. For here success can mean only a very *general* success — must mean that a hundred artists are working together without discord, and a thousand patrons are harmoniously minded.

It may seem at first sight an earnest of success that this branch should be more universally interesting than any other; that while the majority of men feel no responsibility for monumental undertakings, and care so little for art as to be indifferent even in face of their results, every man has a home or hopes to have one; and that — if not for the love of art, then for some other equally potent though less admirable reason — he will wish his home to present a beautiful appearance. But, we must remember, almost all men think that here at least they are entitled to suggest how beauty should be wrought; and amateur ideas are apt to be all the more obstinate when very vague, all the more decided when very ignorant. And this will lead us to suspect that popular interest may, in fact, have tended to retard, not hasten, progress. And it will convince us, too, that in this branch especially we must be careful not to identify the architect too closely with his architecture, lest we should impute to him alone transgressions for which his patron has been in great part responsible.

It is not necessary for me to speak of the older domestic building of New York — Mr. White has described it so sympathetically in these same pages.* I will but pick up the story's thread where he let it drop, — in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and of the year 1840, — premising that I cannot hope in the strict sense to complete the tale of so delightful an historian.

More than fifty years ago the old Dutch

* See CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1883.

influence had ceased to reign alone. English examples had been widely followed, though never so as to subordinate those of New York's true mother-country. For example, prototypes of the "Colonnade" on Lafayette Place are to be found in London squares and "crescents," and English inspiration



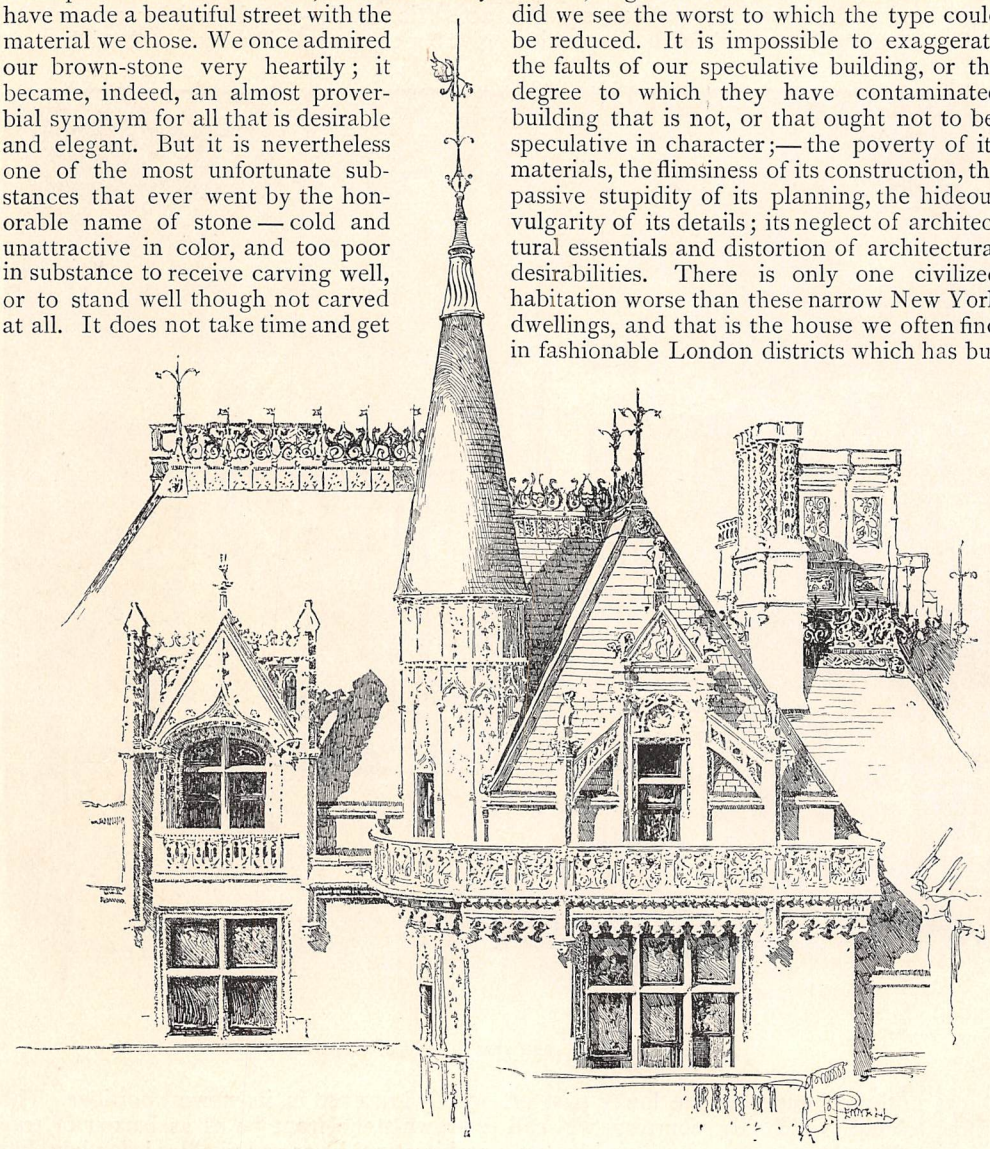
THE SOMERSET CLUB, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

shows in those houses on the lower part of Fifth Avenue which by courtesy we call Gothic. But the most conspicuous importation from Britain was the house New Yorkers call the "English basement"— the house which has its entrance at the level of the street and its drawing-rooms upstairs, as distinguished from the Dutch type with its "high stoop" giving immediate access to the chief apartments. We have since built basement-houses in not inconsiderable numbers, but they have never been really popular in New York, and the demand for them seems to be waning now. Nor are they nearly as frequent in our newer Western towns as is the high-stoop pattern.

In the neighborhood of Fourteenth street we come upon work of a later day, of that which as yet must be called our most characteristic epoch — work which was soon to give our city an individual aspect that it has not wholly lost even in its newest portions. The "brown-stone front" was as barren of true architectural ideas as the older brick box, but it sought stateliness by the aid of pedimented windows, of columned porticoes, and of heavy overhanging cornices of — zinc. It is "a poor thing, but mine own," a style — or, much more properly, a *pattern* — that we did not borrow ready-made, but formed by retaining the Dutch high-stoop, joining it to a provincial translation of Italian Renaissance ornament, and executing the result in a local material. The type has spread far and wide — is visible even at the Golden Gate. But *we* are respon-

sible for its every appearance, and he is no true-souled New Yorker who does not feel a homesick thrill whenever in his Western travels he meets its ugly, stupid, but familiar face. Even if the pattern had been better, we could hardly have made a beautiful street with the material we chose. We once admired our brown-stone very heartily; it became, indeed, an almost proverbial synonym for all that is desirable and elegant. But it is nevertheless one of the most unfortunate substances that ever went by the honorable name of stone — cold and unattractive in color, and too poor in substance to receive carving well, or to stand well though not carved at all. It does not take time and get decently weather-worn; it simply cracks and splits and scales to pieces.*

Mr. Griffith Thomas was the most conspicuous among those who established this "New York vernacular." The brown-stone fronts he built are innumerable, and one scarcely differs from the other. But in spite of their pretentious nullity they have often the merit of a comfortable spaciousness;— not until the real-estate speculator began to raven in our midst, not until his ally, the cheap-building contractor, began to follow Mr. Thomas's lead, did we see the worst to which the type could be reduced. It is impossible to exaggerate the faults of our speculative building, or the degree to which they have contaminated building that is not, or that ought not to be, speculative in character;— the poverty of its materials, the flimsiness of its construction, the passive stupidity of its planning, the hideous vulgarity of its details; its neglect of architectural essentials and distortion of architectural desirabilities. There is only one civilized habitation worse than these narrow New York dwellings, and that is the house we often find in fashionable London districts which has but one room on a floor, and out of that room a great corner cut to make place for the stairway. And there is, I may add, at least one material worse than our poorest brick or stone — the wretched kind of stucco that has been so generally used in London.



WINDOW AND TOWER OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

The old domestic architecture of Boston

* See, for instance, the stoop of the Manhattan Club-house on the south-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth street. No stone worthy of the name should look like this — not though it had stood three hundred years instead of thirty.

and its neighborhood naturally followed English models. Very attractive are its relics — even more worthy, I think, of such a commentator as Mr. White than the old homes of New York. A good local feature was the bowed front, which gave a pleasant room within and supplied variety to the unornamented façade. A good example of such a Boston exterior is to be seen in our illustration of the Appleton house on Beacon street; a still better one in that of the Somerset Club near by. This is finer, not only because a beautiful light-colored granite has been used, but because the proportions are more agreeable, and dignity is increased by its elevation above the street level. There is no better house than this in Boston, and it is peculiarly instructive as showing how beauty may result from almost unornamented construction. It is not an old house, either, but an exceptional example, dating from only some thirty years ago. It was built for a private residence, and, I believe, by a Frenchman, who must have been liberally minded, since he was inspired to work with variations after the good old local type rather than to import the manner of his own land.

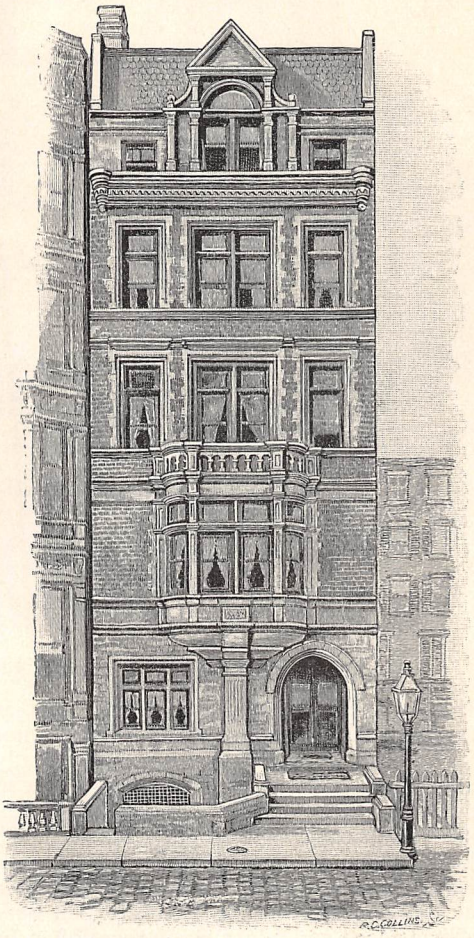
In our dark ages Boston never did quite such dreadful things as New York. Or, at least, it never did so many of them — doubtless because it was not the scene of so much speculative work. Yet the Bostonians were pretty stupid too at times, as when they degraded their bowed front into a cramped angular bay, and repeated it along rows of narrow houses, thus producing an effect as of corrugated iron on a large scale.

English parentage is, of course, apparent in Philadelphia too. The basement house is again the rule, though when small it is differently disposed inside. The New York high-stoop has been generally preferred in Washington, where, except in the suburbs, we find no houses that can be called old even in the limited American sense. Nothing could be more comfortable-looking than a few of the larger homes near Lafayette Square, nothing more ugly or mean than many streets where the ubiquity of the boarding-house seems only too well expressed.

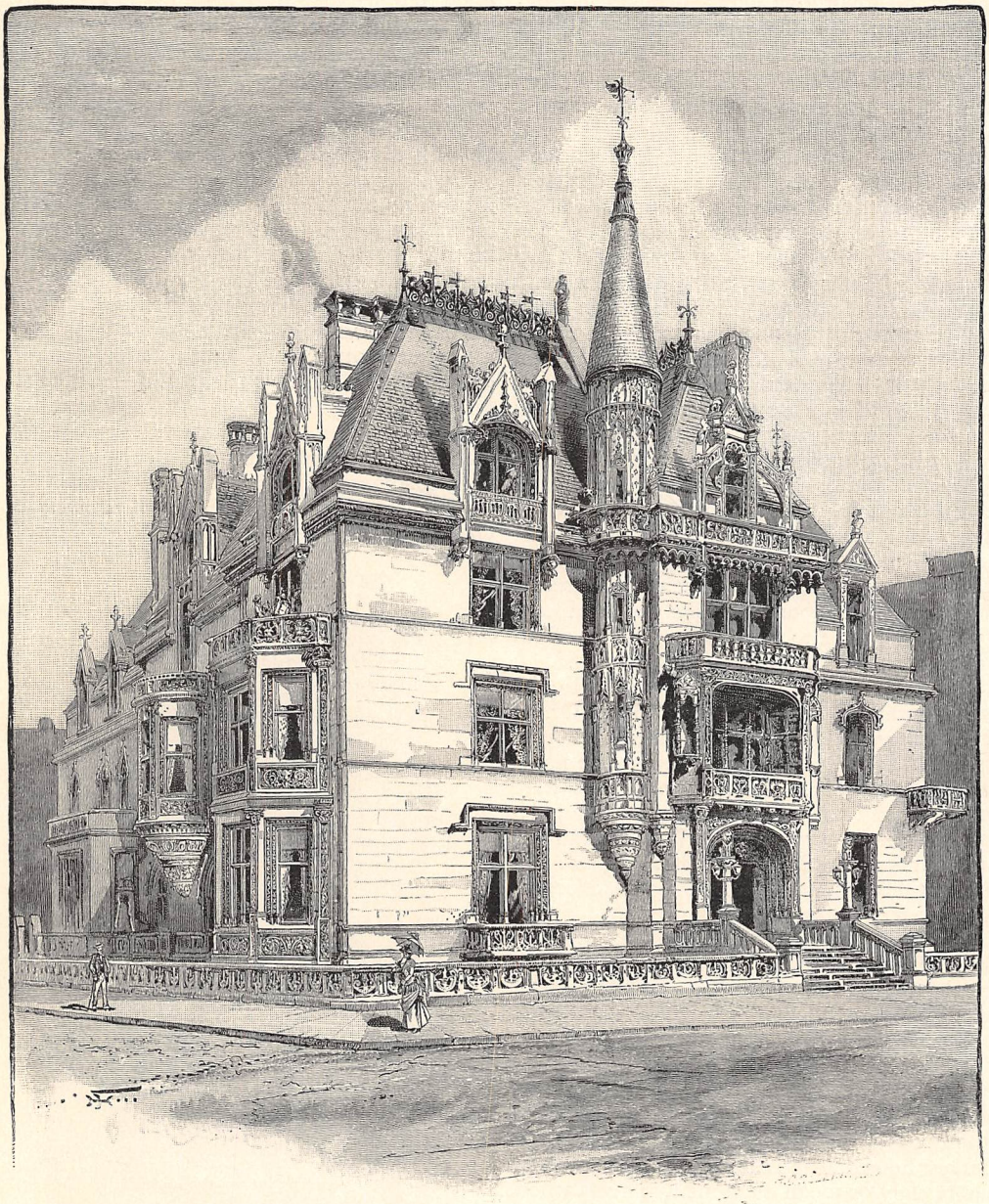
Let us now look at some of our most recent dwellings, giving the first word to New York.

When our conventional pattern was broken in upon some fifteen years ago, — when we first began to look about for more varied materials, to try sometimes for at least partial isolation, and to remember that there were other available fashions besides the "vernacular," — what was the immediate result? It was an increase of display, but not always an improvement in art. Indeed, we felt very often that art must have been left entirely out of the calculation. We felt inclined to apply a quotation from the genial old chronicle of "Tom Jones," which speaks of the buildings "with which some unknown hand hath adorned the rich clothing town, *where heaps of brick are piled up to show that heaps of money have been piled up before.*" The sin is, we see, no novel one; but it is a sin to blush for all the same. That is, unless its iniquity be purged by *art* in the result. In every land and in every age the love of display — the delight in spending money and in *proving* its expenditure — has been perhaps the mightiest motive force toward architectural creation. But the fact is masked, condoned, forgotten, — nay, approved, — when it is artistically expressed. Fortunately we too may already count dwellings not a few where evident costliness is amply justified by beauty.

The great marble house on the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth

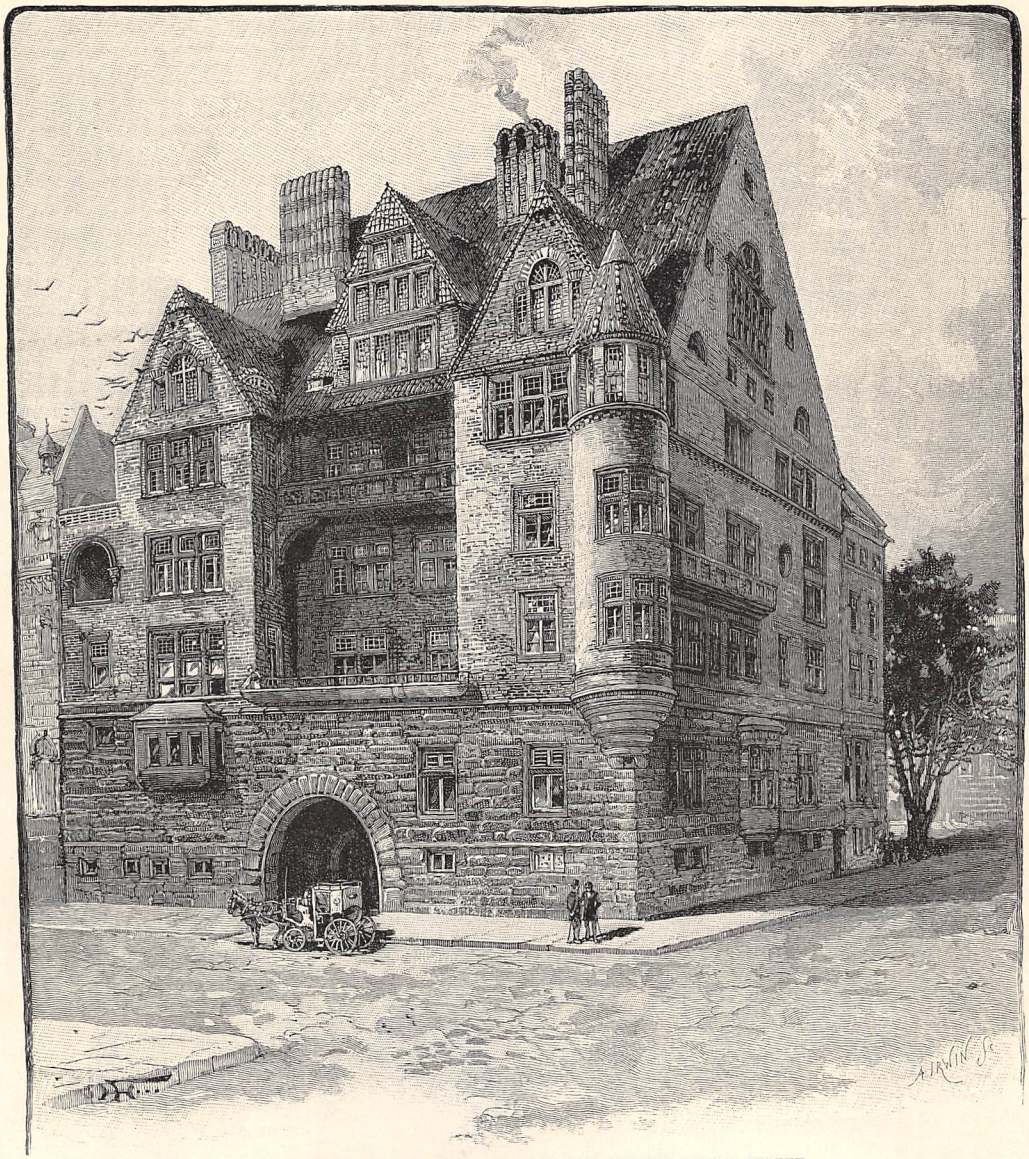


HOUSE OF MRS. CHARLES KNEELAND, 6 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

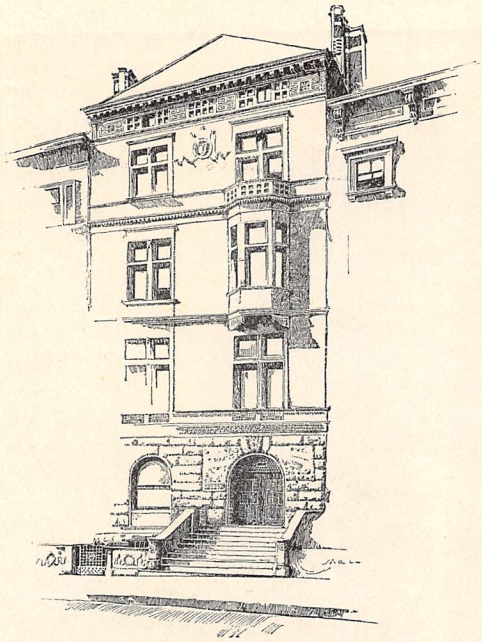
street was one of our earliest attempts at novelty, and in ambition it has certainly not since been surpassed. But it was not really a new departure—it was merely an effort to glorify the "vernacular" by increase of size, by isolation, and by change of material. In the last-named respect the effort was commendable. Under our bright sky and with our sootless atmosphere, white stone is very well in place and might much more often be employed. But not in just this fashion. For here we have no good proportioning and no skillful composition either with masses or with features. Beauty has been sought only in the applied columnar decoration, and this is not architecturally valuable because it has been used without moderation, without care for contrast or relief or structural subordination, and without artistic knowledge in design or artistic grace in execution. We can only call it a very showy house, and add that to some eyes it may seem imposing—may seem to



MR. TIFFANY'S HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE AND SEVENTY-SECOND STREET.

deserve the epithet "palatial," which epithet, I imagine, it was the first New York home to suggest to the reportorial pen.

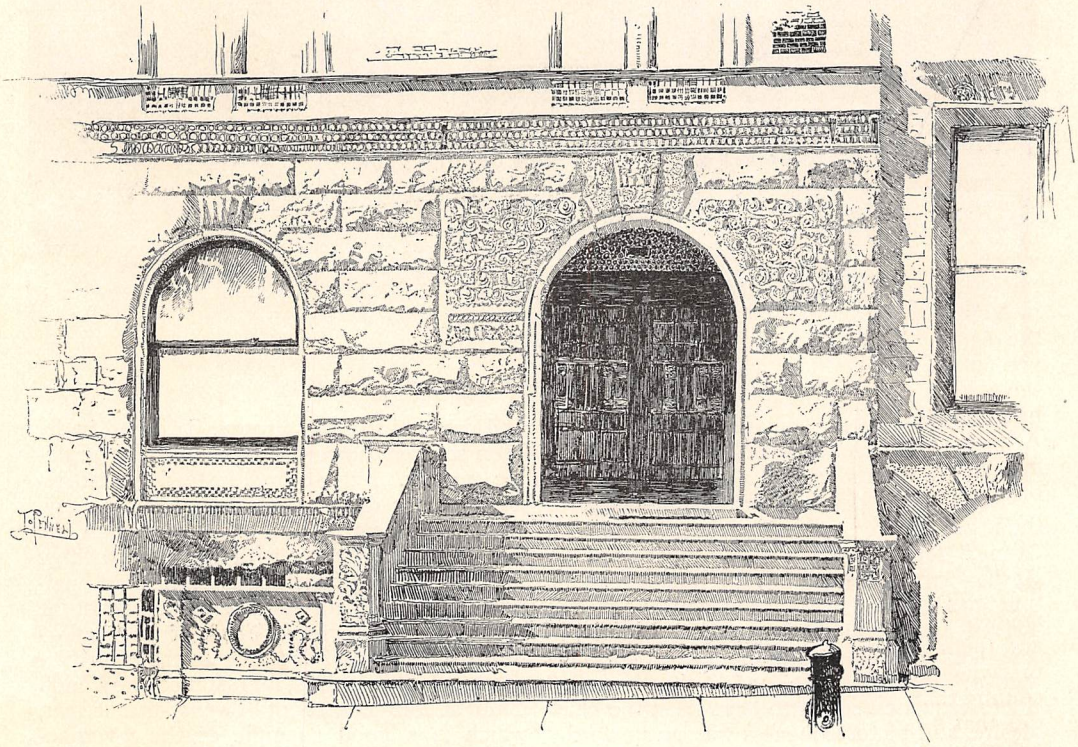
But a little later we really did begin to build in more unfamiliar ways. "Queen Anne," for instance, became very popular. It has wrought some not unpleasing results, but has often been conspicuously misconceived and misapplied — as, for example, in the Union League Club-house, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fortieth street. Picturesqueness seems to have been the chief desire, and picturesqueness was an unworthy aim in a building of this size, in this position, and devoted to this purpose. If it had really been secured, however, we should not grumble greatly. But we find instead a restlessness, a want of unity, an unmotived variety, which strike us as irrational, and which are peculiarly unfortunate with features so large in scale. The great roof is simple and imposing, but the rest of the work cannot be said — either in general effect or in detail — to satisfy the mind or to please the eye. Is it a better building than, for instance, the Union Club at the corner of Twenty-first street, which is a good example of the "vernacular"? Hardly, I think, except as a sign of



MR. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON'S HOUSE.

effort, a sign of commendable discontent with the old *régime*.

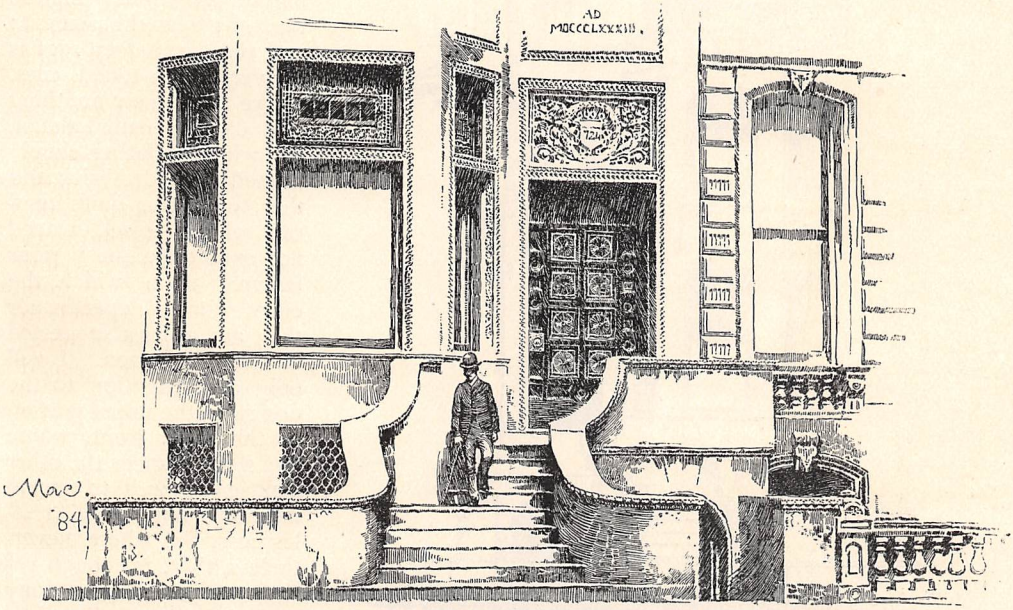
Pass now a little farther up the avenue, and we shall see the famous twin Vanderbilt houses, where we have brown-stone again, though not of the old poor quality, and used in a very different manner. They are not ostentatious or vulgar or distressingly ugly houses, but neither are they really good or beautiful. In their quieter way they are great architectural sinners too. Stripped of their carving, they would be, as I have heard it expressed, merely "brown-stone packing-boxes." And their carving does not help them save to a superficial eye. We know that decoration is not *architectural* decoration unless it emphasizes construction. I may add that it is not architectural decoration unless it is *itself constructed*. Here neither requirement is fulfilled. The carving — one must not call it by any nobler name — is applied in just those places where it does not belong, and where it hurts, not helps, the structural expression. And it is not itself in any sense constructed. It consists simply of broad bands (of naturalistic foliage for the most part) which have no beginnings or endings, no moldings or framings, nothing to prove that they were designed for the rôle which they attempt, much less for the places that they fill. Their relief, moreover, is so low and uniform that they suffer doubly from want of proper setting, and utterly fail to perform not only the first purpose of ornament, structural emphasis, but the second



ENTRANCE TO MR. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON'S HOUSE.

also, the creation of effects of light and shadow. Abstractly considered, the carving is pretty enough in design and quite charming in execution; but in both respects it is carving such as a cabinet-maker might use in wood, not such as an architect should use in stone. And, I repeat, it is displayed for its own sake only. It is an interesting testimony to the fact that these dwellings were built, in truth, not by an architect, but by a clever decorator of interiors.

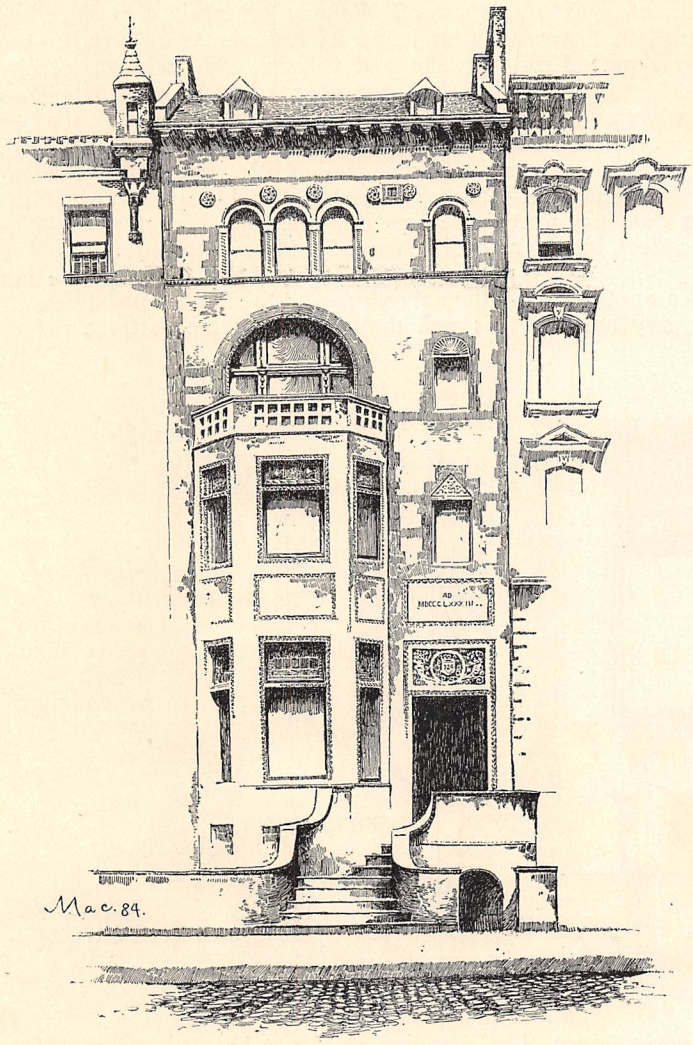
On the corner above we see another Vanderbilt house, built of light gray limestone, the roof. We may feel, again, that since it *is* a city house its ornamentation is rather too profuse and delicate. But it is so skillfully applied and so charmingly executed, is so *architectural* in spite of its delicacy, that we have not the heart to wish it altered. Indeed, I think we may greatly rejoice in this sumptuous accumulation of beauty; for, while it is necessary that the virtues and possibilities of simplicity should be preached, it is well to be reminded occasionally that they are not the only virtues or the finest possibilities. It is well that we should see that the richest



ENTRANCE TO MR. R. FULTON CUTTING'S HOUSE, 724 FIFTH AVENUE.

which *is* a house and not a carven chest. I think, too, that it is the most beautiful house in New York. Mr. Hunt has long stood at the head of his profession in America, his preëminence acknowledged not only by ourselves, but by the Frenchmen who elected him one of the seven foreign members of their Academy. So long had we known his learning, his taste, and his ability, that it was an oft-mentioned subject of regret that he should have found no favorable opportunity to show what his idea of a city home would be. So we are all the more thankful that it should have come to him at last. We may pick little faults in his building if we will. We may say — and the more we admire it the more apt we are to say, I think — that it would be better as a country than as a city house. We may think, too, that it has an overabundance of features; yet unity of effect has not been sacrificed to them — unless, perhaps, in the treatment of elaboration need not be ostentatious, much less vulgar; that lavish art may be as refined as modest art; that excess means *wrong* work, not always *much* work. I am sure the most captious critic cannot deny that Mr. Hunt has carried out a very ambitious and elaborate design in a very successful way — in a way that is marvelously successful considering what the level of our art has been. If we examine his decoration closely, moreover, we shall see how great an improvement we have made in manual skill. What would have been the use had Mr. Hunt designed such work even a dozen years ago? Can we think with tolerance of how it would then have been translated into stone?

There are many large houses a little farther up the avenue which have the advantage of comparative isolation, or at least of a corner site. Where all are very ambitious, it is much to say that some — not all — are good; as,



HOUSE OF MR. R. FULTON CUTTING, 724 FIFTH AVENUE.

for instance, the one that Mr. Harney has built on the south-west corner of Fifty-seventh street. The old brown-stone front is prominent still in less conspicuous residences, but "Queen Anne" and French Renaissance fashions crowd it close.

Two houses of brick and stone on the lower corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street seem to me to merit mention, as does also Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's light-brick house near Seventy-fifth street, which, with its doubly bowed front, recalls the old Boston type. And then, if we turn into Madison Avenue, we shall see on the corner of Seventy-second street another and a very different work by the same hands.

It is a huge house extending a hundred feet on either street and holding three homes, which are disposed neither in flats nor in vertical sections, but which (being intended for members of the same family) share the various floors between them in a more irregular way. Below, the structure is of rock-faced blue-stone, and is pierced with a broad, low archway leading to an interior court; above, we find the beautiful and novel brick-work to which I have already referred in an earlier chapter, harmonizing well with the ruggedly treated basement; and the great steep roof is of very dark-toned tiles. There is scarcely anything that can be called detail, the windows being simply framed in molded brick, and the stone being quite innocent of the chisel. I need not enumerate the various features upon which the effect wholly depends, for they are at least suggested in the illustration. I will only call attention to the design of the upper portion of the main front, where one side balances the other sufficiently well to secure harmony and avoid restlessness, but where, nevertheless, there is enough variation to obviate monotony and produce an allowable, desirable, moderate degree of picturesqueness; and add that if we examine the different features with the key afforded by interior necessity, we find them dictated by common sense, and not by fantasy. For example, the whole upper floor immediately beneath the roof is an enormous studio; and this explains not only the prominence of the roof itself, but also the great dormer with its many lights, which might seem "willful" did they illuminate an attic merely. In color I think the building very successful — alike in the blue and brown tones of its stone, in the yellow and brown gradations of its brick-work, in the rich duskiness of its tiling, and in the harmonious way these all work in together. Nor must we fail to mark how very quiet the color is, for it is well to know that architectural color worthy of the name may be attained without vivid tints or pronounced oppositions.

To me this is a very beautiful house as well

as a very good one. But I know there are many eyes which, while acknowledging its excellence as a piece of construction and an architectural design (as to this there can hardly be serious question), find it too uncompromisingly massive, too grave and somber, too forbidding, almost, to fit in with the idea of what is beautiful in domestic building. I can but reiterate that I myself do not feel thus about it, and then explain why, whether it be very beautiful or not, it seems to me the most interesting and most promising house we have yet constructed — more interesting even and much more promising than Mr. Hunt's indisputably beautiful French château. This is because when we come into its presence we do not for a moment think of asking what "style" it follows, or care a whit whether it follows none or draws inspirations from a dozen. Style it has — that style which means harmony of proportions, accord of features, unity of effect; which means that the artist has had a definite, homogeneous conception to express, and has expressed it clearly, coherently, and in each and every proportion, form, and detail. But it is a style of its own — one which must be judged by intrinsic standards, and not by reference to bygone fashions and antiquarian dogmas. For this reason I believe it must have a good influence upon our art; not as inciting to direct imitation,— that would perhaps be a dangerous essay,— but as showing that it is possible to be "original" without being fantastic or unscholarly (no work is unscholarly which is perfectly coherent and harmonious), and to build admirably without a particle of ornamentation. Nothing could be more instructive than to compare (or, rather, to *contrast)* the two finest houses New York has yet to show — this house and Mr. Hunt's. They prove how wide are the limits that bound architectural excellence even in the one branch of city domestic work; how foolish it is to try and fetter effort with narrow artistic creeds, with rigid dogmas as to style and treatment and amount of decoration. Each is an admirable house in its own way — I am almost afraid to say how admirable in my eyes when judged by the standard of current performance even in its better phases, and even in Europe as well as here. Yet no two houses could well be more unlike in idea, in material, in treatment, or in degree of ornamentation.

Continue down Madison Avenue now, and at the corner of Sixty-seventh street we shall find three houses built by Mr. Hunt— again in a rich and charming French transitional style. Here, too, we see the *artist*, and in work that has much beauty. Yet certain parts of it are, I think, inferior to the rest. The Madison Avenue side contents us thoroughly as a piece of composition, the Sixty-seventh street side less entirely; and the corner, which should have been the strongest, is the weakest portion of the whole.

Farther on, just back of the cathedral, we find Messrs. McKim, Mead and White once more. The whole block is occupied by four houses treated as a single composition. In happy variation on our usual arrangement, the central ones are thrown far back, giving space for a turfed court with a fountain in the middle, while the others form projecting wings on either hand. The southerly wing contains Mr. Villard's house, so justly famed for its interior beauty. The external treatment is throughout very simple, after an Italian Renaissance fashion which wins a local flavor from the use of "brown-stone,"— better, however, than the average, both in quality and in color. The broad plain walls and regularly spaced and delicately ornamented windows are enlivened by the introduction of a *loggia* in the central portion, and are *composed*, moreover, by intelligent proportioning. The effect is very quiet, a little cold, perhaps a little tame; but it is extremely refined, and affords an interesting contrast to the effect of those "vernacular" examples whose inspiration was drawn from similar sources. Perhaps a careless eye will not see at first all the difference between the two; but it is there, both in structure and in decoration,— all the difference that marks off art from no art. As in their great house just described, so here as well, though in a very different language, these artists seem to be protesting against frivolity, tawdriness, unrest, and ostentation.

These have all been exceptional houses as to situation, or, at least, as to size. Individually they are, of course, more interesting than their humbler neighbors. But collectively considered, our average homes are the most important and should be most carefully studied. If *they* cannot be made good, then our city will never really be redeemed from the reproach of its ugly monotony.

The old average house is an unsuccessful thing indeed. In fact, it is not a *thing* at all, for a thing, at least in architecture, means an organism, and this house is merely a mechanical accumulation of spaces and openings, unbeautiful in themselves and uncombined with one another. For too long a time we apathetically excused it as the result of unalterable and unfortunate conditions. What could we do with a façade that was sixty feet or more in height and but twenty-five feet — as often, indeed, but twenty or even less — in width? We might have answered *much* if we had cared to use, not even our imagination,

but our memory merely. For the same problem had been at least agreeably treated in almost every foreign town. The "obelisque style" of house, as Balzac calls it, was characteristic of the old Paris that he loved. It was very lofty, often only three windows in width, and commonly built of but humble materials. Yet it was an organic structure and a picturesque. It was not a lifeless screen like ours. And similar houses in countless European streets have such charming fronts that they find illustration in every architectural hand-book.

Nor was another familiar plaint any more reasonable than this. It was very untrue that we could not light our houses better and yet give sufficient solidity of effect. I think the open, late-gothic façades of Venice look strong enough; and I know of many an old German house-front which is almost all windows, yet which looks delightfully secure,—as, for instance, the beautiful Leibnitz house in Hanover, pictured in Lübke's "History of Architecture."*

It has often been said, again, that New York building was bad chiefly because it showed no roofs. Surely there has often enough been good street architecture without visible roofs, and surely there is no possible reason why we might not have had as many roofs and gables and dormers and chimneys as heart could wish. They already exist to-day on most of the large houses I have named, and we find them modestly apparent in the three narrower façades that are among our illustrations.

I have heard Mr. Haight's basement house on East Fifty-fifth street described as "Queen Anne." If the reader cares to see how widely things may differ that are called by this one name, he has only to contrast it with a group of four houses—*not* by Mr. Haight—at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh street. These were built at the same time and by the same hands, yet each is as different as possible from its neighbors, and each is as distressingly fantastic as a house well could be.

Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's two houses on Fifth Avenue show varying adaptations of a delicate early Renaissance style that has refinement as its very essence. These three dwellings, together with others not a few, prove that composition *is* possible even with our average proportions. They prove, too, that composition does not mean a multitude of features—an idea that has too often found expression since we began to have ideas at all. There are scores and scores of houses in our up-town streets which have tried to be more "architectural" than the brown-stone front, but which show almost less of definite conception on their designers' part and visibly less of unity in their results — which are mere medleys of as many alien "things" as could be crowded into the given surface. There are but few "things" in our illustrated examples, but these few express structure and are combined with one another. Neither of them, perhaps, can we call quite perfect; yet we should be glad enough if all our houses were as good. And we should hardly complain if none of them were less attractive than a still simpler work of Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's—the Mercantile Library office on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-eighth street.

* I may note in passing the house fronts of Dantzig, which have been illustrated in various publications, and which might furnish our architects with peculiarly helpful suggestions. They are wonderfully varied and charming, and they are lofty, narrow, and almost made up of windows. And, moreover, they reveal the Dutch high stoop, modified in the most sensible and attractive ways.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

FOR OTHERS.

WEEPING for another's woe,
Tears flow then that would not flow
When our sorrow was our own,
And the deadly, stiffening blow
Was upon our own heart given
In the moments that have flown!

Cringing at another's cry
In the hollow world of grief,
Stills the anguish of our pain
For the fate that made us die
To our hopes as sweet as vain;
And our tears can flow again!

One storm blows the night this way,
But another brings the day.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

XV.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

EARLY on the morning after Bodewin's disappearance a telegram from Mr. Craig was received at the mine, asking news of Bodewin. Two men had already set out from the camp to search the trail for signs which might lead to some conclusion as to what had become of him. None were found, nor was there evidence of any kind indicating a struggle by the wayside. Various theories were advanced as to Bodewin's fate, but the general opinion in the camp, in view of his known reluctance to appear on the trial, was what he himself had expected it would be. The pistol-mark on Baldy's hip was pronounced, by experts in such matters, the work of a hand that had been careful not to aim too well — probably the hand of Baldy's master. If Bodewin had been stopped on the road by persons who had reasons for not wishing their business with him to be known, they would never have allowed his horse to escape, especially with that mark upon him. So said the men of experience. That any such persons would have allowed the horse to get beyond range of a dead-sure shot was too wild an improbability altogether. Bodewin, no doubt, was hiding out until after the trial, and had sent Baldy home with a blood-stain on him to lead conjecture astray.

In these days Josephine felt strongly drawn towards Hillbury. She saw him frequently, but he never spoke to her of Bodewin, even when the latter's disappearance was the one topic in the camp, and she believed that his silence, like her own, covered a heart-ache to which words could give no relief. Hillbury was no less drawn towards Josephine. She was more beautiful than ever, he thought. She had the look of one who was suffering. He would have been glad to believe it was not for Bodewin's sake — from no reason personal to himself,— so he assured himself,— but from a lamentable suspicion, that cut him very deep on the score of friendship, that Bodewin was unworthy. Hillbury was not yet willing to believe him so, but the doubt was in itself a trouble. It was also a responsibility, for while he harbored it he felt like a traitor to his friend; yet he could not free himself from it.

A few days before Bodewin took his ride up the pass, Hillbury had made a second search for the mysterious cabin. He had found it, and there began his sadness. He had come upon it as unexpectedly as if it had sprung up out of the earth. Some accident of the location had the curious effect to render it invisible from any point of view that was not very near. There had been no one at home, or so Hillbury had supposed. Finding himself out of matches and in urgent want of a smoke, he pushed open the door, after the unceremonious fashion of the region, and looked about within for what he required. He had expected to find a match or two without any trouble, then quietly to go his ways and pass on his obligation to some other needy wayfarer. But the matches were not in any of the usual places. He found them at last in an Indian basket of braided grasses, made in the shape of half a hollow sphere, that rocked when he touched it, on the corner of a high wooden shelf. Poking about in it for a match with a buckskin glove on, he upset it and spilled its contents on the floor,— sewing materials, a woman's thimble, the matches, an imperfect pack of cards, one of them cut as for the measure of a hem or tuck, and — a photograph of John Bodewin! An old and faded picture of him in his cavalry uniform, slim in figure, with the boyish face fixed in that slightly exaggerated look of determination which characterized the pictures of our young volunteers. The mustache was faintly perceptible, the hair a little longer than Bodewin's present cut, but it was Bodewin, without the shadow of a doubt. Hillbury was touched at seeing the face of his friend as he had known it fifteen years before; it sobered him with a rush of recollections; and then came the cold conjecture, how should it be there — in the cabin which Bodewin had declared was purely of Craig's invention? Hillbury hated mysteries. He wished his friends' lives to be, like his own, in no need of explanation or defense. Here was something to be accounted for. While he stood musing, with the picture in his hand, the outer door of the cabin was pushed open, and a girl, bareheaded, carrying an apronful of pine chips, entered the

room. Hillbury was not as surprised to see her as she evidently was to see him. He had recognized her at once as the girl of Craig's adventure. He apologized for his intrusion. The girl had let fall her apron-load on the hearth, and stood as if waiting for him to take his departure. Her beauty corresponded to Craig's description better than her *manner*. That "sweet, stolid way" he had spoken of was not conspicuous to Hillbury's notice. At that moment, certainly, she looked neither sweet nor stolid, but rather keenly and resentfully observant of her visitor. There was in Hillbury's manner a certain superiority, as a matter of course, which his equals admitted and even liked, if he happened to like them, but which his inferiors, socially speaking, were apt to find as uncompanionable as a "no trespass" on a signboard. Hillbury appreciated the girl's beauty, in the abstract, as he would have appreciated the beauty of a perfect crystal; as a woman she had no existence for him, and, as a woman, she instantly felt it.

"Pardon me," said Hillbury, suddenly aware that he was still holding the photograph. "Is this a picture of a friend of yours?"

"No," said the girl,—she seemed to hesitate, and then added,—"not to say a friend."

Hillbury could not help seeing that she was blushing, and that some excitement made her breath come deep and short. It might be anger, but it did not look like it.

"Is it—pardon me again—a friend of your father's?" The girl did not reply, and Hillbury added: "I take the liberty of asking because it is a picture of a friend of mine, and I cannot help being surprised to find it here."

Hillbury could not help laying a slight emphasis on the last word. The girl's color deepened as she said:

"I do' know as you had any call *to* find it here."

"Very true," Hillbury admitted, smiling in acknowledgment of the just retort. "But you see I have found it, as it happens, and really I would like to know how it came here."

"Well, then, I can't tell you."

"Do you mean you cannot tell me because you do not know?"

"I mean you needn't ask me no more questions, for I won't answer 'em."

"Very well," said Hillbury. "Here is the picture,— and here is my card. When you see this gentleman again, please hand it to him, will you?"

The girl took the picture, and the card he gave her. She looked doubtfully at the words, "U. S. Geological Survey," engraved beneath the name. They conveyed to her mind no idea beyond that vague suspicion with which the pass-words of the educated class are regarded by the ignorant. She was not sure that this easy yet distant stranger was not making her in some way the instrument of his diversion —perhaps at her own expense.

Hillbury stood in the doorway watching her with puzzled, unhappy interest. Her beauty, as of a perfect young animal, a triumphant survival of the fittest feminine type, impressed him the more as he examined it. She was as handsome as Josephine, and as much more dangerous, to the average man, as passion without mental discipline could make her.

The girl found nothing to reassure her in Hillbury's inscrutable dark eyes. He lifted his hat and gravely wished her good-afternoon, and again his courtesy seemed to remind her of the distance between them.

Hillbury had a great fondness for Bodewin. He was quite used to disapproving of him. He was always longing to put him to rights, to rouse his ambition, and make him show for what he was worth. But, illogical as Bodewin's life was, in his friend's opinion, and provoking as were his habits, Hillbury had ever found him one of the most truthful, sensitive, and scrupulous of men. Yet he was aware that there was a side of Bodewin's life he knew nothing of. There had been a journey to Deadwood to which Bodewin had never referred, though it was evident to all who knew him that, in one way or another, it had been a hard trip for him; and there was this trouble with Harkins which Bodewin had gloomily alluded to. Why not go to him frankly and ask him what all this nonsense was about— and what, in particular, he meant by pretending ignorance of a house where a discussion of his picture called up so much feeling on the part of a pretty resident? Decidedly that was the proper thing to do. Since he had spoken *of* Bodewin in the matter, he could do no less than speak *to* him. He would open the subject on the first suitable occasion. No such occasion came, however. It seemed, almost, as if Bodewin might be trying to avoid him. Hillbury did not see him again to speak with him before his departure for Denver.

Hillbury had certain convictions which he never expressed because they were incapable of proof. One of these was the conviction that Bodewin was not dead. About two weeks after Bodewin's disappearance, when all efforts to find him or to learn his fate had ceased in the camp, Hillbury set out one day alone in search of his friend. He had mentioned to no one the object of his journey. He took the same way by which he had guided Mrs. Craig's party to the lake. He passed the burnt timber, entered the spruce forest, and,

plodding on through gleam and shadow, kept the trail as far as a certain ridge which he followed, moving now more slowly and looking about him for that little hollow where the cabin lurked and where he expected to find, yet hoped not to find, his friend.

He came upon the cabin from the rear, and finding the ground around the prospect-hole unsuitable for a nearer approach on horseback, he dismounted and walked around the cabin towards its entrance. He could see the porch while he was still some distance from it,— the long bench, sheltered by the projecting roof,— and seated there, conspicuous in the morning sunlight, he saw John Bodewin. His back was partly turned to Hillbury. Against his shoulder rested a woman's head, a young head, thickly covered with light, shining hair. His hand seemed to press it closer, while his head was bent over the face, beneath his own. An idyllic stillness and peace surrounded the solitary cabin. There seemed no one in the forest but these two silent, lover-like figures,— and Hillbury, who had set his foot within their paradise. Hillbury did not see a man seated, smoking, on the farther end of the bench, where a hop-vine sheltered it. He looked but an instant upon what he believed to be his friend's disgrace, and then tramped fiercely back to the spot where he had left his horse.

As he rode homeward through the melancholy spruces, his hot disgust passed and left a feeling as if he had come from a burial. "I knew he was not dead. Would that he were — would that he were, rather than this!" He lay sleepless in his blankets that night before his camp-fire, going over and over again the evidence against Bodewin, and trying to find some flaw in the chain of proofs against him.

He remembered that Bodewin had not joined in the mirth over Craig's story of the cabin, and the pretty, golden-haired girl who had said she was a stranger in those parts. He had declared there was no such cabin. He had afterwards seemed to waver and half withdraw the assertion. The cabin had been found, and his picture had been seen there. The girl had blushed and refused to talk of it or of him. He had refused to go on the Eagle Bird case because of some mysterious hold Harkins had on him, through a woman. He had been on the verge of a confession, or an explanation which was evidently painful to him. He had at the last moment consented to give his testimony,— had declined to go over the range with the Eagle Bird outfit, had gone alone, and had not been heard from since. He was at the cabin in the woods,— the cabin he had pretended to doubt the existence of,— comfortably secluded, in the society of a handsome girl of a class from which he could not take a wife.

Would that he were dead! Hillbury summed up the case against his friend. The sad, pure, sensitive Bodewin, negligent, yet over-scrupulous, whom he had loved and watched over for many years, was no more,— nor had he ever been. The poor fellow had his own strange charm. Hillbury owned it and missed it, even then when he believed that he had long been misled by it. The next evening he went to see Josephine. He went more than once to see her, nor could he yet assure himself that she was not grieving silently for Bodewin. One evening he asked her if she would take a ride with him in the valley. She turned red and then pale.

"No," she said; "I hate the valley!"

"Wherever else you please, then."

"No, not anywhere, thank you. I shall not ride any more while I am here."

When he went home that night, he said to himself, "She too is mourning for the living dead." And when he considered how her thoughts must be dwelling on the recreant Bodewin and idealizing him in his absence, the folly of his friend's conduct seemed to him almost more tragic than its baseness.

XVI.

BABE.

THE Keesner cabin consisted of two rooms, one behind the other, with an unfinished loft above them. The rear room was built into the hill, windowless, and lighted only from the adjoining room. Babe had slept in this part of the cabin, called the "dug-out," until Bodewin became one of the family, when it was given to him, and Babe took the garret for her bedroom.

The Keesners, father and son, slept below in the outer room, across the doorway of Bodewin's room. They lay, with their guns beside them, on a camp blanket sewed to the hem of the calico curtain which covered the doorway. The blanket was an extension of the curtain; — sleeping on it, they were thus in a position to be disturbed by any movement of it from within.

At five o'clock on the morning after his capture Bodewin and his keepers were still asleep. The interior of the cabin was dim and quiet as the gray morning twilight in the woods outside. Babe had been softly moving about overhead, and now she came down the ladder which, propped against a square hole in the floor of the garret, served for a staircase. A few red coals were still winking among the ashes on the hearth. She raked

them out and started a blaze with kindlings laid ready overnight. Then she took the water-pail and went out to fill it at the well. By this time her father and brother were awake. They got up with a noise of boots like horses waking in their stalls, and limped, grumbling and cursing, to the fire.

"Floor gits mighty cold, nights," said the elder Keesner. "Dum nigh par'lized!" he muttered, rubbing his chilled joints. Tony, squatting on the hearth, shoulders drawn together and hands spread to the warmth, spat into the ashes in silence.

Bodewin now came out and asked for water to wash with. Neither of the men stirred, but Dad said:

"Guess Babe ain't done with the basin yet."

Tony, on reflection, went to the door and ordered her to hurry up, and was in turn ordered by his father to "shut that door!"

In a few moments Babe came in, looking pink about the ears and elbows, with damp rings of hair standing out around her forehead, and offered to Bodewin a clean bright tin basin, which had been not only emptied but wiped. She filled it for him as he held it, gave him a coarse clean towel and a square of yellow soap; but not a glance or a word did she bestow upon him.

"'Tain't often Babe's mad lasts overnight," her father remarked as she left the room.

When Bodewin, his camp toilet completed, went to the door to empty the tin basin, he was fain to linger there a moment for another look at Babe. She was hanging out the blankets to air, standing a little way off, in the clear morning sunlight, against the bronze and green tones of the forest distance. Her attitude, with both arms lifted, showed the nymph-like proportions of her form. From the back-thrown head, and full short curve of the chin melting into the long white curve of the throat, to the strong-springing line of her instep that lightly upbore her to her fullest height, she was to the eye perfect.

Bodewin prudently reflected that her speech would probably be disillusioning. Dad Keesner and Tony had followed him closely with their rifles in their hands. He turned suddenly from the open door and confronted them, glancing coolly from their faces to their weapons.

"You don't need to go to that door again," said Dad; and Tony added, "We kin empty your slops for you."

At breakfast the three men sat down together, and Babe waited on them. Bodewin thought of those long-haired, white-armed northern captives serving in the tents of their conquerors. Babe's beauty had in it the element of tragedy, as he discovered when he tried to find her prototype in romance or tradition.

During the next three days Bodewin was confined to the cabin, Dad and Tony relieving each other in the close watch they kept upon him. He saw much of Babe, as she went and came about her housework, but he was far too wise in the ways of all proud, shy, dependent creatures to force himself in the slightest upon her notice. He was tolerably sure that he was observed, and that keenly, but he was not impatient to learn the nature of Babe's conclusions with regard to himself. In small unobtrusive ways he made himself useful to her, but most of the time he was occupied with mild resources of his own to which she was a stranger. He made sketches in his note-book. Happening to have about him a stylographic pen charged with ink, he took advantage of its unexpected fluency and copied some straggling pencil-notes from one book into another. This latter amusement, however, aroused the suspicions of his keepers. Keesner remarked that there wasn't any post-office anywhere in that part of the woods, and that he guessed Bodewin's letters could wait.

Bodewin took the hint good-humoredly enough. It was part of the situation which he had decided to accept. But afterwards, as he sat smoking by the fire, his occupation gone, his face fell into its habitual expression, a sadness which bore no reference to his present circumstances, but was rather an aggregation dating from the time of his moody boyhood. Babe, looking at him wistfully, and forgetting in his evident abstraction to ignore his presence in the room, interpreted it otherwise. Bodewin, having nothing else to do, continued to smoke, and to stare at the water which was beginning to ruffle in a saucepan propped on two stones above a bed of coals. Babe had gone out-of-doors. Shortly she returned with something that moved, bundled in her apron. She came over to the hearth, knelt in front of Bodewin, and lowering her arms showed him a young setter dog, that immediately began whirling about in her lap and caressing her hands and face alternately. She muzzled his nose with both hands.

"Pretty, ain't he?" she asked, smiling down into the creature's face, and trying to fix his soft, restless brown eyes with her own. The dog snuffed and struggled, and tried to free his nose from the pressure of her circling fingers. Bodewin leaned down and admired him, pulling his ears, looking at his teeth, and inquiring his age and name.

"We call him 'Pardner,'" Babe replied to the last question. "Don't you want him to play with? He's heaps of company."

The dog was transferred from Babe's lap to

Bodewin's knees. As Pardner objected to the smell of tobacco, Bodewin put his pipe in his pocket. Babe stood up, and for a moment lost her shyness of Bodewin in the fond content with which she regarded his wooing of her pet. She remonstrated with Pardner for chewing Bodewin's sleeve-buttons, but evidently thought no less of Bodewin for holding his ornaments so cheap, or the dog so dear.

"You can fool with him all you want to," she said finally. "He don't belong to anybody in this house but me."

After these first few days of confinement Bodewin was allowed to spend his time as he preferred, either in the cabin or outside in the woods, close by. One day Tony was missing, and the next morning Jim Keesner volunteered that Tony had heard from the camp yesterday. The Eagle Bird had obtained a postponement of the trial for a month,— "on account of unavoidable absence of principal witness," Keesner quoted complacently. He then made Bodewin the offer of his liberty, on condition that he would swear not to testify on this or any subsequent trial of the case between the two mines, and that he would keep the secret of his abduction. Bodewin smiled at this proposition.

Keesner admitted that he had not expected him to accept it, and advised him to take his detention as coolly as possible, since it would now necessarily be prolonged until after the trial.

Keesner protested that neither he nor Tony had anything against Bodewin, unless it might be Tony "owed him one on that circus with the horse." And further, he was willing Bodewin should know that, "although *they* hel' the cards, *Harkins* was runnin' the game."

While they were on the subject Bodewin asked if it was not Harkins who had planned his capture.

Keesner shut one eye tight and fixed the other on the toe of his uppermost boot, as he sat, with his knees crossed, on the bench by the door. "That there Harkins is jest murmurin' h—— when he gits started! He's jest omnivorous!" He rocked himself forward on his crossed arms and laughed with deep and silent enjoyment.

"How did he know I was going alone by the trail?" Bodewin asked.

"How does Harkins know anything! If you'd 'a' went the other way he'd been fixed for you just the same. How'd he git your picture?"

"What!"

Keesner rose up chuckling and went into the cabin, followed by the roused look of inquiry in Bodewin's eyes. He fumbled about on the mantel-shelf, and came back with a photograph, which he laid on Bodewin's knee.

"There ye are! How'd he git that?"

Bodewin stared at the picture in gloomy amazement. He had not seen it since the day, fourteen years ago, when he stood by the white-draped table in his sister's room at home, talking to her of Frank Eustis, his eyes meanwhile wandering absently from one to another of her innocent girlish trophies. It was the day before Frank Eustis came, at his invitation, on that hapless visit. So all these years of their separation she had kept her brother's picture. Seldom as she might have looked upon it, there must have been some lingering sentiment which had prevented her from parting with it. Bodewin was at no loss to guess how, among her poor belongings, it had passed from the hand of Harkins's lady friend to Harkins himself, to be finally put to this ingenious use. Harkins had certainly a devilish sense of humor.

"Why did Harkins give you this, do you know?" Bodewin asked at length.

"So we wouldn't miss our man," Keesner replied. "I never set eyes on you, and didn't want to, beforehand,— see,— for fear you'd know me when I come to tackle you on the road."

Bodewin tore up the picture, Keesner looking on and making no objection. It had served its purpose, so far as he was concerned.

It had served another purpose. The picture had been sent to the cabin a month or more before Bodewin himself was brought there. Babe had not seen many pictures in her life. She had never known a man's face like the one this picture set before her. Poring over it whenever she could have it to herself unobserved, there had been time enough for the sowing of those seeds of trouble which were now maturing fast.

So, while Tony sulked and Bodewin rested in his brief exemption from responsibility, and Keesner chuckled over Harkins's cleverness and counted the wages of his own iniquity, Babe was the common victim.

XVII.

AMATEUR SURGERY.

THAT evening by candle-light in the cabin Bodewin was looking over a collection of "specimens," which represented the financial hopes and disappointments of the Keesner family for the past two or three years. Jim Keesner was trying to get a professional opinion from Bodewin regarding a certain piece of quartz he had at that time a particular interest in. It had been taken from one

of Keesner's numerous "prospects" which Harkins had just bonded for ten thousand dollars. Bodewin's safe-keeping until after the trial had a more important bearing on the sale of Keesner's mine than the value of the property itself.

Keesner was well aware of this fact; but there was the bare possibility that the mine might be worth something like the amount of the bond, in which case Harkins's bounty on Bodewin's capture and detention would not amount to much after all. Highly as Keesner respected his principal's ability, he did not care to furnish an illustration of it in his own person. It was a privilege to be associated in business with a man like Harkins; nevertheless it was a privilege one might, at any moment, be called upon to pay dearly for.

Bodewin turned the quartz specimen over on his palm and tried its weight. In order to obtain a fresh fracture he struck it, as it lay on his open hand, with another piece of stone he had picked up from the table. As the quartz fell in pieces, Babe, who had been leaning over Tony's shoulder, looking on at the inspection of minerals, drew back quickly. She had got a particle of the sharp quartz sand in her eye.

She went away from the light and sat apart with her hand over her face, refusing to have the eye looked at. Her father teased her, and Tony bullied her with various methods of extracting the sand. Babe would have none of them, and finally went to bed, saying "it would work out itself before morning."

She came down early as usual next day and prepared breakfast, making no complaint. She had tied a bandage over the injured eye, and was evidently suffering, though still obstinate when remedies were suggested. After breakfast Tony went to the corral to feed the horses. Dad Keesner had taken his favorite seat for a morning smoke, on the corner of the bench sheltered by a hop-vine, and near the cabin window. He could thus enjoy the still September sunshine and keep, at the same time, an eye on Bodewin, who sat within, whittling, by the hearth. Babe had washed and put away her breakfast things, moving about silently, as she had done ever since the formidable stranger's arrival. She now took down the broom from its nail behind the door, a sign that she wanted the cabin cleared of men.

Bodewin had been at work on a couple of match-sticks, whittling them until each one was as soft and thin at the end as a fine, flat camel's-hair brush. With these frivolous-looking implements in his fingers he approached Babe and said gently, but as if he expected her to listen:

"I want to take that thing out of your eye. It is time it was out."

"How are you going to?" Babe asked.

"Come here to the light, and I will show you."

As she hesitated, Bodewin took the broom out of her hands, keeping his eyes upon her, and motioned towards the door. He waited for her to precede him, grave, courteous, but peremptory, as a physician should be.

She obeyed, laughing a little nervously, perhaps at the novelty of finding herself obedient to masculine direction.

At his command she sat down on the bench outside, turning her face to the light.

"Take off the bandage, please."

She took it off with fingers that were slightly tremulous. Bodewin gave her one of the match-sticks and showed her how to moisten the whittled end in her mouth, until it was soft and pliable as a feather. Then taking her head firmly against his shoulder he pressed her shrinking lids apart, and passed the slip of wood under the lid, from the outer to the inner corner of the eye.

The relief was instantaneous. Babe's head drooped. Helpless tears bathed her cheek where the mounting blood was fast effacing the impress of Bodewin's fingers.

He did not look at her at once, but turning to her father, showed him the speck of quartz on the soft end of the stick he had just used.

"——Hisht!" said Keesner, taking his pipe from his mouth. "Tony!" he called, leaning to look past Bodewin. "Is that you, Tony? I thought I heered a man's feet goin' round the house. Did you hear him?" turning to Bodewin.

"Yes, I heard it; I thought it was Tony," Bodewin replied.

Keesner listened a moment, dubiously, and then resumed his pipe. There was nothing surprising in the silence that had followed Keesner's call. Tony rarely condescended to raise his voice in answer to the paternal summons, but made his appearance in due time when it pleased him to come.

Bodewin, meantime, in whom captivity had bred a habit of restlessness that was not natural to him, had wandered back into the cabin, because he was tired of the porch. He was surprised to see Babe seated by the table, her head bowed low, her face hidden on her crossed arms. He stopped beside her and asked if the wounded eye still gave her pain. She seemed to repel his sympathy by a mute gesture which left him still in doubt as to the cause of her trouble.

"What is it, Babe? What is the matter?" he urged.

Babe had never in her life listened to a

man's voice like Bodewin's, with sensitive inflections, that made her color come and go, and a distinctive quality like that of a musical instrument. His low tones touched her the more keenly now by contrast to that peremptory manner of the physician he had before assumed. They thrilled across her fresh, wild sensibilities as the tenderest-uttered words might have done. She raised her head and looked up at Bodewin, without speaking. Bodewin turned away. He was impatient of this uncalled-for show of feeling in Babe, which seemed to threaten complications in their enforced relation to each other. He was himself intensely, often savagely, preoccupied with thoughts of all that might be doing or done with and finished in that world of his own, from which he had been eliminated as by death. It was irritating to have to think about Babe when he wanted to think about himself. He called it thinking about himself when he dreamed restlessly, in the long, silent hours, of Josephine. He would have had this other girl come and go before his absent gaze in her beauty that was so satisfying in its strength and completeness, and be no more of a problem than the sunlight on the wall.

From some impulse, perhaps to satisfy himself that he had not been making too much of a momentary impression, he went back to where Babe still sat, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Let me see that eye again," he said, resuming the matter-of-fact tone of her physician.

"You don't need to; it's all right," she protested, shrinking away from him.

"Let me see it!" he repeated, authoritatively. "It cannot be all right if you have to keep it covered, like that."

She let her hands fall and submitted to his scrutiny, but it was impossible to meet his eyes, with such a helpless quivering of her lips, and the blood rushing into her face. She drew back, with a quick, gasping sigh, and burst into tears.

"What are you crying about?" said Bodewin, angry with himself, and with Babe for making him feel both foolish and cruel. "Are you crying because the speck is gone? You will have to forgive me;—I cannot put it back again."

During the rest of the day Bodewin made it easy for Babe to avoid him by keeping outside of the cabin himself. At dinner she did not sit at the table with the family. Bodewin was not surprised at her absence. He knew that she had not forgiven him; moreover, he had observed that Babe would never eat with him if she could help it, partly from shyness, partly from pride. She was intensely sure that in a hundred unknown ways he found her different from the women he was used to. Not to exhibit this difference, she took pains to give him as little of her speech and manners as possible. She had got a step beyond the men of her family, who saw between Bodewin and themselves few differences that were not in their own favor.

At dusk Bodewin found himself alone with Babe, a moment, in the cabin. Tony sat in the doorway, his rifle between his knees, his face turned towards the copper-colored sunset, glowing behind the woods. It was Tony's watch. Dad was relaxing himself with a twilight stroll outside.

Babe had taken this opportunity to give Bodewin the card which Hillbury had left for him.

"Where did this come from?" Bodewin asked.

"He told me to give it to you."

"He? What, this man?" pointing to the card.

Babe looked bewildered.

"I don't know. He was a dark-complexioned man in buckskin clothes. He stopped in here for some matches. There wasn't anybody 'round but me. I found him standing there with your — with that picture of you in his hand."

"And then ——?" said Bodewin seeing the whole situation, and now painfully interested.

"He asked me some questions."

"Do you remember what questions?"

Babe repeated the questions, falteringly, though she remembered them well.

"And you did not tell him I had never been to the cabin and you had never seen me before?"

Babe was silent.

"This is the worst yet!" Bodewin groaned.

"Tell him yourself when you see him again, if you're so 'shamed of it!" Babe whispered passionately.

"Yes, when I see him again," Bodewin repeated. "When will that be?"

"Sooner than you think, maybe."

"The sooner the better," he said. Stepping back from the hearth, he trod on Pardner's foot. The dog howled dismally, and Babe, with a look of angry reproach at Bodewin, swept the wailing puppy into her arms and carried him out-of-doors.

When she had prepared supper she set a single candle in a japanned tin candlestick on the table, and, without speaking to any one, went out into the darkness, leaving the men to themselves.

"What ails Babe?" Tony asked.

"She's on her ear about somethin' or other,"

her father explained, between large mouthfuls of beans.

"I'd make her quit her foolishness if I was you," said Tony.

"Yes, you better try a lasso to her; maybe you'll fetch her same's you did that there white-faced hoss o' his'n," said the father, winking at Bodewin and laughing uproariously at his own joke.

Bodewin ate his supper in silence and went to bed early. He was not fond of the "dug-out," but its cave-like darkness and stillness suited him to-night better than the society and candle-light of the outer room.

Hillbury's tacit message by the hand of Babe had given him a bad turn. He could not have known that the keen eyes of his friend had surprised Babe's miserable little secret in her face, and that the man of evidence had for once allowed himself to come to a conclusion without waiting for proof; but without going this length in his apprehensions, there were reasons enough why he should be impatient to explain himself. Small effort as he had ever made to gain it, Bodewin really hungered for Hillbury's cold and tardy approbation. His friend's whole attitude and humor suited him exquisitely in a man; in a woman the effect might be a little meager. A man should never make a fool of himself, but a woman might do so very charmingly, on occasion, with the right person, of course.

The conjunction of ideas was hardly complimentary, but Bodewin's next thought was of Josephine. There comes a time, no doubt, in a man's relations with an attractive woman, when he may yet decide either to take in sail, emotionally speaking, or square away before it, trusting there may be no danger ahead. This time came to Bodewin about the period of those long gallops in the valley and pacings homeward through the pine woods at sunset. Setting his estimate of his own person, attainments, fortune, and prospects against her youth, beauty, and nobleness of character, he had decided to take in sail. Theoretically he had begun to do so before his abduction. It might be questioned how well he would have succeeded in practice had he been left to complete his journey to Denver, and to return with the honors of chief witness on the winning side, to be petted by the Eagle Bird constituency. As it had turned out, Bodewin more than once since his sequestration had sadly congratulated himself on this stroke of fate which had put him out of temptation's way.

But to-night, in the general upheaval, reason could make no headway against the keen and passionate sense of loss with which he counted the days of his absence. After the trial the Newbolds would probably go East at once; he might never see Josephine again. The break was intolerably sudden. There were things he must say to her before they parted finally. He must clear himself from all injurious, vague suspicions, and establish his good faith in her eyes; then perhaps he might be able to give her up without this clamorous, childish pain.

Bodewin was not the only watcher in the cabin that night. Babe had also gone early to bed, but not to sleep. She had taken Bodewin's last words to her pillow. "The sooner the better," she repeated to herself. It should be soon. It must be soon, for her own sake, if not for his. She heard her father talking with Tony in the room below. Their voices were slightly lowered, as if the conversation had taken a confidential tone. Babe got out of bed, stepped softly across the loose boards of the floor to the open ladder-hole, and laid herself down beside it. She had come to a bitter, costly resolve with regard to Bodewin, but to carry it out she must learn all she could of her father's intentions towards his prisoner.

Tony was speaking now. "Say, do you know what the talk is down to camp?"

"What do I know about camp!" Dad crossly rejoined. "Hain't seen so much as the sign on a gin-mill for six months."

"There's a heap of talk about *him*. They 'low down there he never would 'a' started if it hadn't 'a' been for Newbold's daughter."

"Say Newbold's coin, and you'll be talkin'."

"Same thing" — it was Tony who spoke again. "Newbold gits his case, and *he* gits the girl, and the coin too. That's what they're talkin' down below."

"Thought you said 'twas ginerally 'lowed he'd lit out by himself, on purpose?"

"That's Sammis's racket. Sammis makes himself a heap of importance 'bout now. He knowed it all beforehand. *He* told 'em just how 'twould be!"

"Well, it don't look onlikely," said Dad, slowly.

"What don't?"

"That there story 'bout the girl."

"Guess you'd think so if you was to see her once!"

"Where'd *you* ever see her?"

Babe could not see the men, as they crouched forward over the fire, but by their shadows thrown on the opposite wall she could guess at Tony's attitude.

"I looked at her," he said, leaning towards his father, without taking his elbows off his knees, "straight as I'm lookin' at you now, for much as half an hour up there on Mike's claim. I could tell you her p'ints like I could Babe's here."

"She's got p'ints, eh?"

Tony nodded his head, and his giant double on the wall repeated the action impressively.

"What age 'bout?" Dad asked.

"'Bout Babe's age—little older, maybe. She's a different color to Babe. Black eyes, and eyebrows like a streak o' charcoal."

"Sho, I bet she can't hold half a candle to our Babe!"

"I bet she can hold two — ask Bod'in!"

"Durn'd if it ain't a reg'lar circus!" Dad laughed his low-bred, cunning laugh and slapped his knees.

"Can't ye make a little more noise?" Tony whispered savagely.

"Say, Tony!"— Keesner gave his son a shove with his elbow,—"was he long of her up there on the Mike?"

"They was jawin' together, I tell you, the whole durned time. Him a-layin' on his elbow lookin' at her, and her face as red as that coal."

"No! 'Twas the sun likely."

"I tell you, he's dead gone on her. It's all the talk down to camp. She put him up to testifyin'. Harkins must 'a' had that in his head when he told us to say she sent the papers."

"That there Harkins is a reg'lar coon," said Dad, with feeling.

"It's going to be a tough pull on him, hidin' out here for a month. He'll feel mighty ugly when he gits loose," said Tony.

"Harkins has got to settle that bill," Dad replied. "'Tain't none of my funeral!"

"*You'll* see 'fore we git through whose funeral it will be."

Babe had writhed herself over, prone on the floor, in the darkness. She had no words, no thoughts. She seemed made of one great agony. Nothing was clear to her but the image of Bodewin, his attitude, his eyes. She could feel them resting upon her face as if she had been that other girl whom he was longing to see.

She understood all, now, as one sufferer knows another's pain — his restless days, his days of moody silence. The dull, beseeching pain in his eyes meant no want of his that she could satisfy.

Towards morning she got up from the floor and threw herself on her bed. From complete weariness she lost herself, and slept heavily until awakened by her father, calling and shaking the ladder below.

XVIII.

ANOTHER OBLIGATION.

THE days of Bodewin's captivity were spent in eating and sleeping, training the setter pup, arguing with Dad, ignoring Tony, and, over and above his own private fund of sweet and bitter fancy, wondering what could be the matter with Babe. At times, as on the day he had treated the wounded eye, he had fancied he knew what the nature of her trouble was; but the supposition involved such gross and fatuous vanity on his part, that he preferred to reject it, even in the face of symptoms difficult to account for on any other hypothesis.

To keep on the safe side, however, he now spent his days almost entirely out-of-doors.

He had found some amusement in the making of a rude sun-dial on the top of a pine-stump that had been sawed a few feet from the ground. On its tablet of shaded amber-colored rings he had inscribed the hours in a circle. He was now at work on an appropriate motto, which was to form a lesser circle, inclosing the dial-plate. He had first read it, carved on a stone dial that had counted the sunny hours in an old mission garden of lower California. A passion-vine had wound itself about the broken column, and fragrantly closed the record. Bodewin had parted its sprays, heavy with purple blossoms, to read the words:

"Coma la sombra, haya la hora"
(As the shadow, flies the hour).

Many a time since, in times of waiting or on solitary journeys, they had found their way back to his thoughts and left with him their echo of homesickness.

Bodewin was cutting the last letters of this inscription one day when Babe, on her way to the well, stopped and watched him at his work, and lingered still, with nothing to say, yet as if she wished to say something. After waiting for her to speak, Bodewin asked rather sentimentally — "You will look at my clock in the forest, sometimes, when I am gone, Babe?"

He found it difficult to avoid a half-caressing, half-condescending tone in talking to her. She made him think of those women in Genesis, with perfect bodies, and souls whose history went not back beyond a few generations.

"You want to leave yere mighty bad, don't you?" she asked in a low voice, without looking at him or replying to his speech about the clock.

"I want to get away, of course," Bodewin answered indifferently, and on his guard at once.

"I've been studyin' 'bout a way to help you off. I can't talk now,— after supper maybe, outside."

After supper Bodewin lit his pipe and strolled out of the cabin, attended by the familiar consciousness that he was watched

by one or both of his keepers. It was Dad's watch to-night. Dad was more cunningly vigilant than Tony. He had an air of abstraction when on duty that made his society less of a restraint on the movements of his prisoner. It was thus he kept *en rapport* with Bodewin's varying mood under the pressure of his long waiting. When her evening work was done, Babe came out and sat a little way off from Bodewin on the bench. Dad smoked and paced slowly up and down the cleared space in front of the cabin. As it grew dusk only the red spark of his pipe showed where he moved against the gloom of the trees, and the figures of the two who sat on the bench blended with the shadow of the low projecting roof. Tony was sleeping heavily and audibly on the floor of the cabin. From time to time, in his walk, Dad paused opposite the open door and listened with disgust to the sleeper's breathing, muttering to himself the reproof he was rehearsing for his benefit. Tony was getting slack about his share of the work in hand, and showing besides an inclination to resume his habit of drinking. Dad had unpleasant suspicions as to the cause of this early and profound nap.

This was Babe's opportunity. Speaking low, and with thickening heart-beats, she confided to Bodewin her plan for his escape. The possibility that he might hesitate to avail himself of it had not once occurred to her.

"Thank you, Babe," he said. "It is very sweet of you to want to help me, but I'm not going, you know."

"You ain't a-going? Don't you want to go?"

"Not in that way."

He heard her stir softly beside him as if she sighed.

"I been a-studyin', but I can't think of any other way."

"Never mind, Babe. It's awfully good of you," he said, in that caressing tone which was a fatality of his talk with Babe. "I'll have to see it through, if you can stand having me around."

Babe moved again restlessly beside him. Hope was stirring in her heart, telling her that perhaps he was not so eager to get away after all.

"It is a great temptation," he said at last. "Have you thought what you will say to your father when he questions you to-morrow?"

"I ain't afraid of Dad. You can believe me — it will be worse for me if you keep on stayin' here."

"I thought we were getting to be such good friends, Babe."

Babe was silent a moment; he thought she was not going to answer, when she said, with an effort at lightness, "You know you don't care for me only to fool with me."

"I care for any girl too much to fool with her. It was only on your account I hesitated. Heaven knows, I want to get away badly enough. If you understand the risk you are taking and are willing to take it for me ——"

"I take it for myself," said Babe proudly. "It suits me to have you go, as well as it suits you to go. You can go to-night, if you've a mind to keep awake. When you hear me stirrin' 'round overhead, climb up the logs to a hole in the floor where you'll see a light ——"

She was interrupted by Dad's approach. The old man sauntered towards them out of the twilight, knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a post of the porch, and set his heavy foot upon the boards.

"Git in, git in!" he said. "Night's yere and mornin's comin'!"

Tony was still sleeping by the fire. Bodewin had gone to bed, and Babe was stooping over the coals on the hearth to light her candle, when her father signed to her to draw near. He looked at her fixedly a moment as she stood before him, the unlit candle in her hand.

"'Pears to me you and him's gittin' mighty good friends," he said, with a gesture of his head towards the door of Bodewin's room.

Babe winced, but she faced him desperately. "If you don't want us to be friends, what you keepin' him here for?" she said.

"That's my business. Your business is to look out for yourself. I don't want no gal's foolishness 'round yere. You hear me?"

The girl flushed and then turned white.

"Dad," she almost whispered, meeting her father's eyes, shrinkingly, "send him away. He don't ought to be yere. I can't bear the sight of him."

"It looks like you can't bear the sight of him! It looks a heap like it." Dad wagged his head sarcastically. "Now look yere,— I'll tell you somethin' you don't want to forgit. He's got his eye on a different piece of goods to what you be."

Babe did not take her eyes from her father's face while he was speaking. She was trembling, and there was a strange, set smile about her mouth.

"You make me feel like I wish I was dead," she said, heavily. She moved a step backwards and her eyes fell. Something seemed to break up within her;— tears came, and hard, choking sobs.

Her father still eyed her sternly, without any movement of relenting towards her; but she found her way into his arms and clung to him, rubbing her face against his, humbly.

"There, there," said Dad, soothingly, "don't talk no more foolishness."

Babe lifted her head.

"It ain't foolishness. Oh, you'll see! All of Harkins's mines and all his money won't pay you for the trouble he's makin' here — no — not if you love your poor old Babe!"

She sobbed, holding him by the shoulders, and fairly rocking his sturdy bulk in the strength of her despair.

"Girl," Keesner said, holding her off from him to give his severity its full effect, "you're talkin' mighty queer. You're gittin' simple. Now, you hear me,— that man stops yere, you understand? It suits me to have him. If you're so durned skeered of his company, I can put you where you'll have a chance to git used to men."

Babe wrenched herself out of his grasp.

"Father!" she cried, in a low, wild voice.

"Don't you come a-fatherin' me!" Keesner interrupted, nodding his big head at her. "You git to bed, and salt down what I been sayin' to you."

When Babe had gone to her room Keesner filled another pipe and smoked it tranquilly, satisfied that he had done a parent's duty, and more than satisfied with the situation, as he regarded it, between Bodewin and his daughter. Nothing would have suited Keesner better than for Bodewin to "take a hankerin' after our Babe." He was willing to use his daughter, but not to sacrifice her. It was not in Keesner's scheme that Babe should suffer any but that intangible harm which would wear out with a few girlish tears and reproaches. He had gone a little too far, perhaps, when he had threatened to send her down to her Aunt Matild', whose husband kept a billiard and drinking saloon in the camp. Babe must have known that that was all a joke. He stirred up Tony with his foot, and made him spread down the camp blankets and fetch in more wood, growling like a Caliban, while he himself covered the fire and bolted the outer door.

About one o'clock Bodewin, lying awake and dressed on his bed, heard cautious footsteps and movements overhead, When all was quiet again he rose, and, groping his way to the corner of the room, climbed up the logs and crawled through an opening in the floor above, where two loose boards had been removed. He found himself close under the rafters of the garret, and across the wide, low-eaved chamber, he saw through a square window in the gable the moonlight on the trees outside. It was a window of but one sash which had been taken out. Bodewin stumbled against it in reaching the window. He heard the stir of the night-breeze and felt its soft suspiration on his face. Somewhere in the shadowy room Babe was lying, breathlessly waiting for him to be gone. He dared not speak to her. He looked once toward the white outline of her bed, and with a mute "God bless her," turned his face to the night and liberty. The descent from the window to the ground, seven feet below, was easily made. Moonlight nights had come again. The last one, he remembered most vividly, was when at Josephine's side he had walked his horse through the lights and shadows of the forest trail, on their homeward ride from the lake. The moon was setting behind the low hooded cabin which sat with its shadow at its feet. In one of the bright spots of moonlight, between the cabin and the trees, Bodewin was startled to see a woman's figure, standing as if waiting for him. Raising her hand with a gesture of silence, she came towards him, and he saw that it was Babe. She had a shawl over her head which partly concealed her face. Bodewin protested against this needless risk on her part.

"Your horse is saddled ready here at the corral," she said, without heeding his remonstrance.

Again he insisted that she was doing too much for him.

"The creeturs know me, and you couldn't find the gear," she said.

"Which horse have you given me?"

"The black one. He ain't known yerabouts."

"That was a good thought," said Bodewin. "I'll see that he gets back. Good-bye, Babe."

He held out his hand. She made no movement to take it.

"You've got to promise me something before you go," she said. Her manner was dull and quiet, as it had been for days past.

"I'll make you any promise in the world that I can honestly keep," Bodewin said.

"This here is between you and Harkins, ain't it? You won't make Dad pay for it?"

"I will swear to you, Babe, that I will take no revenge on any one in this house."

"Nor give us away by name?"

"Your name shall never pass my lips, so help me God."

After a pause she added, "Nor my father's nor Tony's?"

"You may trust me. I will be silent, for your sake, remember — for what you are doing for me to-night."

"I ain't a-doin' it for you," she murmured doggedly, half to herself.

"I may have to explain," Bodewin continued, "that I was detained by force. I must do that to clear myself from ugly suspicions about my absence, you understand?"

"It makes no odds to me what you say, so's you don't name us to no one, nor tell where you was kep'."

"It shall be so. Now run in, quick. God bless you."

She said nothing, but dropped her head an instant against the horse's neck. Bodewin thought she kissed it. When she had turned away, he mounted and rode on slowly, looking back and only half satisfied to go, while Babe still stood where he had left her, with her head down.

She stood there listening until the last light hoof-tread had died away. She then walked slowly around the cabin to the mound behind it, where the platform of boards glistened frosty in the moonlight. Behind the cabin no one, looking out by chance, could see her if she sat awhile and tried to realize what it was she had done. How would it be when her father came to question her as to Bodewin's escape?

The garret floor, once the boards were laid back in their places, would tell no tales, but a young girl's countenance is not so safe a shield to put before a secret. Her heart sank at the thought of her father's eyes resting on her face, as they had the night before, when he had scourged her to bed with his brutal words. The threat, moreover, with which he had dismissed her that night haunted her with a dread worse than that of any imaginable death. It was an overmastering fear, which made the night and the forest seem like home to her, by comparison with the house where her father and her brother lay asleep. Where should she go, along that pathway, wide as the gate and easy as the way of all desperate journeys? She tried her feet upon it as it were. They did not refuse to obey her. She walked on, hardly aware how far she had gone, on the blind forest track Bodewin had taken before her.

On a sudden a thought she had dwelt on often before asserted itself in the dull confusion of her mind. She would see the face of that other girl — the dark-eyed, the chosen one. Perhaps she might have sight of their happiness together. After that, whatever came to her, it would be easy to bear.

The resolve nerved her with sudden strength. She walked on fast, with long, soundless steps. Her head felt clear. Her journey had now an object. By daybreak she would be on the edge of the forest; and then, by the nearest and loneliest trail, she would find her way to the Eagle Bird mine.

XIX.

THE PRICE OF BODEWIN'S LIBERTY.

It was evening of the day of Bodewin's return. All that afternoon in Mr. Craig's office he had been in earnest consultation with Mr. Newbold and his lawyer concerning the part he was to bear in the coming trial. The consultation had warmed into a discussion which was now closing with some excitement on the part of both lawyer and client. Bodewin was quiet and evidently depressed, but in a new and unexpected direction he was, as Craig would have expressed it, as freaky and mulish as ever. Mr. Craig felt entitled, in his professional capacity, to his witness's full confidence. Bodewin, on the contrary, declined to give any explanation of his late disappearance, beyond the fact that he had been captured on the road and forcibly detained. He carried his reticence to the point of making it a condition of his voluntary presence at the trial, that he should not be questioned as to the place where he had been kept a prisoner, or the authors of his detention. All this mystery was excessively irritating to Mr. Craig.

"Do you suppose I don't know what points to bring out and what to leave alone?" he asked impatiently. "Tell me the whole story, and I will know then what questions to ask you."

"I am not at liberty to tell the whole story to you, Craig, or to any one else," Bodewin replied. He hated to have to explain himself to Craig, whose unfortunate manner always made Bodewin forget that gentleman's numerous good and useful qualities, but it was the only alternative to a prolonged agitation of the subject of his testimony. "You will have to forego the sensation my little adventure might make in court. I was not set at liberty; I got off in the night—but not without help. I don't choose that the first use I make of my freedom shall be to retaliate even indirectly upon those who helped me to it. Harkins was at the bottom of the whole thing, and we will beat him at his own game. It would be childish now to try to revenge ourselves for what is past on those who are merely his tools. This little episode of my capture has no bearing on the case beyond its showing to what lengths Harkins will go and what risks he will take to make his point. But you would be giving yourself superfluous trouble to show up Harkins. He is well enough known, and so far from prejudicing a jury against him, in my opinion, such a jury as you will be likely to get would be immensely amused by the whole thing, and look at it only as another daring proof of his cleverness. My relations with Harkins are getting somewhat complicated, I'll admit, but they are after all my own affair. If you meddle with them in court, Craig, let me tell you, you'll be sorry for it."

"Confound it, Bodewin, this is the second

time you have intimated that you know my business better than I do myself. Perhaps you would like to be witness and counsel both."

Bodewin leaned back in his chair with his hands deep in his pockets and studied the lacing of his shoes in silence. Mr. Newbold interposed with the assurance that he, for his part, admired Bodewin's magnanimity towards his enemies, and would be the last one to try to overcome his scrupulousness.

"They are not my enemies," Bodewin said.

"Are they your friends?" Craig retorted.

"Come, now, Craig," said Mr. Newbold. "You shall not badger your own witness. Keep that tone for the Uinta men. If Mr. Bodewin is as true to us as he is generous to those fellows who plotted his abduction, we'll have no fault to find with him."

"Thank you, Mr. Newbold, but you give me too much credit," said Bodewin, coldly. "The person or persons concerned in my escape had nothing to do with my capture. As for my truth to you, sir, that means simply my truth to the truth itself, in so far as your case represents it. It means that, or else it means that I am a fool," he added bitterly.

Mr. Craig glanced at his client, as if to say, You see what an uncomfortable fellow he is, take him any way you like.

Bodewin rose and took up his hat. He was conscious that he had been provoked into saying several extremely foolish things, and was anxious to make his retreat before he said any more.

"I shall stay up at the mine to-night, if Mrs. Sammis can give me a bed," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Newbold; and mentally he resolved that he would remain there until the camp had done asking questions and talking about him. Something new would turn up in a day or two — a suicide, or a street fight, or a stage robbery, or a rich strike of mineral — to divert the public interest from his own affairs.

In the meantime he could get a better grasp over his feelings towards Josephine. It was but a month he had been missed from the little stage of the camp, yet the parts might be all changed. Hillbury and Josephine were perhaps even now riding homewards in the sunset glow after a long gallop in the valley, as he and Josephine had ridden a month ago. The explanation he had longed to make his friend, as to the photograph and the cabin, was now impossible through his promise to Babe the night of his escape. His appearance on the witness-stand with Craig as a questioner was seriously complicated by it.

Why under the heavens had he accepted Babe's help! Was he such a fool as to have forgotten that a man cannot take favors from a woman who is fond of him unless he returns her fondness? Is even a month's captivity enough to soften a man's brains as well as his muscles? Dad and Tony's rifles no longer restrained his movements, but he was not a free man. His promise was scarcely twenty-four hours old, yet already he hated it worse than he had hated his obligation to Harkins. For it was a promise to a woman, and a woman whose circumstances, compared with his own, made her peculiarly helpless. Harkins could "get even" with him for the slighted obligation in his own way; but Babe could take no reprisals were he to break his promise to her. These thoughts were passing through his mind while Mr. Newbold was saying, "We shall be most happy to have you, my dear fellow; we'll ride up together if you like."

"I beg your pardon," said Bodewin.

"I say, we'll ride up to the mine together, if you've no objection," Mr. Newbold repeated.

"Are you staying at the mine?" Bodewin asked, in surprise and some confusion.

"Yes," said Mr. Newbold. "We have given up our rooms at the Wiltsie. Josephine disliked the restaurant, and she insists that the Sammises need the price of our board, especially as Sammis will probably have to resign. He can't stay, of course, if the mine goes into Harkins's hand, though I have suspected that lately he has been hedging a little; and if we get our case — thanks to you — I shall want a different man altogether."

Mr. Newbold and Bodewin had left the lawyer's office and were now riding slowly up the street.

"I haven't seen Hillbury yet," Bodewin said. "He must have got into his new quarters by this time?"

"Oh, yes — so he has," said Mr. Newbold vaguely. "I believe Mr. Hillbury did say something about his rock specimens the other evening. He asked us to come down and look at them now he has them all boxed and arranged."

"How *is* Hillbury?" asked Bodewin.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess. We haven't seen much of him. He came up to the mine once or twice; but to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, we have been a house of mourning since you were spirited away. My daughter has been — well — she's been a little absurd about it, I tell her. She seemed to feel that we were somehow accountable for your fate, because it was on our side you were going to testify. I couldn't feel that way myself, but then women will think of more ingeniously disagreeable things once they get low in their minds than any reasonable man can possibly refute. Josephine is a terrible hand to worry

if she thinks she, or any of her family, for that matter, is to *blame* about anything," said Mr. Newbold feelingly.

This phase of Josephine's melancholy was less sweet to Bodewin than her sorrow would have been undiluted with self-blame, but it was enough to set his heart at rest, so far as Hillbury was concerned.

As they passed a quiet corner near the assay office, Bodewin saw Hillbury himself standing in the door of the office. At the sight of his friend's face and characteristic pose, guarded and dignified even in its unconsciousness, a tender, half-humorous enjoyment of him swelled in Bodewin's heart. It gave him a certain surprise to find how fond he was of Hillbury. His desire of the moment was to jump off his horse and seize upon Hillbury and assure him, "It is all right about the cabin, all right about the photograph, all right about everything; I cannot explain, but you must have faith in me, old fellow, as I would have in you if things looked queer."

"Hullo, here is Hillbury!" he called out joyously. "I'll catch up with you on the next block," he said to Mr. Newbold, and turned his horse's head sharply towards the sidewalk. Hillbury's eyes kindled at sight of Bodewin's face, and then grew stern.

"How are you, old man?" said Bodewin, reaching a hand to him from his saddle. "You don't look as if you had mourned for me much."

Hillbury's hands were in the side pockets of his coat; he kept them there, regarding Bodewin calmly. Hillbury's habit of repression deceived people as to his emotional capacity. At the moment he was deeply disturbed, but no trace of his inward struggle betrayed itself.

"I have mourned an old friend lately," he said, with a sad dignity of manner that sobered Bodewin at once. "Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Is he a friend of mine?" asked Bodewin, speaking bewilderedly the first words that came.

"He should be — his name is John Bodewin. I thought I saw him a week ago amusing himself in an idyllic fashion in a cabin in the Lake woods; but as he once assured me there was no such cabin, I must have been mistaken."

Bodewin returned Hillbury's look steadily. "Were you looking for John Bodewin when you saw him as you say?"

"I was."

"Why did you go *there* to look for him? To find out if he was a liar and a scoundrel? I'll tell you where you *were* mistaken, Hillbury — in calling a man you did not trust your friend. When you begin to suspect your friends, you will not lack trifles to confirm your suspicions."

"There may be a difference of opinion as to what are trifles," Hillbury said. Bodewin looked once more at his friend. His dark eyes softened into no returning tenderness, though Bodewin's eyes were smarting with a hot, shameful moisture. The blow had cut him keenly. It was so unexpected — so coolly, neatly delivered. Misunderstandings between friends are not always hopeless things, especially when the friends are men, and capable of reasoning even upon questions of feeling. But how to come to an explanation with a man who is convinced that none is needed? Well, let it go — the friendship that has no foundation in faith is not worth the entreating for. He had thought it seasoned timber that would not give, but it had parted with the first strain. So Bodewin tried to philosophize away his pain; but it stayed. It gnawed into his self-respect, not an over-excessive virtue with Bodewin in his best moods. It took all the sweet excitement out of his meeting with Josephine.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

STRUGGLE.

My soul is like the oar that momently
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

Sidney Lanier.

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PREPARING FOR THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.



HEADQUARTERS FLAG, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.*

MY commission as lieutenant-general was given to me on the 9th of March, 1864. On the following day I visited General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, at his headquarters, Brandy Station, north of the Rapidan. I had known General Meade slightly in the Mexican war, but had not met him since until this visit. I was a stranger to most of the Army of the Potomac, I might say to all except the officers of the regular army who had served in the Mexican war. There had been some changes ordered in the organization of that army before my promotion. One was the consolidation of five corps into three, thus throwing some officers of rank out of important commands. Meade evidently thought that I might want to make still one more change not yet ordered. He said to me that I might want an officer who had served with me in the West, mentioning Sherman especially, to take his place. If so, he begged me not to hesitate about making the change. He urged that the work before us was of such vast importance to the whole nation that the feeling or wishes of no one person should stand in the way of selecting the right men for all positions. For himself, he would serve to the best of his ability wherever placed. I assured him that I had no thought of substituting any one for him. As to Sherman, he could not be spared from the West.

This incident gave me even a more favorable opinion of Meade than did his great victory at Gettysburg the July before. It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always expect the most efficient service.

Meade's position afterwards proved embarrassing to me if not to him. He was commanding an army, and, for nearly a year previous to my taking command of all the armies, was in supreme command of the Army of the Potomac — except from the authorities at Washington. All other general officers occupying similar positions were independent in their commands so far as any one present with them was concerned. I tried to make General Meade's position as nearly as possible what it would have been if I had been in Washington or any other place away from his command. I therefore gave all orders for the movements of the Army of the Potomac to Meade to have them executed. To avoid the necessity of having to give orders direct, I established my headquarters near his, unless there were reasons for locating them elsewhere. This sometimes happened, and I had no occasion to give orders direct to the troops affected.

On the 11th of March I returned to Washington, and on the day after orders were published by the War Department placing me in command of all the armies. I had left Washington the night before to return to my old command in the West and to meet Sherman, whom I had telegraphed to meet me in Nashville.

Sherman assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi on the 18th of March, and we left Nashville together for Cincinnati. I had Sherman accompany me that far on my way back to Washington, so that we could talk over the matters about which I wanted to see him, without losing any more time from my new command than was necessary. The first point which I wished to discuss was particularly about the coöperation of his command with others when the spring campaign should commence. There were also other and minor points,— minor as compared with the great importance of the question to be decided by sanguinary war,— the restoration to duty of officers who had been relieved from important commands; namely, McClellan, Burnside, and Frémont in the East, and Buell, McCook, Negley, and Crittenden in the West.

Some time in the winter of 1863–4, I had been invited by the general-in-chief to give my views of the campaign I thought advisable for the command under me — now Sherman's. General J. E. Johnston was defending Atlanta and the interior of Georgia with an army, the largest part of which was stationed at Dalton,

* General Meade adopted solferino as the color of his headquarters flag, and a golden eagle in a silver wreath as the emblem. The latter had already been in use as a badge for headquarters aides. It was a showy standard, and A. R. Waud, the war artist, remembers that General Grant when he first saw it unfurled, as they broke camp for the Wilderness campaign, exclaimed: "What's this! —Is Imperial Cæsar anywhere about here?"—EDITOR.

about thirty-eight miles south of Chattanooga. Dalton is at the junction of the railroad from Cleveland with the one from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

There could have been no difference of opinion as to the first duty of the armies of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Johnston's army was the first objective, and that important railroad center, Atlanta, the second. At the time I wrote General Halleck giving my views of the approaching campaign, and at the time I met General Sherman, it was expected that General Banks would be through with the campaign which he had been ordered upon before my appointment to the command of all the armies, and would be ready to coöperate with the armies east of the Mississippi; his part in the programme being to move upon Mobile by land, while the navy would close the harbor and assist to the best of its ability. The plan, therefore, was for Sherman to attack Johnston and destroy his army if possible, to capture Atlanta and hold it, and with his troops and those of Banks to hold a line through to Mobile, or at least to hold Atlanta and command the railroad running east and west, and the troops from one or other of the armies to hold important points on the southern road, the only east and west road that would be left in the possession of the enemy. This would cut the Confederacy in two again, as our gaining possession of the Mississippi River had done before. Banks was not ready in time for the part assigned to him, and circumstances that could not be foreseen determined the campaign which was afterwards made, the success and grandeur of which has resounded throughout all lands.

In regard to restoring officers who had been relieved from important commands to duty again, I left Sherman to look after those who had been removed in the West, while I would look out for the rest. I directed, however, that he should make no assignment until I could speak to the Secretary of War about the matter. I shortly after recommended to the Secretary the assignment of General Buell to duty. I received the assurance that duty would be offered to him, and afterwards the Secretary told me that he had offered Buell an assignment and that the latter declined it, saying that it would be a degradation to accept the assignment offered. I understood afterwards that he refused to serve under either Sherman or Canby because he had ranked them both. Both graduated before him and ranked him in the old army. Sherman ranked him as brigadier-general. All of them ranked me in the old army, and Sherman and Buell did as brigadiers.

On the 23d of March I was back in Washington, and on the 26th took up my headquarters at Culpeper Court House, a few miles south of the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the State of the President, I never met Mr. Lincoln until called to the capital to receive my commission as lieutenant-general. I knew him, however, very well and favorably from the accounts given by officers under me at the West, who had known him all their lives. I had also read the remarkable series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas a few years before, when they were rival candidates for the United States Senate. I was then a resident of Missouri, and by no means a "Lincoln man" in that contest; but I recognized then his great ability.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them; but that procrastination on the part of commanders and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "Military Orders"—one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted, or had ever wanted, was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. Assuring him that I would do the best I could with the means at hand, and avoid as far as possible annoying him or the War Department, our first interview ended.

The Secretary of War I had met once before only, but felt that I knew him better. While commanding in West Tennessee we had occasionally held conversations over the wires at night, when they were not being otherwise used. He and General Halleck both cautioned me against giving the President my plans of campaign, saying that he was so kind-hearted, so averse from refusing anything asked of him, that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew. I should have said that in our interview the President told me that he did not want to know what I proposed to do. But he submitted a plan of campaign of his own which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about. He brought out a map of Virginia on which he had evidently marked every position occupied by the Federal and Confederate armies up to that time. He pointed out on the map two streams which empty into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved on boats and landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac

to bring our supplies, and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up. I did not communicate my plans to the President, nor did I to the Secretary of War or to General Halleck.

March the 26th, with my headquarters at Culpeper, the work of preparing for an early campaign commenced.

When I assumed command of all the armies the situation was about this: The Mississippi was guarded from St. Louis to its mouth; the line of the Arkansas was held, thus giving us all the North-west north of that river. A few points in Louisiana, not remote from the river, were held by the Federal troops, and also the mouth of the Rio Grande. East of the Mississippi we held substantially all north of the Memphis and Charleston railroad as far east as Chattanooga, thence along the line of the Tennessee and Holston rivers, taking in nearly all of the State of Tennessee. West Virginia was in our hands; and that part of old Virginia north of the Rapidan and east of the Blue Ridge we also held. On the sea-coast we had Fort Monroe and Norfolk in Virginia; Plymouth, Washington, and New-Berne in North Carolina; Beaufort, Folly and Morris islands, Hilton Head, Port Royal, and Fort Pulaski in South Carolina and Georgia; Fernandina, St. Augustine, Key West, and Pensacola in Florida. The rest of the Southern territory, an empire in extent, was still in the hands of the enemy.

Sherman, who had succeeded me in the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, commanded all the troops in the territory west of the Alleghanies and north of Natchez, with a large movable force about Chattanooga. His command was subdivided into four departments, but the commanders all reported to Sherman, and were subject to his orders. This arrangement, however, insured the better protection of all lines of communication through the acquired territory, for the reason that these different department commanders could act promptly in case of a sudden or unexpected raid within their respective jurisdiction, without waiting the orders of the division commander.

In the East the opposing forces stood in substantially the same relations toward each other as three years before; or when the war began: they were both between the Federal and Confederate capitals. It is true footholds had been secured by us on the sea-coast, in Virginia and North Carolina, but beyond that no substantial advantage had been gained by either side. Battles had been fought of as great severity as had ever been known in war, over ground from the James River and the Chickahominy, near Richmond, to Gettysburg and Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, with indecisive results, sometimes favorable to the National army, sometimes to the Confederate army, but in every instance, I believe, claimed as victories for the South, by the Southern press if not by the Southern generals. The Northern press, as a whole, did not discourage their claims; a portion of it always magnified rebel success and belittled ours, while another portion, most sincerely earnest in their desire for the preservation of the Union and the overwhelming success of the Federal arms, would nevertheless generally express dissatisfaction with whatever victories were gained because they were not more complete.

That portion of the Army of the Potomac not engaged in guarding lines of communication was on the northern bank of the Rapidan; the Army of Northern Virginia confronting it on the opposite bank of the same river, was strongly intrenched and commanded by the acknowledged ablest general in the Confederate army. The country back to the James River is cut up with many streams, generally narrow, deep, and difficult to cross except where bridged. The region is heavily timbered, and the roads narrow and very bad after the least rain. Such an enemy was not, of course, unprepared with adequate fortifications at convenient intervals all the way back to Richmond, so that when driven from one fortified position they would always have another farther to the rear to fall back into. To provision an army, campaigning against so formidable a foe through such a country, from wagons alone, seemed almost impossible. System and discipline were both essential to its accomplishment. (See map, page 607.)

The Union armies were now divided into nineteen departments, though four of them in the West had been concentrated into a single military division. The Army of the Potomac was a separate command, and had no territorial limits. There were thus seventeen district commanders. Before this time these various armies had acted separately and independently of each other, giving the enemy an opportunity, often, of depleting one command, not pressed, to reënforce another more actively engaged. I determined to stop this. To this end I regarded the Army of the Potomac as the center, and all west to Memphis, along the line described as our position at the time, and north of it, the right wing; the Army of the James, under General Butler, as the left wing, and all the troops south as a force in rear of the enemy. Some of these latter were occupying positions from which they could not render service proportionate

to their numerical strength. All such were depleted to the minimum necessary to hold their positions as a guard against blockade-runners; when they could not do this, their positions were abandoned altogether. In this way ten thousand men were added to the Army of the James from South Carolina alone, with General Gillmore in command. It was not contemplated that General Gillmore should leave his department. But as most of his troops were taken, presumably for active service, he asked to accompany them, and was permitted to do so. Officers and soldiers on furlough, of whom there were many thousands, were ordered to their proper commands; concentration was the order of the day, and to have it accomplished in time to advance at the earliest moment the roads would permit was the problem.

As a reënforcement to the Army of the Potomac, or to act in support of it, the Ninth Army Corps, over twenty thousand strong, under General Burnside, had been rendezvoused at Annapolis, Maryland. This was an admirable position for such a reënforcement. The corps could be brought at the last moment as a reënforcement to the Army of the Potomac, or it could be thrown on the seacoast, south of Norfolk, in Virginia or North Carolina, to operate against Richmond from that direction. In fact Burnside and the War Department both thought the Ninth Corps was intended for such an expedition up to the last moment.

My general plan now was to concentrate all the force possible against the Confederate armies in the field. There were but two such, as we have seen, east of the Mississippi River and facing north. The Army of Northern Virginia, General Robert E. Lee commanding, was on the south bank of the Rapidan, confronting the Army of the Potomac; the second, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was at Dalton, Georgia, opposed to Sherman, who was still at Chattanooga. Besides these main armies the Confederates had to guard the Shenandoah Valley, a great storehouse to feed their armies from, and their line of communications from Richmond to Tennessee. Forrest, a brave and intrepid cavalry general, was in the West, with a large force, making a larger command necessary to hold what we had gained in Middle and West Tennessee. We could not abandon any territory north of the line held by the enemy, because it would lay the Northern States open to invasion. But as the Army of the Potomac was the principal garrison for the protection of Washington, even while it was moving on Lee, so all the forces in the West, and the Army of the James, guarded their special trusts when advancing from them as well as when remaining at them. Better, indeed, for they forced the enemy to guard his own lines and resources, at a greater distance from ours and with a greater force. Little expeditions could not so well be sent out to destroy a bridge or tear up a few miles of railroad track, burn a storehouse, or inflict other little annoyances. Accordingly I arranged for a simultaneous movement all along the line.

Sherman was to move from Chattanooga, Johnston's army and Atlanta being his objective points. Crook, commanding in West Virginia, was to move from the mouth of the Gauley River with a cavalry force and some artillery, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad to be his objective. Either the enemy would have to keep a larger force to protect their communications or see them destroyed, and a large amount of forage and provisions, which they so much needed, fall into our hands. Sigel was in command in the valley of Virginia. He was to advance up the valley, covering the North from an invasion through that channel as well while advancing as by remaining near Harper's Ferry. Every mile he advanced also gave us possession of stores on which Lee relied. Butler was to advance by the James River, having Richmond and Petersburg as his objective. Before the advance commenced I visited Butler at Fort Monroe. This was the first time I had ever met him. Before giving him any order as to the part he was to play in the approaching campaign I invited his views. They were very much such as I intended to direct, and as I did direct, in writing, before leaving.

General W. F. Smith, who had been promoted to the rank of major-general shortly after the battle of Chattanooga, on my recommendation, had not yet been confirmed. I found a decided prejudice against his confirmation by a majority of the Senate, but I insisted that his services had been such that he should be rewarded. My wishes were now reluctantly complied with, and I assigned him to the command of one of the corps under General Butler. I was not long in finding out that the objections to Smith's promotion were well founded.

In one of my early interviews with the President I expressed my dissatisfaction with the little that had been accomplished by the cavalry so far in the war, and the belief that it was capable of accomplishing much more than it had done if under a thorough leader. I said I wanted the very best man in the army for that command. Halleck was present and spoke up, saying:

"How would Sheridan do?"

I replied: "The very man I want."

The President said I could have anybody I wanted. Sheridan was telegraphed for that day, and on his arrival was assigned to the command of the cavalry corps with the Army of the Potomac. This relieved General Alfred Pleasonton. It was not a reflection on that officer, however, for I did not know but that he had been as efficient as any other cavalry commander.

Banks in the Department of the Gulf was ordered to assemble all the troops he had at New Orleans in time to join in the general move, Mobile to be his objective.

At this time I was not entirely decided as to whether I should move the Army of the Potomac by the right flank of the enemy or by his left. Each plan presented advantages. If by his right — my left —the Potomac, Chesapeake Bay, and tributaries would furnish us an easy line over which to bring all supplies to within easy hauling distance of every position the army could occupy from the Rapidan to the James River. But Lee could, if he chose, detach, or move his whole army north on a line rather interior to the one I should have to take in following. A movement by his left — our right — would obviate this; but all that was done would have to be done with the supplies and ammunition we started with. All idea of adopting this latter plan was abandoned when the limited quantity of supplies possible to take with us was considered. The country over which we should have to pass was so exhausted of all food or forage, that we should be obliged to carry everything with us.

While these preparations were going on the enemy was not entirely idle. In the West, Forrest made a raid in West Tennessee up to the northern border, capturing the garrison of four or five hundred men at Union City, and followed it up by an attack on Paducah, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio. While he was able to enter the city, he failed to capture the forts or any part of the garrison. On the first intelligence of Forrest's raid I telegraphed Sherman to send all his cavalry against him, and not to let him get out of the trap he had put himself into. Sherman had anticipated me by sending troops against him before he got my order.

Forrest, however, fell back rapidly, and attacked the troops at Fort Pillow, a station for the protection of the navigation of the Mississippi River. The garrison consisted of a regiment of colored troops, infantry, and a detachment of Tennessee cavalry. These troops fought bravely, but were overpowered. I will leave Forrest in his dispatches to tell what he did with them.

"The river was dyed," he says, "with the blood of the slaughtered for two hundred yards. The approximate loss was upward of five hundred killed; but few of the officers escaped. My loss was about twenty killed. It is hoped that these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners." Subsequently Forrest made a report in which he left out the part which shocks humanity to read.

At the East, also, the rebels were busy. I had said to Halleck that Plymouth and Washington, North Carolina, were unnecessary to hold. It would be better to have the garrisons engaged there added to Butler's command. If success attended our arms both places, and others too, would fall into our hands naturally. These places had been occupied by Federal troops before I took command of the armies, and I knew that the Executive would be reluctant to abandon them, and therefore explained my views; but before my views were carried out, the rebels captured the garrison at Plymouth. I then ordered the abandonment of Washington, but directed the holding of New-Berne at all hazards. This was essential, because New-Berne was a port into which blockade-runners could enter.

General Banks had gone on an expedition up the Red River long before my promotion to general command. I had opposed the movement strenuously, but acquiesced because it was the order of my superior at the time. By direction of Halleck I had reënforced Banks with a corps of about ten thousand men from Sherman's command. This reënforcement was wanted back badly before the forward movement commenced. But Banks had got so far that it seemed best that he should take Shreveport, on the Red River, and turn over the line of that river to Steele, who commanded in Arkansas, to hold instead of the line of the Arkansas. Orders were given accordingly, and with the expectation that the campaign would be ended in time for Banks to return A. J. Smith's command to where it belonged, and get back to New Orleans himself in time to execute his part in the general plan. But the expedition was a failure. Banks did not get back in time to take part in the programme as laid down; nor was Smith returned until long after the movements of May, 1864, had been begun. The services of forty thousand veteran troops over and above the number required to hold all that was necessary in the Department of the Gulf were thus paralyzed. It is but just to Banks, however, to say that his expedition was ordered from Washington, and he was in no way responsible except for the conduct of it. I make no criticism on this point. He opposed the expedition.

By the 27th of April, spring had so far advanced as to justify me in fixing a day for the great move. On that day Burnside left Annapolis to occupy Meade's position between Bull Run and the Rappahannock. Meade was notified and directed to bring his troops forward to his advance; on the following day Butler was notified of my intended advance on the 4th of May, and he was directed to move the night of the same day, and get as far up the James River as possible by daylight, and push on from there to accomplish the task given him. He was also notified that reënforcements were being collected in Washington, which would be forwarded to him should the enemy fall back into the trenches at Richmond. The same day Sherman was directed to get his forces up ready to advance on the 5th. Sigel was in Winchester, and was notified to move in conjunction with the others.

The criticism has been made by writers on the campaign from the Rapidan to the James River that all the loss of life could have been obviated by moving the army there on transports. Richmond was fortified and intrenched so perfectly that one man inside to defend was more than equal to five outside besieging or assaulting. To get possession of Lee's army was the first great object. With the capture of his army Richmond would necessarily follow. It was better to fight him outside of his stronghold than in it. If the Army of the Potomac had been moved bodily to the James River by water, Lee could have moved a part of his forces back to Richmond, called Beauregard from the South to reënforce it, and with the remainder moved on to Washington. Then, too, I ordered a move simultaneous with that of the Army of the Potomac up the James River, by a formidable army already collected at the mouth of the river.

While my headquarters were at Culpeper, from the 26th of March to the 4th of May, I generally visited Washington once a week to confer with the Secretary of War and the President. On the last occasion, a few days before moving, a circumstance occurred which came near postponing my part in the campaign altogether. Colonel John S. Mosby had for a long time been commanding a partisan corps, or regiment, which operated in the rear of the Army of the Potomac. On my return to the field on this occasion, as the train approached Warrenton Junction, a heavy cloud of dust was seen to the east of the road, as if made by a body of cavalry on a charge. Arriving at the junction, the train was stopped and inquiries made as to the cause of the dust. There was but one man at the station, and he informed us that Mosby had crossed a few minutes before at full speed in pursuit of Federal cavalry. Had he seen our train coming, no doubt he would have let his prisoners escape to capture the train. I was on a special train, if I remember correctly, without any guard. Since the close of the war I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally, and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able, and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a separate detachment, in the rear of an opposing army and so near the border of hostilities, as long as he did without losing his entire command.

On this same visit to Washington I had my last interview with the President before reaching the James River. He had, of course, become acquainted with the fact that a general movement had been ordered all along the line, and seemed to think it a new feature in war. I explained to him that it was necessary to have a great number of troops to guard and to hold the territory we had captured, and to prevent incursions into the Northern States. These troops could perform this service just as well by advancing as by remaining still; and by advancing they would compel the enemy to keep detachments to hold them back or else lay his own territory open to invasion. His answer was: "Oh! yes, I see that. As we say out West, if a man can't skin he must hold a leg while somebody else does."

The following correspondence closed the first chapter of my personal acquaintance with President Lincoln:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 30, 1864.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT: Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or the capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you. Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, May 1, 1864.

"THE PRESIDENT: Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past in my military administration is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day, I have never had cause of complaint — have never ex-

pressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty. And since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and the importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which everything asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

The armies were now all ready to move for the accomplishment of a single object. They were acting as a unit so far as such a thing was possible over such a vast field. Lee, with the capital of the Confederacy, was the main end to which all were working. Johnston, with Atlanta, was an important obstacle in the way of our accomplishing the result aimed at, and was therefore almost an independent objective. It was of less importance only because the capture of Johnston and his army would not produce so immediate and decisive a result in closing the rebellion as would the possession of Richmond, Lee and his army. All other troops were employed exclusively in support of these two movements. This was the plan; and I will now endeavor to give, as concisely as I can, the method of its execution, outlining first the operations of minor detached but coöperative columns.

As stated before, Banks failed to accomplish what he had been sent to do on the Red River, and eliminated the use of forty thousand veterans whose coöperation in the grand campaign had been expected — ten thousand with Sherman and thirty thousand against Mobile.

Sigel's record is almost equally brief. He moved out, it is true, according to programme; but just when I was hoping to hear of good work being done in the valley, I received instead the following announcement from Halleck: "Sigel is in full retreat on Strasburg. He will do nothing but run; never did anything else." The enemy had intercepted him about New Market and handled him roughly, leaving him short six guns and some nine hundred men out of six thousand.

The plan had been for an advance of Sigel's forces in two columns. Though the one under his immediate command failed ingloriously, the other proved more fortunate. Under Crook and Averell, his western column advanced from the Gauley in West Virginia at the appointed time, and with more happy results. They reached the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Dublin, and destroyed a depot of supplies besides tearing up several miles of road and burning the bridge over New River. Having accomplished this, they recrossed the Alleghanies to Meadow Bluffs, and there awaited further orders.

Butler embarked at Fort Monroe with all his command, except the cavalry and some artillery which moved up the south bank of the James River. His steamers moved first up Chesapeake Bay and York River as if threatening the rear of Lee's army. At midnight they turned back, and Butler by daylight was far up the James River. He seized City Point and Bermuda Hundred early in the day, without loss, and no doubt very much to the surprise of the enemy.

This was the accomplishment of the first step contemplated in my instructions to Butler. He was to act from here, looking to Richmond as his objective point. I had given him to understand that I should aim to fight Lee between the Rapidan and Richmond if he would stand; but should Lee fall back into Richmond, I would follow up and make a junction of the armies of the Potomac and the James on the James River. He was directed to secure a footing as far up the south side of the river as he could at as early a date as possible.

Butler was in position by the 6th of May and had begun intrenching, and on the 7th he sent out his cavalry from Suffolk to cut the Weldon railroad. He also sent out detachments to destroy the railroads between Petersburg and Richmond, but no great success attended these latter efforts. He made no great effort to establish himself on that road, and neglected to attack Petersburg, which was almost defenseless. About the 11th he advanced slowly until he reached the works at Drewry's Bluff, about half-way between Bermuda Hundred and Richmond. In the mean time Beauregard had been gathering reënforcements. On the 16th he attacked Butler with great vigor, and with such success as to limit very materially the further usefulness of the Army of the James as a distinct factor in the campaign. I afterwards ordered a portion of it to join the Army of the Potomac, leaving a sufficient force with Butler to man his works, hold securely the footing he had already gained, and maintain a threatening front toward the rear of the Confederate capital.

The position which General Butler had chosen between the two rivers, the James and Appomattox, was one of great natural strength, and where a large area of ground might be thoroughly inclosed by means of a single intrenched line, and that a very short one in comparison with the extent of territory which it thoroughly protected. His right was protected by the James River, his left by the Appomattox, and his rear by their junction — the two streams uniting near by. The bend of the two

streams shortened the line that had been chosen for intrenchment, while it increased the area which the line inclosed.

Previous to ordering any troops from Butler I sent my chief engineer, General Barnard, from the Army of the Potomac to that of the James, to inspect Butler's position and ascertain whether I could again safely make an order for General Butler's movement in cooperation with mine, now that I was getting so near Richmond; or, if I could not, whether his position was strong enough to justify me in withdrawing some of his troops and having them brought round by water to White House to join me, and reënforce the Army of the Potomac. General Barnard reported the position very strong for defensive purposes, and that I could do the latter with great security; but that General Butler could not move from where he was, in coöperation, to produce any effect. He said that the general occupied a place between the James and Appomattox rivers which was of great strength, and where with any inferior force he could hold it for an indefinite length of time against a superior; but that he could do nothing offensively. I then asked him why Butler could not move out from his lines and push across the Richmond and Petersburg railroad to the rear and on the south side of Richmond. He replied that it was impracticable because the enemy had substantially the same line across the neck of land that General Butler had. He then took out his pencil and drew a sketch of the locality, remarking that the position was like a bottle, and that Butler's line of intrenchments across the neck represented the cork; that the enemy had built an equally strong line immediately in front of him across the neck; and it was, therefore, as if Butler was in a bottle. He was perfectly safe against an attack; but, as Barnard expressed it, the enemy had corked the bottle, and with a small force could hold the cork in its place. This struck me as being very expressive of his position, particularly when I saw the hasty sketch which General Barnard had drawn; and in making my subsequent report I used that expression without adding quotation marks, never thinking that anything had been said that would attract attention, as this did, very much to the annoyance, no doubt, of General Butler, and I know very much to my own. I found afterwards that this was mentioned in the notes of General Badeau's book which, when they were shown to me, I asked to have stricken out; yet it was retained there, though against my wishes.

I make this statement here because, although I have often made it before, it has never been in my power until now to place it where it will correct history; and I desire to rectify all injustice that I may have done to individuals, particularly to officers who were gallantly serving their country during the trying period of the war for the preservation of the Union. General Butler certainly gave his very earnest support to the war; and he gave his own best efforts personally toward the suppression of the rebellion.

The further operations of the Army of the James can best be treated of in connection with those of the Army of the Potomac, the two being so intimately associated and connected as to be substantially one body, in which the individuality of the supporting wing is merged.

I will briefly mention Sheridan's first raid upon Lee's communications which, though an incident of the operations on the main line and not specifically marked out in the original plan, attained in its brilliant execution and results all the proportions of an independent campaign. On the 8th of May, just after the battle of the Wilderness, and when we were moving on Spottsylvania, I directed Sheridan verbally to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac, pass around the left of Lee's army and attack his cavalry; to cut the two roads — one running west through Gordonsville, Charlottesville, and Lynchburg, the other to Richmond; and, when compelled to do so for want of forage and rations, to move on to the James River and draw these from Butler's supplies. This move took him past the entire rear of Lee's army. These orders were also given in writing through Meade.

The object of this move was threefold: 1. If successfully executed — and it was — he would annoy the enemy by cutting his lines of supplies and telegraphic communications, and destroy or get for his own use supplies in store in the rear and coming up; 2. He would draw the enemy's cavalry after him, and thus better protect our flanks, rear and trains, than by remaining with the army; 3. His absence would save the trains drawing his forage, and other supplies from Fredericksburg, which had now become our base. He started at daylight the next morning, and accomplished more than was expected. It was sixteen days before he got back to the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan in this memorable raid passed entirely around Lee's army; encountered his cavalry in four engagements and defeated them in all; recaptured 400 Union prisoners and killed and captured many of the enemy; destroyed and used many supplies and munitions of war; destroyed miles of railroad and telegraph, and freed us from annoyance by the cavalry for more than two weeks.

I fixed the day for Sherman to start when

Executive Mansion
Washington, April 30. 1864

Lieutenant General Grant.

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S GOD-SPEED TO GRANT. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL, SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SCALE.)

[THIS remarkable letter was received by General Grant on the 1st of May, three days before the Wilderness campaign began. He was always careless about his papers, and private or semi-official ones were often thrust into his pockets, where they remained for months. In some such way Mr. Lincoln's beautiful God-speed was mislaid. General Grant had forgotten its existence, until in 1866 I came across it in my researches for my history of his campaigns. He was so pleased at the discovery, or recovery, that he gave me the original letter at the time. It is my intention eventually to present it either to the Government or to the family of General Grant.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1885. *Adam Badeau.*]

the season should be far enough advanced, it was hoped, for the roads to be in a condition for the troops to march. General Sherman at once set himself to work preparing for the task which was assigned him to accomplish in the spring campaign.

The campaign to Atlanta was managed with the most consummate skill, the enemy being flanked out of one position after another all the way there. It is true this was not accomplished without a good deal of fighting, some of it very hard fighting, rising to the dignity of very important battles; neither were positions gained in a single day. On the contrary, weeks were spent at some; and about Atlanta more than a month was consumed.

Soon after midnight, May 3d–4th, the Army of the Potomac moved out from its position north of the Rapidan, to start upon that memorable campaign destined to result in the capture of the Confederate capital and the army defending it.

U. S. Grant.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WILDERNESS.

AT the close of the first day's battle in the Wilderness, I was at General Grant's headquarters in the edge of the pine grove west of the Wilderness tavern. General Meade and his chief of staff, General Humphreys, Grant's staff, and Congressman E. B. Washburne were there.



Suddenly there came a yell from the direction of the Sixth Corps on our right; then quick, rapid volleys. We could see a sudden movement of teams to the rear. An officer rode up, much excited, exclaiming that the right flank had been turned, that the enemy had massed their whole force to crush Sedgwick, and that Shaler's brigade had been captured. Grant was sitting with his back to a pine-tree, whittling a stick (as shown in the picture drawn by Mr. C. W. Reed after a little pencil sketch made by him at the time). Grant said nothing, did not rise, and went on quietly with his whittling.

"Shall I order a diversion by the Ninth Corps in support of the Sixth?" asked Meade.

"If you think best," was Grant's reply.

Humphreys wrote the order, which was sent. The firing was increasing.

After several minutes, Grant turned to Washburne and said, "I don't believe that story. Warren has been fighting all day, and since mid-afternoon Hancock has been at it. Lee hasn't had time to mass his forces in front of Sedgwick. We shall hear a different story."

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes an officer came in, and reported that a large part of Shaler's brigade had been captured, but that the enemy had been repulsed on the right. During the excitement Grant never rose from his seat.

Charles Carleton Coffin.

AN "ONFORTUNIT CREETUR."

MRS. UPCHURCH sat in the entry of her house knitting, while down on the step — a rough block of Georgia granite — Mr. Upchurch sat resting and smoking an after-dinner pipe. It was on a summer afternoon, and the hot glare of the sun made a shade gratefully welcome. The house had only the space of an ordinary yard between it and the public country road, but it was on a breezy hill and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country.

Far away above the green, wooded hills and valleys rose the North Georgia Mountains, veiled in misty blue. Those mountains were the boundary line of Mrs. Upchurch's world. She had never gone to them, she never dreamed of going beyond them. Still they were old friends, immovable, unchangeable, upon which she could look when perplexed, sorrowful, or glad. She worked slowly, and often glanced away toward those distant peaks, a very grave meditative light in her eyes.

She was a woman above medium height, and rather dignified in appearance and manner, with a kind, homely face, yellowed and hardened by sun and wind, and honest, steadfast eyes. She had on a stout, plain cotton dress, and an old brown veil was drawn around her head and tied under her chin. Summer and winter she wore it, to ward off that greatest enemy of her peace — neuralgia.

"He always was an onfortunit creetur," she said abruptly, and with a sigh.

"Who now, Peggy?" inquired Mr. Upchurch in some surprise.

"Why, Ab," and laying her knitting down on her knee, she smoothed it out thoughtfully.

"That brother o' yourn?"

"Yes; I said he always was an onfortunit creetur."

"Yes, onfortunitly lazy," her husband dryly observed.

"He all but died wi' the measles when he was a sucklin' baby not mor'en three months old, an' then 'long came the whoopin'-cough on the heels er that, an' liked to 'a' tuk him off. Then you remember ther time he was snake-bit on his big toe, an' how the pizen flew all owr him like lightenin', an' he would er died if we hadn't er happened ter have some dram in the house. Then he tuk cramp once

in Punkin Vine Creek, an' would er drownded right on the spot if Providence hadn't er sent the singin'-school teacher along for ter fish him out."

The half-forgotten incidents of childhood and youth crowded fresh upon her memory. She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees,—a favorite attitude with many country-women when they are smoking their pipes, dipping snuff, or are lost in deep thought,—and thrust a knitting-needle through her hair. But her reminiscences did not impress her husband very deeply. He eyed her kindly, and with a slight touch of pity.

"You hain't seen him sence the war, Peggy. What's got inter you that your mind keeps er runnin' onter him ter-day?"

"I'm shore I don't know, Sam, but it's er fact. I ain't thought as much erbout him these twenty years an' more as I have ter-day. Mebby Ab's a-comin'."

"Mebby he is, but it tain't likely at this late day, an' I wouldn't be a-botherin' erbout it, Peggy," said the farmer, shaking the ashes out of his pipe before placing it in his pocket.

"I ain't exactly botherin', Sam, but I dreamed erbout him las' night, an' takin' it all tergether it jes' pesters me er little."

Mr. Upchurch got up slowly from his resting-place, and, stepping into the west room, took down his gun from over the door.

"B'lieve I'll go a-huntin', Peggy."

"Well," she answered, absently, still thinking of her brother, and wondering if she would ever see him again.

"He's that onfortunit, he might 'a' wandered off an' er died among strangers, with not er soul ter look arter him, or ter put him erway decently," she murmured in a troubled undertone. "I can't fergit the time he stood between me an' old Miss Whitlock's dog, that run mad when me an' him was little fellers. He was always sorter sickly an' quare, but I knowed then he had grit, for there he stood as calm as could be, an' that dog a-comin' straight for him, or so it 'peared like, jest er-foamin' at the mouth. I thought shore Ab ud be bit plum through, but the critter passed by without techin' him. Them days is all owr, but I ain't fergot that. I orter love him, poor feller!" And she looked away to those blue mountains with eyes grown dim with sudden tears.

It was Saturday afternoon, and therefore a holiday among the farmers. A man must be hard pushed indeed who will not "knock off" Saturday afternoon.

The Upchurch family were thrifty, industrious people, took care of their not too fertile farm, lived honest lives, and kept peace with their neighbors.

"Upchurch is er smart man, if I do say it," his wife would sometimes proudly remark. "When me an' him married we 'lowed we'd help one ernuther, an' mebby we'd git helped; an' so we did, fer Providence always helps them that helps themselves."

Peggy Upchurch was a good woman, and noted among her neighbors and friends for her readiness to visit the sick and the sorrowful. She was a useful woman in her narrow sphere, a strict member of Ebenezer Baptist Church, and while she did not consider it right "fer wimmin to speak out in meetin'," she did a good deal of missionary work quietly.

She rose and glanced around to see if everything had been put in proper order, then sat down again, with her snuff-box and her knitting on her lap.

The house was a double log house — that is, two large rooms with a wide, open entry between, and a loft above. In the furnishing of those rooms the chief consideration seemed to have been beds,— high feather beds, with blue and white checked foot-curtains concealing the unpainted pine posts of the bedsteads, and elaborately fringed "double-wove" counterpanes spread over them. Those beds were the pride of Mrs. Upchurch's heart.

"I raised them feathers myself, an' I know they er fresh ernough fer the President ter sleep on."

Doors stood wide open, letting in sunshine and sweet flowers' scents, and George Washington looked down from his rusty frame with a gracious unbending of his dignity.

A few scrubby oaks shaded the clean-swept yard, and a honeysuckle vine had been trained to climb and spread itself over the rough logs of the house. A fine rose-bush bloomed beside the gate, and there were beds of larkspur, pinks, and sweet-williams in the sunnier spots.

It was a home the counterpart of which may be found in almost any portion of Georgia, bare and rather lonely-looking, but clean and healthy, and to the householders acceptable as a kingly palace. It appeared a sorry haven of rest and peace to the tired, dusty tramp toiling up the wide, hot road. His eyes wandered from object to object as though the place was not unfamiliar to him, and a slight quiver of emotion crossed his features when that roving glance fell on Mrs. Upchurch. He carried a small bundle hanging from the end of a knotted hickory stick over his right shoulder, and he walked in a halting, uneven way. He turned from the road and stopped at the gate.

"Good-evenin', ma'am."

"Good-evenin', sir," said Mrs. Upchurch, looking at him with some curiosity.

He opened the gate.

"May I come in an' git er drink er water? Walkin' is pow'ful hot work."

"Ter be shore; jes' walk right in an' take er seat an' rest yerself; you look plum fagged out," said the hospitable woman, rising and placing a chair out in the entry for him.

He walked across the yard in a footsore and weary way, and dropped feebly down on the edge of the floor, laying his stick and meager bundle beside him. He took off his ragged old hat, and wiped his face on a faded cotton handkerchief. He was a sorry-looking case, shabbily dressed, thin, and stooping, and without the color of blood about his sallow face and hardened hands. His eyes were hollow, and he coughed once or twice a dry hacking cough. So utterly forlorn and friendless did he appear, that deep pity stirred Mrs. Upchurch's heart. He stared hard at her, his face working in an agitated manner. She brought him a gourd of water, and taking it in his trembling hands he drank slowly from it.

"That's good," he muttered softly.

"Yes, we've got the best well in this country. But won't you take this cheer an' rest? It's better'n the floor," she said compassionately.



"HAVE YOU FORGOT YER BROTHER AB, PEGGY?"

"No'm. Is this — where — Sam — Upchurch — lives — that married Peggy Dyer?" he slowly inquired.

"Why, yes; Upchurch bought this place before me an' him was married, an' we've been er-livin' here ever sense," she said, surprised

and striving to recognize him. He had called her name with the ease and familiarity of one well acquainted with it, but not a friend of her youth could she recall who would bear the slightest resemblance to this poor wanderer. Singularly enough, at that moment she had forgotten the brother Ab who had been haunting her memory all day. "You're not er stranger in this settlement, air you?"

"Yes, it 'pears like I am now. You don't seem to know me, Peggy," he said with a sort of tremble in his voice, his haggard eyes raised to her pleasant, homely face.

She fell to trembling then herself, and her sunburnt face grew pale, for a sudden thought flashed into her mind, a bare possibility that overcame her. She sat down in her chair, with a searching, eager look at the shabby stooping figure, and pallid sickly face.

"I orter know that voice; it 'pears like ——" she faltered unsteadily.

"Have you forgot yer brother Ab, Peggy?"

"Lor', Ab! that ain't possible; it's too good ter be true," she cried, and then burst into joyful tears.

"Yes, it's me," he said quietly, and wiped his own eyes.

There were no open demonstrations of love. They did not even shake hands.

"Air you glad ter see me, Peggy?" he asked in a sort of sad wonder, but no longer doubtful of his welcome.

"Glad! O Ab, ain't I been a-wantin' ter see you for nigh on to twenty years?" she cried, in a voice that might have laid the most subtile doubts at rest. "Come in, brother, and take a cheer, do," wiping her eyes on her knitting, and looking at him tenderly.

"I'm not a-hurtin' here, Peggy. I'm tired enough to rest ennywheres. It's been er hard pull ter git here."

"Praise the Lord that you did git here," she ejaculated fervently.

She took his hat and stick and bundle and put them away, she brought him more water, and when he declined any further service she drew her chair near him, and sat down.

"You look well an' hearty, Peggy."

"Yes, I ain't got nothin' ter complain erbout; but you—you're dreadful peaked, Ab," she faltered, her heart yearning over him.

He drew his handkerchief across his face again, and coughed that dull, hacking little cough.

"I've been a'mos' dead with my liver. Low-country life didn't agree with me, an' I've been onfortunit, Peggy."

"You always was onfortunit, Ab. Me an' Upchurch have jes' been a-talkin' of the many times you came nigh ter losin' yer life when er boy, let erlone the war an' sence the war. Upchurch is gone a-huntin' now, an' Tempy an' the boys they er gone over the creek ter town; but as I started ter say, it's cur'us how some folks hev ter live, sorter holdin' on ter life ennyhow. It's er slippery thing at ther best, somethin' like er eel that'll slip through yer fingers jest when you're shore you've got it" (ending with a sigh).

"I've had my sheer er bad luck now, shorely," said Dyer wearily.

"Then you must be a-lookin' out fer the good," said his sister more cheerfully. The deep dejection, the utter hopelessness of tone and appearance troubled her, took away something from her joy. She grew anxious to see him brighten up, raise his head, and speak with animation. She could not keep her eyes off him. His vagabond appearance, his evident ill health roused all her sisterly love, her womanly compassion. Oh, what a hard life he must have lived to be so changed! He had been a weak and ailing child, and odd, extremely odd, in all his ways. She, being the eldest, had watched over him, and had learned to know him better than any one else did, but she never expected to see him so unkempt, neglected, and broken down.

"Oh, brother, what've you been a-doin' with yourself?" she said abruptly, her eyes filling up again.

"A-roamin' up an' down the world. Lately I've been livin' down in south-west Georgia. I married there," he replied.

"Law, you did? Where is your wife?"

"Dead, an' so is my little gal. She was er peart little thing," and he turned his head away, swallowing audibly as though something choked him. "I wish you could 'a' seed her, Peggy," he continued after a slight pause.

"An' I wish it too, Ab. Can't you tell me erbout her?" she said gently, and with deep sympathy.

"She was the smartest little creetur I ever saw, an' knowed the mos' for her age. She use' ter run an' meet me when I came in, an' the fust thing 'ud be, 'Daddy, I love you; do you love me?' Then she'd put her arms round my neck an' lay her face up close ter mine. Then when she got bigger, she was always a-wantin' ter help me, an' I never axed for better comp'ny than my little Sary Jane. O Lord! if she'd only 'a' lived. It fairly tuk the life outen me to see her — to see her ——"

His head dropped on his breast, and again he was silent.

"You er 'bout all the kin I've got, Peggy," he said at last, and there was something in the broken way he uttered the few words that caused her to wipe her eyes again furtively on her knitting.

"You mus' stay with me now, Ab, an' not

go wanderin' off enny more. You've been keerless erbout your health, I know in reason."

"Mebby I have."

He met his brother-in-law rather shrinkingly at first, but Sam Upchurch gave him such a hearty welcome, he seemed to grow more at ease. About sundown the children returned from their holiday visit to Rockymount, a small town two miles away across Bear Creek. There were four — three sturdy sunburnt boys and one handsome sunburnt girl. She was the eldest, and Mrs. Upchurch presented her to her uncle with motherly pride.

"This is our Tempy, Ab."

He looked at the tall, bright-eyed, rose-faced girl with melancholy surprise. He shook hands with her in an awkward, hesitating way.

"Why, she's grown, Peggy."

"Yes, grown, an' talkin' er gitten married," said Peggy with a laugh and a sigh.

"Law, now, ma, jes' lis'en at you!" cried Tempy, blushing crimson and retreating to the kitchen.

The young people eyed the new-comer cautiously, and would have little to say to him; but the elders used all their homely arts to entertain him and make him comfortable. After supper, when they had returned from the kitchen to the entry, he grew more communicative. The boys were off in the thickets bird-thrashing, and Tempy sat in the best room with Jeff Morgan, her sweetheart, who lived in an adjoining settlement, and came on Saturday evening and remained until Monday morning. So the older people were sitting alone in the entry, and Sam Upchurch smoked his pipe, and Peggy dipped snuff, but Dyer declined joining them in using tobacco.

"Had ter quit that years ergo. I have had ups an' downs sence the war. One time I went down inter the piny woods of Alabama an' j'ined the gopher traders, but it wasn't a payin' business, an' I quit it an' sot up ter teachin' school. If you can spell baker you can teach school in them diggin's. Then I tuk it inter my head ter settle down an' have er home; but Susan she died, and the little un had ter go too, an' I've jes' been knockin' erbout ever since." His poor thin hands worked nervously, and his head drooped dejectedly again.

How sharply his empty, desolate life contrasted with his sister's busy, useful, happy one. Her husband was beside her; the shouts of her boys floated up from the pine thickets where their torches flashed in and out like the flame of a "Jack-o'-lantern," and occasionally Tempy's full, hearty laugh rang out. The sister thought of it with a sigh, but feeling humbly grateful for her own good fortune. Upchurch, too, vaguely felt the contrast, for he said:

"Well, you've got er home here now if you er mind ter take it. Peggy'll be doctorin' you up in no time."

He shook his head with a faint, dry smile.

A screech-owl flew into the yard near the house and began a doleful "shir-r-r-r." The men did not seem to notice it, but Mrs. Upchurch moved uneasily, for neither religion nor common sense could rid her of the superstitious feeling that it meant bad luck. That night her short, simple, but earnest prayers included the poor wanderer, and also an entreaty that no bad luck might come to any of them.

On Sunday morning the wagon was brought around, and all the family came out in their "go-ter-meetin'" clothes.

Ab declined accompanying them, although he had partially recovered from the fatigue of the day before, and he obstinately refused to allow one of the family to remain at home with him, to his sister's distress. She would gladly have remained, for there were still many things she wished to talk over with him, but he would not hear to it.

"I make no pretensions, Peggy, but neither am I goin' ter keep them erway that does," he said more decidedly than she had yet heard him speak.

He was sitting on the fence whittling a stick, and many were the curious glances directed toward the shabby, stooping figure, as the country people passed on their way to Ebenezer.

It was soon known throughout the settlement that Ab Dyer, Peggy Upchurch's brother, had come, and the women discovered they owed Peggy a visit, and the men dropped in to see Upchurch or to borrow some farming tool. Ab did not impress the visitors very favorably. Some regarded him suspiciously, others with more or less contempt.

"He's shore ter be crazy," said old Miss Davis confidentially to Sally Gancey.

"You reckon?" in a shocked tone.

"Yes, an' er tramp, too. Won't you take er dip?" producing the little black snuff-box her grandfather had bequeathed to her.

"B'lieve I will. Po' Mis' Upchurch, how she mus' feel."

"Law, it ain't no new thing. I knowed Ab Dyer when he wasn't much bigger'n er woodpeck, an' he never was right bright. He ain't 'walked fur with Solomon,' I kin tell you," rolling her eyes knowingly.

So the bit of gossip went from house to house, and hints of it reached the Upchurches; but if the poor wanderer ever heard of it, he made no sign. Yet it cut Peggy Upchurch to the heart, and she strove, by additional tenderness and consideration, to make up to him for all he had lost in not gaining the goodwill of the neighbors.

"I've always noticed that them that's talked erbout is apt ter be better than them that does the talkin'," she said privately to Upchurch.

But once she ventured to gently remonstrate with Ab about the palpable lack of pride in his personal appearance.

"'Tain't no use, Peggy. I wanted ter be somethin' an' I tried, but ever'thing went ag'in' me."

"You mus'n't be mad erbout that, Ab. It was the Almighty's doin's, though I ain't one er them that lays ever'thing ter Providence. Mebby you didn't start right."

"Mebby I didn't," he replied, spiritlessly, and with a fit of coughing. He sat on the door-step in the sunshine, his shoulders bent over, his chin almost touching his knees, as much of a vagabond as the day on which he walked up the road, seeking the last of his kith and kin.

"It pesters me to see you so down in the mouth. I'm all the time a-wantin' ter see you pearten up. Don't that fat light'ood-splinter tea help yer cough?"

"No; but don't you be a-botherin' erbout me, Peggy. 'Tain't no use."

"Ah, that sayin' o' yourn, 'Tain't no use,' has done a sight er harm in this world. Too many folks say it fer their own good," said Mrs. Upchurch solemnly.

"That may be so, but I ain't been no use ter myself nor nobody else."

"Well, I say you have. Don't forgit your young days an' the time you run between me an' old Miss Whitlock's mad dog. I remember it, an' I'll keep on rememberin' it till I die."

"Lor'! that wasn't nothin'," he said, moving uneasily, a sort of flush passing over his face.

"Yet if you hadn't 'a' done it, I might not 'a' been here now," impressively, and with the feeling that she must ever hold him lovingly and gratefully in her heart, no matter how idle and purposeless his life might be — and one had better have been dead than lazy in that community.

"Mebby if the little un had 'a' lived——" he muttered, but leaving the sentence unfinished, he hastily rose and walked away toward the lot.

He grew rather fond of Tempy, after a cautious, undemonstrative fashion. His eyes would follow her in an absorbed, wistful way, for in her he saw, as it were, a pale vision of his own child grown to womanhood;— a pale vision, for no girl can compare with what the reality would have been in his eyes.

Tempy's wedding-day approached, and he astonished her with the gift of ten dollars, all he had.

"Ter help buy yer fixin's," he said, and carefully restored the empty leather purse to his pocket.

The days came and went, and the farmers worked from daylight till dark, but Ab Dyer idled about the house or wandered aimlessly through the woods with a gun. Sometimes he would bring home game, but oftener he would come empty-handed.

"What ails him, Peggy?" Sam Upchurch inquired one evening, after Dyer had gone off to bed. "There ain't nothin' to be got outer him."

"He's give up, that's what ails him, an' its the worst thing a body could do for themselves. Ab always was easy to git down in the mouth, an' it 'pears like he ain't a-goin' to git over the loss o' his fambly. Poor fellow! he always was an onfortunit creetur," wiping her eyes on her nightcap and sighing deeply.

The summer drew near its end, and one cloudy morning late in August Sam Upchurch pulled out the buggy, harnessed his best horse to it, and invited Ab to go with him over to Rockymount, to buy some things for Tempy's wedding. It had rained torrents the night before, and Bear Creek rushed along turbulent, muddy, and nearly up to the bridge.

"But we'll be all right, if it don't set into rainin' ag'in," said Upchurch, taking a sweeping glance at the clouds rolling so darkly above them.

"An' if it does?" Ab dryly inquired.

"Well, I reckon we will, ennyhow; the bridge is new," Sam easily and carelessly replied.

It did rain again, heavy flooding rains, and they were detained in town until quite late. Indeed they did not realize how swiftly the day passed, until night was upon them.

"Better lie over in town to-night. Bear Creek ain't er pleasant sight jes' now," said an acquaintance, who also lived beyond the creek. But Sam Upchurch shook his head.

"No, Peggy'll be a-lookin' fer us, an' the bridge is strong. There ain't no danger, if the water does run over it."

"You-uns don't know that. My old woman'll be a-lookin' fer me too, but I ain't a-goin' ter risk my life jes' for that," muttered the other countryman, shrugging his shoulders.

It was dark when the belated travelers reached the creek, not the gray darkness of twilight, but the pitchy blackness of a clouded, stormy night. They could hear the rush and roar of the stream, and the horse trembled and shrank back from it in fear, but, urged on by his master's voice, he ventured in. For many a day Sam Upchurch reproached himself for that rash and foolhardy act, but he had

such faith in the strength of the bridge, that he did not think of danger until with a desperate plunge they were floundering in the creek.

"Good God! the bridge is gone!" he groaned, and the next moment felt the buggy swept away from him by the strong current.

"Ab," he shouted loudly.

"Here I am. Can you swim, Sam?"

"Not much here," he cried hoarsely, realizing that only a bare chance of life remained. A vision of his home rose up before him, and of his wife and children; life never seemed so precious and desirable a thing as when death stared him in the face. He groaned aloud; then he heard Ab's voice close beside him.

"Ketch onter this limb."

It was a willow bough half dipping into the water, a slender, flexible thing, not strong enough to bear the weight of both men; but Upchurch did not know that when he clutched so desperately at the frail chance of salvation.

Ab loosened his grasp.

"What's the matter?" cried his brother-in-law in quick alarm, for the poor fellow brushed against him as the strong, swift current carried him away.

"Nothin'! Git home ter Peggy an' the chillun if you can. I'm goin'"—but there his voice died away, was swallowed up in the confusion of noises around them. Upchurch shouted himself hoarse, but no reply came back to him, and chilled and stiffened he drew himself up out of the water, realizing at last that Ab had given up to him the one chance of life that lay between them.

THEY laid him down within the shadow of Ebenezer Church, along with the other quiet sleepers who rested there, and no one ever again breathed aught against the luckless vagabond; while in one household his memory was gratefully and tenderly cherished. Never did a stormy night come but they would draw up around the flaming pine-knot fire thinking of him, and Mrs. Upchurch would take one of Tempy's children on her knee, to shield her tearful eyes from observation.

Then again she would sit out in the entry on calm, clear summer days, with her knitting and her snuff, just as she sat that day he came up the road footsore and weary with his long tramp, and, recalling all the trials and failures of his life, she would look far away toward those misty blue mountains, softly murmuring:

"Poor Ab! He always was an onfortunit creetur."

Mat Crim.

ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.—II.

I HAVE with me the autobiographical works of Carlyle, edited by Froude, which have attracted so much attention. There are two periods in the history of the world's state of mind towards almost every clever and successful man. One of these is when he is recognized; the other is when he is found out. At the former period his distinctions and peculiar abilities are perceived. The world sees what he is. He may then be said to have been recognized. But along with this recognition the world is apt to bestow a vague and tacit credit for superiority in those qualities in which he has not been tried. There comes a time, however, when his limitations are understood. The world sees what he is not. He may then be said to have been found out. That man is fortunate who is recognized early and found out late. The latter period was much deferred in Carlyle's case, owing to the vigor of the impression which he made upon us. But when the time came for the public to be undeceived with regard to the character of this great and good man, it certainly did not judge him fairly. The ill-nature of these writings of Carlyle is not profound. Carlyle had the presumptuous discontent of a spoiled child. It was his instinct and habit to "sass" right and left. And the public itself was mainly to blame for the spoiling. The fault in such cases is mainly the public's, on account of the queer exemptions they accord people who are able to "sling ink" particularly well. Authors are spoiled because of the weak supposition of the public that they are as good as they profess to be. The public will not insist upon remembering that great authors are like other people. Has not an author hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; if you prick them do they not bleed; if you tickle them do they not laugh? Of course, the book reveals Carlyle as an egotist. But are not nearly all recent autobiographers egotists? A number of such works have appeared during the last ten years, and the position of the autobiographer has been in nearly every case the same,—namely, that God did a good thing when he made him; but that he should have made anybody else, and should have taken an interest in the other individual equal to that which he manifested in the autobiographer, is a proposition which he cannot bring himself for a moment to consider. Two books

in which this view is conspicuous are the autobiographies of John Quincy Adams and Miss Harriet Martineau. Carlyle is a mild egotist beside these writers. Adams does not speak of himself as an individual, but as a cause which he has espoused. Of the two, Miss Martineau is the more naïve. She is for arranging the world entirely from her own point of view. For instance, she attacked the late Lord Lytton because he did not carry an ear-trumpet. Lord Lytton was deaf, and preferred not to carry an ear-trumpet. Miss Martineau was deaf also, and did carry one. She did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and was very hard upon any one who was of a contrary opinion. Her Heaven, had her belief permitted her to have one, would have been a place where they all sat round with ear-trumpets and derided the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

. . . It is always a matter of surprise to find how tall some very young girls are. You know they are young, and you discount their inches unconsciously. Your knowledge of their age has the effect of an optical illusion. Speaking of tall women, there is here an extraordinarily tall young lady, who is at the same time very pretty. She must be considerably more than six feet, and the fact of her being very slender adds to her apparent height. I was introduced to her the other evening. Her face is remarkably pretty, the features being very regular and perfect, and the expression charming. As I looked up at it, it seemed to me like some beautiful picture at the Academy, which had unfortunately been hung too high.

It is interesting to observe how gentle the minds of many of these tall women are. If there were somewhere a woman a mile high, and you could, by an arrangement of ladders, climb up to a level with her face, I believe that you would there find a sweet and foolish mind, an eye that would sink with giddy pleasure under the glance of admiration.

. . . I find that certain American women are very hard, or tart, or both. I have spoken of a want of a positive feminine nature which some American women have. It is upon this basis that the character I speak of is produced. Ammonia and Lapidea are both here. Ammonia is a woman who has been so used to thinking tart thoughts and saying tart things that her face has a drawn and puckered expression, like that of a person who has been eating persimmons. Not that I suppose she has ever eaten them. The persimmon is Southern; I have never seen it farther north than Pennsylvania. Ammonia on the other hand is from New York. I have never heard of her farther south than Hudson River. Ammonia, moreover, is a polite person, while the persimmon is anything but a polite fruit. It is never eaten except by darkies or by very small boys in moments of extreme *ennui*. So I doubt if Ammonia has ever seen a persimmon. Ammonia is unmarried. Lapidea is married. She is a distinguished and handsome creature. She has been a great heiress, but it was not on that account A—— married her. It was her distinction, good connections, and unmistakable fashion that attracted him. He chose her because he is the kind of man who likes to be well turned out. She is ambitious, and I don't doubt will have a career.

I do not mean to accuse ambitious women. I often admire them. There is often a force about them which is admirable. Where the ambitious disposition is based upon a vigorous physique, a practical temper, and an enjoyment of the visible life, the character is a proper and natural one. There always will be such women. In many of them the character is discoverable even as girls. I met such a one recently. I was sitting in a drawing-room in a London hotel when the door opened and there entered an apparition. It was that of a young lady, handsome, prettily dressed, with a perfect hat and an original parasol and the smartest possible boots — altogether a smart apparition. I was unable to guess her nationality or condition. She began to speak in perfect English. She spoke it as I have only heard it spoken by some three or four persons, and these Americans. You could not in the least infer her nationality from her speech. She seemed to speak the original and perfect tongue of which local varieties, whether English or American, are inferior modifications. I supposed at first that she was married, her aplomb was so perfect, her gestures were so easy, and her speeches so pretty. But I presently discovered that she was a very young girl, and soon perceived that her self-possession was due to innocence, was the result not of experience, but of the want of it. The good and clever creature had wandered straight from the school-room or the nursery and had picked up in a day from a single woman of fashion the tricks and tones of Babylon. Later I had some talk with her on the subject of worldliness. She said she could not be worldly because she had not seen enough of the world. I reminded her that experience of the world was not necessary to worldliness, that "worldling" and "duckling" were two words which, besides sounding somewhat alike, had this in common, that a worldling takes to the world, just as a duckling takes to the water.

"Oh," she said, "you would compare me to one of those dirty little fuzzy things."

. . . The pretty American women here are

much admired by foreigners, especially Englishmen. It is not in the nature of women to resent this kind of thing. American women have, moreover, an adaptability which few other women have, and they like to practice their talents upon the various orders and races of men. But it makes the American men jealous, and it is not surprising that it does. I find that I don't like it. I will own that when I see one of them surrounded by half a dozen foreigners, I feel like Troilus when he saw Cressida flirting in the camp of the Greeks.

But notwithstanding the adaptability of our women, they have a character of their own, of which they are tenacious — often no doubt against their will — amid circumstances most remote from those of their own country. There are various marks of this character. For instance, there is a woman here who lives altogether abroad and at such places as this, and who pursues the life of the third-rate watering-place society to which she devotes herself with the same bustling activity with which, were she amid her native scenes, she would be making pumpkin pies.

There is also a tall, dark, slight girl, Miss B——. She is a young woman of undoubted fashion and perfectly dressed. Yet as I see her walking through a quadrille I observe in her mind a perception so vivacious as to be almost unlady-like. I am aware of a Yankee incisiveness, a keen, dry light like that of her native hills. I am conscious of her New England origin whenever I am in her society. There is somewhere a reminiscence of the ancestral "apple-sass." Beyond her Worth dresses and her bric-à-brac, perfect French, and mundane wit and manners (what a clever and amusing woman of the world she is!) I see a smart white farm-house on a round, clear hill.

But I am just now thinking especially of one characteristic of American women. There is a school-ma'am basis in the character of certain of our women, particularly those of Puritan origin. A peculiarity of them is that they seem to disapprove of you a little, and, if they are pretty, I find that there is something pleasant in being the object of their disapproval. I see this character in women who of course could not have been school-ma'ams, who indeed have hardly lived in America. I know one — and she is very pretty — who even as a girl has passed most of her days abroad. She is married to a German nobleman, and has a castle in Silesia. The whole of the few years of her married life she has spent about courts. Yet I never meet her, amid scenes so different from those of the land of our common birth, without being conscious that she has this quality. It always seems to me that she is going to "keep me in."

. . . I shall begin to wonder presently who isn't here. I have just met Mildred R—— in the Ferdinand Strasse. Mildred is a woman very characteristic of America, but of an entirely different type from those I have just mentioned. She is a Virginian. She is an inevitable flirt, whose coquetry is of the muscular, vigorous kind. I met her first one evening in the parlor of an American house. It was in one of those scenes the participation in which has afforded me the keenest social pleasure I have ever known. She was staying in this house at the time or had dined there. Two youths were sitting on either side of her, one holding a spool of thread, the other playing with the scissors. Miss H—— said: "Do you see those two boys? They ought to have gone hours ago to a dance across the street. They promised, and they wanted to go, but they can't get away from Mildred." She is a large, finely proportioned creature, and is particularly grand in such things as cloaks, furs, etc. Her movement is unusually good. I have heard a friend of hers say — it was a woman — that some five years ago, when she was her best, it was a sight to remember to see her walk the length of the room. She is looking very well now. I think she is getting a little affected. Her conversation is beginning to take on an intellectual tone. She is going in for a salon. She now poses as the friend and confidante of statesmen, like those silly women in the novels of Bulwer and Disraeli. I think this is a mistake. She is not clever. Besides it is unnecessary. I will guarantee her a salon on the strength of the qualities she really has. She belongs to a class of women who are perhaps the most effective flirts in existence, women who are about one-fourth or one-sixth man. These women I believe are oftener to be met with in America than elsewhere. A peculiarity of them is a generosity of soul, a good-nature, an almost infantile readiness to like and be pleased which contrasts strangely with their contralto voices and grand size. It is odd to hear the language of gentle and giddy unwisdom from the lips of such tall people. Mildred is like this. Her volatile benevolence is bestowed upon old and young alike. There is no ill-nature in her. I figure her like Ceres holding in her hand a sheaf of the sunny corn-field.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XLI.

HE walked about for the next two hours, walked all over Boston, heedless of his course, and conscious only of an unwillingness to return to his hotel, and an inability to eat his dinner or rest his weary legs. He had been roaming in very much the same desperate fashion, at once eager and purposeless, for many days before he left New York, and he knew that his agitation and suspense must wear themselves out. At present they pressed him more than ever; they had become tremendously acute. The early dusk of the last half of November had gathered thick, but the evening was fine and the lighted streets had the animation and variety of a winter that had begun with brilliancy. The shop-fronts glowed through frosty panes; the passers bustled on the pavement; the bells of the street-cars jangled in the cold air; the newsboys hawked the evening papers; the vestibules of the theater, illuminated and flanked with colored posters and the photographs of actresses, exhibited seductively their swinging doors of red leather or baize, spotted with little brass nails. Behind great plates of glass the interior of the hotels became visible, with marble-paved lobbies white with electric lamps, and columns, and Westerners on divans stretching their legs; while behind a counter, set apart and covered with an array of periodicals and novels in paper covers, little boys, with the faces of old men, showing plans of the play-houses, offering librettos, and selling orchestra-chairs at a premium. When from time to time Ransom paused at a corner, hesitating which way to drift, he looked up and saw the stars, sharp and near, scintillating over the town. Boston seemed to him big and full of nocturnal life, very much awake and preparing for an evening of pleasure.

He passed and repassed the Music Hall; saw Verena immensely advertised; gazed down the vista, the approach for pedestrians, which leads out of School street, and thought it looked expectant and ominous. People had not begun to enter yet, but the place was ready, lighted, and open, and the interval would be only too short. So it appeared to Ransom, while at the same time he wished immensely the crisis were over. Everything that surrounded him referred itself to the idea with which his mind was palpitating, the question whether he might not still intervene, as against the girl's jump into the abyss. He believed that all Boston was going to see her, or that at least every one was whom he saw in the streets; and there was a kind of incentive and inspiration in this thought. The vision of wresting her from the mighty multitude set him off again, to stride through the population that would fight for her. It was not too late, for he felt strong; it would not be too late even if she should already stand there before thousands of converging eyes. He had had his ticket since the morning, and now the time was going on. He went back to his hotel at last for ten minutes, and refreshed himself by dressing a little and by drinking a glass of wine. Then he took his way once more to the Music Hall, and saw that people were beginning to go in—the first drops of the great stream, among whom there were many women. Since seven o'clock the minutes had moved fast,—before that they had dragged,—and now there was only half an hour. Ransom passed in with the others; he knew just where his seat was; he had chosen it, on reaching Boston, from the few that were left, with what he believed to be care. But now, as he stood beneath the far-away paneled roof, stretching above the line of little tongues of flame which marked its junction with the walls, he felt that this didn't matter much, since he certainly was not going to subside into his place. He was not one of the audience; he was apart, unique, and had come on an altogether special business. It wouldn't have mattered if, in advance, he had got no place at all, and had just left himself to pay for standing-room at the last. The people came pouring in, and in a very short time there would only be standing-room left. Ransom had no definite plan; he had mainly wanted to get inside of the building, so that, on a view of the field, he might make up his mind. He had never been in the Music Hall before, and its lofty vault and rows of overhanging balconies made it to his imagination immense and impressive. There were two or three moments during

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which he felt as he could imagine a young man to feel who, waiting in a public place, has made up his mind, for reasons of his own, to discharge a pistol at the king or the president.

The place struck him with a kind of Roman vastness; the doors which opened out of the upper balconies, high aloft, and which were constantly swinging to and fro with the passage of spectators and ushers, reminded him of the *vomitoria* that he had read about in descriptions of the Colosseum. The huge organ, the background of the stage,— a stage occupied with tiers of seats for choruses and civic worthies,—lifted to the dome its shining pipes and sculptured pinnacles, and some genius of music or oratory erected himself in monumental bronze at the base. The hall was so capacious and serious, and the audience increased so rapidly without filling it, giving Ransom a sense of the numbers it would contain when it was packed, that the courage of the two young women, face to face with so tremendous an ordeal, hovered before him as really sublime, especially the conscious tension of poor Olive, who would have been spared none of the anxieties and tremors, none of the previsions of accident or calculations of failure. In the front of the stage was a slim, high desk, like a music-stand, with a red velvet cover, and near it was a light, ornamental chair, on which he was sure Verena would not seat herself, though he could fancy her leaning at moments on the back. Behind this was a kind of semicircle of a dozen arm-chairs, which had evidently been arranged for the friends of the speaker, her sponsors and patrons. The hall was more and more full of premonitory sounds; people making a noise as they unfolded, on hinges, their seats, and itinerant boys, whose voices as they cried out "Photographs of Miss Tarrant—sketch of her life!" or "Portraits of the speaker—story of her career!" sounded small and piping in the general immensity. Before Ransom was aware of it, several of the arm-chairs in the row behind the lecturer's desk were occupied, with gaps, and in a moment he recognized, even across the interval, three of the persons who had appeared. The straight-featured woman, with bands of glossy hair and eyebrows that told at a distance, could only be Mrs. Farrinder, just as the gentleman beside her, in a white overcoat, with an umbrella and a vague face, was probably her husband Amariah. At the opposite end of the row were another pair, whom Ransom, unacquainted with certain chapters of Verena's history, perceived without surprise to be Mrs. Burrage and her insinuating son. Apparently their interest in Miss Tarrant was more than a momentary fad, since—like himself—they had made the journey from New York to hear her. There were other figures, unknown to our young man, here and there in the semicircle, but several places were still empty (one of which was of course reserved for Olive), and it occurred to Ransom, even in his preoccupation, that one of them ought to remain so—ought to be left to symbolize the presence, in the spirit, of Miss Birdseye.

He bought one of the photographs of Verena, and thought it shockingly bad, and bought also the sketch of her life, which many people seemed to be reading, but crumpled it up in his pocket for future consideration. Verena was not in the least present to him, in connection with this exhibition of enterprise and puffery; what he saw was Olive, struggling and yielding, making every sacrifice of taste for the sake of the largest hearing, and conforming herself to a great popular system. Whether she had struggled or not, there was a catch-penny effect about the whole thing which added to the fever in his cheek and made him wish he had money to buy up the stock of the vociferous little boys. Suddenly the notes of the organ rolled out into the hall, and he became aware that the overture or prelude had begun. This, too, seemed to him a piece of claptrap, but he didn't wait to think of it; he instantly edged out of his place, which he had chosen near the end of a row, and reached one of the numerous doors. If he had had no definite plan, he now had at least an irresistible impulse, and he felt the prick of shame at having faltered for a moment. It had been his tacit calculation that Verena, still enshrined in mystery by her companion, would not have reached the scene of her performance till within a few minutes of the time at which she was to come forth; so that he had lost nothing by waiting, up to this moment, before the platform. But now he must overtake his opportunity. Before passing out of the hall into the lobby, he paused, and with his back to the stage gave a look at the gathered auditory. It was now densely numerous, and, suffused with the evenly distributed gaslight, which fell from a great elevation, and the thick atmosphere that hangs forever in such places, it appeared to pile itself high and to look dimly expectant and formidable. He had a throb of uneasiness at his private purpose of balking it of its entertainment, its victim—a glimpse of the ferocity that lurks in a disappointed mob. But the thought of that danger only made him pass more quickly through the ugly corridors; he felt that his plan was definite enough now, and he found that he had no need even of asking the way to a certain small door (one or more

of them) which he meant to push open. In taking his place in the morning, he had assured himself as to the side of the house on which (with its approach to the platform) the withdrawing-room of singers and speakers was situated; he had chosen his seat in that quarter, and he now had not far to go before he reached it. No one heeded or challenged him; Miss Tarrant's auditors were still pouring in (the occasion was evidently to have been a tremendous success of curiosity), and had all the attention of the ushers. Ransom opened a door at the end of a passage, and it admitted him into a sort of vestibule, quite bare save that at a second door, opposite to him, stood a figure at the sight of which he paused for a moment in his advance.

The figure was simply that of a robust policeman, in his helmet and brass buttons — a policeman who was expecting him — Ransom could see that in a twinkling. He judged in the same space of time that Olive Chancellor had heard of his having been there and had applied for the protection of this functionary, who was now simply guarding the approach, and was prepared to defend it against all comers. There was a slight element of surprise in this, as he had reasoned that his nervous kinswoman was absent from her house for the day — had been spending it all in Verena's retreat, wherever that was. The surprise was not great enough, however, to interrupt his course for more than an instant, and he crossed the room and stood before the belted sentinel. For a moment neither spoke; they looked at each other very hard in the eyes, and Ransom heard the organ, beyond partitions, launching its waves of sound through the hall. They seemed to be very near it, and the whole place vibrated. The policeman was a tall, lean-faced, sallow man, with a stoop of the shoulders, a small, steady eye, and something in his mouth which made a protuberance in his cheek. Ransom could see that he was very strong, but he believed that he himself was not materially less so. However, he had not come there to show physical fight: a public tussle about Verena was not an attractive idea, except perhaps, after all, if he should get the worst of it, from the point of view of Olive's new system of advertising; and, moreover, it would not be in the least necessary. Still he said nothing, and still the policeman remained dumb, and there was something in the way the moments elapsed, and in our young man's consciousness that Verena was separated from him only by a couple of thin planks, which made him feel that she too expected him, but in another sense; that she had nothing to do with this parade of resistance, that she would know in a moment, by quick intuition, that he was there, and that she was only praying to be rescued, to be saved. Face to face with Olive she hadn't the courage, but she would have it with her hand in his. It came to him that there was no one in the world less sure of her business just at that moment than Olive Chancellor; it was as if he could see, through the door, the terrible way her eyes were fixed on Verena while she held her watch in her hand and Verena looked away from her. Olive would have been so thankful that she should begin before the hour, but of course that was impossible. Ransom asked no question — that seemed a waste of time; he only said, after a minute, to the policeman:

"I should like very much to see Miss Tarrant, if you will be so good as to take in my card."

The guardian of order, well planted just between him and the handle of the door, took from Ransom the morsel of pasteboard which he held out to him, read slowly the name inscribed on it, turned it over and looked at the back, then returned it to his interlocutor. "Well, I guess it ain't much use," he remarked.

"How can you know that? You have no business to decline my request."

"Well, I guess I have about as much business as you have to make it." Then he added, "You are just the very man she wants to keep out."

"I don't think Miss Tarrant wants to keep me out," Ransom returned.

"I don't know much about her, she hasn't hired the hall. It's the other one — Miss Chancellor; it's her that runs this thing."

"And she has asked you to keep me out? How absurd!" exclaimed Ransom, ingenuously.

"She tells me you're none too fit to be round alone; you have got this thing on the brain. I guess you'd better be quiet," said the policeman.

"Quiet? Is it possible to be more quiet than I am?"

"Well, I've seen crazy folks that were a good deal like you. If you want to see the speaker, why don't you go and set round in the hall, with the rest of the public?" And the policeman waited in an immovable, ruminating, reasonable manner, for an answer to this inquiry.

Ransom had one, on the instant, at his service. "Because I don't want simply to see her; I want also to speak to her — in private."

"Yes — it's always intensely private," said the policeman. "Now I wouldn't lose the lecture if I was you. I guess it will do you good."

"The lecture?" Ransom repeated, laughing. "It won't take place."

"Yes it will — as quick as the organ stops." Then the policeman added, as to himself, "Why the devil don't it?"

"Because Miss Tarrant has sent up to the organist to tell him to keep on."

"Who has she sent, do you s'pose?" And Ransom's new acquaintance entered into his humor. "I guess Miss Chancellor isn't her nigger."

"She has sent her father, or perhaps even her mother. They are in there too."

"How do you know that?" asked the policeman, consideringly.

"Oh, I know everything," Ransom answered, smiling.

"Well, I guess they didn't come here to listen to that organ. We'll hear something else before long, if he doesn't stop."

"You will hear a good deal, very soon," Ransom remarked.

The serenity of his self-confidence appeared at last to make an impression on his antagonist, who lowered his head a little, like some butting animal, and looked at the young man from beneath bushy eyebrows. "Well, I *have* heard a good deal since I've ben in Boston."

"Oh, Boston's a great place," Ransom rejoined, inattentively. He was not listening to the policeman or to the organ now, for the sound of voices had reached him from the other side of the door. The policeman took no further notice of it than to lean back against the partition with folded arms; and there was another pause between them, during which the playing of the organ ceased.

"I will just wait here, with your permission," said Ransom, "and presently I shall be called."

"Who do you suppose will call you?"

"Well, Miss Tarrant, I hope."

"She'll have to fix the other one first."

Ransom took out his watch, which he had adapted on purpose, several hours before, to Boston time, and saw that the minutes had sped with increasing velocity during his *tête-à-tête* with Miss Chancellor's warden, and that it now marked five minutes past eight. "Miss Chancellor will have to fix the public," he said in a moment; and the words were far from being an empty profession of security, for the conviction already in possession of him, that a drama in which he, though cut off, was an actor, had been going on for some time in the apartment he was prevented from entering, that the situation was tremendously strained there, and that it could not come to an end without an appeal to him — this transcendental assumption acquired an infinitely greater force the instant he perceived that Verena was even now keeping her audience waiting. Why didn't she go on? Why, except that she knew he was there, and was gaining time?

"Well, I guess she has shown herself," said the door-keeper, whose discussion with Ransom now appeared to have passed, on his own part, and without the slightest prejudice to his firmness, into a sociable, gossiping phase.

"If she had shown herself, we should hear the reception, the applause."

"Well, there they air; they are going to give it to her," the policeman announced.

He had an odious appearance of being in the right, for there indeed they seemed to be — they were giving it to her. A general hubbub rose from the floor and the galleries of the hall — the sound of several thousand people stamping with their feet, and rapping with their umbrellas and sticks. Ransom felt faint, and for a little while he stood with his gaze interlocked with that of the policeman. Then suddenly a wave of coolness seemed to break over him, and he exclaimed: "My dear fellow, that isn't applause — it's impatience. It isn't a reception — it's a call!"

The policeman neither assented to this proposition nor denied it; he only transferred the protuberance in his cheek to the other side, and observed:

"I guess she's sick."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Ransom, very gently. The stamping and rapping swelled and swelled for a minute, and then it subsided; but before it had done so Ransom's definition of it had plainly become the true one. The tone of the manifestation was good-humored, but it was not gratulatory. He looked at his watch again, and saw that five minutes more had elapsed, and he remembered what the newspaper man in Charles street had said about Olive's guaranteeing Verena's punctuality. Oddly enough, at the moment that the image of this gentleman recurred to him, the gentleman himself burst through the other door, in a state of the liveliest agitation.

"Why in the name of goodness don't she go on? If she wants to make them call her, they've done it about enough!" Mr. Pardon turned, pressingly, from Ransom to the policeman and back again, and in his preoccupation gave no sign of having met the Mississippian before.

"I guess she's sick," said the policeman.

"The public 'll be sick!" cried the distressed reporter. "If she's sick, why doesn't she send for a doctor? All Boston is packed into this house, and she has got to talk to it. I want to go in and see."

"You can't go in," said the policeman, dryly.

"Why can't I go in, I should like to know? I want to go in for the 'Vesper'!"

"You can't go in for anything. I'm keeping this man out, too," the policeman added, genially, as if to make Mr. Pardon's exclusion appear less invidious.

"Why, they'd ought to let *you* in," said Matthias, staring a moment at Ransom.

"Maybe they'd ought to, but they won't," the policeman remarked.

"Gracious me!" panted Mr. Pardon; "I knew from the first Miss Chancellor would make a mess of it! Where's Mr. Filer?" he went on, eagerly, addressing himself apparently to either of the others, or to both.

"I guess he's at the door, counting the money," said the policeman.

"Well, he'll have to give it back if he don't look out!"

"Maybe he will. I'll let *him* in if he comes, but he's the only one. She is on now," the policeman added, without emotion.

His ear had caught the first faint murmur of another explosion of sound. This time, unmistakably, it was applause — the clapping of multitudinous hands, mingled with the noise of many throats. The demonstration, however, though considerable, was not what might have been expected, and it died away quickly. Mr. Pardon stood listening, with an expression of some alarm. "Merciful fathers! can't they give her more that that?" he cried. "I'll just fly around and see!"

When he had hurried away again, Ransom said to the policeman, "Who is Mr. Filer?"

"Oh, he's an old friend of mine. He's the man that runs Miss Chancellor."

"That runs her?"

"Just the same as she runs Miss Tarrant. He runs the pair, as you might say. He's in the lecture-business."

"Then he had better talk to the public himself."

"Oh, *he* can't talk; he can only boss!"

The opposite door at this moment was pushed open again, and a large, heated-looking man, with a little stiff beard on the end of his chin, and his overcoat flying behind him, strode forward with an imprecation. "What the —— are they doing in the parlor? This sort of thing's about played out!"

"Ain't she up there now?" the policeman asked.

"It's not Miss Tarrant," Ransom said, as if he knew all about it. He perceived in a moment that this was Mr. Filer, Olive Chancellor's agent; an inference instantly followed by the reflection that such a personage would have been warned against him by his kinswoman, and would doubtless attempt to hold him, or his influence, accountable for Verena's unexpected delay. Mr. Filer only glanced at him, however, and to Ransom's surprise appeared to have no theory of his identity; a fact implying that Miss Chancellor had considered that the greater discretion was (except to the policeman) to hold her tongue about him altogether.

"Up there? It's her jackass of a father that's up there!" cried Mr. Filer, with his hand on the latch of the door, which the policeman had allowed him to approach.

"Is he asking for a doctor?" the latter inquired, dispassionately.

"You're the sort of a doctor he'll want, if he doesn't produce the girl! You don't mean to say they've locked themselves in? What the plague are they after?"

"They've got the key on that side," said the policeman, while Mr. Filer discharged at the door a volley of sharp knocks, at the same time violently shaking the handle.

"If the door was locked, what was the good of your standing before it?" Ransom inquired.

"So as you couldn't do that"; and the policeman nodded at Mr. Filer.

"You see, your interference has done very little good."

"I dunno; she has got to come out yet."

Mr. Filer meanwhile had continued to thump and shake, demanding instant admission, and inquiring if they were going to let the audience pull the house down. Another round of applause had broken out, directed perceptibly to some apology, some solemn circumlocution, of Selah Tarrant's; this covered the sound of the agent's voice, as well as that of a confused and divided response proceeding from the parlor. For a minute nothing definite was audible; the door remained closed, and Matthias Pardon reappeared in the vestibule.

"He says she's just a little faint — from nervousness. She'll be all ready in about three minutes." This announcement was Mr. Pardon's contribution to the crisis; and he added that the crowd was a lovely crowd; it was a real Boston crowd, it was perfectly good-humored.

"There's a lovely crowd, and a real Boston one too, I guess, in here!" cried Mr. Filer, now banging very hard. "I've handled prima donnas, and I've handled natural curiosities, but I've never seen anything up to this. Mind what I say, ladies: if you don't let me in, I'll smash down the door!"

"Don't seem as if *you* could make it much worse, does it?" the policeman observed to Ransom, strolling aside a little with the air of being superseded.

XLII.

Ransom made no reply; he was watching the door, which at that moment gave way

from within. Verena stood there,—it was she, evidently, who had opened it,—and her eyes went straight to his. She was dressed in white, and her face was whiter than her garment; above it her hair seemed to shine like fire. She took a step forward; but before she could take another he had come down to her, on the threshold of the room. Her face was full of suffering, and he did not attempt—before all those eyes—to take her hand; he only said in a low tone, "I have been waiting for you—a long time!"

"I know it—I saw you in your seat—I want to speak to you."

"Well, Miss Tarrant, don't you think you'd better be on the platform?" cried Mr. Filer, making with both his arms a movement as if to sweep her before him, through the waiting-room, up into the presence of the public.

"In a moment I shall be ready. My father is making that all right." And, to Ransom's surprise, she smiled with all her sweetness at the irrepressible agent—appeared to wish genuinely to reassure him.

The three had moved together into the waiting-room, and there at the further end of it, beyond the vulgar, perfunctory chairs and tables, under the flaring gas, he saw Mrs. Tarrant sitting upright on a sofa, with immense rigidity, and a large, flushed visage, full of suppressed distortion, and beside her, prostrate, fallen over, her head buried in the lap of Verena's mother, the tragic figure of Olive Chancellor. Ransom could scarcely know how much Olive's having flung herself upon Mrs. Tarrant's bosom testified to the convulsive scene that had just taken place behind the locked door. He closed it again, sharply, in the face of the reporter and the policeman, and at the same moment Selah Tarrant descended, through the aperture leading to the platform, from his brief communion with the public. On seeing Ransom, he stopped short, and, gathering his waterproof about him, measured the young man from head to foot.

"Well, sir, perhaps *you* would like to go and explain our hitch," he remarked, indulging in a smile so comprehensive that the corners of his mouth seemed almost to meet behind. "I presume that you, better than any one else, can give them an insight into our difficulties!"

"Father, be still; father, it will come out all right in a moment!" cried Verena, below her breath, her voice stifled in her agitation.

"There's one thing I want to know: are we going to spend half an hour in doing the family-circle business?" Mr. Filer demanded, wiping his indignant countenance. "Is Miss Tarrant going to lecture, or ain't she going to lecture? If she ain't, she'll please to show cause why. Is she aware that every quarter of a second, at the present instant, is worth about five hundred dollars?"

"I know that—I know that, Mr. Filer. I will begin in a moment!" Verena went on. "I only want to speak to Mr. Ransom—just three words. They are perfectly quiet—don't you see how quiet they are? They trust me, they trust me, don't they, father? I only want to speak to Mr. Ransom."

"Who the devil is Mr. Ransom?" cried the exasperated, bewildered Filer.

Verena spoke to the others, but she looked at her lover, and the expression of her eyes was ineffably touching and beseeching. She trembled with nervous excitement, there were tears and confidences in her voice, and Ransom felt himself flushing with pity for the agony he had forced upon her. But at the same moment he had another perception, which brushed aside remorse; he saw that he could do what he wanted, that she begged him, with all her being, to spare her, but that so long as he should protest she was submissive, helpless. What he wanted, in this light, flamed before him and challenged all his manhood, tossing his determination to a height from which not only Doctor Tarrant, and Mr. Filer, and Olive, over there, in her sightless, soundless shame, but the great, expectant hall as well, and the mighty multitude, in suspense, keeping quiet from minute to minute and holding the breath of its anger—from which all these things looked small, surmountable, and of the moment only. He didn't quite understand as yet, however; he saw that Verena had not refused, but temporized; that the spell upon her—thanks to which he should still be able to rescue her—had been the knowledge that he was near.

"Come away, come away," he murmured quickly, putting out his two hands to her.

She took one of them, as if to plead, not to consent. "Oh, let me off, let me off—for *her*, for the others! It's too terrible, it's impossible!"

"What I want to know is, why Mr. Ransom isn't in the hands of the police!" wailed Mrs. Tarrant, from her sofa.

"I have been, madam, for the last quarter of an hour." Ransom felt more and more that he could manage it, if he could only keep cool. He bent over Verena with a tenderness in which he was careless, now, of observation.

"Dearest, I told you, I warned you. I left you alone for ten weeks; but could that make you doubt it was coming? Not for worlds, not for millions, shall you give yourself to that roaring crowd. Don't ask me to care for them, or for any one! What do they care for you

but to gape and grin and babble? You are mine, you are not theirs."

"What under the sun is the man talking about? With the most magnificent audience ever brought together! The city of Boston is under this roof!" Mr. Filer gaspingly interposed.

"The city of Boston be d——!" said Ransom.

"Mr. Ransom is very much interested in my daughter. He doesn't approve of our views," Selah Tarrant explained.

"It's the most horrible, wicked, immoral selfishness I ever heard in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Tarrant.

"Selfishness! Mrs. Tarrant, do you suppose I pretend not to be selfish?"

"Do you want us all murdered by the mob, then?"

"They can have their money — can't you give them back their money?" cried Verena, turning frantically round the circle.

"Verena Tarrant, you don't mean to say you are going to back down?" her mother shrieked.

"Good God! that I should make her suffer like this!" said Ransom to himself; and to put an end to the odious scene he would have seized Verena in his arms and broken away into the outer world, if Olive, who at Mrs. Tarrant's last loud reflection had sprung to her feet, had not at the same time thrown herself between them with a force which made the girl relinquish her grasp of Ransom's hand. To his astonishment, the eyes that looked at him out of her scared, haggard face were, like Verena's, eyes of tremendous entreaty. There was a moment during which she would have been ready to go down on her knees to him, in order that the lecture should go on.

"If you don't agree with her, take her up on the platform, and have it out there; the public would like that, first-rate!" Mr. Filer said to Ransom, as if he thought this suggestion practical.

"She had prepared a lovely address!" Selah remarked, mournfully, as if to the company in general.

No one appeared to heed the observation, but his wife broke out again. "Verena Tarrant, I should like to shake you! Do you call such a man as that a gentleman? I don't know where your father's spirit is, to let him stay!"

Olive, meanwhile, was literally praying to her kinsman. "Let her appear this once, just this once: not to ruin, not to shame! Haven't you any pity? do you want me to be hooted? It's only for an hour. Haven't you any heart?"

Her face and voice were terrible to Ransom; she had flung herself upon Verena and was holding her close, and he could see that her friend's suffering was faint in comparison to her own. "Why for an hour, when it's all false and damnable? An hour is as bad as ten years! She's mine or she isn't; and if she's mine, she's all mine!"

"Yours! yours! Verena, think, think what you're doing!" Olive moaned, bending over her.

Mr. Filer was now pouring forth his soul in objurgations and oaths, and brandishing before the culprits — Verena and Ransom — the extreme penalty of the law. Mrs. Tarrant had burst into violent hysterics, while Selah revolved vaguely about the room and declared that it seemed as if the better day was going to be put off for quite a while. "Don't you see how good, how sweet they are — giving us all this time? Don't you think that when they behave like that — without a sound for five minutes — they ought to be rewarded?" Verena asked, smiling divinely at Ransom. Nothing could have been more tender, more exquisite, than the way she put her appeal (that he should remit his veto) on the ground of simple charity, kindness to the great, good-natured, childish public.

"Miss Chancellor may reward them in any way she likes. Give them back their money and a little present to each."

"Money and presents? I should like to shoot you, sir!" roared Mr. Filer. The audience had really been very patient, and up to this point deserved Verena's praise; but it was now long past eight o'clock, and symptoms of irritation — cries and groans and hisses — began again to proceed from the hall. Mr. Filer launched himself into the passage leading to the stage, and Selah rushed after him. Mrs. Tarrant extended herself, sobbing, on the sofa, and Olive, quivering in the storm, inquired of Ransom what he wanted her to do, what humiliation, what degradation, what sacrifice he imposed.

"I'll do anything — I'll be abject — I'll be vile — I'll go down in the dust!"

"I ask nothing of you, and I have nothing to do with you," Ransom said. "That is, I ask, at the most, that you shouldn't expect that, wishing to make Verena my wife, I should say to her, 'Oh yes, you can take an hour or two out of it!' Verena," he went on, "all this is out of it — dreadfully, odiously — and it's a great deal too much! Come, come as far away from here as possible, and we'll settle the rest!"

The combined effort of Mr. Filer and Selah Tarrant to pacify the public had not, apparently, the success it deserved; the house con-

tinued in uproar and the volume of sound increased. "Leave us alone, leave us alone for a single minute!" cried Verena; "just let me speak to him, and it will be all right!" She rushed over to her mother, drew her, dragged her from the sofa, led her to the door of the room. Mrs. Tarrant, on the way, reunited herself with Olive (the horror of the situation had at least that compensation for her), and, clinging and stumbling together, the distracted women, pushed by Verena, passed into the vestibule, now, as Ransom saw, deserted by the policeman and the reporter, who had rushed round to where the battle was the thickest.

"Oh, why did you come — why, why?" And Verena, turning back, threw herself upon him with a protest which was all, and more than all, a surrender. She had never yet given herself to him as much as in that movement of reproach.

"Didn't you expect me, and weren't you sure?" he asked, smiling at her and standing there till she arrived.

"I didn't know — it was terrible — it's awful! I saw you in your place, in the house, when you came. As soon as we got here I went out to those steps that go up to the stage and I looked out, with my father,— from behind him,— and saw you in a minute. Then I felt too nervous to speak! I could never, never, if you were there! My father didn't know you, and I said nothing, but Olive guessed as soon as I came back. She rushed at me, and she looked at me — oh, how she looked! and she guessed. She didn't need to go out to see for herself, and when she saw how I was trembling she began to tremble herself, to believe, as I believed, we were lost. Listen to them, listen to them, in the house! Now I want you to go away. I will see you to-morrow, as long as you wish. That's all I want now; if you will only go away it's not too late, and everything will be all right!"

Preoccupied as Ransom was with the simple purpose of getting her bodily out of the place, he could yet notice her strange, touching tone, and her air of believing that she might really persuade him. She had evidently given up everything now — every pretense of a different conviction and of loyalty to her cause; all this had fallen from her as soon as she felt him near, and she asked him to go away just as any plighted maiden might have asked any favor of her lover. But it was the poor girl's misfortune that whatever she did or said, or left unsaid, only had the effect of making her dearer to him and making the people who were clamoring for her seem more and more of a rabble.

He indulged in not the smallest recognition of her request, and simply said, "Surely Olive must have believed, must have known, I would come."

"She would have been sure if you hadn't become so unexpectedly quiet after I left Marmion. You seemed to concur, to be willing to wait."

"So I was, for a few weeks. But they ended yesterday. I was furious that morning when I learned your flight, and during the week that followed I made two or three attempts to find you. Then I stopped — I thought it better. I saw you were very well hidden; I determined not even to write. I felt I *could* wait — with that last day at Marmion to think of. Besides, to leave you with her awhile, for the last, seemed more decent. Perhaps you'll tell me now where you were."

"I was with father and mother. She sent me to them that morning, with a letter. I don't know what was in it. Perhaps there was money," said Verena, who evidently now would tell him everything.

"And where did they take you?"

"I don't know — to places. I was in Boston once, for a day; but only in a carriage. They were as frightened as Olive; they were bound to save me!"

"They shouldn't have brought you here to-night then. How could you possibly doubt of my coming?"

"I don't know what I thought, and I didn't know, till I saw you, that all the strength I had hoped for would leave me in a flash, and that if I attempted to speak — with you sitting there — I should make the most shameful failure. We had a sickening scene here. I begged for delay, for time to recover. We waited and waited, and when I heard you at the door talking to the policeman, it seemed to me everything was gone. But it will still come back if you will leave me. They are quiet again — father must be interesting them."

"I hope he is!" Ransom exclaimed. "If Miss Chancellor ordered the policeman, she must have expected me."

"That was only after she knew you were in the house. She flew out into the lobby with father, and they seized him and posted him there. She locked the door; she seemed to think they would break it down. I didn't wait for that, but from the moment I knew you were on the other side of it I couldn't go on — I was paralyzed. It has made me feel better to talk to you — and now I could appear," Verena added.

"My darling child, haven't you a shawl or a mantle?" Ransom returned, for all answer, looking about him. He perceived, tossed upon a chair a long, furred cloak, which he caught up, and, before she could resist, threw

over her. She even let him arrange it, and, standing there, draped from head to foot in it, contented herself with saying, after a moment:

"I don't understand. Where shall we go? Where will you take me?"

"We shall catch the night-train for New York, and the first thing in the morning we shall be married."

Verena remained gazing at him with swimming eyes. "And what will the people do? Listen, listen!"

"Your father is ceasing to interest them. They'll howl and thump, according to their nature."

"Ah, their nature's fine!" Verena pleaded.

"Dearest, that's one of the fallacies I shall have to woo you from. Hear them, the senseless brutes!" The storm was now raging in the hall, and it deepened to such a point that Verena turned to him, quickly, passionately.

"I could soothe them with a word!"

"Keep your soothing words for me — you will have need of them all, in our coming time," Ransom said, laughing. He pulled open the door again, which led into the lobby, but he was driven back, with Verena, by a furious onset from Mrs. Tarrant. Seeing her daughter fairly arrayed for departure, she hurled herself upon her, half in indignation, half in a blind impulse to cling, and with an outpouring of tears, reproaches, prayers, strange scraps of argument and iterations of farewell, closed her about with an embrace which was partly a supreme caress, partly the salutary shaking she had, three minutes before, expressed the wish to administer, and altogether for the moment a check upon the girl's flight.

"Mother, dearest, it's all for the best,— I can't help it; I love you just the same; let me go, let me go!" Verena stammered, kissing her again, struggling to free herself, and holding out her hand to Ransom. He saw now that she only wanted to get away, to leave everything behind her. Olive was close at hand, on the threshold of the room, and as soon as Ransom looked at her he became aware that the weakness she had just shown had passed away. She had straightened herself again, and she was upright in her desolation. The expression of her face was a thing to remain with him forever; it was impossible to imagine a more vivid presentment of blighted hope and wounded pride. Dry, desperate, rigid, she yet wavered and seemed uncertain; her strange, pale, glittering eyes straining forward, as if they were looking for death. Ransom had a vision, even at that crowded moment, that if she could have met it there and then, bristling with steel or lurid with fire, she would have rushed on it without a tremor, like the heroine that she was. All this while the great agitation in the hall rose and fell, in waves and surges, as if Selah Tarrant and the agent were talking to the multitude, trying to calm them, succeeding for the moment, and then letting them loose again. Whirled down by one of the fitful gusts, a lady and a gentleman issued from the passage, and Ransom, glancing at them, recognized Mrs. Farrinder and her husband.

"Well, Miss Chancellor," said that more successful woman, with considerable asperity, "if this is the way you're going to reinstate our sex!" She passed rapidly through the room, followed by Amariah, who remarked in his transit that it seemed as if there had been a want of organization, and the two retreated expeditiously, without the lady's having taken the smallest notice of Verena, whose conflict with her mother prolonged itself. Ransom, striving, with all needful consideration for Mrs. Tarrant, to separate these two, addressed not a word to Olive; it was the last of her, for him, and he neither saw how her livid face suddenly glowed, as if Mrs. Farrinder's words had been a lash, nor how, as if with a sudden inspiration, she rushed to the approach to the platform. If he had observed her, it might have seemed to him that she hoped to find the fierce expiation she sought for in exposure to the thousands she had disappointed and deceived, in offering herself to be trampled to death and torn to pieces. She might have suggested to him some feminine firebrand of Paris revolutions, erect on a barricade, or even the sacrificial figure of Hypatia, whirled through the furious mob of Alexandria. She was arrested an instant by the arrival of Mrs. Burrage and her son, who had quitted the stage on observing the withdrawal of the Farrinders, and who swept into the room in the manner of people seeking shelter from a thunder-storm. The mother's face expressed the well-bred surprise of a person who should have been asked out to dinner and seen the cloth pulled off the table; the young man, who supported her on his arm, instantly lost himself in consideration of Verena disengaging herself from Mrs. Tarrant, only to be again overwhelmed, and of the unexpected presence of the Mississippian. His handsome blue eyes turned from one to the other, and he looked infinitely annoyed and bewildered. It even seemed to occur to him that he might, perhaps, interpose with effect, and he evidently would have liked to say that, without really bragging, he would at least have kept the affair from turning into a row. But Verena, muffled and escaping, was deaf to him, and Ransom didn't look like the right person to address such a remark as that to.

Mrs. Burrage and Olive, as the latter shot past, exchanged a glance which represented quick irony on one side and indiscriminating defiance on the other.

"Oh, are *you* going to speak?" the lady from New York inquired, with her cursory laugh.

Olive had already disappeared; but Ransom heard her answer flung behind her into the room: "I am going to be hissed and hooted and insulted!"

"Olive, Olive!" Verena suddenly shrieked. But Ransom had already, by muscular force, wrenched her away, and was hurrying her out, leaving Mrs. Tarrant to stagger into the arms of Mrs. Burrage, who, he was sure, would within the minute loom upon her attractively through her tears, and supply her with a reminiscence, destined to be valuable, of aristocratic support and clever composure. In the outer labyrinth hasty groups, a little scared, were leaving the hall, giving up the game. Ransom, as he went, thrust the hood of Verena's long cloak over her head, to conceal her face and her identity. It quite prevented recognition, and as they mingled in the issuing crowd he perceived the quick, complete, tremendous silence which, in the hall, had greeted Olive Chancellor's rush to the front. Every sound instantly dropped, the hush was respectful, the great public waited, and whatever she should say to them (and he thought she might indeed be rather embarrassed), it was not apparent that they were going to hurl the benches at her. Ransom, palpitating with his victory, felt now a little sorry for her, and was relieved to know that, even when exasperated, a Boston audience is not ungenerous. "Ah, now I am glad!" said Verena, when they reached the street. But though she was glad, he presently discovered that, beneath her hood, she was in tears. It is to be feared that with the union, so far from brilliant, into which she was about to enter, these were not the last she was destined to shed.

THE END.

Henry James.

A LAND OF GLADNESS.

HOW softly flow, among Sonoma's hills,
The ice-cold springs, the merry-hearted rills;
Fragrance of pine my wandering fancy thrills,
Till, even through the city's noise-built walls,
I hear the chant of sudden waterfalls;
Once more, through cedar boughs the blackbird calls.

There are wild cliffs on Mendocino's shore,
And well I know the sea-weed on the floor
Of hidden caves, and many a marvel more.
Pacific's heart hath legends wise and old;
Go thou, and wait in voices manifold
When storms are loose, to hear the story told.

Again I see gray mountains, purely clad
With gleaming snow; vast peaks forever glad –
Such heights as these the elder singers had.
Again one hails the sunlight's burst of foam
On Lassen's peaks, on Shasta's snowy dome,
Where lilies bloom beneath the glacier's home.

But best the redwood shade, the peace it brings,
Where fancies rise as crystal mountain springs
Beneath tall trees; and dear each bird that sings
In rainless summers; dear the ferns which grow
By cool Navarro, where sea-breezes blow
And white azaleas touch the river's flow.

Charles Howard Shinn.

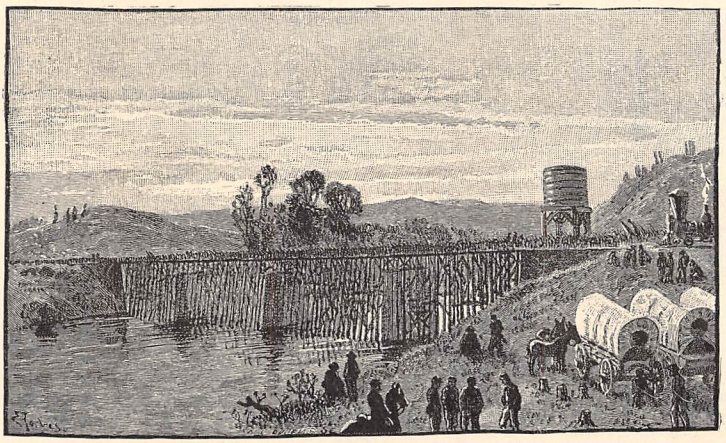


Our March Against Pope

It may be of interest at the outset to relate an incident which illustrates the friendly condition of the two armies even as early as 1862.

The Federals had been using balloons in examining our positions, and we watched with curious eyes their beautiful observations

as they floated high up in the air, and well out of the range of our guns. We longed for the balloons that poverty denied us. A genius arose for the occasion and suggested that we send out and gather together all the silk dresses in the Confederacy and make a balloon. It was done, and soon we had a great patchwork ship of many and varied hues. The balloon was ready for use in the Seven Days' campaign. We had no gas except in Richmond, and it was the custom to inflate the balloon there, tie it securely to an engine, and run it down the York River railroad to any point at which we desired to send it up. One day it was on a steamer down the James when the tide went out and left vessel and balloon high and dry on a bar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy. This capture was the meanest trick of the war and one I have never yet forgiven.



POPE'S RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

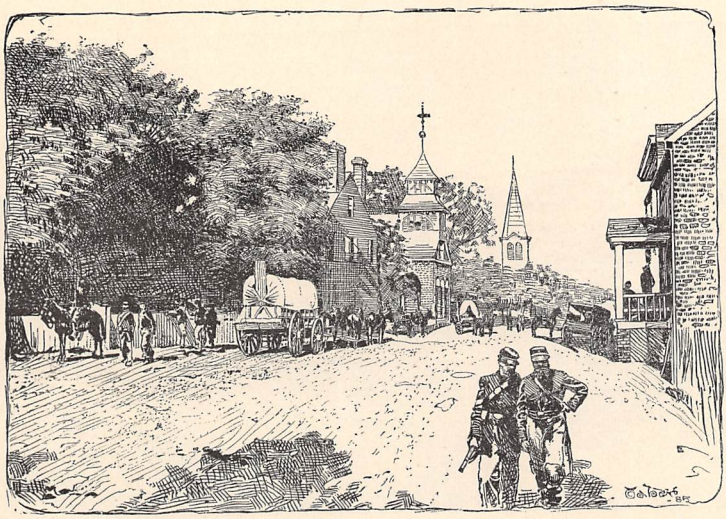
By the seven days' fighting around Richmond General Lee frustrated McClellan's plans for a siege. At the end of that campaign Lee retired to Richmond and McClellan withdrew his forces to Westover Landing, where intrenchments and gun-boats made him secure from attack. As his new position, thus guarded and protected by the navy, was not assailable, General Lee, resuming the defensive at Richmond, resolved to strike out by his left in the direction of Washington, with the idea that the Army of the Potomac might be forced to abandon the James River, in defense of its own capital, threatened by this move.

Contemporaneously with our operations on the Chickahominy, the Washington authorities had been organizing the Army of Virginia of three efficient Corps d'Armée; and continuing the search for a young Napoleon, had assigned General Pope, fresh from the West, with clever laurels, to command this select organization. This army, under its dashing leader, was at the same time moving towards Richmond by the Orange and Alexandria railway, so that our move by the left had also in view the Army of Virginia, as the first obstacle in the way of relief to Richmond — an obstacle to be removed if possible, before it could be greatly reënforced from other commands.

The assignment of General Pope to command was announced in Richmond three days after the orders were issued in Washington, and the flourish of trumpets over the manner in which the campaign was to be conducted, soon followed. He was reported to have adopted a favorite expression of General Worth's, "Headquarters in the saddle, sir!" and to be riding with as much confidence as that old chieftain when searching the everglades of Florida for the Seminole Indians.* Lee had not known Pope intimately, but accepted the popular opinion of him as a boastful man, quite ambitious to accomplish great results, but unwilling to study closely and properly the means necessary to gratify his desires in that direction. Pope was credited with other expressions, such as that he cared not for his rear; that he hoped in Virginia to see the faces of the rebels, as in the West he had been able to see only their backs.

When General Lee heard of these strange utterances his estimate of Pope was considerably lessened. The high-sounding words seemed to come from a commander inexperienced in warfare. For centuries there has been among soldiers a maxim: "Don't despise your enemy." Pope's words seemed to indicate that he had great contempt for his enemy. Unfortunately for him our troops, at that time, were not so well clad that they cared to show their backs. With the double purpose of drawing McClellan away from Westover, and of checking the advance of the new enemy then approaching from Washington by the Orange and Alexandria railroad, General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to Gordonsville, while I remained near Richmond to engage McClellan in case he should attempt an advance upon the Con-

* See General Pope's article in the January CENTURY for his denial; also for additional maps and pictures. —EDITOR.

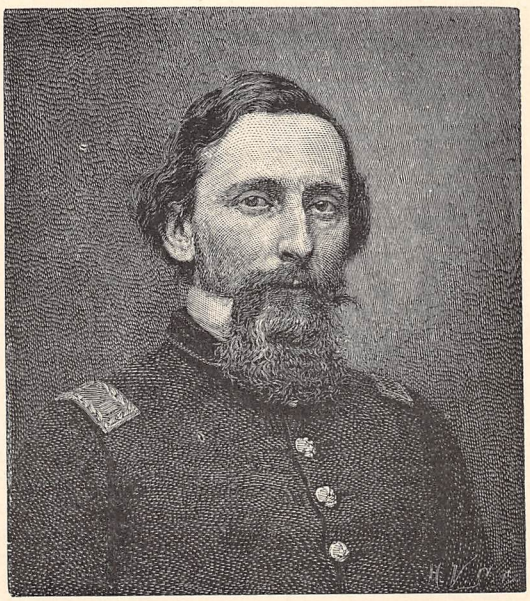


VIEW IN CULPEPER DURING THE OCCUPATION BY POPE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

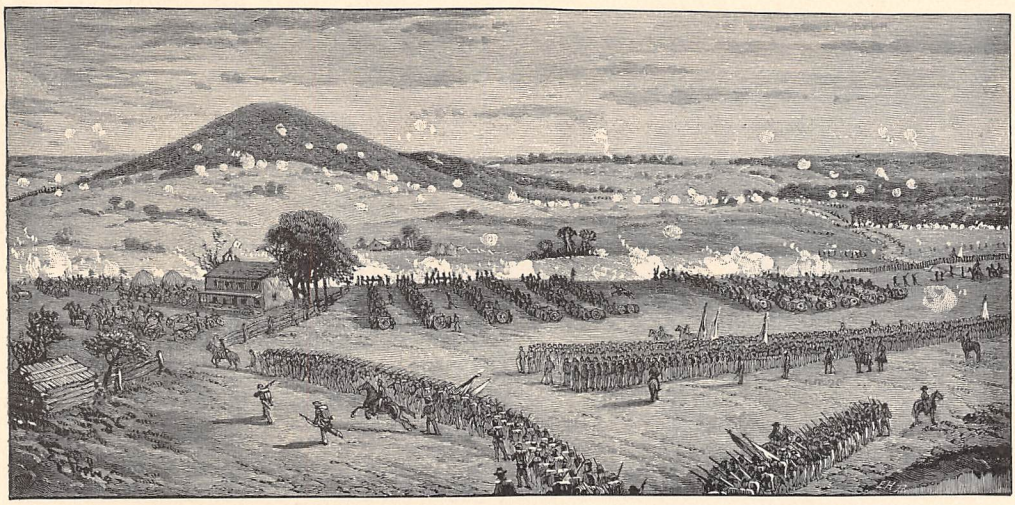
Confederate prisoners were confined in the court house, which is the building with ball and vane above the tower.

federate capital. Jackson had his own division and that of Ewell, and later A. P. Hill was sent to reënforce him. McDowell was already in coöperation with Pope, part of his command, however, being still at Fredericksburg. On the 9th of August Jackson encountered the enemy near Slaughter or Cedar Mountain. (See map, page 609.) There the battle of Cedar Run was fought and the Federals were repulsed. In this fight, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the Federals, by a well-executed move, were pressing the Confederates back, when the opportune approach of two brigades changed the scene, and a counter-attack from our side drove them back in disorder and left us masters of the field. We followed them some distance, but Jackson thought them too strongly reënforced for us to continue the pursuit and risk severe battle in a disjointed way; so, after caring for our wounded and dead, we retired to a position behind the Rapidan to await the arrival of General Lee with other forces. Thus on his first meeting with the Confederates in Virginia the new Federal commander went to the rear —a direction he was wholly unused to. At that time General Lee was feeling very certain that Richmond was in no immediate danger from an advance by McClellan's forces. He therefore began at once preparations for a vigorous campaign against Pope. Divisions under Anderson, McLaws, Walker, and D. H. Hill were left to watch McClellan, with instructions to follow the main body of the army as soon as the Federals were drawn away from Westover.

On the 13th of August, my command was ordered to Gordonsville, and General Lee accompanied me there. Jackson's troops were stationed on the left of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and I went into camp on the right of Gordonsville. Eastward was the Rapidan River, several miles distant. Farther on, at Culpeper Court House, was the army of Pope, and farther still was the Rappahannock River. A little in advance of my position was Clark's Mountain, rising several hundred feet above the surrounding hills. With General Lee I proceeded to the mountain, and climbing to its summit we raised our glasses and turned them to the east. There, between the two rivers, clustering around Culpeper Court House and perhaps fifteen miles away, we saw the flags of Pope's army floating placidly above the tops of the trees. From the summit of the mountain we beheld the enemy occupying ground so weak as to invite attack. Realizing the situation, General Lee determined on speedy work, and gave orders that his army should cross the Rapidan on the 18th



GENERAL CHARLES S. WINDER, C. S. A.
KILLED AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN, AUGUST 9, 1862.



THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)
View from the Union lines, east of the turnpike.

and make battle. He was exceedingly anxious to move at once, before Pope could get reenforcements. For some reason I have never known explained, our supplies were delayed and we did not cross the Rapidan until the 20th. In the mean time a dispatch to General Stuart was captured by Pope, and gave information of our presence and contemplated advance. This, with information Pope already had, caused him to withdraw to a very strong position behind the Rappahannock River, and there General Lee found him instead of at Culpeper Court House, where the attack was first meant to be made. I approached the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and Jackson approached higher up at Beverly Ford, near the Orange and Alexandria railroad bridge.

We arrived there on the morning of the 21st without serious opposition and found Pope in an almost unassailable position, with heavy reënforcements summoned to his aid. General Lee's intention was to force a passage and make the attack before Pope could concentrate. We hoped to be able to interpose, and to strike Pope before McClellan's reënforcements could reach him. We knew at that time McClellan was withdrawing from Westover. I was preparing to force a passage at Kelly's Ford, when I received an order from General Lee to proceed to Beverly Ford and mask the movements of Jackson, who was to be sent up the river to cross by a left flank movement. On the 22d Jackson carefully withdrew and went on the proposed move. He sought an opportunity to cross farther up the stream, and succeeded in putting part of his command across at Warrenton Springs Ford and in occupying a position there. The flooding rains interrupted his operations, making the river past fording and crippling all attempts at forcing a passage. Jackson therefore withdrew his forces at night by a temporary bridge. As the lower fords became impassable by reason of the floods, the Federals seemed to concentrate against Jackson's efforts.

On the 23d I had quite a spirited artillery combat at Beverly Ford with a force of the enemy that had crossed at the railroad bridge near where I was stationed. The superior position and metal of the Federals gave them an advantage, which they improved by skillful practice. We had more guns, however, and by equally clever practice at length gained the advantage. A little before night the Federals withdrew from the combat, and finding that we had gotten the better of them, spitefully and without excuse set fire to a number of farm-houses in the locality.

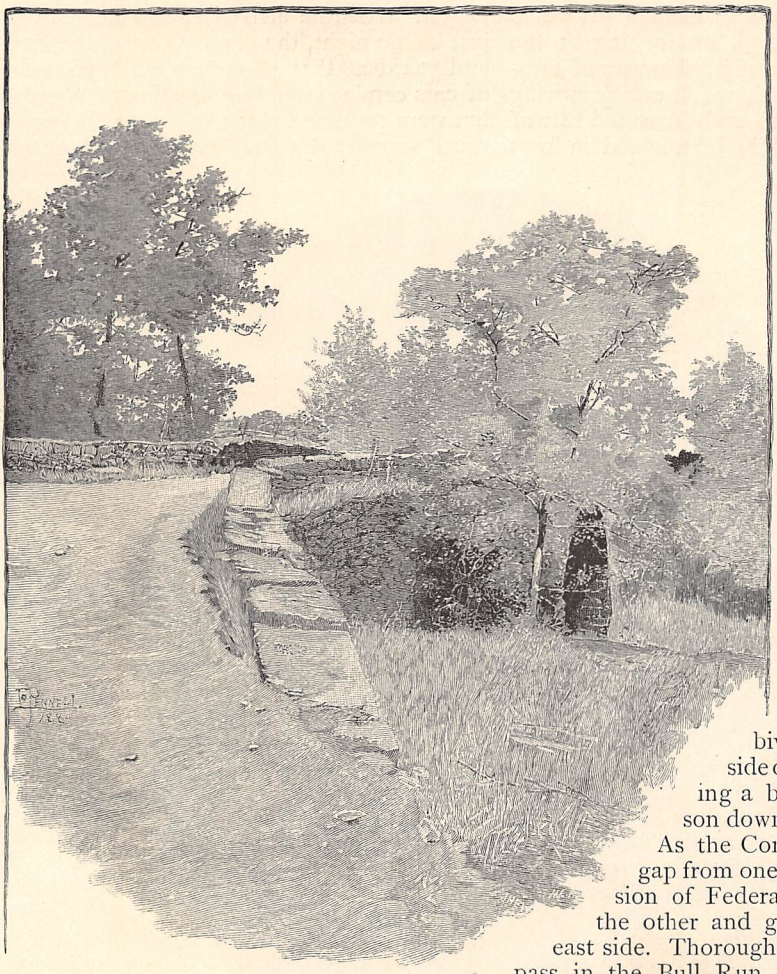
Pending our movements west of the Rappahannock, General Stuart had been making an effort to go around Pope's army, but fearing to remain on the Washington side of the river in the face of such floods as had come, recrossed with some important dispatches he had captured by a charge upon Pope's headquarters train. This correspondence confirmed the information we already had, that the Federal army on the James under McClellan and the Federal troops in the Kanawha Valley had been ordered to reënforce Pope. Upon receipt of that information, General Lee was more anxious than ever to cross at once. Pope, however, was on the alert, and Lee found he could not attack him to advantage in his stronghold behind the Rappahannock.

Lee therefore decided to change his whole plan, and was gratified, on looking at the map, to find a very comfortable way of turning Pope out of his position. It was by moving Jackson off to the left and far to the rear of the Federal army, while I remained in front with thirty thousand men to engage him in case he offered to fight.



STONEWALL JACKSON AS FIRST LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.
(FROM AN AMBROTYPE TAKEN AUGUST 20, 1847, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS NIECE, MISS ALICE E. UNDERWOOD.)

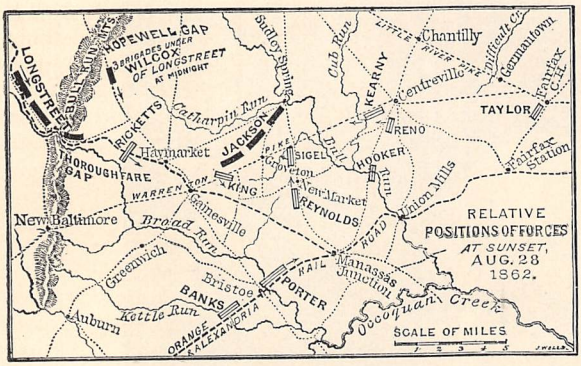
On the 25th Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mill, four miles above Waterloo Bridge, and that night encamped at Salem. The next day he passed through Thoroughfare Gap and moved on by Gainesville, and when sunset came he was many miles in the rear of Pope's army, going in the direction of Washington City. This daring move must have staggered the Federal commander. From the Rappahannock, Jackson had gone without serious opposition to within a stone's throw of the field where the first battle of Manassas was fought. When he arrived at Bristoe Station, just before night, the greater part of the Federal guard at that point fled, and two trains of cars coming from the direction of Warrenton were captured. Jackson sent a force forward seven miles and captured Manassas Junction, taking eight pieces of artillery, a lot of prisoners, and great quantities of commissary and quarter-master's stores. He left a force at Bristoe Station and proceeded to the junction, arriving there himself on the morning of the 27th. During the afternoon the enemy attacked our troops at Bristoe Station, coming from the direction of Warrenton Junction in such force that it was evident Pope had discovered the situation and was moving with his entire army upon Jackson. The Confederates at the station withdrew, and the Federals halted there. Jackson took all he wanted of the supplies captured at Manassas and burned



THE STONE BRIDGE ACROSS BULL RUN AS IT APPEARED IN 1884 — LOOKING TOWARD CENTREVILLE.

the rest. He then moved over to a position west of the turnpike leading from Warrenton to Alexandria. There on the old battle-field Jackson waited for the Federals. On the evening of the 28th King's division came moving eastward down the turnpike and Jackson met them. A bloody fight ensued, lasting until nine o'clock at night. The enemy withdrew, leaving the Confederates in possession of the field.

That same evening I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. But I should say that during Jackson's march I had been engaging Pope at different points along the Rappahannock, to impress him with the idea that I was attempting to force a passage in his front. On the afternoon of the 26th, Pope's army broke away from its strong position to meet Jackson's daring and unexpected move. General Lee decided I should follow at once, and asked whether I would prefer to force a passage of the river, now rapidly falling, or take the route Jackson had gone. From the crossing along the route to Warrenton were numerous strongly defensive positions where a small force could have detained me an uncertain length of time. I therefore decided to take the same route Jackson had gone over. On the 26th I also started to overtake Jackson. On the 28th, just before night, I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. As we approached, a report was made to me that the pass was unoccupied, and we went into bivouac on the west side of the mountain, sending a brigade under Anderson down to occupy the pass. As the Confederates neared the gap from one side, Ricketts's division of Federals approached from the other and got possession of the east side. Thoroughfare Gap is a rough pass in the Bull Run mountains, at some points not more than a hundred yards wide. A turbid stream rushes over its rugged bottom, on both sides of which the mountain rises several hundred feet. On the north the face of the gap is almost perpendicular. The south face is less precipitous, but is covered with tangled mountain ivy and projecting bowlders, forming a position unassailable when occupied by a small infantry and artillery force. Up to this moment we had received reports from General Jackson, at regular intervals, assuring us of his successful operations, and of confidence in his ability to baffle all efforts of the enemy till we should reach him. This sudden interposition of a formidable force at a mountain-pass indicated a stern resolve on the part of the adversary to make desperate efforts to hold me in check, while overwhelming forces were being brought against Jackson. This placed us in a more desperate strait than Jackson; for we were in relieving distance, and must adopt prompt and vigorous measures, that would burst through all opposition.

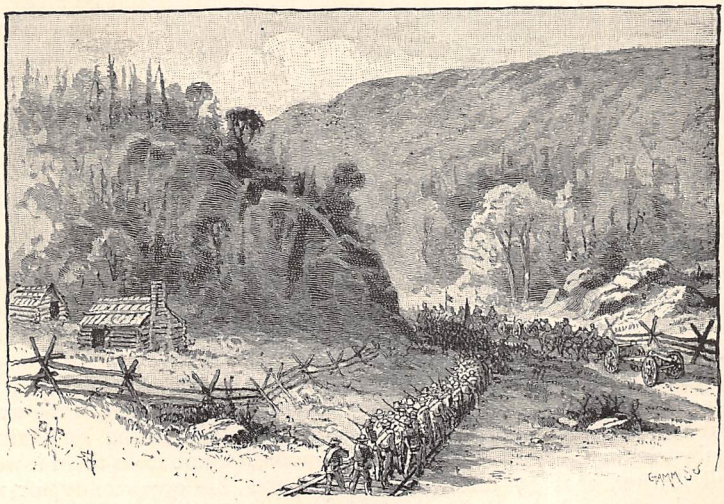


Three miles north was Hopewell Gap, but not so strong. It was necessary to get possession of this in advance of the Federals, in order to have that vantage ground for a flank movement at the same time that we forced our way by footpaths over the mountain heights at Thoroughfare Gap. During the night I sent Wilcox with three brigades through that pass, while Hood was climbing over the mountain by a trail. We had no trouble in getting over. Our apprehensions were relieved at the early dawn of the 29th by finding that Ricketts had given up the east side of the gap and was many hours in advance of us, moving in the direction of Manassas Junction. His force, instead of marching around Jackson, could have been thrown against his right and rear. If Ricketts had made this move and the forces in front of Jackson had coöperated with him, such an attack, well handled, might have given us serious trouble before I reached the field.

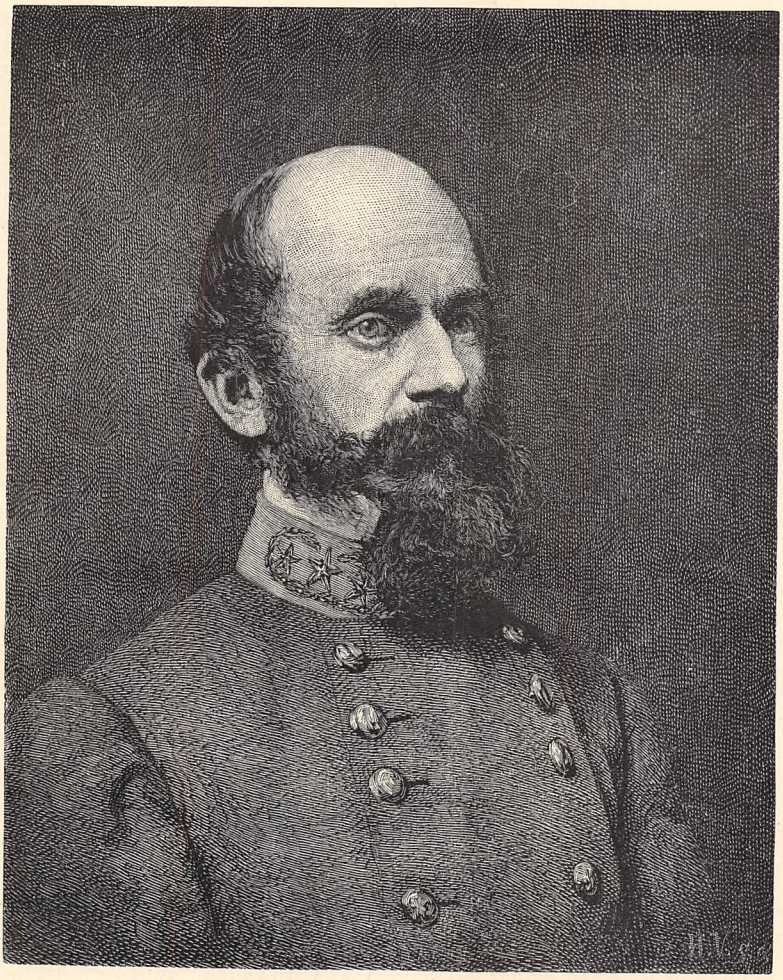
As we found the pass open at early dawn and a clean road in front, we marched leisurely to unite our forces on Manassas plains. Before reaching Gainesville we heard the artillery combat in front, and our men involuntarily quickened their steps. Our communications with Jackson were quite regular, and as he had not expressed a wish that we should hurry, our troops were allowed to take their natural swing under the inspiration of impending battle. As we approached the field the fire seemed to become more spirited, and gave additional impulse to our movements. According to the diary of the Washington Artillery we filed down the turnpike at Gainesville at 11.30 A. M. The general impression was that we were there earlier; but as this is the only record of time made on the ground we cannot gainsay it. We marched steadily from daylight till we reached the field, with the exception of an hour's halt to permit Stuart's cavalry to file from west to east of us. There were many of Jackson's men — several thousand — straggling at points along the road, who were taken for my men, and reported as such.

Passing through Gainesville we filed off to the left down the turnpike, and soon came in sight of the troops held at bay by Jackson. Our line of march brought us in on the left and rear of the Federals. At sight of this favorable opportunity our artillery was ordered up, with the leading brigades for its support. Our advance was discovered, however, and the Federals withdrew from attack, retiring their left across the pike behind Groveton, and taking strong defensive ground. The battalion of Washington Artillery was thrown forward to a favorable position on Jackson's right, and from near its position my line was deployed, extending to the right some distance beyond the Manassas Gap railroad. An army corps was reported to be at Manassas Junction that morning, and we trail-traced Ricketts's division toward the same point; so that my line was arranged for attack in front and also to guard against the force in direction of the Junction. This preparation must have taken an hour, possibly more.

As soon as the troops were arranged, General Lee expressed his wish to have me attack. The change of position on the part of the Fed-



LONGSTREET'S MARCH THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.



GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

General Ewell, of Jackson's Corps, was severely wounded in the conflict with King's division on August 28.

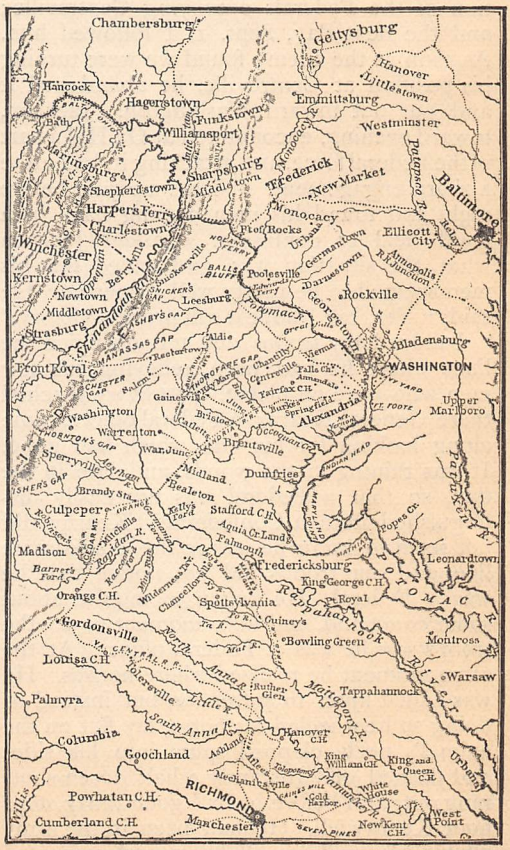
erals, however, involved sufficient delay for a reconnoissance on our part. To hasten matters I rode over in the direction of Brewer's Spring, east of the Hampton Cole House (see map, page 611), to see the new position, and had a fair view of the Federal line, then extending some distance east of the turnpike. The position was not inviting, and I so reported to General Lee.

The two great armies were now face to face upon the memorable field of 1861; both in good defensible positions and both anxious to find a point for an entering wedge in the stronghold of the adversary. It appeared easy for us, but for the unknown quantity at Manassas Junction, to overleap the Federal left and strike a decisive blow. This force was a thorn in our side which could not be ignored. General Lee was quite disappointed by my report against immediate attack along the turnpike, and insisted that by throwing some of the brigades beyond the Federal left their position would be broken up and a favorable field gained. While talking the matter over, General Stuart reported the advance of heavy forces from the direction of Manassas Junction against my right. It proved to be McDowell and Porter. I called over three brigades, under Wilcox, and prepared to receive the attack. Battle was not offered, and I reported to General Lee some time afterward that I did not think the force on my right was strong enough to attack us. General Lee urged me to go in, and of course I was anxious to meet his wishes. At the same time I wanted, more than anything else, to know that my troops had a chance to accomplish what they might undertake. The ground before me was greatly to the advantage of the Federals, but if the attack had come from them it would have been a favorable opportunity for me. After a short while McDowell moved toward the Federal right,

leaving Porter in front of my right with nine thousand men. My estimate of his force, at the time, was ten thousand. General Lee, finding that attack was not likely, again became anxious to bring on the battle by attacking down the Groveton pike. I suggested that, the day being far spent, it might be as well to advance just before night upon a forced reconnoissance, get our troops into the most favorable positions, and have all things ready for battle at daylight the next morning. To this he gave reluctant consent, and our plans were laid accordingly. Wilcox returned to position on the left of the turnpike. Orders were given for an advance, to be pursued under cover of night till the main position could be carefully examined. It so happened that an order to advance was issued on the other side at the same time, so that the encounter was something of a surprise on both sides. A very spirited engagement was the result, we being successful, so far at least as to carry our point, capturing a piece of artillery and making our reconnoissance before midnight. As none of the reports of the Federal positions favored attack, I so reported to General Lee, and our forces were ordered back to their original positions. The captured gun was ordered cut down, spiked, and left on the ground.

When Saturday the 30th broke we were a little apprehensive that Pope was going to get away from us, and Pope was afraid we were going to get away from him. He telegraphed to Washington that I was in full retreat and he was preparing to follow, while we were making arrangements for moving by our left across Bull Run, so as to get over on the Little River pike and move down parallel to his lines and try to interpose between him and Washington, thinking he was trying to escape. We had about completed our arrangements, and took it for granted that Pope would move out that night by the Warrenton and Centreville pike, while we moved along with him by the Little River pike. General Lee was still anxious to give Pope battle on Manassas plains, but had given up the idea of attacking him in his strong position.

Shortly before nine on the 30th Pope's artillery began to play a little, and not long afterward some of his infantry force was seen in motion. We did not understand that as an offer of battle, but merely as a display to cover his movements to the rear. Later a considerable force moved out and began to attack us on our left, extending and engaging the whole of Jackson's line. Evidently Pope supposed I was gone, as he was ignoring me entirely. His whole army seemed to surge up against Jackson as if to crush him with an overwhelming mass. At the critical moment I happened to be riding to the front of my line to find a place where I might get in for my share of the battle. I reached a point a few rods in front of my line on the left of the pike where I could plainly see the Federals as they rushed in heavy masses against the obstinate ranks of the Confederate left. It was a grand display of well-organized attack, thoroughly concentrated and operating cleverly. So terrible was the onslaught that Jackson sent to me and begged for reënforcements. About the same time I received an order from General Lee to the same effect. To retire from my advanced position in front of the Federals and get to Jackson would have taken an hour and a half. I had discovered a prominent position that commanded a view of the great struggle, and realizing the opportunity, I quickly ordered out three batteries, making twelve guns. They were placed in position to rake the Federal ranks that seemed determined to break through Jackson's lines. In a moment crash after crash of shot and shell was being poured into the thick ranks of the Federals. In ten minutes the stubborn Federals began to waver and give back. For a moment the mass was chaos;



OUTLINE MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN.

then order returned and they re-formed, apparently to renew the attack. Again from the crest of my little hill the fire of the twelve guns cut them down. As the cannons thundered the ranks broke, only to be formed again with dogged determination. A third time the batteries tore the Federals to pieces, and as they fell back under this terrible fire, I sprung everything to the charge. My troops leaped forward with exultant yells, and all along the line we pushed forward. Back and still farther back we pressed them, until at ten o'clock at night we had the field; Pope was across Bull Run, and the victorious Confederates lay down on the battle-field to sleep, while all around were strewn thousands of friend and foe sleeping the last sleep together.

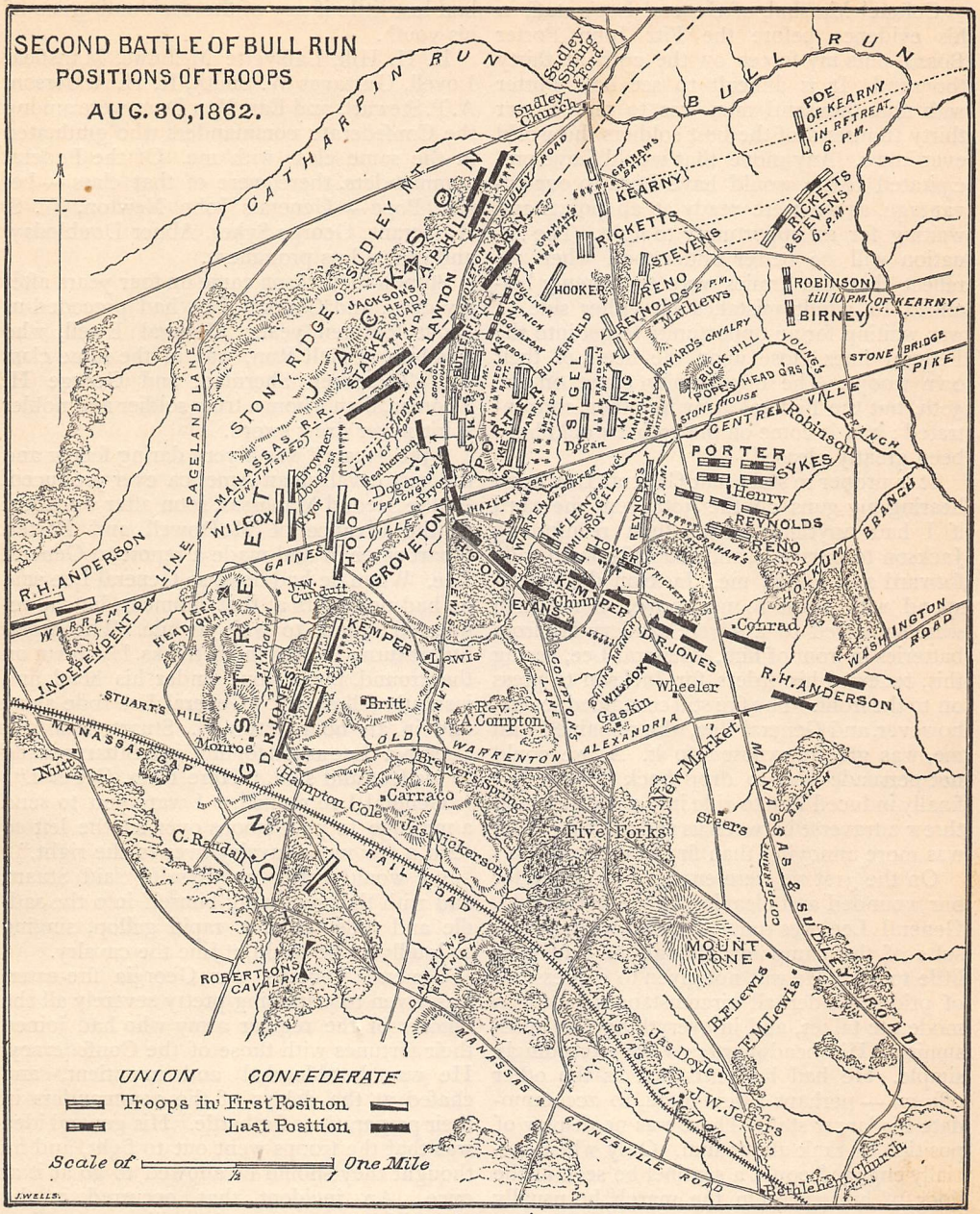
The next morning the Federals were in a strong position at Centreville. I sent a brigade across the stream under General Pryor and occupied a point over there near Centreville. As our troops proceeded to bury their dead, it began to rain just as it had done on the day after the first battle of Manassas. As soon as General Lee could make his preparations, he ordered Jackson to cross Bull Run near Sudley's and turn the position of the Federals occupying Centreville; and the next day, Sept. 1, I followed him. As soon as the enemy found we were turning his position at Centreville, he abandoned it and put out toward Washington. Jackson, toward evening, encountered at Ox Hill a part of the Federal force, and attacking it, had quite a sharp engagement. I came up just before night and found his men coming back in a good deal of confusion. I asked Jackson what the situation was, and added that his men seemed to be pretty well dispersed. He said, "Yes, but I hope it will prove a victory."

I moved my troops out and occupied the lines where he had been, relieving the few men who were on picket. Just as we reached there General Kearny, a Federal officer, came along looking for his line, which had gone. It was raining in the woods, and late in the day, so that a Federal was not easily distinguished from a Confederate. Kearny did not seem to know he was in the Confederate line, and our troops did not notice that he was a Federal. He began to inquire about some command, and in a moment or so the troops saw he was a Federal officer. At the same moment he realized where he was. He was called upon to surrender, but instead of doing so he wheeled his horse, lay flat on the animal's neck, clapped spurs into his sides and dashed off. Instantly a half dozen shots rang out, and before he had gone thirty steps poor Kearny fell. He had been in the army all his life, and we all knew and respected him. His body was sent over the lines under a flag of truce.

The forces we had been fighting at Ox Hill proved to be the rear-guard covering the retreat of the Federals into Washington. They escaped and we abandoned further pursuit.

The entire Bull Run campaign up to Ox Hill was clever and brilliant. It was conceived entirely by General Lee, who held no such consultation over it as he did in beginning the Seven Days' campaign. The movement around Pope was not as strong as it should have been. A skillful man could have concentrated against me or Jackson, and given us severe battles in detail. I suppose Pope tried to get too many men to Jackson before attacking him. If he had been satisfied with a reasonable force he might have overwhelmed Jackson.

General Pope, sanguine by nature, was not careful enough to keep himself informed about the movements of his enemy. At half-past four on the afternoon of the 29th, he issued an order for Porter to attack Jackson's right, supposing I was at Thoroughfare Gap, when in fact I had been in position since noon, and was anxiously awaiting attack. It has been said that General Stuart, by raising a dust in front of Porter, so impressed him that he did not offer battle. I know nothing of the truth of the story, and never heard of it till after the war. If from any such cause Porter was prevented from attacking me it was to our disadvantage, and delayed our victory twenty-four hours. Porter knew I was in his front. He had captured one or two of my men, which gave him information of my position before he actually saw me. If Porter had not appeared when he did I would have attacked by our right early in the afternoon. In that event Porter would have had a fine opportunity to take me on the wing and strike a fearful blow. As it was, he was a check upon my move against Pope's main position. If I had advanced upon Pope I would have been under an enfilade fire from Porter's batteries, and if I had advanced upon Porter I would have been under a fire from the batteries on Pope's front as severe as the raking fire from my batteries the next day, when Pope was massed against Jackson. Had Porter attacked me between noon and night on the 29th, I should have received his nine thousand with about double that number. I would have held my line to receive the attack, and as soon as his line developed its strength, I would have thrown three brigades forward beyond his extreme left. When my line of battle had broken up the attack, as it certainly would have done, these three brigades would have been thrown forward at the flank,



MAP OF THE LAST DAY'S FIGHTING.

When darkness ended the battle the Confederates were somewhat in advance of the places indicated as their last positions.— EDITOR.

and at the same time my main line would have pushed on in the pursuit. The result would have been Porter's retreat in confusion, and I might possibly have reached Pope's left and rear in time to cut him off. When his army was well concentrated on the 30th he was badly cut up and defeated. It does not seem unreasonable to conclude that attack on the 29th in his disjointed condition would have been attended with more disastrous results to him. If I had been attacked under the 4:30 order the result might have been less damaging, as Porter would have had the night to cover his retreat, and the Federal army could have availed itself of the darkness to screen its move back across Bull Run. But Porter's attack at night, if not followed by the retreat of the army, would have drawn me around the Federal left, and put me in a position for striking the next day.

Colonel Marshal, of General Lee's staff, in his evidence before the Fitz John Porter Board puts my forces on the 29th at thirty thousand. It is difficult to see how Porter with nine thousand men was to march over thirty thousand of the best soldiers the world ever knew. Any move that would have precipitated battle would have been to our advantage, as we were ready at all points and waiting for an opportunity to fight. The situation will be better understood when we reflect that the armies were too evenly balanced to admit mistakes on either side. I was waiting for an opportunity to get into the Federal lines close upon the heels of their own troops. The opportunity came on the 30th, but the Federal army was then concentrated; had it come on the 29th I would have been greatly pleased.

It is proper to state that General Lee, upon hearing my guns on the 30th, sent me word if I had anything better than reënforcing Jackson to pursue it, and soon afterward rode forward and joined me. Jackson did not respond with spirit to my move, so my men were subjected to a severe artillery fire from batteries in front of him. General Lee, seeing this, renewed his orders for Jackson to press on to the front. The fire still continued severe, however, and General Lee, who remained with me, was greatly exposed to it. As we could not persuade him to drop back behind it, I finally induced him to ride into a ravine which threw a traverse between us and the fire, which was more annoying than fire from the front.

On the 31st we were engaged in caring for our wounded and cleaning up the battle-field. General Lee was quite satisfied with the results of the campaign, though he had very little to say. He was not given to expressions of pride. Under all circumstances he was a moderate talker, and in everything was unassuming. His headquarters were exceedingly simple. He had his tents just as the other officers — perhaps a few more, to accommodate his larger staff. There was no display of position or rank about him. Only when specially engaged could a sentinel be seen at the door of his tent. On the march he usually had his headquarters near mine.

I graduated with Pope at West Point. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, a splendid cavalryman, sitting his horse beautifully. I think he stood at the head for riding. He did not apply himself to his books very closely. He studied about as much as I did, but knew his lessons better. We graduated in 1842, but Pope saw little of active service till the opening of the Civil War. When he assumed command of the Army of Virginia he was in the prime of life, less than forty years old, and had lost little if any of the dash and grace of his youth.

D. H. Hill, Lafayette McLaws, Mansfield Lovell, Gustavus W. Smith, R. H. Anderson, A. P. Stewart, and Earl Van Dorn were among the Confederate commanders who graduated in the same class with me. Of the Federal commanders, there were of that class — beside Pope — Generals John Newton, W. S. Rosecrans, George Sykes, Abner Doubleday, and others less prominent.

Stonewall Jackson came on four years after my class, and General Lee had preceded us about fourteen years. General Ewell, who was hurt at Bull Run, was in the same class with Tecumseh Sherman, and George H. Thomas, than whom a truer soldier and nobler spirit never drew sword.

"Jeb Stuart" was a very daring fellow and the best cavalryman America ever produced. At the Second Manassas, soon after we heard of the advance of McDowell and Porter, Stuart came in and made a report to General Lee. When he had done so General Lee said he had no orders at that moment, but he requested Stuart to wait awhile. Thereupon Stuart turned round in his tracks, lay down on the ground, put a stone under his head and instantly fell asleep. General Lee rode away and in an hour returned. Stuart was still sleeping. Lee asked for him, and Stuart sprang to his feet and said, "Here I am, General."

General Lee replied, "I want you to send a message to your troops over on the left to send a few more cavalry over to the right."

"I would better go myself," said Stuart, and with that he swung himself into the saddle and rode off at a rapid gallop, singing as loudly as he could, "Jine the cavalry."

General Toombs, our Georgia fire-eater, was given to criticising pretty severely all the officers of the regular army who had joined their fortunes with those of the Confederacy. He was hot-blooded and impatient, and chafed at the delays of the commanders in their preparations for battle. His general idea was that the troops went out to fight, and he thought they should be allowed to go at it at once. An incident that occurred in the second Manassas campaign will serve to illustrate his characteristic hot-headedness. As we were preparing to cross the Rapidan, Stuart sent me word that he had cut off a large cavalry force and had all the fords guarded except one. He asked that I detail a force to guard that point of escape. The work was assigned to the command under General Toombs, who was absent at the time. He had met a kindred spirit in the person of a wealthy Virginian named Morton, whom he had known in Congress, and was out dining with him.



DEATH OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

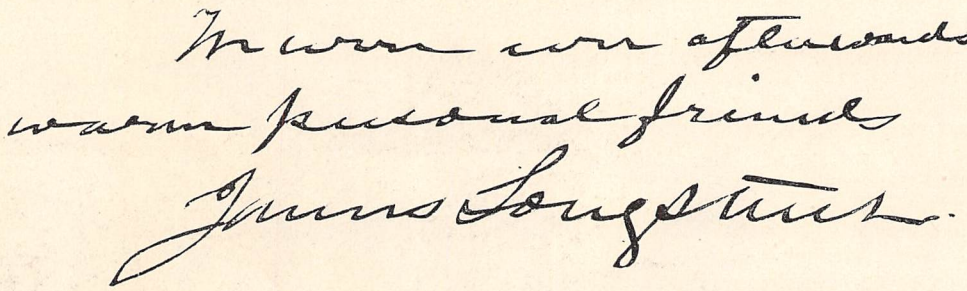
They were both good livers and loved to have their friends with them. In going back to his command General Toombs came upon his troops on the road and inquired what they were doing there. The explanation was made. Toombs had had a good dinner and felt independent. He said he would give the general to understand that he must consult him before sending his troops out to guard a ford, and thereupon ordered them back to camp. As the mystified troops marched solemnly back, the matter was reported to me and I ordered Toombs under arrest. I allowed him to ride with his command as we

marched against Pope and expected that he would make some explanation of his conduct. He did not do so, and the next I heard of him he was stopping along the route making stump speeches to the troops and referring in anything but complimentary terms to the commander of his division. I sent him back to Gordonsville, with instructions to confine himself to the limits of that town in arrest until further orders. He obeyed the command and went to Gordonsville. Just as I was leaving the Rappahannock I received a long letter of apology from him, and directed him to join his command. As we were preparing for the charge at Manassas, Toombs got there. He was riding rapidly, with his hat in his hand, and was much enthused. I was just sending a courier to his command with a dispatch.

"Let me carry it!" he exclaimed.

"With pleasure," I responded, and handed him the paper.

He put spurs to his horse and dashed off, accompanied by a courier. When he rode up and took command of his brigade there was wild enthusiasm, and everything being ready, an exultant shout was sent up, and the men sprang to the charge. I never had any more trouble with Toombs.



WITH JACKSON'S "FOOT-CAVALRY" AT THE SECOND MANASSAS.



IN the operations of 1862, in Northern Virginia, the men of Jackson's corps have always claimed a peculiar proprietorship. The reorganization of the disrupted forces of Banks, Frémont and McDowell under a new head seemed a direct challenge to the soldiers who had made the Valley Campaign, and the proclamation of the general with the itinerant headquarters betokened to the "foot-cavalry" an infringement of their specialty, demanding emphatic rebuke. Some remnant of the old *esprit de corps* yet survives, and prompts this narrative.

After the check to Pope's advance at Cedar Mountain, on the 9th of August, and while we awaited the arrival of Longstreet's troops, A. P. Hill's division rested in camp at Crenshaw's Farm. Our brigade (Field's) was rather a new one in organization and experience, most of us having "smelt powder" for the first time in the Seven Days before Richmond. We got on the field at Cedar Mountain too late to be more than slightly engaged, but on the 10th and 11th covered the leisurely retreat to Orange Court House without molestation. When about a week later Pope began to retreat in the direction of the Rappahannock, we did some sharp marching through Stevensburg and Brandy Station, but did not come up with him until he was over the river. While our artillery was duelling with him across the stream, I passed the time with my head in the scant shade of a sassafras bush by the roadside, with a chill and fever brought from the Chickahominy low-grounds. In the latter connection, I improved the shining hours by inditing a pathetic request in my note-book, to whom it might concern, that my body might be decently buried.

For the next few days there was skirmishing at the fords, we moving up the south bank of the river, the enemy confronting us on the opposite side. The weather was very sultry, and the troops were much weakened by disorders induced by their diet of unsalted beef, eked out with green corn and unripe apples; as a consequence there was a good deal of straggling. I got behind several times, but managed to catch up from day to day. Once

some cavalry made a dash across the river at our train; I joined a party in arrears like myself, and we fought them off on our own hook until Trimble's brigade, the rear-guard, came up.

We were then opposite the Warrenton Springs, and were making a great show of crossing, Early's brigade having been thrown over the river and somewhat smartly engaged. I have since heard that this officer remonstrated more than once at the service required of him, receiving each time in reply a peremptory order from Jackson "to hold his position." He finally retorted: "Oh! well, old Jube can *die*, if *that's* what he wants, but tell General Jackson I'll be —— if this position *can* be held!"

The brigade moved off next morning, leaving me in the grip of my ague, which reported promptly for duty, and, thanks to a soaking over night, got in its work most effectually. The fever did not let go until about sundown, when I made two feeble trips to carry my effects about one hundred yards to the porch of a house close by, where I passed the night without a blanket — mine having been stolen between the trips. I found a better one next morning thrown away in a field, and soon after came up with the command in bivouac, and breakfasting on some beef which had just been issued. Two ribs on a stump were indicated as my share, and I broiled them on the coals and made the first substantial meal for forty-eight hours. This was interrupted by artillery fire from beyond the river, and as I was taking my place in line, my colonel, whom I knew rather personally, considering our relative rank, ordered me to the ambulance to recruit. Here I got a dose of Fowler's solution, "in lieu of quinine," and at the wagon-camp that day fared better than for a long time before. Meanwhile, they were having a hot time down at Waterloo bridge, which the enemy's engineers were trying to burn, while some companies of sharp-shooters under Lieutenant Robert Healey of "ours" — whose rank was no measure of his services or merit — were disputing the attempt. A concentrated fire from the Federal batteries failed to dislodge the plucky riflemen, while our guns were now brought up, and some hard pounding ensued. But at sunset the bridge still stood, and I "spread down" for the night, under the pole of a wagon, fully expecting a serious fight on the morrow.

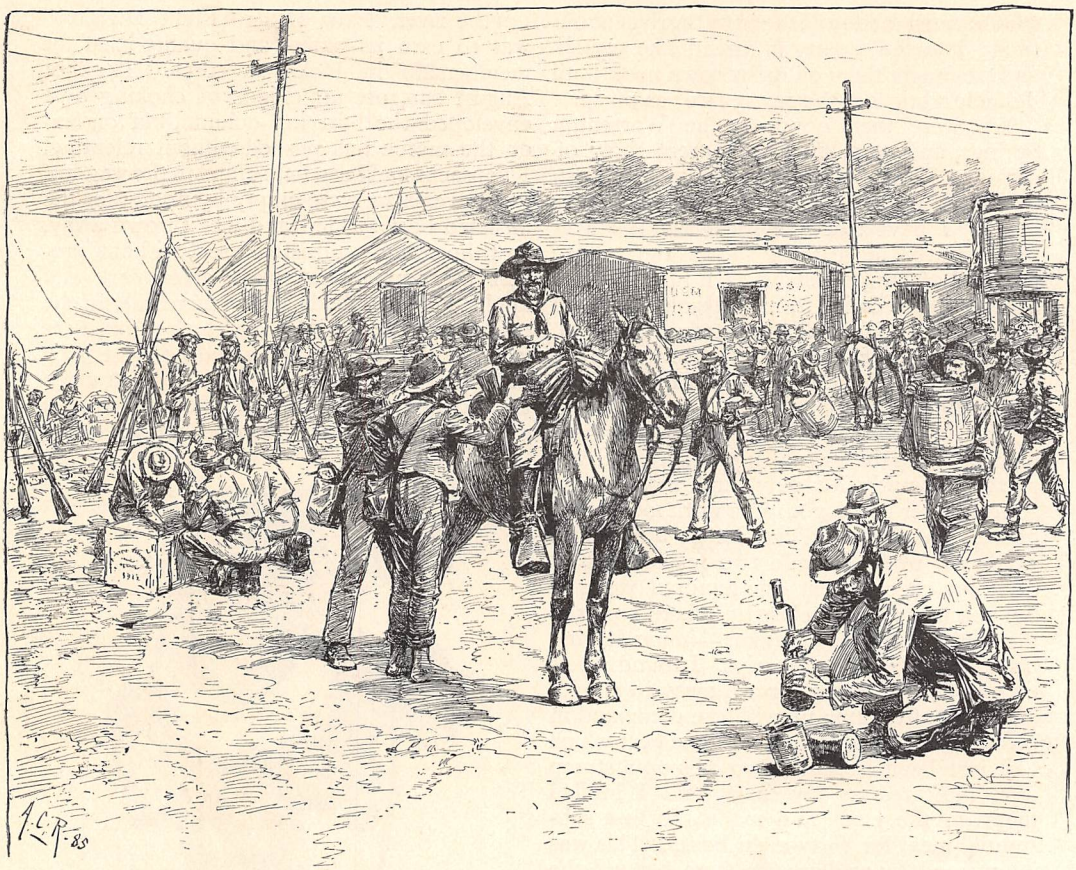
I was roused by a courier's horse stepping on my leg, and found this rude waking meant orders to move. With no idea whither, we pulled out at half-past two in the morning, and for some time traveled by fields and "new cuts" in the woods, following no road, but by the growing dawn evidently keeping up the river. Now Hill's "Light Division" was to earn its name, and qualify itself for membership in Jackson's corps. The hot August sun rose up, clouds of choking dust enveloped the hurrying column, but on and on the march was pushed without relenting. Knapsacks had been left behind in the wagons, and haversacks were empty by noon; for the unsalted beef spoiled and was thrown away, and the column subsisted itself, without process of commissariat, upon green corn and apples from the fields and orchards along the route, devoured while marching; for there were no stated meal-times and no systematic halts for rest. It was far on in the night when the column stopped, and the weary men dropped beside their stacked muskets and



CONFEDERATE CAMP-SERVANT ON THE MARCH.

were instantly asleep, without so much as unrolling a blanket. A few hours of much-needed repose, and they were shaken up again long before "crack of day," and limped on in the darkness, only half awake. There was no mood for speech, nor breath to spare if there had been — only the shuffling tramp of the marching feet, the steady rumbling of wheels, the creak and rattle and clank of harness and accouterment, with an occasional order, uttered under the breath and always the same: "Close up! close up, men!"

All this time we had the vaguest notions as to our objective: at first we had expected to



JACKSON'S TROOPS PILLAGING THE UNION DEPOT OF SUPPLIES AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.

strike the enemy's flank, but as the march prolonged itself, a theory obtained that we were going to the Valley. But we threaded Thoroughfare Gap, heading eastward, and in the morning of the third day (Aug. 27) struck a railroad running north and south — Pope's "line of communication and supply." Manassas was ours!

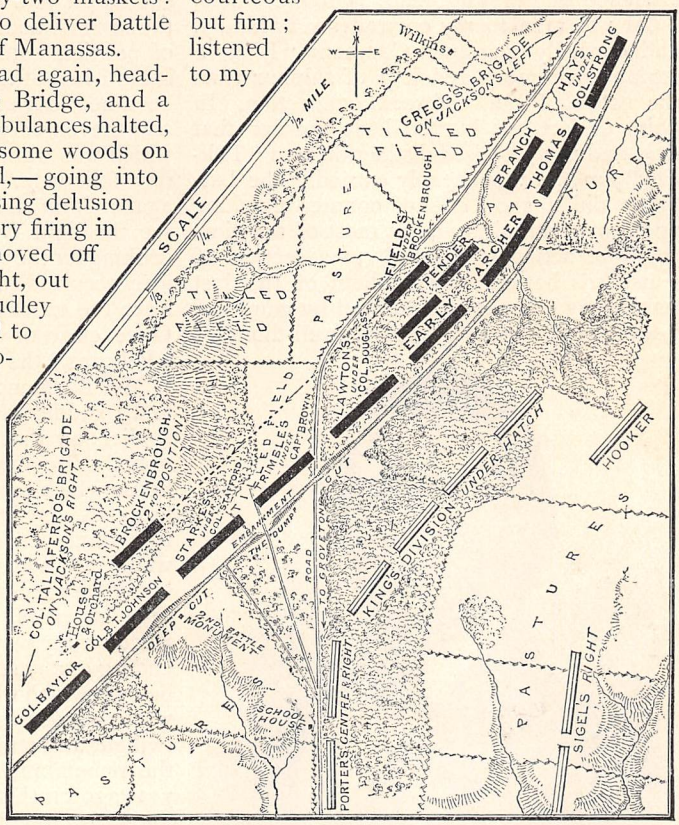
What a prize it was! Here were long warehouses full of stores; cars loaded with boxes of new clothing *en route* to General Pope, but destined to adorn the "backs of his enemies"; camps, sutlers' shops — "no eating up" of good things. In view of the abundance, it was no easy matter to determine what we should eat and drink and wherewithal we should be clothed; one was limited in his choice to only so much as he could personally transport, and the one thing needful in each individual case was not always readily found. However, as the day wore on, an equitable distribution of our wealth was effected by barter, upon a crude and irregular tariff in which the rule of supply and demand was somewhat complicated by fluctuating estimates of the imminence of marching orders. A mounted man would offer large odds in shirts or blankets for a pair of spurs or a bridle; and while in anxious quest of a pair of shoes I fell heir to a case of cavalry half-boots, which I would gladly have exchanged for the object of my search. For a change of underclothing and a pot of French mustard I owe grateful thanks to the major of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with regrets that I could not use his library. Whisky was, of course, at a high premium, but a keg of "lager" — a drink less popular then than now — went begging in our company.

But our brief holiday was drawing to a close, for by this time General Pope had some inkling of the disaster which lurked in his rear. When, some time after dark, having set fire to the remnant of the stores, we took the road to Centreville, our mystification as to Jackson's plans was complete. Could he actually be moving on Washington with his small force, or was he only seeking escape to the mountains? The glare of our big bonfire lighted up the country for miles, and was just dying out when we reached Centreville. The corduroy road had been full of pitfalls and

stumbling-blocks, to some one of which our cracked axle had succumbed before we crossed Bull Run, and being on ahead, I did not know of the casualty until it was too late to save my personal belongings involved in the wreck. Thus suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, just as the gray dawn revealed the features of the forlorn little hamlet, typical of this war-harried region, I had a distinct sense of being a long way from home. The night's march had seemed to put the climax to the endurance of the jaded troops. Such specters of men they were,— gaunt-cheeked and hollow-eyed, hair, beard, clothing, and accouterments covered with dust— only their faces and hands where mingled soil and sweat streaked and crusted the skin, showing any departure from the whitey-gray uniformity. The ranks were sadly thinned, too, by the stupendous work of the last week. Our regiment, which had begun the campaign 1015 strong and had carried into action at Richmond 620, counted off that Thursday morning (Aug. 28) just eighty-two muskets! Such were the troops about to deliver battle on the already historic field of Manassas.

We were soon on the road again, heading west; we crossed Stone Bridge, and a short distance beyond, our ambulances halted, the brigade having entered some woods on the right of the road ahead,— going into camp, I thought. This pleasing delusion was soon dispelled by artillery firing in front, and our train was moved off through the fields to the right, out of range, and parked near Sudley Church. Everything pointed to a battle next day; the customary hospital preparations were made, but few, if any, wounded came in that night, and I slept soundly, a thing to be grateful for. My bedfellow and I had decided to report for duty in the morning, knowing that every musket would be needed. I had picked up a good "Enfield" with the proper trappings, on the road from Centreville, to replace my own left in the abandoned ambulance; and having broken my chills, and gained strength from marching unencumbered, was fit for service — as much so as were the rest at least.

Friday morning early, we started in what we supposed to be the right direction, guided by the firing, which more and more betokened that the fight was on. Once we stopped for a few moments at a field-hospital to make inquiries, and were informed that our brigade was farther along to the right. General Ewell was carried by on a stretcher while we were there, having lost his leg the evening before. Very soon we heard sharp musketry over a low ridge which we had been skirting, and almost immediately we became involved with stragglers from that direction — Georgians, I think they were. It looked as if a whole line was giving way, and we hurried on to gain our own colors before it should grow too hot. The proverbial effect of bad company was soon apparent. We were halted by a Louisiana major, who was trying to rally these fragments upon his own command. My companion took the short cut out of the scrape by showing his "sick permit," and was allowed to pass; mine, alas! was in my cartridge-box with my other belongings in that unlucky ambulance. The major was courteous but firm; listened to my

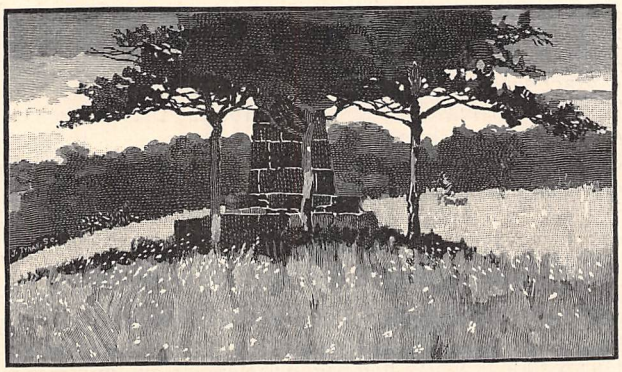


JACKSON'S LINE ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE LAST DAY, AUGUST 30.

The topography is after General Beauregard's map, made from survey after the first battle of Bull Run. The deep cut, and the embankment as far as the "Dump," were the scene of the fighting with stones, illustrated on page 620. Here the unfinished railroad embankment is made of earth and blasted rock taken from the cut. A break in the embankment, or rather a space which was never filled in, is locally known as the "Dump," and near it several hundred Union soldiers were buried. — EDITOR.

story with more attention than I could have expected, but attached my person all the same. "Better stay with us, my boy, and if you do your duty I'll make it right with your company officers when the fight's over. They won't find fault with you when they know you've been in with the 'Pelicans,'" he added, as he assigned me to company "F."

The command was as unlike my own as it was possible to conceive. Such a congress of nations only the cosmopolitan Crescent City could have sent forth, and the tongues of Babel seemed resurrected in its speech; English, German, French, and Spanish, all were represented, to say nothing of Doric brogue and local "gumbo," and its voluble exercise was set off by a vehemence of utterance and gesture curiously at variance with the reticence of our Virginians. On the whole, I did not take to my comrades very kindly, and cordially consigned Company "F" to a region even more redolent of sulphur than the scene of our enforced connection. In point of fact, we burned little powder that day, and my promised distinction as a "Pelican" *pro tem.* was cheaply earned. The battalion did a good deal of counter-marching and some skirmishing, but most of the time we were acting as support to a section of Cutshaw's battery. The tedium of this last service my companions relieved by games of "seven up," with a greasy, well-thumbed deck, and in smoking cigarettes, rolled with great dexterity between the deals. Once, when a detail was ordered to go some distance under fire to fill the canteens of the company, a hand was dealt to determine who should go, and the decision was accepted by the loser without demur. Our numerous shifts of position completely confused what vague ideas I had of the situation, but we must have been near our extreme left at Sudley Church, and never very far from my own brigade, which was warmly engaged that day and the day following.* Towards evening we were again within sight of Sudley Church. I could see the light of fires among the trees as if cooking for the wounded was going on, and the idea occurred to me that there I could easily learn the exact position of my proper people. Once clear of my major and his polyglot "Pelicans," the rest would be plain sailing.



THE UNION MONUMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT," FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884. (SEE MAP, PRECEDING PAGE.)

My flank movement was easily effected, and I suddenly found myself the *most* private soldier on that field; there seemed to be nobody else anywhere near. I passed a farm-house which seemed to have been used as a hospital, and where I picked up a Zouave fez. Some cavalrymen were there, one of whom advised me not to "go down there," but as he gave no special reason and did not urge his views, I paid no heed to him, but went on my way down a long barren slope, ending at a small water-course at the bottom, beyond which the ground rose abruptly and was covered by small growth. The deepening twilight and strange solitude about me, with the remembrance of what had happened a year ago on this same ground, made me feel uncomfortably lonely. By this time I was close to the stream, and while noting the lay of the land on the opposite bank with regard to



COLONEL W. S. H. BAYLOR, COMMANDING THE "STONEWALL" BRIGADE; KILLED AUGUST 30, 1862. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. BURDETTE.)

* A recent letter from Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the writer's regiment, the Fifty-fifth Virginia, says: "Thursday night we slept on our arms; Friday,



THE "DEEP CUT," FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884.

If this picture were extended a little to the left it would include the Union monument. General Bradley T. Johnson, commanding a brigade in Jackson's old division, in his official report describes Porter's assault on Saturday as follows:

"About 4 P. M. the movements of the enemy were suddenly developed in a decided manner. They stormed my position, deploying in the woods in brigade front and then charging in a run, line after line, brigade after brigade, up the hill on the thicket held by the Forty-eighth and the railroad cut occupied by the Forty-second. . . . Before the railroad cut the fight was most obstinate. I saw a Federal flag hold its position for half an hour within ten yards of a flag of one of the regiments in the cut, and go down six or eight times; and after the fight one hundred dead men were lying twenty yards from the cut, some of them within two feet of it. The men fought until their ammunition was exhausted and then threw stones. Lieutenant —— —— of the battalion killed one with a stone, and I saw him after the fight with his skull fractured. Dr. Richard P. Johnson, on my volunteer staff, having no arms of any kind, was obliged to have recourse to this means of offense from the beginning. As line after line surged up the hill time after time, led up by their officers, they were dashed back on one another until the whole field was covered with a confused mass of struggling, running, routed Yankees."— EDITOR.

choice of a crossing-place, I became aware of a man observing me from the end of the cut above. I could not distinguish the color of his uniform, but the crown of his hat tapered suspiciously, I thought, and instinctively I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and reached behind me for a cartridge.

"Come here!" he called;—his accent was worse than his hat.

"Who are you?" I responded as I executed the movement of "tear cartridge."

He laughed and said something,— evidently not to me,— then invited me to "come and see." Meanwhile I was trying to draw my rammer, but this operation was arrested by the dry click of several gunlocks, and I found myself covered by half a dozen rifles, and my friend of the steeple-crown, with less urbanity in his

we charged a battery and took it, and in the evening got considerably worsted in an engagement with the enemy in a field on the left. Saturday morning we lay in reserve in the edge of the woods (see Brockenbrough's brigade on the map, page 617); about half-past two o'clock we received urgent orders to reënforce a portion of our line in the center, which was about to give way. We proceeded at double-quick to a point in the woods behind the deep cut, where we formed line. . . . We came in sight of the enemy when we had advanced a few yards, and were saluted with cannon. We pushed on, however, to the old railroad cut, in which most of Jackson's troops lay. The troops occupying this place had expended their ammunition and were defending themselves with rocks . . . which seemed to have been picked or blasted out of the bed of the railroad, chips and slivers of stone which many were collecting and others were throwing. Of course, such a defense would have been overcome in a very short time, but our arrival seemed to be almost simultaneous with that of the enemy. We had ammunition (twenty rounds to the man) and we attacked the enemy and drove them headlong down the hill, across the valley and over the hill into the woods, where we were recalled by General Starke.—*Robert Healy.*"



STARKE'S LOUISIANA BRIGADE FIGHTING WITH STONES AT THE EMBANKMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT."

intonation, called out to me to "drop that." In our brief intercourse he had acquired a curious influence over me. I did so.

My captors were of Kearny's division, on picket. They told me they thought I was deserting until they saw me try to load. I could not account for their being where they were, and when they informed me that they had Jackson surrounded and that he must surrender next day, though I openly scouted the notion, I must own the weight of evidence seemed to be with them. The discussion of this and kindred topics was continued until a late hour that night with the sergeant of the guard at Kearny's headquarters, where I supped in unwonted luxury on hard-tack and "genuine" coffee, the sergeant explaining that the fare was no better because of our destruction of their supplies at the Junction. Kearny's orderly gave me a blanket, and so I passed the night. We were early astir in the morning, (Aug. 30) and I saw Kearny as he passed with his staff to the front,— a spare, erect, military figure, looking every inch the fighter he was — but with the shadow of his doom hovering over him even then. He fell three days later, killed by some of my own brigade.*

Near Stone Bridge I found about five hundred other prisoners, mostly stragglers picked up along the line of our march. Here my polite provost-sergeant turned me over, and after drawing rations — hard-tack, and coffee and sugar mixed — we took the road to Centreville, having to stand a good deal of chaff on the way at our forlorn appearance, for that thoroughfare was thronged with troops, trains, and batteries. We were a motley crowd enough, certainly, and it *did* look as if our friends in blue were having their return innings.

* Captain James H. Haynes, Fifty-fifth Virginia regiment, says he was on the skirmish line at Chantilly, in the edge of a brushy place with a clearing in front. It was raining heavily and growing dark when Kearny rode suddenly upon the line, and asked what troops they were. Seeing his mistake, he turned and started across the open ground to escape, but was fired on and killed. His body was brought into the lines and recognized by General A. P. Hill, who said sadly, "Poor Kearny! he deserved a better death than this."

The next day General Lee ordered that the body be carried to the Federal lines, and in a note to General Pope he said: "The body of General Philip Kearny was brought from the field last night and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."—*A. C. R.*

More than once that day as I thought of our thin line back yonder, I wondered how the boys were making it, for disturbing rumors came to us as we lay in a field near Centreville, exchanging rude *badinage* across the cordon of sentries surrounding us. We received recruits from time to time who brought the same unvarying story, "Jackson hard-pressed — no news of Longstreet yet." (He was there, but keeping silent.) So the day wore on. Towards evening there was a noticeable stir in the camps around us, much riding to and fro of couriers and orderlies, and now we thought we could hear more distinctly the deep-toned, jarring growl which had interjected itself at intervals all the afternoon through the trivial buzz about us. Watchful of indications, we noted too that the drift of wagons and ambulances was *from* the battle-field, and soon orders came for us to take the road in the same direction. The cannonading down the pike was sensibly nearer now, and at times we could catch even the roll of musketry, and once we thought we could distinguish, faint and far off, a prolonged, murmurous modulation of sound familiar to our ears as the charging shout of the gray people — but this may have been fancy. All the same, we gave tongue to the cry, and shouts of "Longstreet! Longstreet's at 'em, boys! Hurrah for Longstreet!" went up from the column, while the guards trudged beside us in sulky silence.

There is not much more to tell. An all-day march on Sunday through rain and mud brought us to Alexandria, where we were locked up for the night in a cotton-factory. Monday we embarked on a transport steamer, and the next evening were off Fort Monroe, where we got news of Pope's defeat. I was paroled and back in Richmond within ten days of my capture, and then and there learned how completely Jackson had eclipsed his former fame on his baptismal battle-field.

Allen C. Redwood.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Comments on General Grant's "Chattanooga."

IN THE CENTURY for November is a most valuable and interesting article by General Grant on Chattanooga. Written at a time when he was enfeebled, and suffering intensely from a mortal malady, it has in it some statements which are at variance with official documents, and which may properly be attributed to any cause other than a desire to do injustice to others or to relate anything but facts. General Grant's description of the situation at Chattanooga at the time of his arrival is graphic, and might be added to without exaggeration. The condition of matters was known not only to all officers of rank and intelligence in the Army of the Cumberland, but was discussed among the soldiers, who expressed themselves as willing to starve before giving up Chattanooga, which was all that remained to them of the battle of Chickamauga. We were in truth short of food, medicine, ammunition, and clothing, and without prompt relief were rapidly drifting to utter destruction as an army, and to terrible loss of life.

On the 3d of October, 1863, having reported a day or two before to General Rosecrans, I was assigned to duty as chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, and it devolved on me as a part of my duty to lay out and construct the fortifications so as to enable a comparatively small force to hold the place, and also to look out for the communications by which the army was supplied. In the performance of that duty I was actively engaged in building boats and material for bridges, and was studying earnestly to find some way of restoring our short line of communications lost by the giving up of Lookout mountain and valley. I found a most excellent company of volunteers styled "Michigan Engineers and Mechanics," commanded by Captain Fox. They, before my arrival, had set up a saw-mill, and were engaged in making boats and flooring, etc., for military bridges. In pursuance of the one paramount necessity of finding some way of shortening our distance to the railroad at Bridgeport, on the 19th of October I started to make a personal examination of the north side of the Tennessee River below Chattanooga. The object was to find some point on the south side, the holding of which would secure to us the river from Bridgeport through the Raccoon Mountain, and the short road in the valley from there to Chattanooga. On returning unsuccessful in my search, to within about five miles of Chattanooga, I saw before me on a bluff, washed by the river, an earthwork in which was posted a field-battery commanding a road through a break in the hills on the opposite side, where had formerly been established a ferry, known as Brown's Ferry. The position struck me as worthy of close examination, and learning from the commanding officer of the battery that there was a tacit agreement that the pickets should not fire on each other, I left my horse in the battery and went down to the water's edge. There I spent an hour, studying the character of the hills, the roadway through the gorge, and marking and estimating the distances to the fires of the picket reserves of the enemy. I then rode back to headquarters, to find that during my absence General Rosecrans had been relieved from duty there and General Thomas put in command of the army.

The next morning, October 20th, General Thomas asked me what length of bridge material I had not in use, and directed me to throw another bridge across the river at Chattanooga. I asked him not to give the order till he had heard my report of my examination of the day before and had looked into a plan I had to propose for opening the river to our steamboats, of which there were two then partly disabled, but which had not been repaired by me lest they should eventually serve the purposes of the enemy. After a discussion which I think was finished in two days and by the 22d of October he gave his approval to the plan, and I

went to work at once, he giving the necessary orders for the coöperating movements from Bridgeport, which were a vital part of the operations. After that there was but one discussion between General Thomas and myself, which was as to the relative time Hooker's column was to move from Bridgeport. That took place after the arrival of General Grant at Chattanooga, all others having been concluded before General Grant made his appearance. Having now given my statement of the condition of matters prior to the arrival of General Grant, I will quote what General Grant says on the subject in the paper to which I refer.

"The next day we reached Chattanooga a little before dark. . . . The next day, the 24th of October, I started out to make a personal inspection, taking Thomas and Smith with me, besides most of the members of my personal staff. We crossed to the north side of the river, and moving to the north of detached spurs of hills, reached the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, some three miles below Lookout Mountain, unobserved by the enemy. Here we left our horses back from the river and approached the water on foot. . . . That night I issued orders for opening the route to Bridgeport — a cracker line, as the soldiers appropriately turned it."

There is not a word in the above to indicate that General Thomas had already approved a plan for opening the route to Bridgeport, and issued the necessary orders. I will now quote from the "Official Records" to show that General Grant trusted too much to his memory. The following dispatches from Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana, to Secretary Stanton, give the situation before and after the arrival of General Grant at Chattanooga. They are papers of record in the War Department.

"CHATTANOOGA, October 23d. To E. M. STANTON: No change in the situation here. Ten days' rations on hand. Thomas firmly resolved to hold at all events. Rain heavy since midnight, and roads worse to-day than yesterday. An immediate movement for the occupation of Raccoon Mountain and Lookout Valley is indispensable, but Hooker, though ordered" [by Rosecrans] "ten days since to concentrate his forces for the purpose, has not done so, but waits, on the ground that his wagons have not arrived from Nashville. The fact is that about one hundred have arrived, and besides *Thomas will not allow him to take any wagons at all in this movement.* But Hooker seems to show no zeal in the enterprise. *It will necessarily wait somewhat for the arrival of Grant,* who will get in before night. The interior line of fortifications is so far advanced that General Smith tells me only one day's work more is needed to make them tenable, and the place temporarily safe with a garrison of ten thousand men, though the works will still be far from finished. *The pontoons are done for a bridge across to Lookout Valley* as soon as Hooker has entered into that position."

This dispatch shows that a move had been determined upon by Thomas both from Bridgeport and into Lookout Valley by a bridge, before the arrival of General Grant, although Mr. Dana was in error in stating that the bridge was to be thrown after the arrival of Hooker in that valley, as is shown by this dispatch:

"CHATTANOOGA, 10 A. M., October 24th. To E. M. STANTON: Grant arrived last night, * * * He is just *going* to reconnoiter an important position which General Smith has discovered at the mouth of Lookout Valley, which will be occupied from here simultaneously with Hooker's occupation of Raccoon Mountain. . . ."

Here it is shown that when Grant had been but about twelve hours in Chattanooga, and before he had even started on his trip to Brown's Ferry, Mr. Dana had sketched to the Secretary of War the substance of the whole movement. That General Thomas had, after General Grant's arrival, to put before him the plan which he had determined upon, and that General Grant's approval was necessary, and that it was proper for him to go to Brown's Ferry at once to see the position before he gave his approval to it, cannot be gainsaid, but there is not the slightest reason for doubting that Thomas would have made the same move with the same men and with the same results, had General Grant been in Louisville, from which place he telegraphed the order putting Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland. General Grant does not overstate the importance of this movement to the army. It gave at once to the army food and clothing, with forage for the animals which were yet left alive, and last but not least, ammunition, of which General Grant says the Union army had "not enough for a day's fighting." From being an army in a condition in which it could not retreat,— for as General Grant says, "a retreat at that time would have been a terrible disaster," and "would have been attended with the loss of all the artillery . . . and the annihilation of that army itself either by capture or demoralization,"— it became an army which, so soon as it was reenforced by the troops with Sherman, assumed the offensive, and under the leadership of General Grant helped to win the battle of Missionary Ridge, inflicting a mortal blow upon the army under Bragg. General Thomas was a man who observed strictly the proprieties and courtesies of military life; and had the plan "for opening the route to Bridgeport," and the orders necessary for its execution, emanated from General Grant, he would hardly have noticed the subject in the following words:

"To Brigadier-General W. F. Smith, chief engineer, should be accorded great praise for the ingenuity which conceived, and the ability which executed the movement at Brown's Ferry. The preparations were all made in secrecy, as was also the boat expedition which passed under the overhanging cliffs of Lookout, so much so that when the bridge was thrown at Brown's Ferry, on the morning of the 27th, the surprise was as great to the army within Chattanooga as it was to the army besieging it from without." [Vol. I., page 398, Van Horne's "History of the Army of the Cumberland."]

With some hesitation I will give a copy of a letter from General Grant to the Secretary of War, which, though speaking of me in possibly much too high terms, is yet important in this connection from its date. It was written two weeks after the opening of the river, and two weeks before the battle of Missionary Ridge. It could hardly have been written from General Grant's previous knowledge of me, for he says he "had no recollection of having met me, after my" [his] "graduation, in 1843, up to this time,"— the night of his arrival at Chattanooga — October 23, 1863. It could not have been written because I had shown zeal in establishing a saw-mill, making a steamboat or any amount of bridge material, nor yet because I had commanded two brigades in a surprise attack at Brown's Ferry. No other movement than the successful opening of the river had been made from the time of General Grant's arrival to the date of this letter. Was it possible that it arose from any other reason than that General Grant, appreciating fully the great and prompt change in the condition of the army, arising from the opening of the river, had perhaps over estimated the ability of the one who within his own knowledge had planned the movement? Circum-

stances afterward occurred to change the relations between General Grant and myself, to which it is not necessary to refer, and his opinion of me may and probably did afterward undergo a change, but at the time at which the letter was written there was some striking reason which produced it:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISS.
"CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Nov. 12, 1863.
"HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR.
"SIR: I would respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General William F. Smith be placed first on the list for promotion to the rank of major-general. He is possessed of one of the clearest military heads in the army—is very practical and industrious—no man in the service is better qualified than he for our largest commands.
"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT.
"*Major-General.*
(Official)
"Signed, GEO. K. LEET, Assistant Adjutant-General."

Not only is it due to the truth of history that this evidence of General Grant's military appreciation of the movement on Brown's Ferry should appear, but it also establishes his generosity of character in giving credit where he felt it to be due.

At some future time I may have an opportunity of doing justice to the memory of General George H. Thomas, whose comparatively early death was so great a loss to the country. The civil war developed no higher character than his, viewed in all its aspects, either as soldier or civilian. There are no clouds on it to mar the brightness of his glory.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

MAJOR J. L. COKER of Darlington, South Carolina, says of General Grant's description of the fighting in Lookout Valley on the night of October 28–29, 1863: "The engagement of Wauhatchie, or Lookout Valley, was of minor importance; but it is well to have errors corrected. General Geary's Federal division was not attacked by Longstreet's corps, but by Jenkins's South Carolina brigade, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) John Bratton. No other troops fired a shot at Geary's men that night. The battle lasted about one hour and a half, and was brought to a close on account of General Howard's advance threatening Bratton's rear, and not by a Confederate stampede caused by a '*mule-charge*' in the dark. When the order to retire was received, the brigade was withdrawn in good order. The writer, acting A. A. G. on Colonel Bratton's staff, was wounded and taken from the field at the close of the battle, and did not observe any disorder. General Howard was opposed by a small force, and made such progress that Jenkins's brigade was in danger of being cut off from the crossing over Lookout Creek. They were ordered out when they seemed to be getting the better of General Geary, who was surprised by the night attack, and no doubt thought himself 'greatly outnumbered,' and reported himself attacked by a corps instead of a brigade."

LIEUTENANT. J. S. OSTRANDER, formerly of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, writing from Richmond, Indiana, says: In General Grant's paper there is a strange omission in describing the assault on Missionary Ridge. The General states that his order for the assault was communicated to General Wood in person and the assaulting column, consisting of the divisions of Wood and Sheridan, at once moved and carried the ridge. As a matter of fact, the signal to advance was the firing of six guns from the battery on Orchard Knob, and instead of two divisions the assaulting column, counting from left to right, consisted of four divisions,—Baird, Sheridan, Wood, and Johnson (less one brigade of Johnson's, left in the trenches). The column moved in line, and to this day it is an open question which division first crowned the ridge."

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN F. HEGLER of Attica, Indiana, who was second in command of the Fifteenth Indiana, in the assault on Missionary Ridge, writes: "General Grant says of the assault on Missionary Ridge:

'The fire along the rebel line was terrific. Cannon and musket balls filled the air; but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used.'

"The inference might be that the assault, though brilliant, was after all a rather harmless diversion. The Fifteenth Indiana, of Sheridan's division, started up the ridge just to the left of Bragg's headquarters with 337 officers and men, and lost 202 killed and wounded, in just forty-five minutes, the time taken to advance from the line of works at the foot of the ridge and to carry the crest. This report I made officially to General Sheridan near Chickamauga Creek the morning after the battle."

General Leggett's Brigade before Vicksburg.

IN my father's paper on "The Siege of Vicksburg," (September CENTURY, page 760) a sentence reads:

"At the point on the Jackson road in front of Ransom's brigade, a sap was run up to the enemy's parapet, and by the 25th of June we had it undermined and the mine charged."

This sentence should read:

"At three points on the Jackson road in front of *Leggett's* brigade," etc., etc.

These mistakes were probably made by me in copying my father's MS. Ransom commanded a division, and was not in Logan's command.

F. D. Grant.

[We have also received letters from General John A. Logan and General M. D. Leggett calling attention to this error.]—EDITOR.

The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill.

A FEW days ago, in Switzerland, my attention was called to a communication in the August number of THE CENTURY, page 642, which falsifies history. It is under the heading, "The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill," and is signed Henry E. Smith. Mr. Smith asserts that it was General Averell who commanded the rear-guard, and that to Averell, and not to Keyes, belongs the credit which General McClellan gives the latter in his article in THE CENTURY of May last. Mr. Smith cites authorities for his statements, and refers to the "Official Records of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part II., page 235, and to my report, page 193 same volume, in which he says there is "no mention of Averell." It is not unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Smith had read General McClellan's and my reports, since he refers to them, but it is certain that he discredits both, and that he rejects my claim to approval unceremoniously. General McClellan says

in his book, "Report * * * of the Army of the Potomac," etc., page 273:

"The greater portion of the transportation of the army having been started for Harrison's Landing during the night of the 30th of June and the first of July, the order for the movement of the troops was at once issued upon the final repulse of the enemy at Malvern Hill.

"The order prescribed a movement by the left and rear, General Keyes's corps to cover the manœuvre. It was not carried out in detail as regards the divisions on the left, the roads being somewhat blocked by the rear of our trains. Porter and Couch were not able to move out as early as had been anticipated, and Porter found it necessary to place a rear-guard between his command and the enemy. Colonel Averell, of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, was intrusted with this delicate duty. He had under his command his own regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan's brigade of regular infantry and one battery. By a judicious use of the resources at his command, he deceived the enemy so as to cover the withdrawal of the left wing without being attacked, remaining himself on the previous day's battle-field until about 7 o'clock of the 2d of July. Meantime General Keyes, having received his orders, commenced vigorous preparations for covering the movement of the entire army, and protecting the trains. It being evident that the immense number of wagons and artillery pertaining to the army could not move with celerity along a single road, General Keyes took advantage of every accident of the ground to open new avenues, and to facilitate the movement. He made preparations for obstructing the roads after the army had passed so as to prevent any rapid pursuit, destroying effectually Turkey Bridge, on the main road, and rendering other roads and approaches temporarily impassable, by felling trees across them. He kept the trains well closed up, and directed the march so that the troops could move on each side of the road, not obstructing the passage, but being in good position to repel an attack from any quarter. His dispositions were so successful that, to use his own words: 'I do not think that more vehicles, or more public property were abandoned on the march from Turkey Bridge than would have been left, in the same state of the roads, if the army had been moving toward the enemy, instead of away from him,'—and when it is understood that the carriages and teams belonging to this army, stretched out in one line, would extend not far from forty miles, the energy and caution necessary for their safe withdrawal from the presence of an enemy vastly superior in numbers, will be appreciated, * * * . Great credit must be awarded to General Keyes for the skill and energy which characterized his performance of the important and delicate duties intrusted to his charge."

The above extract defines General Averell's duties on the field of Malvern, and gives him credit, and it is equally distinct in reference to me, but General McClellan's article in THE CENTURY for May is vague in its expressions regarding the same subjects. As Mr. Smith's article is historically erroneous, I trust you will consider it just to give place to this explanation, and to the following short account of "The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill."

After the battle of Malvern Hill, which was fought on the 1st of July, 1862, the Army of the Potomac retired to Harrison's Landing on the James River. Late in the evening of that day I received orders from Adjutant-General Seth Williams to command the rear-guard. I spent nearly the whole night making preparatory arrangements; dispatched a party to destroy Turkey Bridge, with two of my aides, Jackson and Gibson, to see that it was done promptly; selected twenty-five expert axe-men under Captain Clarke, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, with orders to chop nearly through all the large trees that lined the road below the bridge. All my orders were well executed, and within fifteen minutes after the tail of the column passed, the bridge was destroyed without blowing up, and the road blocked beyond the possibility of passage by wheels and cavalry, and made difficult for infantry for several hours.

The force composing the rear-guard consisted of Peck's division of infantry, and four batteries of artillery of my own corps; Gregg's Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Farnesworth's Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Averell's regiment of cavalry was also designated in a dispatch sent me by Adjutant-General Williams, and he may have taken part below the bridge, but I do not remember to have seen him during the day.

The danger to the trains arose from the fact that the narrow country roads were insufficient in number, and their composition was mostly clay, which was soon converted into mud by the torrents of rain which fell nearly the whole day, and from the liability to attack on the flank. The main road was skirted with woods on the left the entire distance, which is about seven miles from Turkey Bridge to Harrison's Landing. The opposite side of the main road was open, and the columns of troops could move parallel with the wagons. When General W. F. Smith came along at the head of his division, I was opposite an opening in the woods at the highest point of the road. Smith exclaimed to me: "Here's a good place for a battle!" "Would you like to have a fight?" said I. "Yes, just here, and now!" While the columns of troops were moving alongside the trains I felt no apprehension, but after they had all passed there still remained in rear not less than five hundred wagons struggling in the mud, and it was not above ten minutes after the last vehicle had entered the large field bordering the intended camp when the enemy appeared and commenced a cannonade upon us. Fortunately I had in position Miller's and McCarthy's batteries, and they replied with such effect that the attack was discontinued.

The anxiety at headquarters was such that I was authorized, in case of necessity, to cut the traces and drive the animals forward without their loads. Nothing of that kind was done, and we saved all the wagons except a small number that broke down and were as necessarily abandoned as a vessel in a convoy would be after it had sunk in the ocean.

About the middle of the day I received a note from headquarters at Harrison's Landing, of which the following is a copy:

"GENERAL: I have ordered back to your assistance all the cavalry that can be raised here. It is of the utmost importance that we should save all our artillery, and as many of our wagons as possible; and the commanding general feels the utmost confidence that you will do all that can be done to accomplish this. Permit me to say that if you bring in everything you will accomplish a most signal and meritorious exploit, which the commanding general will not fail to represent in its proper light to the Department. Very respectfully,

"(Signed) R. B. MARCY,
"BRIGADIER-GENERAL KEYES. *Chief of Staff, July 2d.*"

General McClellan came out half a mile and met me. I was engaged sending forward sheaves of wheat to fill the ruts in the road near camp, which were so deep that in spite of all efforts to fill them, about 1200 wagons were parked for the night under guard outside. The general appeared well satisfied with what had been done by the rear-guard, and after all the proofs cited above, it is scarcely probable that he made a mistake in the name of its commander.

D. Keyes.

BLANGY, SEINE-INFÉRIEURE, FRANCE, August 20, 1885.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Demand of American Authors.

IN nothing is the progress of civilization more marked than in the prompt recognition by the law-making power of offenses against persons and property that have become such in the estimation of the best public opinion. Every generation stamps as crimes certain laws which were not crimes to the generation that went before. Time was when cruelty to wife, child, or animal was thought to be but a foible in man; and the punishment of such offense is even yet in some quarters thought to be an invasion of domestic and personal rights. This is true, similarly, of many acts which, as their evil effect upon the constitution of society becomes apparent, fall under the scope of the law.

Can any one, considering the consensus of opinion on the question of International Copyright, which we present in this issue of THE CENTURY, doubt that it is now time to put the legal brand of theft upon the appropriation of the intellectual property of foreigners by Americans, and upon that of Americans by foreigners? The taunt is made by the foes of this movement that the people are against it, that they would rather save a few pennies on cheap English and French novels and other books than right the great wrong which for years has been a blight upon our national honor and a weight about the neck of our national literature. This aspersion we believe to be unfounded; but it behooves thoughtful and influential men and women to question whether their duty in this matter has been done till they have indicated forcibly to their representatives in both Houses of Congress a moral demand for an equitable copyright law.

It will be curious to note on what grounds, in the present session of Congress, senators and members can withhold their votes from any bill that abolishes the discrimination against foreign authors. Not only justice, but every consideration of policy will support a vote for such a bill:

1. It is demanded by an overwhelming proportion of the best sentiment in the press, by the body of American authors, leading divines, educators, and men of other professions, and by the enlightened opinion of the world. It has had the championship of Webster, Clay, Everett, Sumner, and others of our statesmen, and of all the prominent authors of America during the last fifty years; and has been recommended by successive Presidents.

2. It would open for American literary goods a ready-made foreign market, which lacks only the security of such a bill to become ours, and which would increase with great rapidity.

3. It would cheapen the best solid literature, by enabling authors and publishers to feel secure in the proceeds of their labor; the literature already cheap would still remain so, since no bill could be made retroactive. Thus:

4. It would not even be a hardship to those who are now "pirating" foreign books. These they would still lawfully continue to print, every year adding new publications to the list of those whose copyrights have expired by the limitation of forty-two years. Into competition with this body of literature would come all new publications, thus insuring that in general books would not be dear.

5. It would in our opinion do more than any other single measure to restore the confidence of the educated classes in Congress. Burke, in his speeches on the American war, warned his government against alienating the sympathy of the colonies by permitting them to have reasonable grounds for doubting the justice of the governing power. Is this folly any the less when the aggrieved are the most influential power in the formation of public opinion? And is it any wonder that the American writer — whose literary work is the only American product to which is refused the protection of the American flag abroad — should fall short of an ideal confidence in American institutions?

6. It would establish a bulwark against communism, a danger that has yet to be encountered in America. Those who oppose International Copyright do so on the ground that though it take the property of others it does so for the general good — by making books cheap. We deny the conclusion; but can American legislators afford to reason thus?

7. It would carry out the evident intent of the Constitution, by which Congress is empowered "*to promote the progress* of science and useful arts," by means of patents and copyrights. Will legislators be less zealous in carrying out the positive designs of that instrument than in guarding against its invasion or perversion?

To the great body of American authors, it may be said with confidence, "This matter is wholly in your hands. Your committee has done much in the agitation of the subject and in the organization of your forces. Congress must certainly yield, if not now, then with the growth of a better political sentiment and a more active public spirit. You must leave no word unsaid to awaken the conscience of your legislators. If you shall not be successful at the present session of Congress, you will only have to buckle on the armor more firmly. Generations of injustice and neglect at the hands of those who should be the guardians of the national honor must not be allowed to discourage the literary craft in the effort now being made to right gigantic wrong; and whether successful or not your efforts will be, to those that come after you, an inheritance and tradition of honor so long as books are written and read.

"Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field."

An "American Westminster."

THE question whether the United States should have a "Westminster Abbey" has been widely discussed in the magazines and other periodicals lately. The most eloquent plea for some such place of repose for our great dead has come from Canon Farrar, in a recent contribution to "The Brooklyn Magazine." This learned and persuasive preacher and writer rapidly reviews the history and uses of Westminster, and points out numerous "advantages which would accrue to the American nation from the possession of such a building." He sees the difficulty of the establishment of an ecclesiastical edifice devoted here to such purposes, but urges the high uses of a secular Valhalla. He thinks correctly "that the mere fact that such a building was in contemplation would fire the imagination of many artists," but mistakenly supposes that we now have no architects, sculptors, or painters equal to the building and decoration of such an edifice. The array of reasons for the erection of an American Valhalla presented by Canon Farrar leaves little to be said by others in favor of so glorious a scheme.

Nevertheless we do not believe there will ever be a single structure in America, sacred or profane, where all our great men will be buried. Furthermore it seems to us to betray a certain ignorance of the character and needs of our wide-spread, democratic nation to suppose such a building necessary or desirable. Is not, indeed, the custom already evolved the most natural, fitting, and advantageous? Our leading statesmen and generals are already being commemorated in bronze, marble and otherwise in the Capitol building itself; the public places of Washington are also largely devoted to the same purpose; as well as the capitol buildings of the various States and the public parks and places of all our cities. Our poets, authors, scientists, inventors, benefactors, have their memorials in appropriate localities; and the time may come when there will be found a place for a still wider range of representative citizens of national fame, either in the Capitol at Washington or in some other building there. But it is the custom in America when a great man dies to carry him back to the home of his birth or adoption, and to bury him among his own kindred and people. This is a custom which we believe is not likely ever to be superseded. Who would wish the tomb of Washington anywhere else than at Mount Vernon; of Lincoln elsewhere than at Springfield. In every part of the country pilgrimage can be made to the graves of the great and the good; our public men, our great writers are, as a rule, buried in the very soil that nurtured them. Emerson and Hawthorne under the pines of New England, Irving on the banks of the Hudson, Clay in the beautiful Blue Grass region of Kentucky; — you can stand at the entrance of his rebuilt home and look straight across the fields to his high monument that towers above the trees of the Lexington cemetery.

Thus in America the same rule holds good alike for the obscure and the distinguished; the dead are carried home to be buried. They are laid to rest not in some central city and structure, but where they have lived, and where their families and neighbors may accompany them in their long sleep. Their tombs may be more noble in appearance,— just as in deeds and character they towered above their surroundings; but the remoteness is not too distant and unfriendly. The burial of Grant in an unusual and conspicuous position is not essentially a departure from the prevailing custom, for he lies where his wife can be laid to rest by his side, in the midst of the city he chose as his home, and to which he felt bound by ties of gratitude.

Westminster Abbey has been and is a great possession, a continual inspiration, for England, for America, and for all the world. But the attempt to imitate it under entirely different conditions in the New World would, we are inclined to believe, prove a conspicuous and not altogether unfortunate failure.

Postal Savings-Banks.

SOME years ago, before there had been much discussion in America of the subject of postal savings-banks, in writing of the condition and needs of the working people of the Southern States, the Rev. J. B. Harrison suggested some features for a system of such banks which are worth consideration at this time. The essential object to be provided for is absolute security of deposits, and their prompt return whenever depositors wish to withdraw them. According to Mr. Harrison's view the matter of interest is comparatively unimportant. What the working people need is not interest on their savings so much as the certainty that the savings themselves will not be lost. It is not unlikely that the rate of interest on deposits in savings-banks will continue to decline, as it has done for some years past, thus becoming less and less important to depositors. It is a question whether any sound reason for the nation's paying interest on deposits in times of peace and prosperity, when the government does not need loans, has ever been brought forward. To tax the rich to pay interest on the savings of the poor would be an unjustifiable communistic measure. To tax poor men for their own benefit might be a doubtful expedient (though it would not be the first experiment of the kind).

Only the national government has the power to guarantee, with absolute certainty, the safety of the savings of the people, and this is the only service which it can properly render in this matter. Many arguments could be advanced to show, not only that no interest should be paid, but that depositors should be required to pay for the clerical labor involved, as we now pay a small fee for postal money-orders. The nearer we can come to a state of things in which every man would pay its full value for everything he received, the better for all concerned. Government charity is more corrupting than any other. Everything that tends to pauperize people should be avoided, and it is better that the laboring people should themselves pay the slight expenses involved in the government's care of their savings than that this service should be rendered free of cost. The objection is not against the payment of interest by private borrowers, nor by the government when it needs loans; we mean simply to call attention to the suggestion that a system of non-interest paying government savings-banks, with absolute security for deposits, would probably be more useful to the people than any possible payment of interest.

We suppose that deposits could be received at all

post-offices. If deposits are few, but little additional clerical work would be required. If they are numerous the fees would pay for the new work, and in any case the system would be self-sustaining.

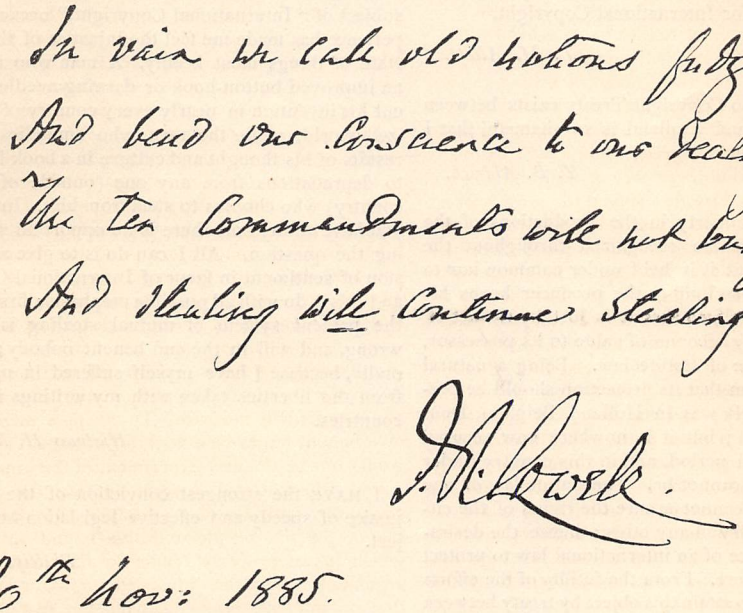
It has been feared by some that such a system of national savings-banks would seriously reduce the business of the savings-banks already established, which pay interest on deposits; but is it not quite as likely to increase it? Our people think so much of interest that many of them would be likely, whenever their deposits become considerable, to withdraw them from the non-interest-paying government banks and put them into private banks which would pay interest. When government bonds are no longer available as securities, some modifications in existing systems of banking will be necessary; and such a system of savings-banks as is here described would, it is thought, be adapted to the new order of things.

The government should do nothing for its citizens which they can as well do for themselves; but the establishment of non-interest-paying savings-banks, with absolute security of deposits, can be accomplished only by the national government, and it is urged with great force that the system would tend to habits of economy, and to improved conditions of life, for large numbers of people.

OPEN LETTERS.

International Copyright.

PLAIN SPEECH FROM AMERICAN AUTHORS.



THE demand for International Copyright is based, primarily, on principles of simple justice. The right of an author to the product of his brain, like the right of the mechanic to the product of his hands, does not depend upon national or geographical conditions. I would not myself make it depend upon international treaty, or the legislation of other countries. Whatever privilege our present copyright law gives to citizens should be given to persons. America is too rich to be a pauper, and ought to be too honorable to be a robber, and should be willing to pay to authors who contribute to its enlightenment or its enjoyment a fair remuneration for their work.

But this consideration of justice is enforced by a consideration of self-interest. We protect by our legislation every form of industry except that of the brain; the industry of the brain we subject to an unequal competition. The American author, in order to secure the publication of his book, must not only write a good one, but he must write one so much better than any that a foreign author can write, that the publisher can better afford to pay him for the privilege of publishing it than to publish his competitor's book for nothing. This system is dwarfing American literature, and would have done much to destroy it, if it had not been nurtured and kept alive by our popular periodicals. A vote for justice does not require much explanation; and I think this simple statement is all the explanation which this vote, for what I should prefer to call Universal Copyright, requires.

Lyman Abbott.

I AM heartily in favor of any effort that promises to be successful in securing International Copyright. Our present methods are disheartening to all authorship in America, and, consequently, we can never have

an adequate national literature as long as foreign works are reprinted and sold in this country for next to nothing. If we had been allowed to pirate the works of foreign inventors, we never should have had the abundant machinery that now does so much for our civilization. I see no good reason why the writer of a book should not have the same protection as the inventor of a machine. It is, in my judgment, discreditable to us as a nation that we are willing to appropriate the works of others simply because we are a nation of readers rather than a nation of writers. Books are for the mind what machines are for the body, and the protection of writers cannot be regarded as of less importance than the protection of inventors, except on the preposterous assumption that our spiritual and moral natures are of less importance than our temporal affairs.

C. K. Adams.

President of Cornell University.

IF women are allowed a vote in the matter, I decidedly cast mine for International Copyright.

L. M. Alcott.

THE fact that no Copyright Treaty exists between the United States and England is so shameful that I don't care to discuss it.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE right of property in the productions of the intellect is everywhere recognized throughout the civilized world; but it is held under common law to be defensible only so long as the producer keeps his production to himself, so that it is lost by the act of publication. It only becomes of value to its possessor, therefore, by virtue of statute law. Being a natural right, it would seem that its protection should be perpetual, as it formerly was in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Sweden; but it is nowhere now secured except for a limited period, and in this country under the Constitution it cannot be. The statute law of one country, however, cannot secure the rights of the citizens of that country in any other; hence the desirability and the justice of an international law to protect copyright everywhere. From the futility of the efforts thus far put forth to attain this object by treaty between English-speaking peoples, it might almost seem as if we had here a survival of the spirit of the earlier centuries, in which the normal condition of neighboring tribes was a state of war. Under the Roman republic a foreigner was called *hostis*, and the same word signified equally an enemy. "*Hostis enim*," says Cicero, "*apud majores nostros is dicebatur quem nunc peregrinum dicimus.*" Between Great Britain and the United States there has been a war in the literary field of a century's standing, signalized by incessant acts of privateering on both sides. The spectacle is discreditable in the eyes of the world. It is time it came to an end. "Let us have peace."

F. A. P. Barnard.

President of Columbia College.

THE abstract justice of granting International Copyright to authors has seldom been questioned, even by those literary plunderers who affect to be opposed to it as a matter of policy; for that must be an affectation which utters sentiments in opposition to the public conscience. I have known but one author, and he was an ex-publisher, who upheld the broad principle that no man is entitled to the protection of his ideas,— an assertion which, in the case of that author, I was always willing to concede.

Among men of letters there can hardly be two opinions as to the justice or the good policy of the cause of International Copyright. I wish the complete success of the effort to educate our people to that point of interest in one of the greatest hardships of authors as may, in the end, impel them to enforce legislation from the governments of the United States and of Great Britain as will enable the authors of both countries to obtain at least the whole of the small remuneration which is due them for their hard and ill-paid work.

George H. Boker.

I FIND it difficult to speak dispassionately on the subject of "International Copyright," because my experience has made me feel the injustice of the present state of things most keenly. A man who constructs an improved button-hook or darning-needle may patent his invention in nearly every country of the civilized world, while the man who embodies the best results of his thought and culture in a book is exposed to depredations from any one (outside of his own country) who chooses to steal from him. In the space you have allotted me there is no opportunity for arguing the question. All I can do is to give an expression of sentiment in favor of International Copyright, and this I do with all possible emphasis; first, because the present system of mutual stealing is ethically wrong, and will in the end benefit nobody; and secondly, because I have myself suffered in many ways from the liberties taken with my writings in foreign countries.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

I HAVE the strongest conviction of the need and justice of speedy and effective legislation on the subject.

Phillips Brooks.

A RIGHT to the control and the protection of the product of one's brain, it seems to me, cannot be questioned from any point of view in an age which recognizes in so many other ways the liberty of the individual.

For any country to say that its subjects may use, without a proper compensation based on a mutual agreement as to its value, the results of the intellectual activity of those of another, is but a remnant of those barbaric times when physical strength was the sole basis of right, and government only an organized power of oppression.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

TO ME this question of granting American copyright to foreigners is simply, Shall we buy their product or steal it? To a large nation the interests involved may seem small; but is any kind of stealing a small matter? Why do we dwarf this question by making

it a matter of protection to the American author? That point is a mere accident of the situation.

True, it would be a material protection to him. It would not force the foreign author into the high-price-book market, for full copyright would add only one cent to every ten cents of gross price; but it would make way for the American author to compete in the market of cheap editions, from which a paltry margin of one cent on ten practically shuts him out. But why should we lay stress upon this point? Suppose International Copyright did not protect the American author; what of that? Shall we continue in injustice and dishonesty?

Fancy the case turned around. Fancy this American nation of ours rising to its proper stature, putting forth its hand in legislation and saying to its pilferers of foreign books, "Steal no more; we will pay, through you, with every ten cents of book-price one cent more for decency, good manners, and common honesty." Then fancy this little bunch of men and women that we call "the American author" objecting — if such a thing could be — that somehow this left us unprotected. It seems to me an honest nation would blow us forever out of sight and hearing with one puff of laughter.

So, then, what have American authors to do with this question *more* than the vast army of American readers? Indeed, the American author is almost or quite the only American who might, if he chose, plausibly remain silent. He could say, "The protection of the foreign author carries with it my protection. I recuse myself." But you — American reader, book-buyer, citizen — with you it is simply the question whether, all things considered,— private self-regard, public decency, national honor, Christian morals, modern good manners,— whether it is better to read ten books honestly bought, or eleven dishonestly got. It is the American citizen's question, be he author or what not, and the shame of American citizens, authors and all, until it is settled right.

G. W. Cable.

IF the interest of all publishers and authors concerned were clearly seen to be coincident, probably long since an International Copyright would have existed. Between two countries of equal size, productiveness, and culture, and employing the same language, an identity of interests for publishers and authors would probably be seen to exist. But as between England and America, it is undoubtedly true that several English novels are read in America where one American novel is read in England, and a similar disproportion probably holds in regard to works of poetry, history, and general discussion. It follows that bookmaking and bookselling are temporarily promoted in this country by a freedom from restriction; in other words, by opportunities for piracy. That there are many publishers who despise such piracy and uniformly share with foreign authors the profits on their publications, does not remove the presumption that publishers and papermakers have been influential opponents of an equitable arrangement. That productivity in literature and scholarship in all countries would be promoted by an International Copyright is demonstrable. These are the primary interests, and if a copyright would quicken the true sources of intellectual growth and progress, not merely honesty and the recognition of an immense debt due from this country to England, but a true regard for self-interest, demands it; and that the interests of the publishers in both countries will be found in the long run to be identical with the honorable promotion of the best literature and the encouragement of the highest scholarship does not admit of question. It is one of those cases, so numerous in the history of this country, where honesty and self-denial on the part of one generation would issue in immense gains for those coming later.

Franklin Carter.

President of Williams College.

I MEANT sooner to have answered your note by reaffirming my conviction that nothing can be more just or more agreeable to the instinct of every honorable man who speaks the English language, than that the books of all who write in that language shall be treated equally by the law. Even when copyright is regarded merely as a grant of the state for its own advantage, it is expedient that all contributions to the literature of the language shall be recognized as having the same right to protection. Cheap books are good things, but cheapening the public conscience is a very bad thing; and if Congress clearly understands that American authors ask nothing which the public conscience does not approve, Congress will not refuse to recognize the expediency of an International Copyright.

George William Curtis.

I AM afraid that all the arguments of authors and publishers in support of International Copyright are as hackneyed to the public ear as the eighth commandment, of which they necessarily are only variations.

But is there not an advantage to the public itself in such a law, which it overlooks?

It would serve to keep the lower mass of worthless literature in each country at home where it originates. If the experiment of publishing a foreign book cost more here, we should be spared much that is puerile and poisonous. Unfortunately, we cannot now keep out these printed paupers and criminals, nor send them back, as we do their human kinsfolk.

In every way, therefore, this, our late effort at honesty, would help our morals.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

I HAVE given very little thought to the subject of an International Copyright and can offer nothing especially important as to the form and feature such a law should embody; but I can very readily assent to the justice of the principle upon which such a law is desired and demanded. Whatever by mind or by muscle, by thought or by labor, a man may have produced, whether it shall be useful or ornamental, instructive or amusing, whether book, plow, or picture, the said producer has in it a right of property superior to that of any other person at home or abroad. If any arrangement can be devised which will secure this superior and fundamental right to authors, without imposing unreasonable restrictions upon the spread of knowledge, and without operating unequally and unfairly towards the authors and artists of the respective countries concerned, I am for such an International Copyright.

Fred'k Douglass.

IN the present stage of civilization, a great republic — unless it is willing to be a moral anomaly — must allow and secure International Copyright. It is high time that on this question our law-makers should cease to interpret "the rights of man" as meaning only the rights of Americans.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

IN regard to International Copyright the following propositions are indisputable:

1. In a civilized community the same judicial vindication of rights of property should be accorded by law to a foreigner as to a citizen.

2. It is now the law in this country that the legal rights of a domestic and a foreign author in an *unpublished* literary work are precisely the same. Courts of justice will not permit either to be robbed of his literary property by a piratical wrong-doer.

3. But when a foreign author publishes his work, a mischievous and shameless fiction is recognized, to the effect that he has *dedicated* or *abandoned* it to the American public, even though his strong protestations and expressed willingness to comply with the rules to which our own authors are subjected in matters of copyright prove directly the contrary.

4. By this theory we really violate a right of property vested in the foreign author while professing, judicially, to maintain it; for of what value, in general, is a literary work to its author unless he can print and multiply copies and have an exclusive right of sale?

5. It was time long ago to abandon this unjust distinction, and to ground our copyright laws on broad principles of natural justice. What is dedication or abandonment for the citizen should be dedication or abandonment for the foreigner, — no more, no less.

Theodore W. Dwight.

[IN the absence of Dr. Eggleston (in Europe) we reprint here a few words from his essay on "The Blessings of Piracy," which appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1882.—EDITOR.]

It is a disgrace which the law-makers of America will have to bear, that men of letters in this late age should have to persuade reluctant legislators to give, through an intricate diplomacy, a partial protection from pillage to the productions of brain-labor, that ought to stand on the common footing of all property. The nineteenth century is drawing toward its close while yet Jews in Russia and writers in America are alike excluded from the equality before the law accorded to other classes.

Edward Eggleston.

I AM in hearty sympathy with the efforts making to secure International Copyright.

D. C. Gilman.

President Johns Hopkins University.

IT is curious that a man's brain should be considered a lumber-room which anybody is at liberty to plunder; and yet this brain, put into concrete shape, cast into an "invention," is guarded as the most sacred and inviolable of human possessions! A man sits down and "invents" a surgical saw which may be at once patented as an inestimable boon to the human race, while his *confrère* writes a book swarming with the germs and suggestions of a dozen such "inventions," and — anybody may steal the book, germs, suggestions, and all! Right on this side of a parallel of latitude, wrong on that side, quoth Pascal. Honesty on this side of the Atlantic is theft on the other, it seems.

James A. Harrison.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, Lexington, Virginia.

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that I hold the opinion, in common as I suppose with most of the authors on both sides the Atlantic, that, whatever may have been true of the past, it is now for the interests of both authors and their readers that some scheme of International Copyright should be speedily agreed upon and put into operation.

Noah Porter.

President of Yale College.

HE who said "Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," might have added, "Let Congress make Copyright Laws, and I care not who denounces their immorality." Interest, not justice, controls this matter. Artists, sculptors, and architects are secure from theft only because he who would rob them must first possess genius and patience equal to their own. The author is robbed because his sole vehicle is language, and any fool can run a felonious printing-press. Although this facility of language enables authors to reach a larger audience than is accessible to other men of ideas, that same fatal facility exposes them to be defrauded of the fruits of their labor. The means whereby they benefit mankind is the means whereby mankind starves them. Therefore let authors learn to fatten on fame,— or write only what is worth nobody's while to steal.

Julian Hawthorne.

I AM a firm advocate of International Copyright laws. The injury done to the progress of American literature by their absence seems to me often overstated; but the harm done to authors by the garbling and mutilation of their books under the present system is a very serious thing. I have suffered from it myself, and have seen others suffer; and it is a loss not to be measured by money. It is this consideration, and not the merely financial aspect of the matter, which has most weight in my own mind.

Thos. Wentworth Higginson.

CAN literary property be protected against theft and piracy? If so, it needs no argument to show that it should be; and if it be not done, the law-making power is in fault. Only by an impossibility can the law-making power be absolved from its obligation.

Mark Hopkins.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Williamstown, Mass.

YOU invite from me some expression in regard to International Copyright. I am in favor of any and every device for securing to the foreign author that property in his writings which our country nobly bestows on native authors for forty-two years before suffering them to become public pillage.

W. D. Howells.

OF all existing brutalities, of all legislative crudities, of all cruelties inflicted by a civilized people upon a particular class, of all contemptible thefts known to mankind the meanest, the lowest, the pettiest, the most debased and despicable, is the brutality, the cruelty, the theft, practiced against authors by the United States of America. The United States of America professes to be a republic devoted to the freedom of men and to fair play for all citizens and aliens. The Government of the United States of America is untrue to this profession: it commits itself to a pitiable falsehood, and will remain so committed just as long as it refuses copyright to foreign authors whose books are published in this country.

George Parsons Lathrop.

I AM familiar with all the arguments which have been advanced in favor of refusing a copyright to foreign authors, and it seems to me that when they are not disgraceful in dishonesty, they are simply silly in their sophistry. We are struck by the infamous meanness of the *droit d'aubaine* by which a century ago all the personal effects of strangers dying in France were taken by the king. We, more ingenious, rob the author of his property on a far greater scale at a distance, without waiting for his death. There are few great nations which have not one crying infamy to disgrace them. England has the opium trade; we have had two. The first, slavery, we have abolished; the meaner and pettier outrage against the rights of a class we still retain. For all these wrongs there is retribution; and if inordinate national vanity did not blind us to the fact, we might see that our Nemesis is already overtaking us. It is not long since an American publisher wrote to me that there is a rapidly growing dislike in "the trade" to publish "literary" works by American authors, or anything, in fact, in which a large and certain sale could not be secured at little outlay. It is not the best intellectual training for a people to be confined to educational and technological books, or even magazines and newspapers, eked out by foreign pilferings. All of this, even if disseminated by millions at a cent a volume, will not make sound thinkers or cultivated minds. The average American believes, of course, that we "whip all creation" in poetry, philosophy, fiction, and art; but it is not true. Our position as respects these branches is creditable; in fact, it is remarkable considering the circumstances; but it is *very* far from being commensurate to our advance in what are foolishly called "practical" matters. And this backwardness is chiefly due to the absence of an International Copyright law. It was said of old that when the serpent devoured the brood of another, her own young died within her, and we are carrying out the simile in full.

Charles G. Leland.

THE position of the United States in regard to International Copyright is something that brings to every high-minded American a sense of shame. From the beginning of our national existence we have presented the spectacle of a great and wealthy people systematically plundering a never well-paid body of men, while at the same time it professes to hold them in special honor. No devices can cover up the fact, no apologies can explain away the disgrace of it. Of the flimsy pretexts constantly urged for the perpetuation of this injustice, the most unintelligent is that which insists that while this spoliation may lower the general standard of morality, it raises the general standard of intelligence. One of the greatest literatures in the world is ours, abounding in works that inform and elevate. They are uncopyrighted and within the means of the poorest. If these will not diffuse intelligence, we may be sure it will never be done by flooding the land with books which are sold cheap because they are stolen, which are bought and read to the exclusion of better books merely because they are cheap, and which are then thrown away because they are not worth reading twice.

T. R. Lounsbury.

OUR copyright legislation should be reformed for the sake of (A) the American author and (B) the American reader.

(A). The present absence of International Copyright unfairly forces on the American author a competition with stolen goods. The lot of the foreign author, whose works are pirated here, is hard enough; but he has at least his home market. Far harder is the lot of the American author, who is robbed abroad and who is forced to sell his wares at home in cut-throat competition with the pirated works of the foreigner.

(B). Under the present state of the law the American reader is not able to get the best — although to get the best is the aim of most Americans. He does not get the best from American authors because some, becoming discouraged, have quit work, and because some are tempted to sacrifice quality to quantity; and both of these causes are due to the competition with stolen goods. He does not get the best from the foreigner because most foreign books, when now republished here, are ill-made pamphlets, shabby in paper, press-work, and type, and to be described only by the convenient Britishism "cheap and nasty."

Brander Matthews.

THE question of International Copyright seems to me rather one of national morals than of the interest of authors or of publishers. It is whether the highest results of labor, of education, and of intellect shall be stolen with immunity, or not.

Charles Eliot Norton.

IF foreign work is to be the cheapest here, and if that is to become the universal principle, what is to be the result? Is it not perfectly plain that as the literature of the age begins to show its effects upon those who read it, and as every one will naturally buy and read what he can get the cheapest throughout the civilized world, every one will read the works of foreign authors, and at last, as the reader partakes of this foreign literature and becomes more and more impregnated with it, will he not become at last a foreigner himself? That is the great question underlying International Copyright. It is a question whether we shall or shall not become not only a nation of foreigners, but a universe of foreigners. The only safe way, in order to remain a native, will be to refrain from learn-

ing to read. Of course there will be advantages connected with being foreigners here in America. We should have more political influence for one thing, and there would be other minor advantages, but not sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages.

Bill Nye.

IN my judgment the demand for International Copyright is just and reasonable, and the time is ripe for the legislation needed to secure it.

Frederick Law Olmsted.

FOR the sake of American writers and American readers the cheap pirated editions of foreign books should be stopped. No element is stronger than literature (*i. e.*, the novel and the drama) in the forming and cementing of a native social life. It is probable that ninety per cent. of the stories and plays offered the American people to-day are European in study or suggestion. Young people here are learning to make ideals of men and women and ways far removed from their own country. This has already gone so far that many American writers are induced to depict a bastard aristocracy here; and this in turn is becoming the ideal social order of a large class of American readers.

This is not more lamentable than the wretched condition in which our professional *littérateurs* are left through the cheap reprints and translations of European books. While all kinds of trade and material interests are protected, the literary man, the most defenseless and surely one of the most precious possessions of the country, is literally robbed and disregarded.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE late Mr. Frelinghuysen spoke the truth when he told you that there was no strong popular demand for International Copyright, which you urged upon his attention. Such a measure would directly and obviously benefit only a small number of our fellow-citizens, a few artists, dramatists, composers of music, poets, novelists, essayists, philosophers, and some other authors, the men and women who originate beautiful and noble things. Shall I say of this small number that they are the flower of the human race? Without insisting upon that, I may assert with confidence that they assist more than any other class to make life worth living. Over the door of a noted man of action of our time was written the sentiment from an ancient author: "Life without letters, death." The men and women who create literature and art are a priceless possession and a universal good, for they benefit and enliven, indirectly, myriads who never know their names. They confer upon a country the only part of its glory which survives its ruin.

These illustrious persons produce a kind of property (and many of them live by producing it) which becomes available only by its being exposed to robbery. If that property is locked up in an iron safe, it might as well not exist. Poetry must be published; a comedy must be played; music must be performed; a picture must be exhibited; and being thus exposed to view, they can be copied and reproduced in cheaper forms, so as to deprive the author of his just compensation. Hence the need of legal protection of a special character, such as copyright and International Copyright. The United States alone among the nations of Christendom refuses to protect the rights of its authors in other lands, and the rights of foreign authors who confer upon us incalculable good. Till we remedy this defect we are self-excluded from the honors of advanced civilization; we consent to remain provincial. We may adore prestige even to meanness, but we cannot confer it.

James Parton.

YOU ask for my opinion on the subject of International Copyright. It seems to me there can be but two opinions on such a matter, and that they cannot be unlike those of the burglar and of the burglaree.

I cannot suppose my experience to be very different from that of other writers (one's own experience is apt to be like other people's in most things), and mine has been that England is the only country across seas in which my right to my own books has been even nominally recognized. Several well-known English publishing firms have treated me honorably in the matter of royalty or bonus. One of them complained that after so doing the story in question was pirated into two British magazines,— one of them, I think, in Scotland,— and run as a serial, to the injury of the sales of the book.

From France, from Holland, from Italy, from Germany, where my books have been translated for fifteen years, I have never received one dollar. Let me say to the credit of one German publisher who negotiated on a business basis with the author, that his righteous effort was defeated by the competition of a less conscientious fellow-countryman before we could sign our contract. In many cases I do not even receive a copy of the volume of whose translated existence I am told. The last that I did receive I wished I hadn't, for it came under a title that I would not have owned for all the copyright of the country.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE question of International Copyright is one which, by its being raised at all, marks an encouraging progress in that better civilization which consists in higher standards of equity, and more explicit legislation for their maintenance. The conception of property is at first a very coarse one, and it has not been honorable to our history as a people that there has been such wide indifference to the right of property in the productions of a man's brain. True, we had, as a people, not much of this sort of property in the beginning to protect; and there is a wholesome element of retribution in the fact that our own free-handed appropriation of other men's literary labors has returned to plague us, now that we have ourselves so much more of such property to be protected. But the selfish aspect of the question is the lowest, and it is one that I do not care to urge. It ought to appeal to every chivalric sentiment in those who are not men of letters, that there is a large, and certainly most valuable class of their fellow-citizens who are inadequately protected in their plain rights by the law as it at present exists, and whose title to the fruit of their own literary labors they themselves are by training and position poorly fitted to maintain. Their very defenselessness, their ignorance of business methods, their sensitive reluctance to appear grasping or calcu-

lating, are considerations which, I think, will appeal to all right-minded people as a claim upon their coöperation in an effort which, it cannot be denied, is based upon essential principles of justice and righteousness.

Henry C. Potter.

Assistant Bishop of New York.

THE unblushing robbery of authors among civilized nations is one of the most amazing relics of barbarism. The fact that such robbery is complicated with other interests does not affect its moral aspect in the least. This would be true of any long-continued and systematic phase of theft. The present laws practically subject American authors to a double wrong. Our books are stolen immediately on publication and sold in other lands without any regard to our interests or wishes. We suffer even greater loss in having to compete with foreign literature that is unpaid for. Suppose the farming class, when offering wheat, were told: We can buy all we wish at twenty cents a bushel. What wheat could be bought at such a price? Wheat stolen from Canada.

If such a state of affairs were possible, it would illustrate precisely the position in which existing laws place the literary class and interests.

E. P. Roe.

IN reply to your circular letter permit me to copy, from a book just published, one of my various references to the wrongs inflicted upon our native authors through the want of International Copyright:

> All classes of literary workmen, however, still endure the disadvantage of a market drugged with stolen goods. Shameless as is our legal plundering of foreign authors, our blood is most stirred by the consequent injury to home literature, by the wrongs, the poverty, the discouragement, to which the foes of International Copyright subject our own writers. The nerve and vitality of the latter can have no stronger demonstration than by the progress which they make while loaded with an almost insufferable burden.

Edmund C. Stedman.

IF the people in this country who are opposed to an International Copyright law because they think it would deprive them of cheap reading matter, would agree that all of them who make anything, sell anything, or do anything for pay, would make, sell, and do for the authors of their country at about one-fifth the prices they charge other people, then might American authors feel satisfied that although literature was very cheap, still, so far as they were concerned, wheat, beef, shoes, rents, and professional services were also very cheap, and thus might consider themselves on a par with the other workers of the country, and able to afford to wait until sentiments of simple justice brought about a law which would make the work of every writer, native or foreign, his own property.

Frank R. Stockton.

[A FRIEND of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes: "All her friends know that in the matter of International Copyright she feels just as do Mr. Whittier and all other honest-minded people; but I cannot speak to her on the subject at this time, for Professor Stowe's health is so bad that he needs constant watching, and the writing of even so much as a line would be a tax which I would not willingly help to add to her labors."—EDITOR CENTURY.]

THE stimulus and encouragement that International Copyright would give to American authors could not fail to be productive of good. What we as a people read is perhaps the largest element of our national education, and the influence of foreign literature, whose spirit is opposed to our institutions, should be counteracted by a home literature urged to its best development. All the terms being equal, Americans will read American books, and of these the most popular will be the ones reflecting American manners, customs, opinions, and character, and tempered with a wise patriotism. In fact, if literature is worth having, the best is the most worth having; but in order to get the best fruits of the best minds, literary labor must be productive of property; that is, its results must belong to the producer. Moreover, honesty as well as policy demands that the author have the fullest proprietary control of his creations.

Maurice Thompson.

I STRONGLY believe in International Copyright as a matter—1. Of justice, gratitude, and courtesy to foreign authors;

2. Of justice, gratitude, and courtesy to American authors;

3. Of proper and needful stimulus to the cultivation and practice of literature in this country;

4. Of proper and needful encouragement and protection to all literature;

5. Of common integrity, civility, and even commercial decency between nations;

6. Of immediate, continuous, and ever-increasing benefit to the human race, by its larger multiplication and improvement of intellectual products, by its adoption of a standard of international rectitude higher than any yet insisted upon with physical force, by its recognition of the republic of humanity through its recognition of the republic of letters, and by its consequent amelioration of international selfishness, prejudice, jealousy, meanness, and spite,—the very things hitherto that have kept down human souls, and kept up wars, and kept back the higher life of the world.

Moses Coit Tyler.

THAT the facility with which a thing may be stolen is no valid excuse for the theft, and that simple justice to the author requires that literary property should be protected like any other property,—this seems too plain to admit of question. The argument in favor of International Copyright covers broader grounds. No individual, no country, can afford to favor injustice. The easy plunder of authors' rights is detrimental to the literature and the morals of a people, and should be abolished, along with all forms of dishonest repudiation and public fraud.

J. T. Trowbridge.

No one denies the foreign author's simple moral right to property in the product of his brain; so we may waive that feature and look at non-existent International Copyright from a combined business and statesmanship point of view, and consider whether the nation gains or loses by the present condition of the thing.

As for the business aspect, a great argument of politicians is that our people get foreign books at a cheap rate. Most unfortunately for the country, that is true: we do get cheap alien books — and not of one kind only. We get all kinds — and they are distributed and devoured by the nation strictly in these proportions: an ounce of wholesome literature to a hundred tons of noxious. The ounce represents the little editions of the foreign masters in science, art, history, and philosophy required and consumed by our people; the hundred tons represent the vast editions of foreign novels consumed here — including the welcome semi-annual inundation from Zola's sewer.

Is this an advantage to us? It certainly is, if poison is an advantage to a person; or if to teach one thing at the hearthstone, the political hustings, and in a nation's press, and teach the opposite in the books the nation reads is profitable; or, in other words, if to hold up a national standard for admiration and emulation half of each day, and a foreign standard the other half, is profitable. The most effective way to train an impressible young mind and establish for all time its standards of fine and vulgar, right and wrong, and good and bad, is through the imagination; and the most insidious manipulator of the imagination is the felicitously written romance. The statistics of any public library will show that of every hundred books read by our people, about seventy are novels — and nine-tenths of them foreign ones. They fill the imagination with an unhealthy fascination for foreign life, with its dukes and earls and kings, its fuss and feathers, its graceful immoralities, its sugar-coated injustices and oppressions; and this fascination breeds a more or less pronounced dissatisfaction with our country and form of government, and contempt for our republican commonplaces and simplicities; it also breeds longings for something "better," which presently crop out in diseased shams and imitations of that ideal foreign life. Hence the "dude." Thus we have this curious spectacle: American statesmen glorifying American nationality, teaching it, preaching it, urging it, building it up — with their mouths; and undermining it and pulling it down with their acts. This is to employ an Indian nurse to suckle your child, and expect it not to drink in the Indian nature with the milk. It is to go Christian-missionarying with infidel tracts in your hands. Our average young person reads scarcely anything but novels; the citizenship and morals and predilections of the rising generation of America are largely under foreign training by foreign teachers. This condition of things is what the American statesman thinks it wise to protect and preserve — by refusing International Copyright, which would bring the national teacher to the front and push the foreign teacher to the rear. We do get cheap books through the absence of International Copyright; and any who will consider the matter thoughtfully will arrive at the conclusion that these cheap books are the costliest purchase that ever a nation made.

Mark Twain.

I SHOULD be content to rest the argument for International Copyright upon justice, and it would seem that an appeal to the sense of fair dealing ought to be enough. In every civilized country the law recognizes an author's published books as his property for a limited term of years, and gives him a remedy for the invasion of his rights. In all civilized countries a person may go and be protected in what is universally recognized as his property; more, he may hold property and be protected in it in countries where he is not a resident, and where he has never been; he may hold any sort of personal property — even the right of royalty on an invention — except in one case: the author has no property in his books beyond the territory in which he is a citizen. Is it just that this exception should be made against the author? No one contributes more to the entertainment and elevation of mankind.

But the argument stands with equal solidity upon expediency. Take the case of England and America. If our legislators are unwilling to do justice to English authors, they certainly ought to protect the American authors. The latter have a right to ask that their government should secure for them in England the same rights there that American inventors have. But this is not all. We want in this country a literature *sui generis*, the influence of American and not of English ideas upon our increasing millions. But as long as publishers can get for nothing English material, they can not afford to pay for American production. The American author asks to be put upon an equality in this country with the English producers of literature. He does not ask for protection. He is in the position of a cotton manufacturer in Connecticut, who might be able to compete with one in Manchester without a tariff, but who could not hold the market against goods made in Manchester that had been stolen and brought to this country.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THERE seems little need of words on the subject of an International Copyright Law. Justice and fair dealing demand it. I have seen no argument against it which was not, logically and morally, too weak to need refutation. The measure commends itself to every man who is honest enough to keep his hands out of his neighbor's pocket.

John G. Whittier.

Christian Union.

LETTERS FROM EPISCOPAL DIVINES.

From Bishop Dudley.

IT has been a real pleasure to read Dr. Shields's paper in the November CENTURY. His rainbow words of hope must bring a more than momentary delight to the Christian heart that is weary of the "wars and fightings" among us, the stormy controversies about matters of little moment, albeit our joy be but the recollection of the covenant of promise, and our eyes can see no sign of its speedy fulfillment in the oneness that shall be.

Grant that the dogmatic ferocity of the last century has been somewhat tamed, and that sectarian shibboleths are not sounded so loudly as then; grant that the time is near at hand, which, alas, we fear is far distant,

when "the American churches, leaving their existing standards unchanged," can be "simply confederated in a formal profession of the Nicene or Apostles' creed," still how far would we still be from *organic unity!* They might, indeed, "appear to the world as the united churches of the United States"; but a confederation cannot be an organic unity, be the bond of the confederacy identity of theological opinion or identity of devotional expression. Dr. Shields well adduces the political confederation of the American colonies as illustrative of the weakness and worthlessness of such an ecclesiastical union. There was no organ of the confederated colonies through which might be put into operation their united strength; there was no *organic* unity, and so there was no real union. Equally valueless would be a union of ecclesiastical bodies resting upon a consensus of opinion.

And even less stable and less powerful were a merely sentimental association based upon a common liturgical worship. I doubt not that the soldiers of the confederated colonies shouted all the same battle-cry, that the drums and fifes of all confined themselves strictly to the same patriotic tunes, that the officers and men were all arrayed, as far as possible, in the same uniform, and yet the commander-in-chief of the armies was often pleading that his empty chest might receive the supplies which each State owed, and whose payment he was powerless to compel. And his righteous soul was often vexed by the obstructions placed in his path by the interference of wiseacres over whom he had no control. Unity of sentiment, unity of the expression of that sentiment, is not organic unity, and so is unequal to bring to bear the whole strength of the associated units.

Organic unity is unity of organization; it is the oneness of government, despite differences of sentiment, differences of opinion, and differences of expression both of opinion and of sentiment; and it is powerful because the one life puts forth its strength through the organs that are its appointed instruments. When the confederated States had adopted the Constitution, then they became *united*, and then they were strong, although a watchful jealousy sought successfully to hinder their perfect union by the restraints it imposed upon the activity of the one common life. Doctor Shields well says, "Ever since then they have been racked with internal conflicts, until at last welded together by the fiery blows of civil war." Necessity compelled the removal of the hindering reservations; to protect its own life the nation must exert its whole strength through its own organs, and so the restraints of individual State action were practically and quickly removed. The United States are to-day more than ever before, and in a very real sense, organically one. The world recognizes this fact, this changed condition; and to-day, in consequence, the name of "American citizen" is respected as never before. More than this, to-day the bonds of the United States Government are at a premium in the world's markets, though our national debt is of enormous magnitude, while before the Civil War, when the debt was nothing, the bonds of our government were to be bought at a discount.

Shall the illustration teach us, then, the necessity for ecclesiastical war as the alone creator of ecclesiastical unity? But is it not a possible lesson to be learned without pushing "a mere political analogy too far," that the organic unity we long for and pray for shall come at last, in the good providence of God, from the ever-fiercer onslaught of the enemies of Jesus and His truth, and from the compelling necessity that Christendom shall be enabled to put forth her whole strength to resist this assault and to save her own life.

To the question, What shall be the form of this organization which shall include the great company of believers now separated into so many divisions? it would seem that there can be but one reply. Leaving out of our view entirely the question of Scriptural revelation, and granting that there is no definite ecclesiastical polity laid down in Scripture, yet none other than a threefold Ministry of Apostolic Succession can by any possibility be made satisfactory to the great and ancient Churches of the East and of the West, even could the Anglican Communion be induced for the sake of unity to accept another.

But this one element admitted, of the Episcopal Succession which shall insure the continuous witness of the never-dying Apostolate, there may be large room for concession and change in the details of the organization, and it may be that Dr. Shields's vision shall be realized of a "comprehensive polity which shall be at once Congregational, Presbyterial, and Episcopal." But whatever be the polity under which all Christendom shall be organized, when it shall be thus organized, and not until then, will it be *organically one.*

So much I have felt called upon to say, because I believe that it is all-important we shall have full understanding of the end we seek, that we shall know what we mean by organic unity. This end clearly set before us, then may we labor for union of lower and less real character, because subsidiary and helpful to that which is higher and alone satisfying.

Yes, let us labor that we may agree in theological opinion with our brothers of every name; let us minimize our differences and emphasize our agreements,—not because we believe community of opinion to be organic unity, but because we can hope that the more nearly we can approach the confession of a common creed, the more possible becomes the recognition that we may and that we should be members of one household of faith, speak with one voice the one message, and battle in one army for its defense.

Let us rejoice to mark every evidence of intelligent devotional progress, that dissatisfaction with the crudities of extemporized worship is calling to its aid as the vehicles of its prayer and praise, the liturgies consecrated by the use of the centuries,—not because the use of a common form is organic unity, but because the appreciation and employment of the treasures of ancient devotional literature and of the ancient system of Christian worship tends to soften the fierce demand for a narrow sectarian theology and practice, and so tends to create the comprehensive spirit which alone can make organic union possible.

Above all let us strive to love "all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Let us strive to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Let us join hand in hand with all Christian men in works of practical beneficence, of moral reform, of popular education. Let us rejoice to learn from their knowledge, to drink of the living water which they have drawn from the wells of salva-

tion. And let us pray with ever-increasing earnestness of supplication that the Master will haste the day when we shall all be one. As He is in His Father, and His Father in Him, that so the world may believe that God did send Him.

T. U. Dudley.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

From Rev. J. H. Hopkins, S. T. D.

As a churchman, I cannot but express my delight at the general drift and tone of the article of Professor Shields; and especially at his clear-sightedness in perceiving that *organic* unity — not sentimental unity only — must be our true objective point, towards which we must strive to work, no matter how distant its full realization may seem to be. Another point for special thankfulness is, that he does *not* contemplate a union of Protestants only. To begin an attempted reunion of the whole body by leaving out by far the greater part of its members (the Roman and the Oriental churches) is an absurdity which finds no favor with him.

As to doctrinal unity, he does not overstate the difficulties, *if* all present points of difference are to be adjusted before the organic unity is accomplished. But this is, on historic grounds, by no means necessary. The *true* ground is, that no one portion of Christendom has any right to make the acceptance of any doctrinal formula a term of communion in the Holy Catholic Church, unless that whole church has itself set it forth for that purpose. This principle would *at once* subordinate all disputed points that have arisen since the ancient Catholic Church spoke through her General Councils. As for ourselves, no intelligent churchman would dream of insisting upon our thirty-nine articles as terms of communion. Nothing could make this clearer than the noble declaration of the first Lambeth Conference in 1867, which omits all allusion to the thirty-nine articles. This declaration was subsequently accepted by our American House of Bishops, so that it may fairly be styled the *unanimous* voice of the Anglican Episcopate throughout the world, without so much as a single voice raised in opposition. And they said: "We do here solemnly record our conviction that unity will be most effectually promoted by maintaining the faith in its purity and integrity,— as taught in the Holy Scriptures, held by the Primitive Church, *summed up in the Creeds*, and *affirmed by the undisputed General Councils*,— and by drawing each of us closer to our common Lord, by giving ourselves to much prayer and intercession, by the cultivation of charity, and a love of the Lord's appearing." In this, the Roman and Oriental churches might agree, as heartily as our own. And Professor Shields, when he says that "most of the American churches might readily join in a formal profession of *the Nicene or Apostles' Creed*," proves that the only doctrinal unity which ought to be insisted on is really much nearer than he supposes.

As to church government — practically the toughest of all the problems to be settled — the Apostolical Succession is possessed by the entire body of Oriental, Roman, and Anglican churches, and *cannot* be surrendered without defeating the very unity which is desired to be accomplished. If the churches which have that succession should allow an equal validity in those who have it not, this allowance would simply *consecrate the germinal principle of all past and present schisms* and lay the nest-egg for *any number of other schisms in time to come*. A ministry of Divine origin and one of purely human origin can never be put upon the same level. But while this principle of Divine authority must be maintained, charity and prudence require that, in order to facilitate the restoration of a visible unity, the *exercise* of that authority should voluntarily be restricted to those things only which are *essential* to a *vital* unity.

As to worship, I have very little to add to the glowing language of Professor Shields, except to accentuate *greatly* the importance of the Holy Eucharist, as the great sum of all worship,— a preponderating importance not yet fully realized among ourselves, but of which we are becoming more and more conscious as we advance towards unity. And also, that his admiration of our prayer-book is rather more unqualified than our own. There are many glorious things in the ancient liturgies which we have not retained; and it is to be hoped that among the many liturgies likely to be compiled and used among the denominations around us, not a few of these may be appropriated, and may so commend themselves in actual use that by and by *we* may get the benefit of them also.

The point of government, as I have said, is the toughest. *Faith* and *Worship* alone will not do. In Scotland there are, I believe, *eleven* distinct Presbyterian bodies. In *Faith* they are identical. In *Worship* they are identical. Yet they are not *one* church, but *eleven*. And so long as the ministry is confessedly *human*, the human tree will bring forth the human fruit.

Of one thing I am certain. If, at the time of any of the great separations among Christians in the past, the condition of the church had been what it is to-day, and if the mind and temper of those who became separatists *then* had been the same as that of their representatives *now*, no separation would have taken place at all. This change on *both* sides is a proof, to me, that the God of Unity and Love is, in His own time and way, bringing us all together again, in Him.

J. H. Hopkins.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA

"Danger Ahead."

IN the November CENTURY appears an able article by Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled "Danger Ahead," in which, in the main, there is the best of argument; but the author shows an evident misconception of the province of government. At the close, in writing of government control of the telegraph, he says: "Government in England can conduct a great telegraphic enterprise. If government in America cannot, it is time that we found out the reason why." In relation to the Erie Canal he says: "If we can own, administer and control a great water-way, why not a great highway?" Again, in contrasting the Union Pacific railway with the English India railway, he asks: "If England can do this [make two per cent. profit] in India, why cannot we do it in America?" Without, at the present, disputing the conclusion Dr. Abbott would have us reach, we ask, what of it?

If government in America cannot manufacture a purer and better article of baking-powder, to enable

the people to eat more wholesome bread, it is time that we found out the reason why. If we can own and control great penitentiaries for the accommodation of the lawless, why not great hotels for the accommodation of the law-abiding? If great manufacturing establishments can make money out of patented inventions, why should not government go into the same line of business? Are these three questions absurd? Yes. But no more so in principle than the questions of Dr. Abbott. Why absurd? Because all these things are beyond the province of government.

We are very liable to be misled by unauthorized acts of government, and to suppose them right and done by authority; and when we have taken unauthorized acts as a basis of action, we are most certain to run into great error. The government was established solely for the protection of the people. Its departments were organized for this purpose only. For the protection of life, liberty, and property. Our fundamental law makes the government a protector, not a guardian. It is not for government to assume the functions of the individual, and engage in pursuits other than those necessary for this protection. What the people can do for themselves it is not necessary for the government to do for them; for it would be useless to form a government for the doing of what could be done before it was formed. Because, perchance, the government can carry on some work better than an individual, is no reason it should do so; for by so doing it becomes a dictator. If government would give full and complete protection to the people in their person and property, and allow them to develop the country and manage their own enterprises, many of the "dangers ahead" would be avoided.

A strong government is a necessity, but complex departments necessitating an army of officers, and built up on the false idea that a government is a huge organization for business, debases politics, substitutes the desire for office in place of the desire for the welfare of the nation, and thus leads to that corruption of which we have had glaring examples, and which may work great injury. This is a "danger ahead" which it is well for us to guard against.

The opening up of new portions of the country should be left to the people, that they may act as necessity requires. The forcing process by government aid and credit, which throws open vast areas which cannot be occupied excepting by calling for, and inducing the Old World to unload its surplus, and oftentimes lawless population upon us, leads to the growth of socialism. If socialism is a "danger ahead," the government may take part of the blame for not leaving the law of increase and progress to work out its own natural result. Our desire for increase of population, and the settling up of the country, to a degree beyond that afforded by increase within, and through natural immigration, has made it necessary to call upon government to do that which was not contemplated by our organic law, and which cannot properly be considered a duty of government. And this has led to inviting "danger ahead," by indiscriminately opening our doors to the world, and drawing to us the lowest disturbing elements of Europe, and placing the ballot in the hands of those absolutely unfit to govern themselves, and much less fitted to have a voice in the government of others. By this process we have not strengthened our government. A country may grow beyond its strength. Material may be gained which adds to the growth, but injures the stability. When government keeps within the line of its duty, and protects the people, while they build such avenues of communication, open up such sections of the land, and engage in such other enterprises as they may deem proper and required by the natural growth of the country, there will be found less "danger ahead" than when the government assumes the functions of a gigantic monied corporation, engages in all sorts of business, and comes into competition with private enterprise. The question is, not what government can do, but what government may do, consistent with the purposes for which it was established.

H. C. Fulton.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

WIT and humor are born of sober parents.

A LITTLE authority is a dangerous thing. A terrible fellow to meet is a country constable with half-a-dozen subpœnas to serve.

PRECOCIOUS children are not only nuisances, but they are generally as stupid at twenty as they are startling at ten.

THE man who can't find anything to do is generally afraid he will.

THE more a man knows, the more he suspects what he has already learned.

IT is possible that friendship may be disinterested; but it is hardly possible to separate love from self-love.

INTELLIGENCE is the leading feature of beauty; almost anything will answer for the background.

IF the Devil were as lazy as many Christians are, he could count his proselytes for each year on his fingers.

GAMBLING ends in poverty and disgrace. It is only a question of time and strict attention to business.

A MAN has a right to his opinions as long as he keeps them to himself.

FLATTERY is like treason; we like the treason well enough, but we despise the traitor.

MANY men fail by being too much for the occasion.

THE lion and the lamb may lie down together, but I don't think the same lamb will do it the second time.

A MAN may be a fool for yielding to the importunity of his passions, but if he had no passions he certainly would be a fool.

ALL snobs are toadies, and toady to some other snob.

THERE are plenty of people who mix their religion with their business, but who don't stir it up well. The business invariably rises to the top.

Uncle Esek.

Out on a "Scurdgeon."

"Oh, Mammy Lindy! how glad — *glad* I am to see you back home in your kitchen again!" and Dora dropped the rolling-pin in the bread-tray, and clapped her hands. "And how did you enjoy your excursion to Washington?"

"Ah, chile! and well mought you be glad to see your pore ole mammy back ag'in! I 'scaped away wid my life; but dey got my new parm-leaf fan, and de umberil, and mo'n ha'f a yard o' dat green veil Jake bought me when Betsy Ann was a baby."

"Dear! dear! what misfortunes! Light your pipe, Mammy Lindy, see,— here is your corn-cob, stuck in the crack, just as you left it — and tell me all about your visit while it is fresh in your mind."

"Well, honey, I tole my son Mose, when I bid him far'well, dat I had be'n froo tarments and haggermarizin's enuff to last one lifetime, and de scurdgeons mought *come*, and de scurdgeons mought *go*, but dey'd git nare 'nother fi' cint out o' his mammy's pocket ag'in.

"You see de haggermarizin' 'menced at de berry depot. I and Hinry, we got dar wid our gums and godes [gourds] 'bout two hours 'fo' de train come in. I was totin' one o' dese round half-bushel godes full o' soap uz a present for Vi'let. Hinry, he's mighty 'bejunt and humble, so I han's him de gode o'soft soap and tole him to wrop his arms 'round it and spill nare drap till we got to Mose's house in Wash'n't'.

"A round soap-gode is a' awful handy thing to tote on de head, but I had artifishul flow's on my bonnet, and 'twould 'a' mashed 'em. Hinry hilt dat gode like 'twas a baby, and uz he seemed so studdy and sinsible like, I laid de bundle o' roots and yarbs and de umberil alongside, and de ruffle piller-case o' dried apples on top, and he stood dar loaded up like a statcher till de kyars come a-ramblin' 'long. Dat lef me wid nothin' to tote, scuzin' de bandbox and de willow basket wid de two yaller pullets, and de duck in it fer de chilluns, and de fan. 'Twar mighty hot and crowded up wid de things in de kyar, and de chickens and de duck got mighty restless. We sot dar on de bench a right smart while, when de cap'en o' de kyar come along, and fust he axes Hinry mighty perlite fer 'tickets,' but he mought jest as well 'a' axed de soap-gode, for Hinry was dat sound asleep dat nuthin' but a grubbin'-hoe could ha' woke him; and, Miss Dora, honey, as I didn't keer to corrate a disturbance, I had to retch down in *my* pocket, and pay dat nigger's kyar-hire!

"I axes de cap'en when he comes along ef he would be so gentmanfied as to gib me two hours' notice 'fore gittin' to Wash'n't', dat I mought hab time to woke up Hinry. He laughed; but he gint de notice, and 'twar all I *could do* to git Hinry on his legs when we druv inter de city. He had sno'ed froo de confrigration same uz a dog, but he hilt on ter dat soap-gode like a 'possum to a 'simmon tree.

"Arter eberybody leff de kyar 'ceptin' I and Hinry, a ve'y likely cullud man in a uniform ast us to take seats in de 'ception-room, and he axed ef we had writ to any one to meet us dar. Hinry nuver made no arnsers at all, so I ups and sez: 'No; but I see sich a stream comin' in, and goin' out, dat Mose or Vi'let or some o' de chillun's mighty apt to come along presently, and we'd wait.'

"But, Miss Dora, dough I seed mo'n a hundred folks pass by o' all kinds o' nations, I never see nobody I ever laid eyes on afore in my bawn days.

"So I stepped to de flatform and hollered, 'Hacker! Hacker!' four times, or may be five.

"A sumptious-lookin' black Afrikin, wid a whip, comed grinnin' up, and sed he guess he was de one I was arter."

"Why did you call him *Hacker*, Mammy Lindy?" inquired Dora.

"'Case it stan' to reason, Miss Dora. When a pusson smokes, you calls him a smoker, and de long and short of hack-drivin' am 'hacker.'"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Go on."

"'Den why couldn't you arnser when I fust called you?' I sez, pretty sharp.

"Den he scratch his head.

"'You gwine to put all dat truck in my hack?' he say, uz I was shovin' in de chicken-basket.

"'Look a-here, nigger!' I sez, 'I'll hab you to know I comed out o' Kunnel Porter's fambly, and was ridin' in de kerridge wid my mistess, and little Miss July in my lap, to de white Sulphy Springs, when you was kyverin corn in King-and-Queen wid your rusty black toes.' I spoke so ambitious, I skeered him; and he swumpted right up, and he say:

"'Hi! how you know whar I come fum? Specks you's one o' dem fortune-tellers.'

"But I knowed it, 'cause dat nation o' niggers is so mons'ous black.

"He driv right along tell presently he stop and say:

"'Whar is I to set you down, marm?'

"Seein' as his sumptiousness was clean gone, I arnsers:

"'You's under obligation, sah, to kyar me and my baggidge to my son Mose' house, and I'm not gwine to pay you de fust cint, and I'm not a-gwine to stir out o' dis kerridge, tell you does it.'

"He say mighty humble: 'Whar does your son Mose lib, marm?'

"'You is a fool, nigger,' I arnsers, quite dignified. 'Ef I knowed whar my son Mose libs, I'd 'a' walked dar long 'fore dis time o' day. Specks you jest got to de city yourself, uz you've never heared o' Mose Porter.'

"He swumpted up ag'in, and I sez: 'Drive along slow, and maybe we'll come acrost Mose or Vi'let or some o' de chillun; dey is always foolin' round de brickyard.'

"He say, 'Do Mose lib at a brickyard?

"*Den* I got mad, and I bust out: 'Good Lordy mussy, nigger! what you s'poze Mose learn de trade fur, scuzin he was gwine to run a brickyard? Ef you don't quit dis foolin' I'll hab you 'rested.' I spoze dat ig'n'ant hacker druv to mo'n leben brickyards fo' he sot me down at de right do'.

"In gittin' out, Hinry slumped a pile o' de soft soap on de flo', and I sez to de hacker, 'Ef you don't scrope up dat soap and put it back in dat gode, sah, I'll show whe'er I am a fortune-teller or not, and you'll git nare cint pay.'

"He scrope and he scrope, and looked so anxious about it dat uz we got de *mo-est* o' it back, I didn't had de heart to make no complaint, but jest paid him twinty-three cint, and he say, 'Thanky marm,' mighty grateful; and well he mought be, arter drivin' me 'bout a hundred mile out o' my way; but I hear hacker say as he druv off:



"NEEDN'T TOLE ME DEM ANIMALS WAS STUFFED AND DEAD."

"'I ain't be'n so cowed and sot back sence I were a pickaninny, and granny whopped me for stealin' a *green* watermillion. Less'n a quarter for a whole arternoon's work! Gullong dar, hosses! what I feed you for?'

. . . "'Peared like Hinry must 'a' got holt o' some sperrits unbeknownst to me. Arter a while he strotch hisself acrost two cheers in a stupe, and looked so doggish I 'buked him.

"'Dar you is!' I says. 'A deacon in de church, wid your head hung down. How you gwine to catamarize de young members at jinin' time?'

"'Ooman,' he arnsers rite solemn, 'you know 'tis de onliest sin I does commit. *When* you see me cross my foots? *When* is I took a' ungodly fiddle in my two hands? Does *I* prowl round hen-rooses? Does I *darnse*? Dar's 'ligi'n in dis, I tell yer.'

"We sot talkin' mighty late dat night, and Mose was full of showin' off de city sights to his parrents.

"He tole us de awfullest tales about bugglers, and dem skip-doctors, whar go slippin' around arter der debble works, in injun-rubber shoes; he say you can't tell 'em fum folks tell you see 'em eat. Dey takes a chaw o' apple, and den a swaller o' coffee, and you know, chile, 'tis unnatchel to eat coffee and apple together."

"Skip-doctors?" said Dora.

"Lor', honey! sholy you'se be'n heerd o' dem turrible nation o' cre'tur's, dough some folks calls 'em 'kidnappers,' and 'snatchers,' and de like o' dat.

"Next mornin' Mose 'sisted we was to go to de Smiffsone Inschute,—a great big kind o' meetin'-house like whar a mighty fine man named General Smiffso buys up all kinds o' cur'us truck and keeps 'em for a free sho'.

"I and de ole man was kinder skeered 'bout de bugglers and dem skip-doctors, but Mose 'peared mighty sho' o' hisself.

"So we sot out; and, Miss Dora, honey, I didn't thought dar was sich a mixtry on top o' de yea'th. De house was bigger'n your pa's barn, and all sot off from top to toe with witchcraft and debblement. Needn't tole me dem animals was stuffed and dead.

"I see de cunnin' in der twinklin', shinin' eyes all de time; watchin' out for der chance to make a spring.

"Dead varmints don't twitch no tails; you know dat yourself, Miss Dora, and I see *four men wid injun-rubber shoes on.*

"De 'fusement gint me sich a swimmin' in de head, I felt mighty sick at my stomach, but I didn't keer to spile de meetin', uz Mose was a-showin' off, same uz de things was his'n. My jaw 'menced to jump, and I knowed some plot was a-brewin'; so I drawed down my green veil, and tole 'em I had de toothache.

"Hinry didn't 'pear to take in nothin' till he come ramblin' acrost a' ole har' and a 'possum in a glass box, and dar he tuk his stan' wid his eyes glued to 'em; bein' dey was de onliest things he see whar he know de ginerations on. Mose rambled round mighty skittish and free, and 'suaded us up a long pa'r o' star-steps; and great king, honey! 'twas wusser and wusser.

"Hinry come stumblin' along behind me, and whin he open his eyes and *see what he did see*, he whirl hisself around, wid de crook-handle umberil under his arm, and *jest den* glass begin to scrash, and he heerd a screech like de Day o' Jedgment had come, and he saw a slammy hell-sarpint, mo'n a yard long, wid fiery eyes and de awfullest smell o' brimstone and whisky, come a-slushin' ober his Sunday breeches, and all dem turrible teeth and bones and horns 'menced a-hornin' and a-p'intin', and a *whole row o' de dead sot a-lookin' on*. Some hollered 'Skip-doctors!' some hollered 'Murder!' but sech a' uproar I hope I'll never see ag'in.

"Mose come by like a shot, and uz we broke for de do', somepin' wid claws and a forked tail made a snatch at my green veil, and got de best part on it. But I hilt my course; for I 'clar' 'fore gracious, Miss Dora, ef dat umberil and dat green veil had been made o' gold and strung wid di'monds I wouldn't 'a' looked back at 'em. And I hope dem dry goods will prove a tarment and a heartache to Gener'l Smiffso, whensomever he uses 'em. I s'poze he make his libin' by dem witchcrafts; skeerin' folks into drappin' der valuables. We fa'r flew down dem streets, and had 'menced to slow down when a good little boy hollered out, 'De skip-doctors is got you!' *Den* we never fetch breff tell we got inside Mose' house wid de do' locked.

"I never see Hinry in sich a trimble and a turmoil. He flung hisself on his knees and 'plored de Lord to spar' him dis time and he'd never tetch another drap; den he 'zorted Vi'let and de two little gals, and put up a pow'ful pra'r; den he swarr'd out he'd beat de breff out o' Mose for car'in' us to such a venturesome place. Den we kyarmed down.

"By Chuseday Mose got us a-goin' ag'in. City niggers is like de city white folks,—dey ain't satisfied wid a cake-walk, *ur* a funeral, *ur* a picknake now and den; dey hankers arter 'muse*ment* all de time.

"Dar were a maskyrade, and Mose, bein' top o' de pot like, called hisself Gener'l Wash'n't'. He stropped on a' ole swode and a pa'r o' spurs, and axed Vi'let to dress de two little gals in blue and yaller rice cambric and call derselves Fairoes.

"I wish you could 'a' be'n see Mose at dat party. He were de wildest hoss in de dance, and his swode caused so much bewilderment, a committee 'spectfully axed him to lay it on a cheer; but Mose swarred out he was gwine to tote dat weepon, and de niggers must cle'r de track when dey see General Wash'n't' chargin'. He hung dem spurs on de Queen o' Sheba's coat-tails and flung a pile o' niggers all kickin' and scramblin' in de middle o' de ball-room flo'.

"I see one mighty black cullud lady corketin' wid a' Afrikin; and I say to Vi'let:

"'Vi'let, dar's de pot flirtin' wid de kittle.'

"He heerd me, and when he turn round, I see it were Hacker.

"He 'peared oberjoyed to see me, and fotch' me some ice-cream, but I thanked him, 'It would start my jaw jumpin'.' Then he eat it hisself, dough de gal looked mighty wishful at de saucer.

"Now, Miss Dora, what you reckon was de grandest and sweetest sight I see in Wash'n't'?

"'Twere a sto' sot out wid de funniest little candy animils, and hearts and apples, and I couldn't pass by nohow tell I had axed de price.

"De sto'keeper looked mons'ous cheatery, but he say twenty-fi' cint a pound, *er* fi' cint apiece.

"Den I axed him could he change a fif'-cint into fi' cints; and he done it. Den I lay seben fi' cints side and side o' seben o' dem figgurs, and tole him to wrop 'em up wid six hoss-cakes, and I put 'em in my pocket for de chillun at home; but what wid sittin' on de bundle and de heat meltin' 'em, you can't tell de animils from de hosses, dough dey tas'e mighty well.

"Den we come home, and 'fore de Lor', Miss Dora, when I see de barrel gone from de top o' my chimley, I thought dar had be'n a yearthquake. Den I see de larther [ladder] leanin' 'g'inst de lyehopper, and I sez, 'Great king, Hinry! de bugglers is be'n here!' I runned and onlocked de do', and dar was my yaller sunflower bed-quilt dat deep in soot and ashes you mought 'a' wrote your name; den I *knowed* it, and I drapped down on de stool by de do' and bust out cryin' till Jerry's Creechy heerd me, and come to tell me dem chillum had tried to sweep out der old mammy's chimbly, and little Dick wid his neck most broke, and ole marster had whoopped 'em all round, and it chirked me up entirely. And now I must put up dis pipe and see 'bout gittin' dinner."

Eva M. De Jarnette.

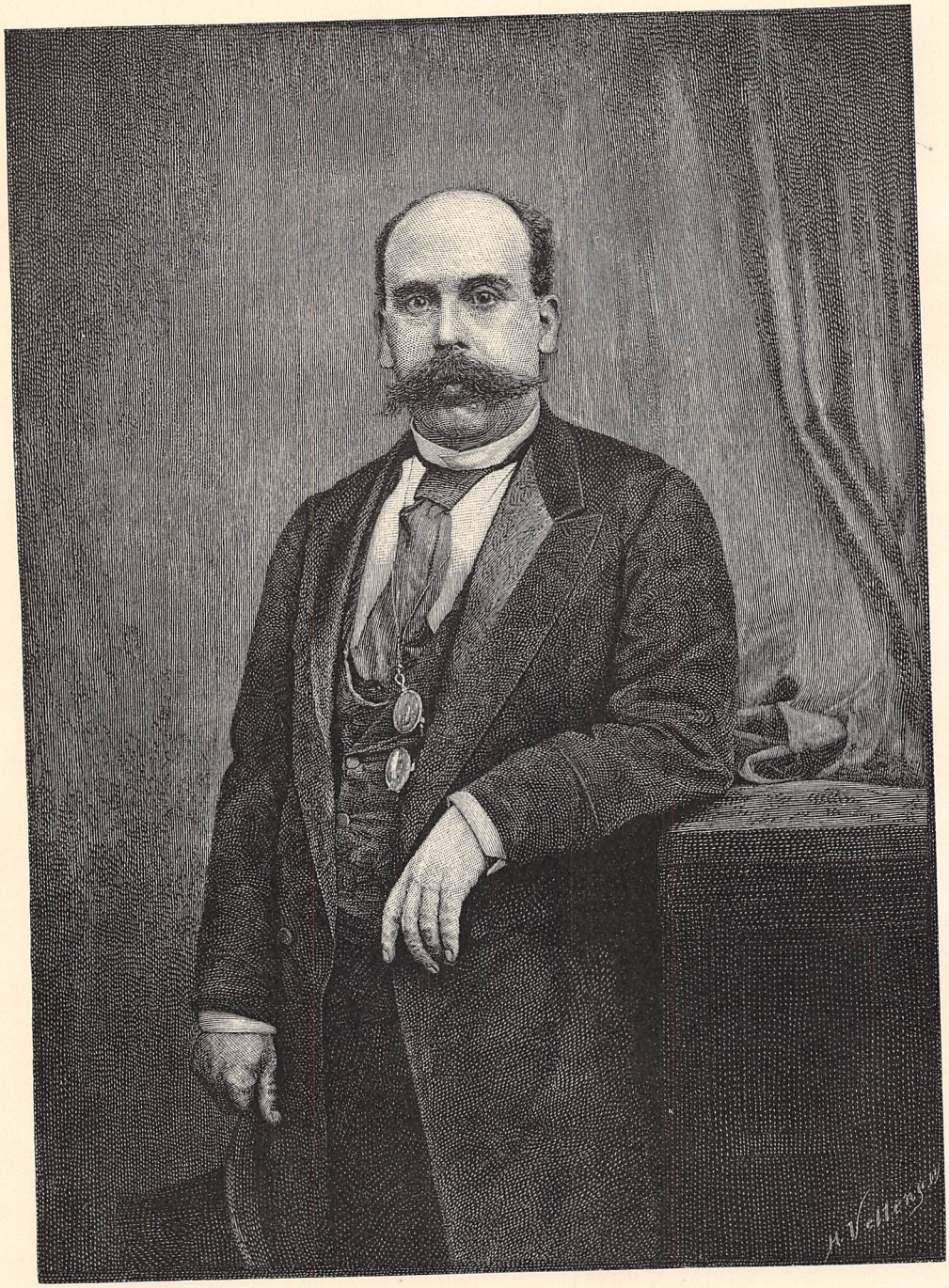
The Difference.

'Tis easy to be brave,
When the world is on our side;
When nothing is to fear,
Fearless to bide.

'Tis easy to hope,
When all goes well;
When the sky is clear,
Fine weather to foretell.

But to hope when all's despaired,
And be brave when we are scared,—
That's another thing, my dear!
And will do to tell.

Anthony Morehead.



Emilio Castelar

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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ITALY, FROM A TRICYCLE.

"They are a couple of far-country men, and, after their mode, are going on pilgrimage."



AN ITALIAN TANDEM.

WE staid in Florence three days before we started on our pilgrimage to Rome. We needed a short rest. The railway journey straight through from London had been unusually tiresome because of our tricycle. From the first mention of our proposed pilgrimage, kind friends in England had warned us that on the way to Italy our tricycle would be a burden worse than the Old Man of the Sea. Porters, guards, and custom-house officials would look upon it as lawful prey, and we would pay more to get it to Italy than it had cost in the beginning.

Our first experience, at the station at Holborn Viaduct, seemed to confirm their warnings. We paid eight shillings to have the tricycle carried to Dover, and crossing the Channel, we paid five-and-sixpence more, and the sailors told us condolingly we would have an awful time of it in the custom-house at Calais. This, however, turned out a genuine seaman's yarn. The tricycle was examined carefully, but to be admired, not valued. "*C'est bien fait, ça!*" one guard declared with appreciation, and others playfully urged him to mount it. To make a long story short, our friends proved false prophets. From Calais to Florence we only paid nine francs freight and thirty-five francs duty on entering Italy. Unfortunately we never knew what might be about to happen, and it was not until the cause of our anxiety was safe in Florence that our mental burden was taken away.

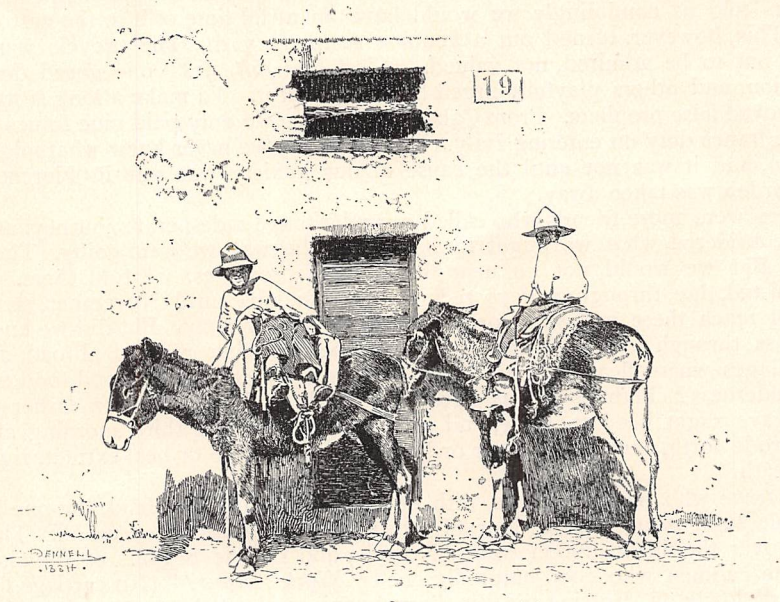
But here were more friends who called our pilgrimage a desperate journey, and asked if we had considered what we might meet with in the way we were going. There was the cholera! But we would not go near the stricken provinces, we told them. Our road, they persisted, lay through valleys reeking with malaria until November at least. We would not reach these valleys before November, was our reply. But did we know that we would pass through lonely districts where escaped convicts roamed abroad, and in and out of villages where fleas were like unto a plague of Egypt, and good food as scarce as in the wilderness? Perhaps it was because so little had come of the earlier prophecies that we gave slight heed to these, and on October 16th, the third morning after our arrival, we rode forth, *sans* flea-powder or brandy, *sans* quinine or beef-extract, right into the jaws of death.

The *padrone* who had helped us with our baggage, and Mr. Mead, the one friend who foretold pleasure, stood at the door of the Hotel Minerva to see us off. The sunlight streamed over the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, and on the beggars on the church-steps, and on the cabmen who good-naturedly cried "*Niente vettura!*" (No carriage for you), as we wheeled slowly on, crossing the Via Tornabuoni, by the Palazzo Strozzi, to the crowded Ponte Vecchio, by the Via de' Bardi, through the Borgo San Jacopo along the Lung' Arno,

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and then around with the twisting tram-tracks through the Porta San Frediano, and out on the broad white road which leads to Pisa. Here, at the very start, the "luggage-carrier" swung around from the middle to the side of the backbone, and made necessary a half-hour delay at a blacksmith's shop just beyond the city's gate. Had either of us known the Italian word for wire, the delay might have been shorter, and elaborate pantomime was necessary to make our meaning clear. Then the proprietor of the shop took the matter in his own hands, unstrapped the bags, and went to work with screw-driver and wire, while the entire neighborhood, backed by passing peddlers and tram-drivers and citizens, pronounced the tricycle "*bellina!*" (beautiful) "*un nuovo cavallo!*" (a new horse), "*una tranvai!*" The blacksmith, when he had fastened the luggage-carrier securely and loaded it again, was so proud of his success that he declared "*niente*" (nothing) was his charge. But he was easily persuaded to take two or three francs to drink the Signore's health. After this there were no further stops.

Our road for some distance went over streets laid with the great stones of the old Tuscan pavement, between tall gray houses, with shrines built in them, and those high walls which radiate from Florence in every direction and keep one from seeing the gardens and green places within. Women, plaiting straw, great yellow bunches of which hung at their waists, and children greeted us with shouts. Shirtless bakers, their hands white with flour, and barbers holding their razors, men with faces half shaved and still lathered, and others with wine-glasses to their lips, rushed to look at this new folly of the *forestieri*. On the steep up-grade just outside a town, we had a lively spurt with a steam-tram, the engineer apparently trying to run us down as we were about to cross the track. After this we rode between olives and vineyards where there were fewer people. There was not a cloud in the sky, so blue overhead and so white above the far hill-tops on the horizon. The wind in the trees rustled gently in friendliness. Solemn, white-faced, broad-horned oxen stared at us sympathetically over the hedges. One young peasant even stopped his cart to say how beautiful he thought it must be to travel in Italy after our fashion. All day we passed gray olive-gardens and green terraced hill-sides, narrow Tuscan-walled streams, dry at this season, and long rows of slim, straight poplars,— white trees, a woman told us was their name. Every here and there was a shrine with lamp burning before the Madonna, or a wayside cross bearing spear and scourge and crown of thorns. Now we rode by the fair river of Arno, where reeds grew tall and close by the water's edge, and where the gray-green mountains rising almost from its banks were barren of all trees save dark stone-pines and towering cypresses, like so many mountains in Raphael's or Perugino's pictures. Now we came to where the plain broadened and the mountains were blue and distant. Mulberries the peasants had stripped



IN THE SUNLIGHT.



OVER THE PONTE VECCHIO.

of their leaves before their time, but not bare because of the vines festooned about them, broke with their even ranks the monotony of gray and brown plowed fields. Here on a hill was a white villa or monastery, with long, lofty avenue of cypresses; there, the stanch unshaken walls and gates of castle or fortress, which, however, had long since disappeared.

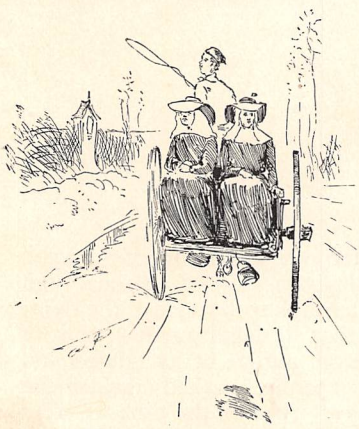
Later in the afternoon, with a turn of the road, we came suddenly in view of Capraia, high up above, and far to the other side of the river; so far, indeed, that all detail was lost, and we could only see the outline of its houses and towers and campanile, marked against the whitish-blue sky. And all the time we were working just hard enough to feel that joy of



A STREET BARBER.

mere living which comes with healthy out-of-door exercise, and, I think, with nothing else.

Sometimes we rode, meeting no one and hearing no other sound than the low cries of a cricket in the hedge and the loud calls of an unseen plowman in a neighboring field. Then an old woman went by, complimenting us on going so fast "*senza cavallo!*"—without horse; and then a baker's boy in white shirt and bare legs, carrying a lamb on his shoulders. But then, again, we were passed by wagon after wagon, piled with boxes and baskets, poultry and vegetables, and sleeping men and women, and with lanterns swinging between the wheels;—for the next day would be Friday and market-day, and peasants were already on their way to Florence. There were peddlers, too, walking from village to village, selling straw fans and gorgeous handkerchiefs.



THE NUNS' VEHICLE.

Would not the signora have a *fazzoletto?* one asked, showing me the gayest of his stock. For answer I pointed to the bags on the luggage-carrier and the knapsack on J——'s back. *Sicuro* (of course), he said. We already had enough to carry. Would the signora forgive him for troubling her? And with a polite bow he went on his way.

We came to several villages and towns,—some small, where pots and bowls, fresh from the potter's wheel, were set out to dry; others large, like Lastra, with heavy walls and gates, and old archways, and steps leading up to crooked, steep streets, so narrow the sun never shines into them; or like Montelupo, where for a while we sat on the bridge without the farther gate, looking at the houses which climb up the hill-side to the cypress-encircled monastery at the top. Women were washing in the stream below, and under the poplars on the bank a priest in black robes and broad-brimmed hat walked with a young lady. But whenever we stopped, children from far and near collected around us like so many flies about a honey-pot. There were little old-fashioned girls, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads in womanly fashion, who kept on plaiting straw, and small boys nursing big babies, their hands and mouths full of bread and grapes. If, however, in their youthful curiosity they pressed upon us too closely, polite men and women, who had also come to look, drove them back with terrible cries of *Via, ragazzi!* (go away, children!), before which they retreated with the same speed with which they had advanced.

Just beyond Montelupo, when a tedious up-grade had brought us to a broad plateau, a cart suddenly came out a little way in front of us from a side road. A man was driving, and on the seat behind, and facing us, were two nuns who wore wide flats, which flapped



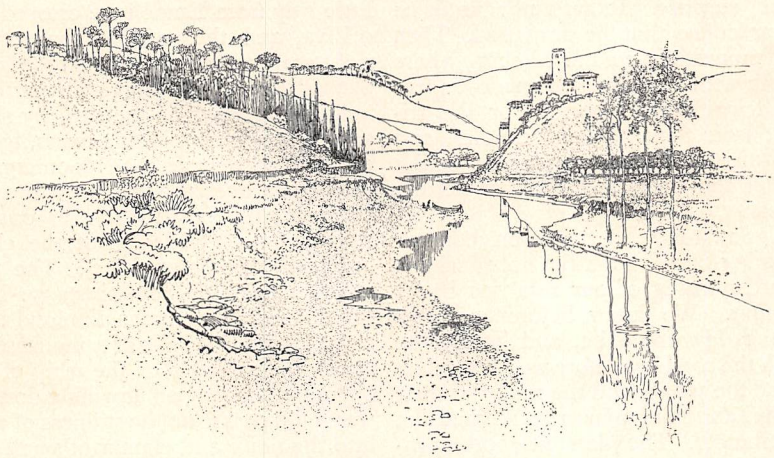
THE BAKER'S BOY.



OLIVE-TREES.

slowly up and down with the motion of the wagon. When they saw us, the younger of the two covered her face with her hands as if she thought us a device of the devil. But the other, who looked the Lady Abbess, met the danger bravely and sternly examined us. This close scrutiny reassured her. When we drew nearer she wished us *buona sera*, and then her companion turned and looked. We told them we were pilgrims bound for Rome. At this they took courage, and the spokeswoman begged for the *bambini* they cared for in Florence. We gave her a few sous. She counted them quite greedily, and then — but not till then — benevolently blessed us. They were going at jog-trot pace, so that we soon left them behind. "*Buon viaggio*," the Abbess cried, and the silent sister smiled, showing all her pretty white teeth, for we now represented a temptation overcome.

We put up that night at Empoli. The Albergo Maggiore was fair enough. The only drawback to our comfort was the misery at dinner of the black-eyed, blue-shirted *cameriere* at our refusal to eat a dish of birds we had not ordered. He was very eager to dispose of them. He served them with every course, setting them on the table with a



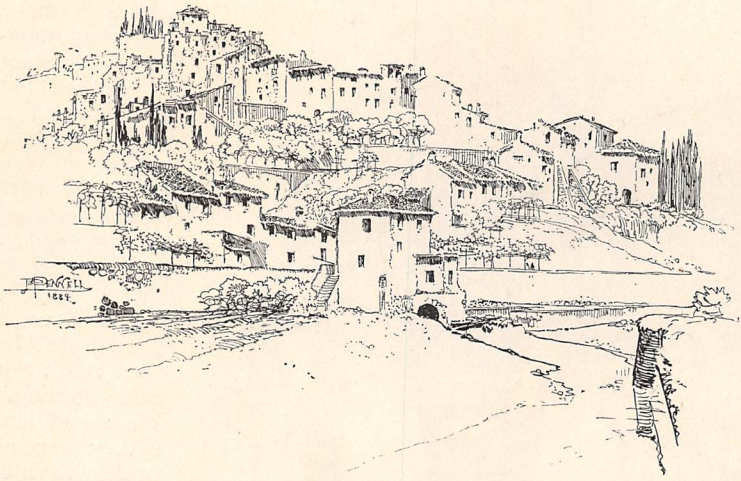
A PERUGINO LANDSCAPE.



LASTRA.

triumphant cry of *Ecco!* as if he had prepared a delicious surprise. It was not until he brought our coffee that he despaired. Then he retired mournfully to the kitchen, where his loud talk with the *padrona* made us fear their wrath would fall upon us or the tricycle. But later they gave us candles, and said good-night with such gracious smiles that we slept the sleep which knows neither care nor fear.

It was good to be in the open country again, warming ourselves in the hot sunshine. The second morning of our ride was better than the first. We knew beforehand how beautiful the day would be, and how white and smooth the road lay before us. The white oxen behind the plows, and the mules in their gay trappings and shining harness, seemed like old acquaintances. The pleasant good-morning given us by every peasant we met made us forget we were strangers in the land. A little way from Empoli we crossed the Ponte d'Elva, and then after a sharp turn to the right we were on the road to "fair and soft Siena." It led on through vineyards and wide fields lying open to the sun, by sloping hillsides and narrow winding rivers, by villas and gardens where roses were blooming. In places they hung over the wall into the road. We asked a little boy to give us one. For the signora, J—— added. But the child shook his head. How could he? The roses were not his, he said. Sometimes we heard from the far-away mountains the loud blasting of rocks or the soft bells of a monastery; sometimes the cracking of the whip of a peasant behind us, driving an unwilling donkey. Then we would pass from the stillness of the country into the noise and clamor of small villages, to hear the wondering cries of the women to which



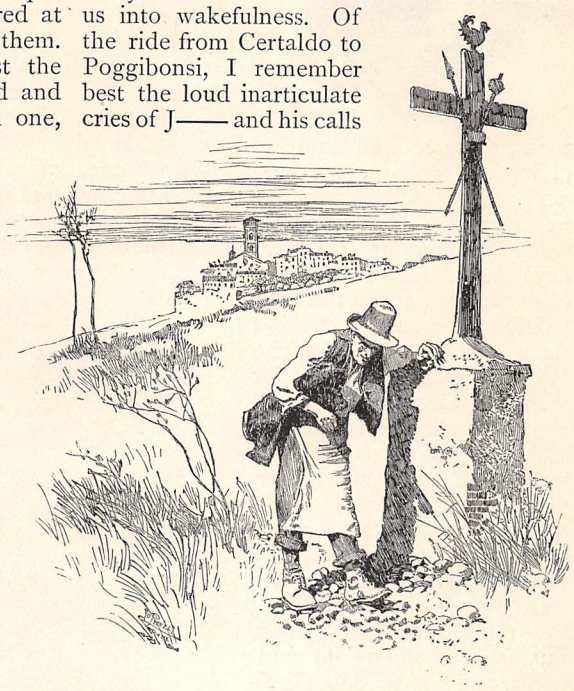
MONTELUPO.

we were already growing accustomed, the piercing yells of *bambini*, who, well secured in basket go-carts, could not get to us quickly enough, and the sing-song repetition of older children saying their lessons in school, and whom we could see at their work through the low windows.

About noon we rode into Certaldo, Boccaccio's town. We went at once to a *trattoria* on the piazza where Boccaccio's statue stands. I doubt if that great man himself ever gathered such numbers about him as we did. Excited citizens, when the tricycle was put away, stood on the threshold and stared at us until the *padrona* shut the door upon them. Then they pressed their faces against the windows and peered over piles of red and yellow pears, and every now and then one, bolder than the rest, stealthily thrust his head in and then scampered off before the *padrona* could capture him. This gave a spice of novelty and excitement to our midday meal.

We spent an hour wandering through the old town on top of the hill in which Boccaccio really lived. The sun was shining right down into the streets in which the gay kerchiefs of the women, the bunches of straw at their waists, and their cornstalk distaffs made bright bits of color. Though we left the tricycle at the *trattoria*, our coming made a stir in the little place. Our clothes were not like unto those of the natives, and J——'s knee-breeches and long black stockings made them wonder what manner of priest he might be. The Palazzo Communale, at the highest point of the town, is still covered with the arms and insignia of other years, of the Medici and Piccolomini, of the Orsini and Baglioni. Its vaulted doorway is still decorated with frescoes of the Madonna, and saints and angels. But everywhere the plaster is falling away, and in the courtyard grass grows through the bricks of the pavement, and instead of pages and men-at-arms we there saw only a little brown-faced ragged child climbing cat-like over the roofs, and a woman scolding him from below. We left the town by the frescoed gateway through which we saw the near hills gray, bare, and furrowed, the long lines of cypresses, the stretches of gray olives, the valley below with its vineyards, and the far mountains, purple and shadowy, the highest topped with many-towered San Gimignano.

It is better not to be jocund with the fruitful grape in the middle of the day when one is tricycling. The cognac we had taken at lunch, weak as it was, and the vermouth made us sleepy and our feet heavy. I sympathized with the men who lay in sound slumbers in every cart we met. But their drowsiness forced us into wakefulness. Of the ride from Certaldo to Poggibonsi, I remember best the loud inarticulate cries of J—— and his calls



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

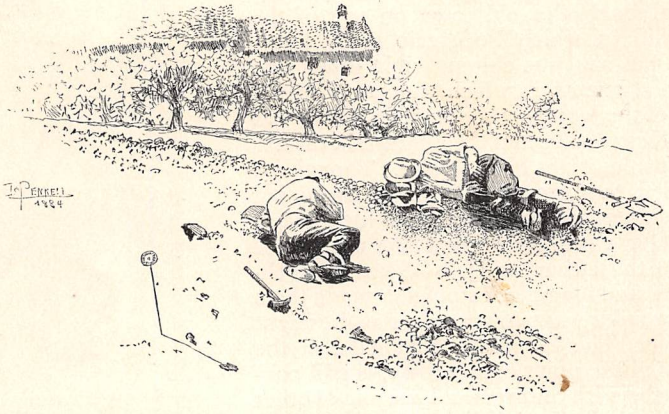


WASHING-PLACE NEAR EMPOLI.

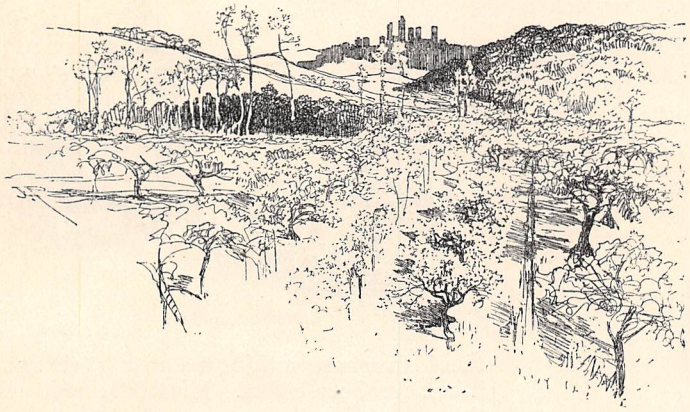
definite shape on its mountain-top. A peasant in peaked hat and blue shirt, with trousers rolled up high above his bare knees, crossed the road and silently examined the tricycle. "You have a good horse," he then said; "it eats nothing." We asked him if they were at work in his vineyard. No, he answered; but would we like to look in the wine-press opposite? And then he took us through the dark windowless building, where on one side the grape-juice was fermenting in large butts, and on the other fresh grapes had been laid on sets of shelves to dry. He picked out two of the finest bunches and gave them to me. When I offered to pay him he refused. The signora must accept them, he said.

When Poggibonsi was in sight we drew up on a bridge where a man was standing, to ask him if he knew of a good albergo. He recommended the Albergo dell' Aquila. "It is good," he went on, "and not too dear. This

of "Eccomi!" as if he were lord of the land, to sleeping drivers. The Italian cry of the roads, rising to a high rate and then suddenly falling and ending in a low prolonged one, which is indispensable to travelers, is not easy to learn. J——'s proficiency in it, however, made him pass for a native. But often donkeys darted into ditches and oxen plunged across the road before the peasants behind them awoke. Like Sancho Panza they had a talent for sleeping. Once, after we had climbed a short but steep hill and had passed by several wagons in rapid succession, we stopped under the shade to take rest. It was a pleasant place. We looked over the broad valley, where the vines were festooned, not as Virgil saw them, from elm to elm, but from mulberry to mulberry, and up to San Gimignano beginning to take more



"NOBODY KNOWS HOW HARD WE WORK."

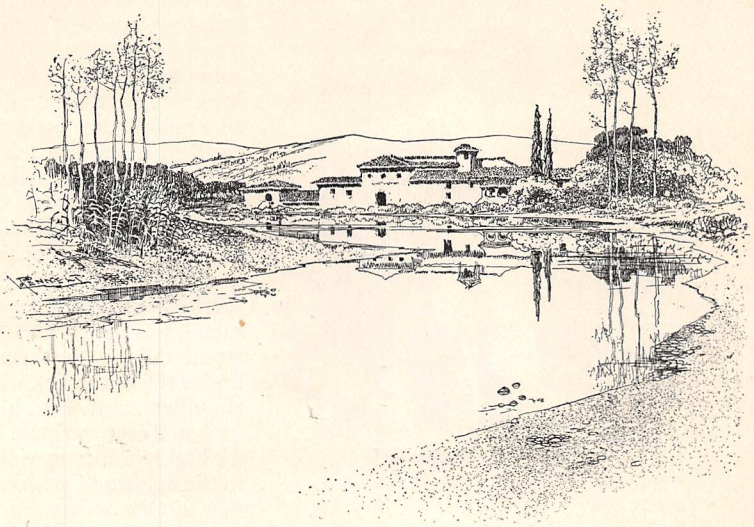


SAN GIMIGNANO — ON ITS MOUNTAIN-TOP — FROM THE HIGHROAD.

is not a town where they take one by the neck," and he clutched his own throat. So to the Albergo dell' Aquila we went. We had only to ride through the wide avenue of shady trees, past a row of houses, out of one of which a brown-robed monk came, to rush back at sight of us, past a washing-place surrounded by busy chattering women, and we were at the door of the inn.

The albergo was even more comfortable than the one we had left in Empoli. The *padrona* came up with the salad, and she and the *cameriera* in a cheerful duet told us about the visit to their house of the American consul from Florence, of the hard times the cholera had brought with it for all Italy, of the bad roads to San Gimignano and the steep ones to Siena, along which peasants never traveled without bearing in mind the old saying: "All' ingiù tutti i santi ajutano; ma all' insú ci vuol Gesù." ("Going down hill, call upon the saints; but going up one needs still higher powers.") Before long J—— joined in the talk, and the duet became a trio. Never had I been so impressed with his fluent Italian. Even the *padrona* was not readier with her words than he with his. When I spoke to him about it afterwards, he said he supposed it was wonderful; he had not understood half of it himself.

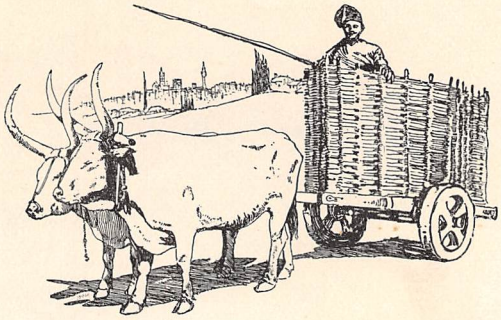
Though we left Poggibonsi in the beginning of the morning, a large crowd waited for us at the door of the albergo. It would be *su*, *su*, *su* all the way, they had told us at the albergo, but for several miles we went fast enough, so that I felt sure the peasants we passed were still only calling on the saints. The ascent at first was very gradual. There were down as well as up grades, and for every steep climb we had a short coast. Now we came out on villas which but a little before were far above us, and now we reached the very summit of hills from which we looked forth upon mountain rising beyond mountain,—some treeless and ashen gray, others thickly wooded and glowing with golden greens and russets, and still others white and mist-like, and seeming to melt into the soft white clouds resting on their highest peaks. All along, the hedges were covered with clusters of red rose-berries and the orange berries of the pyracanthus. The grass by the roadside was gay with brilliant crimson pinks, yellow snapdragons and dandelions, and violet daisies. Once we came to a vineyard where the ripe fruit still hung in purple clusters from the vines, and where men and women, some on foot and others on ladders, were gathering and filling with them large buckets and baskets. At the far end of the field white oxen, their great heads decorated with red ribbons, stood in waiting. Boys with buckets slung on long poles were coming and going between the vines. In all the other vineyards we had passed the vintage



ON THE ARNO — NEAR EMPOLI.

had been over, so we waited to watch the peasants as, laughing and singing, they worked away. But when they saw us, they too stopped and looked, and one man came down from his ladder and to the hedge to offer us a bunch of grapes.

The only town through which we rode was Staggia, where workmen were busy restoring



A SIENESE CHARIOT.



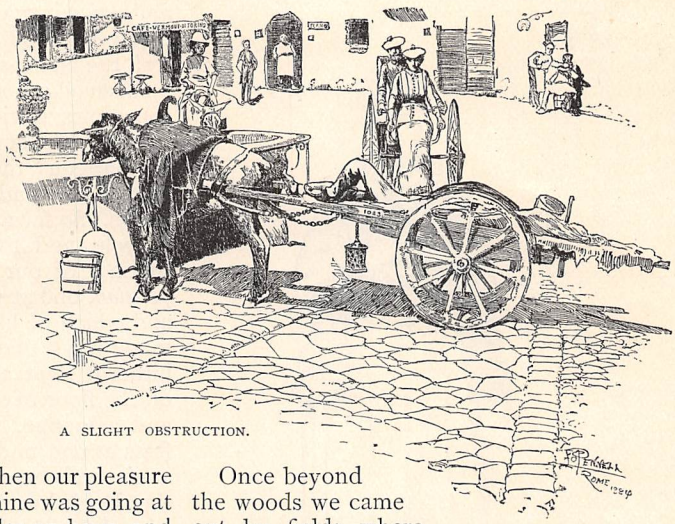
JUST OUTSIDE OF FLORENCE.

the old tower and making it a greater ruin than it had ever been before. It is a degenerate little town, and its degeneracy, paradoxical as it may sound, is the result of its activity. For its inhabitants have not rested content like those of Certaldo with the mediævalism that surrounds them. They have striven to make what is old new by painting their church and many of their houses in that scene-painting style which to-day seems to represent the art of the people in Italy. Often during our journey I saw specimens of this vile fashion,— houses with sham windows and shutters, churches with make-believe curtains and cords,— but nowhere was it so prominent as in Staggia.

Beyond Monteriggione, whose towers alone showed above its high walls, the road began to wind upward on the mountain-side. It was such a long, steady pull that we gave up riding and walked. Our machine was heavily loaded and not too easy to work over prolonged up-grades. Besides, we were not time nor record makers, and we had the day before us. We were now closed in with woods, and occasional openings showed near mountain-tops covered with downy gray grass and a low growth like heather, and here and there were groups of dark pines. For an hour at least we were alone with the sounds and silence of the mountains. The wandering wind whispered in the wood, and black swine rooted in the fallen leaves, but of human life there was no sign. Then there came from afar a regular tap-tap, low at first, but growing louder and louder, until, as we drew closer to it, we knew it to be the steady hammering of stone-breakers. There were two men at work in this lonely pass, and as we stood talking to them two more came from under the chestnuts. These had guns on their shoulders, and wore high boots and the high-crowned conventional brigand hat. Ever since we had left Florence we had seen at intervals in the fields and woods a notice with the words, "*È vietata la bandita*," which we had interpreted as a warning against the bandits or

convicts, for whom our Florentine friends had prepared us. These men were harmless, however, and later we learned that the alarming signs merely forbid the trespassing of sportsmen.

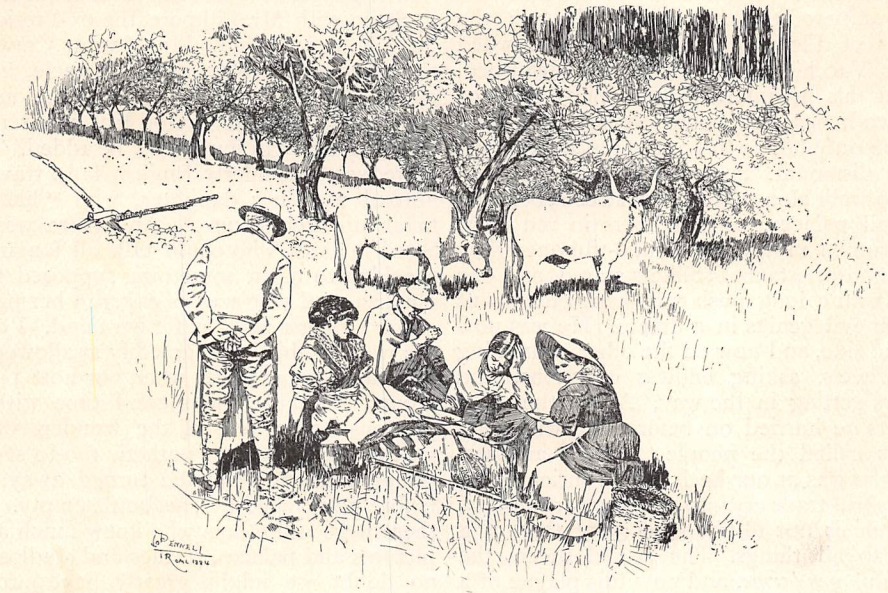
A mile or two farther on the road began to go down again, and we were glad to be on the machine after our walk. We could see to the bottom of the hill, and there was no one in sight; J—— let go the brake. Those who understand the delights of down-grades will sympathize with our pleasure in the mountains near Siena. But when our pleasure was at its fullest, and the machine was going at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, and neither brake nor back-pedaling could bring it to a sudden halt, a man drove a flock of sheep out from the woods a few feet in front of us. When we reached them only the first had crossed the road. Of course, all the rest had to follow. They tried to go on right through the wheels, but only succeeded in getting under them, setting the machine to pitching like a ship in a heavy sea. But I held on fast. J—— stood on the pedals and screwed the brake down, the little wheel scattered the sheep like the cow-catcher of an engine, and we brought up in the gutter. Before we had stopped J—— had begun a moral lecture to the shepherd.



A SLIGHT OBSTRUCTION.

Once beyond the woods we came out by fields where men and women were at work, their oxen whiter than any we had yet seen by contrast with the rich red of the upturned earth. In olive-gardens peasants were eating their mid-day meal, men with white aprons, women with enormous Sienese hats, and dogs and oxen all resting socially together. By the roadside others were making rope, the men twisting and forever walking backwards, a small boy always working at the wheel. Scattered on the hill-tops and by the road were large red-brick farm-houses, instead of the white ones we had seen near Florence.

It was noon when we first saw Siena, and we were then at the very walls. In the old



NOONTIME.



A STRAW-PLAITER.

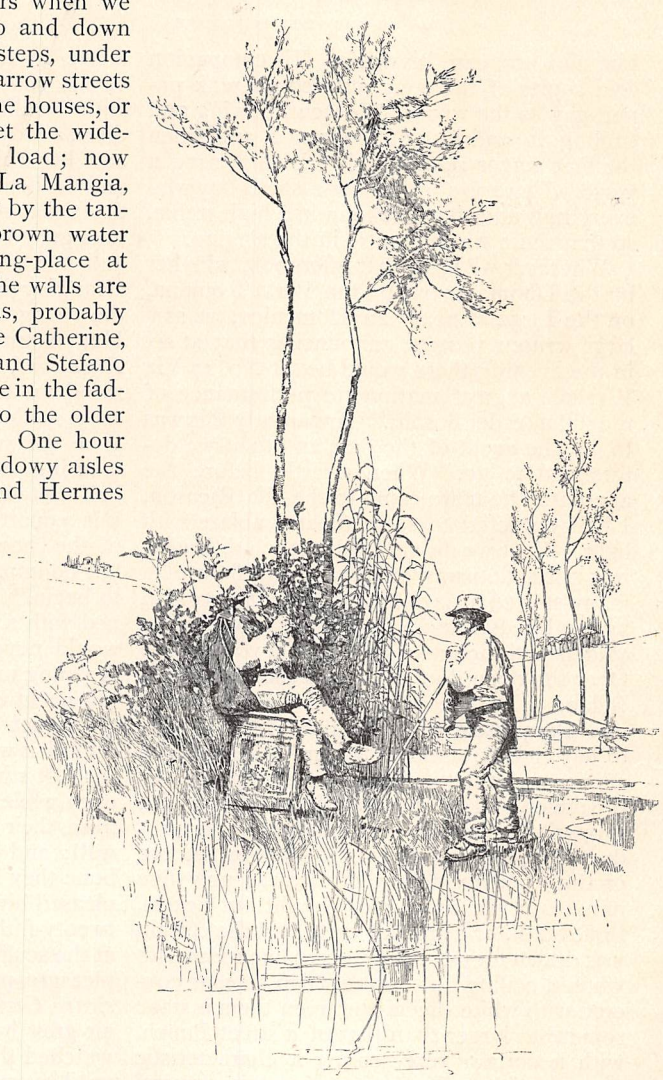
days it was always said, "More than her gates, Siena opens her heart to you!" But the heart of a *gendarme*, the representative of his city, was shut against us. When we rode through the gate he bade us descend. To our "Perchè?" he said it was the law. Oh the vanity of these Sienese! Through the streets of Florence and over the crowded Ponte Vecchio we had ridden undisturbed, but in this mountain town, which boasts of but two hacks, and where donkeys and oxen are the only beasts to be frightened, we must needs dismount. So we two weary pilgrims had to walk along the narrow streets, between the tall palaces, while tanners in red caps, and women in flowered, white-ribboned *festa* hats, and priests and soldiers stared, and one man, with a long push-cart, kept close to us like an evil genius in a dream. He was now on one side, and now on the other, examining the wheels, asking endless questions, and always getting in the way. At all the street corners he hurried on before, and with loud shouts called the people to come and see. Then he was at our heels again, shrieking his loud, shrill trade cry into our very ears. J—— as a rule is not ill-tempered; but there is a limit to all things. The stupid sheep, the watchful *gendarme*, and now this plague of a flower-peddler brought his patience to an end, and on our way through the town he said much in good plain English which it was well the citizens could not understand.

Even pilgrims of old, on their way to Rome, sometimes tarried on the way in castle or village. We could not pass through Siena, discourteous though her first welcome had been, as we had through smaller and less fair towns. So for a day or two we put away our tricycle, and the "cockle-shells and sandal shoon" of our pilgrimage. We went to a *pension*, one at which J—— had staid before, and which he liked. I admit it was better in many ways than the inns in which we had hitherto slept and eaten. There was carpet on the floor of our room, and in it easy-chairs and a lounge. There were elaborate breakfasts at one and still more elaborate dinners at six, and there was always a great plenty, as the Englishwoman who sat next me, and who, I fear, had not always fared so well, said when she urged me to eat and drink more of the fruit and wine set before me. But we both thought regretfully of the dining-rooms with the bad prints on the walls, and the more modest dinners of our own ordering. I think, too, we had found more pleasure in the half-understood talk of *padroni* and *camerieri* than we did now in the elegant and learned conversation of our fellow-boarders, for they were all, it seemed, persons of learning and refinement. There was the retired English major-general who sat opposite, and who had written a book, as he very soon let us know. He recognized us as Americans before we had opened our mouths to speak, and gave our neighbors at table reminiscences of travels in Spain with Mr. Fillmore, the ex-President; he said he well knew Mr. Marion Crawford, the talented novelist, and his uncle, "dear old Sam Ward"; he had counted among his best friends *Bay*ard Taylor, "as you remember I have said in my book," he added. Then there was the elderly English lady traveling abroad with her daughter, who "has just taken up architecture." And there was the Swedish lady, who could talk all languages, speaking to us in something supposed to be English, and who was as eager in her pursuit of food for her body as for her mind. I count the way in which she greedily swallowed the *vino santo* in her glass, when our host passed around the table the second time with his precious bottle, one of the wonders of my visit to Siena. It was pathetic too to see her disappointment when he turned away, just before he reached her, his bottle empty. And there were still others who knew much about pictures and palaces, statues and studios, and no doubt we might greatly have profited thereby; but we liked it better upstairs, where

we were alone and there was less culture. Our window overlooked a high terrace in which marigolds and many-colored chrysanthemums were blooming, the gardens of the Piccolomini Palace full of broad-leaved fig-trees and pale olives, and the wide waste of mountain and moorland stretching from the red city walls to the high, snow-capped Apennines on the horizon. All the morning the sun shone in our windows, and every hour and even oftener we heard the church-bells, and the loud, clear bugle-calls from the barracks, once a monastery, whose mass of red and gray walls rose from the near olives. They say it snows in Siena in the winter-time, and that it is cold and bleak and dreary, but I shall always think of it as a place of flowers and sunshine and sweet sounds.

But best of all were the hours when we wandered through the town, up and down dark alley-ways and flights of steps, under brick arches, along precipitate, narrow streets where we had to press close to the houses, or retreat into an open door, to let the wide-horned oxen pass by with their load; now coming out at the very foot of La Mangia, on the broad, sunny Piazza; now by the tanneries, where little streams of brown water trickle down towards the washing-place at the foot of the hill, and where the walls are hung with dripping brown skins, probably just as they were when the little Catherine, her visions already beginning, and Stefano walked by them and towards home in the fading evening light, from a visit to the older and married sister Bonaventura. One hour we were with the past in the shadowy aisles of the Duomo, where Moses and Hermes Trismegistus, Solomon and Socrates, Sibyls and Angels looked up at us from the pavement, and rows of popes kept watch from above the tall black and white pillars, while in the choir beyond priests chanted their solemn psalms. Next we were with the present in the gay Lizza, under the acacias and yellow chestnuts, by flower-beds full of roses and scarlet sage, and walls now covered with brilliant Virginia creepers; and out on the fort above to see a golden sky, and the sun disappearing behind banks of purple, golden-edged, and red clouds, and pale, misty hills; while from every side came the voices of many people, of soldiers in the barracks, of women and children under the trees, of ball-players in the old court below, and of applauding lookers-on lounging on the marble benches.

There are no Spendthrift Clubs in Siena now, nor any gay Lanos, like him Dante met in the "Inferno." But there are still laughter and song loving Sienese, who, in their own simple fashion, go through life gathering rose-buds while they may. It seemed to me a very pretty fashion when I saw them holiday-making on Sunday afternoon, peasants, priests, officers, townspeople, all out in their Sunday best, and when on the Via Cavour, near the Loggia, I met two wandering minstrels singing love-songs through the town. One played on a mandolin which hung from his neck by a wide red ribbon, and as he played he sang. His voice was loud and strong and very sweet, and like another Orpheus he drew after



BY THE RIVER.

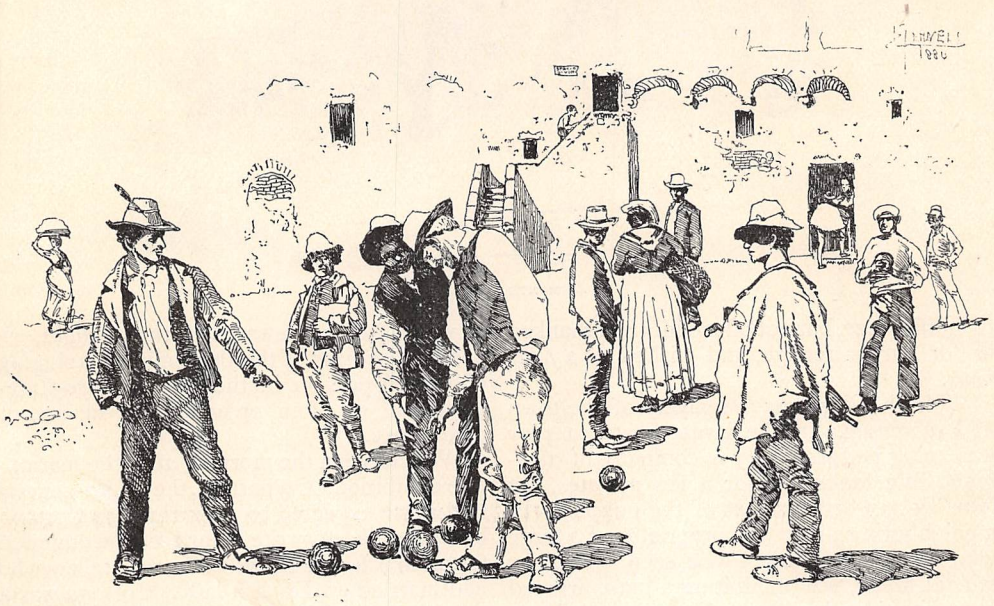


AMONG THE VINES IN TOCCANE.

him all who heard his music. His companion sold copies of the song, printed on pink paper, gay as the words. He went, bowing and smiling, in and out of the crowd, and when the first singer rested he, in his turn, sang a verse. There was with them a small boy who every now and then broke in in a high treble, so that there was no pause in the singing.

Wherever we went that afternoon, whether by the Duomo or out by the Porta Romana, on the Lizza or near San Domenico, we saw large written posters, announcing that at six in the evening there would be, at No. 17 Via Ricasoli, a great marionette performance of the "Ponte dei Sospiri." Apparently this was to be the event of the day, and to it we determined to go. When a little before the appointed hour we came to the Via Ricasoli, I half expected to see a theater ablaze with light. What we did find, after much difficulty, was a low doorway on the ground floor of a many-storied palace, and before it a woman by a table, lighting a very small lamp, to the evident satisfaction of half a dozen youngsters. Over the open doorway was a chintz curtain. Behind it, darkness. This was not encouraging. But presently a woman with a child came to buy tickets. One of the group of youthful admirers was then sent up and a second down the street, and after they had come back with mysterious bundles, another lamp was produced, lit, and carried inside, and the first two of the audience followed. It was now five minutes of six, so we also bought our tickets, three soldi, or cents, for each, and the curtain was drawn for us. A low, crypt-like room with vaulted ceiling; at one end two screens covered with white sheets; between them a stage somewhat larger than that of a street Punch, with a curtain representing a characteristic Sienese brick wall inclosing a fountain; several rows of rough wooden benches, and one of chairs; — this was what we saw by the dim light of one lamp. We sat on the last bench. The audience probably would be more entertaining than the play. But the humble shall be exalted. The woman on the front row bade us come up higher. The small boy, who acted as usher, told us we might have two of the chairs for two soldi more. The ticket-seller even came in, and in soft, pleading tones said that we might have any place we wanted; why then should we choose the worst? But we refused the exaltation. The audience now began to arrive in good earnest. Five ragged boys of the *gamin* species, one of a neater order with his little sister by the hand, two soldiers, a lady with a blue feather in her bonnet and her child and nurse, two young girls,— and the benches were almost filled. Our friend the ticket-seller became very active as business grew brisk. She was always running in and out, now giving this one a seat, now rearranging the reserved chairs, and now keeping the younger members of the audience in order. Her manner was gentle and insinuating. *Ragazzini*, she called the unruly boys who stood up on the benches and whistled and sang, so that I wondered what diminutive she gave the swells on the front row. This was amusing enough, but our dinner hour was half-past six. J—— looked at his watch. It was a quarter past. The ever-watchful keeper of the show saw him. "Ah! the signor must not be impatient. Ecco! the music was about to begin." Begin it did indeed, to be continued with a persistency which made me fear it would never end. The musicians were two. A young man in velveteen coat and long yellow necktie played the clarionet, and another the cornet. They only knew one tune, a waltz, I think it was meant to be, but that they gave without stint, playing it over and over again, even while the ticket-seller made them move from their chairs to a long, high box by the wall; and when a third arrived with a trombone they let him join in when and as it best pleased him. When we had heard at least the twenty-fifth repetition of the waltz, had looked at the scuffling of the *ragazzini* until even that pleasure palled, had seen the soldiers smoke *sigaro Cavour* after *sigaro Cavour* so that the air grew heavy with tobacco-smoke, and had watched the gradual growth of the audience until every place was filled, our patience was

exhausted. Behold! we said to the woman with the gentle voice, it was now seven. The play was announced for six. Was this right? In a house not far off every one was eating, and two covers were laid for us. But here we were in this dark room in our hunger, waiting for marionettes whose wires for aught we knew were broken! She became penitent. The signorini must forgive her. The wires were not broken, but he who pulled them had not come. There was yet time. Would we not go and dine and then come back? She would admit us on our return.



A GAME OF BOWLS — A DISPUTED POINT.

And so we went and had our dinner, well seasoned with polite conversation. The ticket agent was true to her word. When we reappeared at her door, the curtain was pulled at once. In the mean time the musicians had been suppressed, not only out of hearing but out of sight. The room was so crowded that many who had arrived during our absence were standing. Indeed, by this time there must have been at least five francs in the house. All were watching with entranced eyes the movements of four or five puppets. The scene represented an interior which, I suppose, was that of the prison to one side of the Bridge of Sighs. That it was intended for a cell also seemed evident, because the one portable piece of furniture on the stage was a low flat couch of a shape which, as every one who has been to the theater but never to prisons knows, is peculiar to the latter. It was impossible to lose sight of it, as the *dramatis personæ* made their exits and entrances over it. It was rather funny to see the villain of the piece after an outbreak of passion, or an elegant long-haired page in crimson clad, after a gentlemanly speech, suddenly vault over it. I could not discover what the play was about. Besides the two above-mentioned characters, there was a puppet with a large red face and green coat and trousers who gave moral tone to the dialogue, and another with heavy black beard and turban-like headdress and much velvet and lace, whom I took to be a person of rank. As they came in and out by turn, it was impossible to decide which was the prisoner. With the exception of the jumps over the couch, there was little action in the performance. Its only two noticeable features were: first, the fact that villain, page, moralist, and magnate spoke in exactly the same voice and with the same expression; and, secondly, that they had an irrepressible tendency to stand in the air rather than on the floor, as if they had borrowed Mr. Stockton's negative-gravity machine. The applause and laughter and rapt attention of the audience proved the play to be much to their liking. But for us inappreciative foreigners a little of it went a great way. As nothing but talk came of all the villainy and moralizing and grandeur and prettiness,— which may have been a clever bit of realism of which the English drama is not yet capable,— and as there was no apparent reason why the dialogue should ever come to an end, we went away after the next act. The ticket-seller was surprised at our sudden change from eagerness



MONTE OLIVETO.

to indifference, but not offended. She thanked us for our patronage, and wished us a *felice notte*.

With the darkness the gayety of the town had increased. In the large theater a play was being performed by a company of amateurs. We looked in for a few minutes, but found it as wordy as that of the puppets. In a neighboring piazza the proprietor of a large van, much like those to be seen in country fairs at home, was exhibiting a man, arrayed in a suit of leather with a large brass helmet-like arrangement on his head, who, it seemed, could live at the bottom of the sea, along with Neptune and the Naiads, as comfortably as on dry shore. *Ecco!* There was the tank within where this marvel could be seen,— a human being living under the water, and none the worse for it! Admission was four soldi, but *per militare e ragazzi* — for military and children — it was but two! So it seems that the soldiers, who abroad are to strike terror into the enemy, at home are ranked with the young of the land, since like them their name is legion! There were about a dozen in the crowd, and, all unconscious of the sarcasm, they hurried up the steps and into the show, while an old man ground out of a hand-organ the appropriate tune of *O que j'aime les militaires*.

But dramas and shows were not the only Sunday evening amusements. The *caffés* were crowded. Judging from the glimpses I had into little black cavern-like wine-shops, another Saint Bernardino is needed to set makers of gaming tools in Siena to the manufacture of holier articles. And more than once, as we walked homewards in the starlight, we heard the voices of the three minstrels singing of human passion in the streets where Catherine had so often preached the rapture of divine love.

We left Siena the morning after the marionette exhibition. On parting, the major-general said if we expected to pass through Cortona he would like to write a card of introduction for us to a friend of his there, an Italian who had married an English lady. Cortona was a rough place, and we might be glad to have it. He had forgotten his friend's name, but he would run upstairs and his wife could tell him. In a minute he returned with the written card. We have had many letters of introduction, but never one as singular as the major-general's. As he knew our name even less well than that of his Cortona friends, he introduced us as an "American lady and gentleman riding a *bicycle!*" Only fancy! as the English say. Our parting with him was friendly. Then he stood with Luigi and Zara until we disappeared around the corner of the street.

What a ride we had from Siena to Buonconvento! This time the road was all *giù, giù, giù*. It was one long coast almost all the way, and we made the most of it. We flew by milestone after milestone. Once we timed ourselves: we had made a mile in four minutes. The country through which we rode was sad and desolate. On either side were low rolling hills, bare as the English moors, and of every shade of gray and brown and purple. Here rose a hill steeper than the others, with a black cross on its summit; and here, one crowned with a group of four grim

cypresses. Down the hill-sides were deep ruts and gullies, with only an occasional patch of green where women were watching sheep and swine. Once we came to where three or four houses were gathered around a small church, but they were as desolate as the land. We heard voices in the distance, but there was no one in sight. When on a short stretch of level road we stopped to look at this strange gray land, the grayer because dark clouds covered the sky, we saw that above the barrenness the sun shone on Siena, and that all her houses, overtowered by the graceful Della



INTERIOR OF MONTE OLIVETO.

Mangia and the tall Duomo Campanile, glistened in the bright light.

About five miles from the city the desolation was somewhat relieved, for there were hedges by the roadside, and beyond, sloping olive-gardens and vineyards. Poplars grew by little streams, and sometimes we rode under oaks. On the top of every gray hill, and giving it color, was a farm-house, rows of brilliant pumpkins laid on its red walls, ears of yellow corn hung in its loggia, and gigantic haystacks standing close by. There were monasteries too, great square brick buildings with tall towers, and below, spire-like cypresses. Now and then flocks of birds flew down in front of the tricycle, or large white geese came out from under the hedge and hissed at us. For a few minutes a man driving a donkey-cart made the way not a little lively. He did not see us until we wheeled by him. Then he jumped as if he had been shot. "Dio!" he exclaimed, "but you frightened me!" He laughed, however, and whipping up his donkey rattled after us as if eager for a race, talking and shouting all the while and until we were out of hearing. One or two peasants passed in straw chariot-shaped wagons, and once from a farm-house a woman in red blouse and yellow apron, with a basket on her head and a dog at her heels, came towards us. It was at this same farm-house we found the first Didymus we had met on our pilgrimage. We had stopped, as we had a way of doing when anything pleased us, and he had come out to have a better look at the *tranvai*. And how far did we expect to go to-day? he asked. To Monte Oliveto, we told him, for, like pious pilgrims, we thought to make a day's retreat with the monks there. "To Monte Oliveto! and in a day, and on that machine!" and he laughed us to scorn. "In a week, the signore had better say." Later a stone-breaker's belief in us made some amends for the farmer's contempt. We were riding then. "Addio!" he cried, even before we reached him.

Before we reached Buonconvento the sun came out and the clouds rolled away. It had rained here earlier in the morning. The roads were sticky and the machine ran heavily, and trees and hedges were wet with sparkling raindrops. There is an imposing entrance to the little town, a pointed bridge over a narrow stream, with a Madonna and Child in marble relief at the highest point, an avenue of tall poplars with marble benches set between, and



CHIUSURE.

then the heavy brick walls blackened with age, and the gateway, with high Gothic arch decorated with the Sienese wolf, above which, however, weeds wave in the breeze. Inside, the town seemed much less fine.

The fact that we were going to Monte Oliveto annoyed the *padrone* of the mean little inn we at last found. The monastery is a too successful rival to his albergo. Few travelers except those who are on their way to Monte Oliveto pass through his town, and few who can help it stay there over night. His list of the evils we would have to endure was the sauce with which he served our beefsteak and potatoes. But when he had said the worst he became cheerful, and even seemed pleased when we admired his kitchen, where brass and copper pots and pans hung on the walls, and where in one corner was a large fire-place with comfortable seats above and a pigeon-house underneath. But when we complimented him on the walls of his town, Bah! he exclaimed, of what use were they? They were half destroyed. They would be no defense in war times.

He was right. The walls, strong by the gate, have in parts entirely disappeared, and in others houses and stables have been made of them. It is on the open space by these houses that the men have their play-ground. They were all there when we arrived, and still there when we left. Young men, others old enough to be their fathers, and boys were, each in turn, holding up balls to their noses, and then, with a long slide and a backward twist of the arm, rolling them along the ground, which is the way Italians play bowls.

We had so much difficulty with the road to Monte Oliveto, and saw the monastery from so many sides, that I began to feel as if we were the answer to the riddle I had so often been asked in my childhood, the mysterious "What is it that goes round and round the house but never gets in?" Soon the sun set behind the hills, and the sky grew soft and pink. We met several peasants bearing large bunches of twigs on their heads. There were one or two shrines, a chapel, and a farm-house, in front of which a priest stood talking to a woman. But on we went without resting, J—— pushing the machine, and I walking behind, womanlike, shirking my share of the work. The road grew worse until it became nothing but a mass of ruts and gullies washed out by the rain, and led to a hill from which even Christian would have turned and fled. But we struggled up, reaching the top to see the gate of the monastery some sixty or seventy feet below. Finally we came to the great brick gateway which in the dull light, for by this time the pink had faded from the sky, rose before us a heavy black pile, beyond whose archway we saw only shadow and mystery. As we walked under it our voices, when we spoke, sounded unnatural and hollow. On the other side the road wound through a gloomy grove of cypresses, growing so close together that they hedged us about with im-

penetrable darkness. Once several silent figures, moving noiselessly, passed by. Had we, by mischance, wandered into a Valley of the Shadow of Death?

The cypress-grove, after several windings, brought us face to face with the building at which we had already so often looked from the distance. Even in the semi-darkness we could see the outline distinctly enough to know we were standing in front of the church, and that the detached building a little to our left was a barn or stable. But not a light shone in a window, not a doorway was in sight. I recalled my convent experience of by-gone years, and remembered that after eight o'clock in the evening no one was admitted within its walls. Was there a rule like this at Monte Oliveto, and was six the hour when its bolts and bars were fastened against the stranger? As we hesitated where to go or what to do next, three or four workmen came from the stable. J—— spoke to them, and one offered to show him the entrance to the monastery while I waited by the tricycle. It was strange to stand in the late evening and in the wilderness alone with men whose speech I could not understand and whose faces I could not see. For fully five minutes I waited thus while they talked together in low voices. At last came words I did understand. *Ecco!* cried one, here was the *padrone;* and they all took off their hats. A dog ran up and examined me, and then a man, who I could just make out in the gloom wore a cassock and the broad-brimmed priestly hat, joined the group. *Buona sera*, he said to me. "Could I speak to him in French?" I asked. "Yes," he assented. "What was it I wanted?" When I told him we wished to stay in the monastery, he said he had not expected us. We had not written.

"But," I exclaimed, "we thought strangers were allowed to stay here."

"Yes," he answered; "there is a *pension* in the monastery; but it is for artists."

"And my husband is an artist," I interrupted eagerly, for from his manner I feared he would refuse us admission. After all, what did he know about us, except that, vagrant-like, we were wandering in the mountains at a most unseasonable hour? Indeed, when later I reflected on the situation, I realized that we must have seemed suspicious characters. At this critical moment J—— returned. His guide had led him to a small side door beyond the church. There he had rung and rung again. The bell was loud and clear and roused many echoes within, but nothing else. The guide, perplexed, had then led him back. I told him with whom I was speaking, and he continued the conversation with the *padrone*. Had they talked in Italian only or in French, they might have understood each other; but instead they used a strange mixture of the two, to their mutual bewilderment. If this kept on much longer we would undoubtedly spend the night in the open air. In despair I broke in, "But, *mon père*, cannot we stay this one night?"

"Certainly," he said, dropping all Italian, which fortunately he knew I could not understand. "That is what I was explaining to *monsieur*. You can stay, but of course we have nothing prepared. We will do our best."

If he had said he would do his worst, provided we were rid of the tricycle for the night, and where we might sit down, we would have been thankful.

The bags were unstrapped and given into the care of one of the men, a place was made for the machine in the stable, and then we followed the *padrone* or *Abate*—for this was his real title—to the door where J—— had rung in vain, and which he opened with his key. Within it was so dark that we groped our way through the hall and a small cloister. Then we came to a flight of steps where, at the bidding of the Abate, as if to reassure us that we were not being led to secret cells or torture chambers, the man carrying our bags struck a solitary match. By this feeble light we walked up the broad stone stairs, and through many passage-ways, not a sound breaking the stillness but our steps and their loud echoes, to a door where the Abate left us, and at the same time the match burnt out. But the next minute he reappeared with a lighted taper, and at the end of the hall opened another door, lit a lamp on a table within, and showed us four rooms, which, he said, were at our disposal. The beds were not made, but they would be attended to immediately. He had now to say Office, but at nine supper would be served. Here was a very comfortable solution to the mystery into which the massive gateway had seemed to lead. The Valley of the Shadow of Death had turned out to be a Delectable Land!

It was still more comfortable later when, his Office said, the Abate came back and sat and talked with us. Now he could examine us by a better light, I think he concluded we were not dangerous characters, probably only harmless lunatics. However that may be, after half an hour, when the supper-bell rang, and we started off for the refectory, again by the light of his taper, we were the best of friends. The long corridor, thus dimly seen, seemed interminable. We went down one stairway, to find the door locked against us, then up and down another. Here the light went out, leaving us in a darkness like un-

to that of Egypt. The Abate laughed as if it was the best of jokes. He took J——'s hand and J—— took mine, and thus like three children we went laughing down the stairway, and along more passages, and at last into a long refectory, at the farther end of which was a lamp, while a door, to one side of that by which we entered, opened and a second monk in white robes, holding a lighted taper, came in, and when he saw us made a low bow. As there were no other visitors, we were to eat with him and his brother monk, the Abate said; and then he gave me the head of the table, asking me if I were willing to be the Lady Abbess.

If we had been two prodigals, he could not have been kinder than he was, now he had given us shelter. If we had been starving like the hero of the parable, he could not have been more anxious to set before us a feast of plenty. Nor would any fatted calf have been more to our taste than the substantial supper prepared for us. We must eat, he said. We needed it. He had seen us coming up the hill as he talked with a peasant by the road-side. But monsieur was push-pushing the machine and looking at nothing else, and madame was panting and swinging her arms, staring straight in front of her; and before he had time we had passed. We must drink too. The wine was good for us. We must not mix water with it. It was Christian; why then should it be baptized? The white brother spoke little, but he never allowed J——'s plate to remain empty. When the meat was brought in we were joined by Pirro, a good-sized dog with no tail to speak of, and Lupo, an unusually large cat, and his numerous family, who all had to be fed at intervals. But even while Pirro jumped nimbly into the air after pieces of bread thrown to him, and Lupo scratched, and his progeny made mournful appeals to be remembered, and we talked, I looked every now and then down the long, narrow table to where it was lost in deep shadow. The cloth was laid its entire length, as if in readiness for the banished brothers whenever they might return. I would not have been surprised then to have seen the door open to admit a procession of white monks, all with tapers in their hands. The Abate must have realized that to a stranger there was something uncanny in his dark, silent, deserted monastery, and his last word as he bade us good-night was that we were to fear nothing, but to sleep in peace.

The days we spent at Monte Oliveto were golden days. For we not only slept there one, but several nights, and the Abate declared we could remain as long as we might care to. Nothing could be more melancholy and wild than the country into which we had come. It is the most desolate part of all that strange desolation which lies to the south-east of Siena. The mountain on which the monastery is built is surrounded on every side but one by deep, abrupt ravines. Behind it rise higher mountains, bare and bleak and gray like gigantic ash-piles, and on the very highest peak is the wretched little village of Chiusure. The other hills around are lower, and from the road by the convent gateway one can see Siena, pale and blue on the horizon, and southward, over the barren hill-tops, Monte Amiata. But Monte Oliveto is a green place in the midst of the barrenness. The mountain-sides are terraced, and olives and vines grow almost to the bottom of the ravine.

The first morning the Abate took us to see the frescoes representing the life of St. Benedict, painted on the walls of the large cloister. I will be honest and confess that they disappointed me. I doubt whether the artists were very proud of them. Luca Signorelli, before he had finished the first side of the cloister, gave up the work, as it is not likely he would have done had he cared much for it. Sodoma, when he took his place, was at first so careless that the then abbot took him to task, but the artist calmly told him more could not be expected for the price that was paid him. Certainly with neither were these frescoes a labor of love, and this one feels at once. One wonders if this could have been the same Sodoma who painted the St. Sebastian in Florence, and yet there is more beauty in his pictures than in those of Signorelli. But what I cared for most were his portraits of himself, with heavy hair hanging about his face, and wearing the cloak the Milanese gentleman, turned monk, had given him, and of his wife and child; and the pictures of the raven and the other pets he brought with him to the monastery, to the wonder of the good monks.

It is a pity every one cannot look at these frescoes with such loving, reverential eyes as the Abate. He had shown them probably to hundreds of visitors; he had seen them almost every day for the many years he had been at Monte Oliveto; but his pleasure in them was as fresh as if it dated but from yesterday. He told the story of each in turn,— of how in this one the great St. Benedict had set the devil to flight, and how in that he had by a miracle recalled an erring brother; and once he pointed to a palm-tree in a background. Sodoma, he said, had seen and admired a palm in the garden of the monastery, and so, after his realistic fashion, had painted it in just as he had his pets. That very tree was in the garden still. He would show it to us if we liked.

There never was such another garden! It

is close to the large brick house or palace by the gateway, where in old times lay visitors were lodged, and beyond which no woman was ever allowed to pass. It is small, but in it the monks only raised the rarest trees and plants. Here grew the precious herbs out of which in the pharmacy whose windows overlook the quiet green inclosure they prepared the healing draughts for which people came from far and near. The pharmacy is closed now. There is dust in the corners and on the quaint old chairs. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling. But brass scales are still on the heavy wooden counter, and pestle and mortar behind it, and glass retorts of strange shapes in the corners and above the doors. Majolica jars, all marked with the three mountains, the cross and olive-branch, the *stemma* of the monastic order, are ranged on the brown shelves, many of the large ones carefully sealed, while from the small ones came forth strange odors of myrrh and incense and rare ointments. As in the refectory, everything here is in order for the monks when they return. But they will find more change in the garden below. The rare plants, the ebony and the hyssop, the cactuses and the palm, which made me think even less of Sodoma's frescoes than I had before, the pomegranates and the artichokes, are all there. But weeds grow in the paths, and by the old gray well, and in among the herbs; roses have run riot in the center of the garden and turned it into a wild tangled growth. To us it seemed the loveliest spot in Monte Oliveto. The hours spent in it were like a beautiful idyl of Theocritus or Shelley. I hope if the monks ever do come back that, while they throw open the windows of the pharmacy and let the light in again upon the majolica and the dark wood-work, they will leave the gates of the garden locked. It is fairer in its confusion than it ever could be with weeded paths and well-clipped bushes.

The Abate took us everywhere,—through the empty guest-chambers of the palace to the tower, now a home for pigeons; through the monastery, with its three hundred rooms with now but three monks to occupy them; its cloisters, for there are two besides the large frescoed one; its *logge*, where geraniums and other green plants were growing; its great refectory, beyond the door of which fowl or flesh meat never passed, and which is now used no longer; and its library, at the very top of the house, where rows of white vellum volumes are ready for the students who so seldom come. Then he led us to the church, where there are more altars than there are monks to pray before them, and a wonderful choir with inlaid stalls; and in and out of little chapels, one of which contains the grotto where blessed Bernardo Tolomei, the founder of the order, lived for many years after he came to the wilderness, while another was the first church used by the brotherhood, and the Virgin with angels playing to her on harps and mandolins, above the altar, was painted long before Signorelli and Sodoma began their work. Then there was the lemon-grove to be seen, where the Abate filled our pockets with the ripe fruit, and the wine-press to be visited, where men were filling small casks from large butts and then carrying them off on their shoulders to be weighed and stored above. We had to taste the wine, and I think it, together with the sunshine and the flowers, must have gone to my head that morning and staid there so long as I was at Monte Oliveto, for everything about me seemed to belong less to the actual world than to a dreamland full of wonder and beauty and sometimes of pathos.

It was the same in the afternoon, when the Abate had gone about his work,—for he is a busy man, like the centurion with many under him,—and J—— and I wandered alone over the gray hills up to Chiusure. Life with its hardships must be real enough to the people of this little village. We saw melancholy figures there, old hags of women, with thin white hair and bent almost double under heavy bundles of wood, toiling up steep stony streets with bare feet, and others crouching in the gloom opposite open doorways. Even the little priest, who, in his knee-breeches and long frock-coat and braided smoking-cap with tassels dangling in his eyes, was humorous enough to look at, was pathetic in his way. For, after he had shown us his church with its decorations, poor as the people who worship in it, and offered us a glass of wine in his own parlor, he spread on the table before us some broken pieces of glass easily put together, on which a picture was painted. Was it of value? he asked, so eagerly that he told without further words the story of wants but ill supplied. He was willing to sell it, but he did not know what it was worth. Could we tell him? No, we could not, we said, for we really knew nothing about it, though we feared the hopes he had set upon it would never be realized. And then sadly he gathered together the pieces and put them away again in their newspaper wrapping. It was more cheerful outside the gateway. There, in the late afternoon, the gray olives by the way were more clearly defined against the sky, and the gray ravines below more indistinct. Beyond, the hills, now all purple and soft, rolled away to the horizon and to the brilliant red sky above. One or two lights were lit in

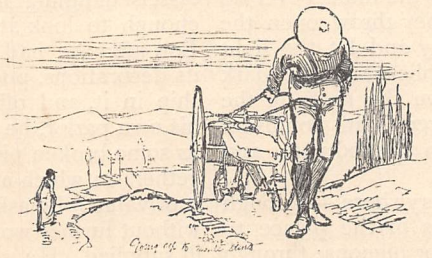
distant farm-houses, and once we heard a far-off bell. Before us the white road led by one green hill on whose top was a circle of cypresses, and in its center a black cross, as in so many old pictures.

But the strangest part of this dream-life was the friendship that sprang up between us and the monks. I would not have been more surprised if St. Benedict and Blessed Bernardo had come back to earth to make friends with us. It was not only that the Abate acted as our guide through the monastery. This he does for every visitor who comes, since the Government took possession of it and turned it into a public art gallery and *pension* for artists. But he came to our room early in the morning to drink his coffee with us, and in the evening, after he had said his Office, for a little talk. And when we had finished our supper we sat together long over our wine, talking now in French, now in English, now in Italian, and occasionally understanding each other. Like all good fellows, we too had our jokes. But the Abate's favorite was to tell how he had seen us coming up the mountain, monsieur push-pushing the *velocipede* and madame puff-puffing behind him. Even Dom Giuseppe, the other monk,— the third was away,— relaxed from the dignity with which he had first met us, and took part in the talk and the laughter. Unreal as seemed these late suppers in the long refectory in the dim light, with Pirro forever jumping after choice morsels while Lupo and his family growled with rage and envy from under the table, we strayed even farther into Wonderland the second day after our arrival, when both monks went out for a ride on the tricycle along the mulberry walk and by Blessed Bernardo's grotto.

The last day of our stay a number of visitors arrived — a priest from Perugia, two nuns, and two English ladies. They were not expected, and dinner had to be prepared for them. The Abate is never pleased when guests come without giving him warning. When we met him in the refectory a little after twelve, we could see his patience had been tried. We must pardon him for being late, he said, but he had had to find something to eat for all these people. Were they to dine with us? we asked. No, indeed, was his answer. They were not members of the community. This confirmed our doubts as to whether we might not be monks without our knowing it; for the first morning the Abate had given us a key of the great front door by which we could let ourselves in at all hours, without any ringing of bells or calling of porters, so that we felt as if we belonged to the convent. These visitors were the thorns in his present life, the Abate continued, and we were his roses. He introduced us to the Perugian priest, who might possibly, he said, be of use to us in Perugia. The latter almost embraced J—— in his protestations of good-will, and came running back several times to press his hand, and say in a French of his own invention that we must call often during our stay in his city.

(To be continued.)

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



IN EXILE.

SOME day I may retake the road
To Dreamland's sweet oblivion,
Though now I keep my bare abode
In streets my late companions shun.

To nooks below the greenwood tree
They call and call; in sweet disguise
Of bloom and song they beckon me,
And lure me in each maiden's eyes.

But nights they leave their haunts and throng
About me. When my tasks are done —
Some day — I'll put them into song,
And find my happy country won.

L. Frank Tooker.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

XX.

A STAR IS HIDDEN.

THE low black aperture of a tunnel facing the valley and the sunset gave entrance to the underground territory of the Eagle Bird. Work was still going on in that portion of the mine not under dispute. All night and all day, at recurrent intervals, the figure of a miner appeared at the tunnel's mouth, pushing a loaded car along the tramway to the dump. He came out at high noon, when the sky glowed incandescent behind the blackened boles of the pine-trees, or when the shadow of the range lay half across the valley, or when the shadow had climbed the darkly wooded slopes opposite, and above it the loftiest peaks were entering solemnly into the glory of the sun's down-sinking. The miner was still coming and going, the roll of the car on the iron track was still heard, when the stars twinkled sharply in the long strips of sky between the pine trunks, and darkness, that all day lurked within the tunnel, stalked forth and possessed the land. The roll of the wheels, the clank of the bolt as the car reared on its axle, and the dull crash of the avalanche of earth and stones that followed, were sounds that could be heard a long way off in the stillness of the wood.

These were the sounds by which Babe knew when she had reached the end of her journey. She heard them first about sunset as she approached the mine by the trail from the pass. She had gone the long way round. Once only she had stopped to rest at the little ranch at the foot of the pass, where the woman was still baking pies in the outdoor oven for her wayfaring customers. Babe was not a customer. She had merely stopped to ask the way and the number of miles to the Eagle Bird mine, where, she told the woman, she had a brother employed as a miner. Seeing that she looked tired, and mistaking the expression of her face for that of physical suffering, the woman urged Babe to sit and rest awhile, and pressed her kindly to eat and drink. Babe gratefully accepted a glass of cool milk and consented to put in her pocket a piece of bread which she could not force herself to eat. The woman's questions, and fixed though not unfriendly observation, troubled her, and shortened her rest. When she came at last within sight and sound of the mine it was still so light that she did not venture beyond the thin shelter of the wood. She lay down upon the ground to make herself less conspicuous. Slowly the shadows crept from the ground upward to the tree-tops, and a single star showed in the deepening blue. There were others in the sky, but this one only Babe looked at, as with her head low on her arm she rested and waited for darkness. Presently she saw a light at the dump station — other lights appeared in windows or moved about among the dark buildings.

The moon was an hour or more high. Babe started up, aware that she must have fallen asleep at the foot of the tree where she lay. She returned to the trail by which she had come, and followed it past the tunnel and up the steep and dusty path to the high-stooped house built against the hill, which she had decided must be the dwelling of the superintendent. Here Mr. Newbold's daughter would be lodged, if she were living at the mine. Babe made no inquiries to assure herself of the fact. One or two men (seated on the steps of the miner's boarding-house) looked at her curiously as she passed, but she was questioned by no one.

An irregular pile of lumber was stacked close to the side of the superintendent's house; deep shadow filled the space between. Babe crept in over the boards, and climbed to a place where she could look into a bright, uncurtained window of the parlor. The room was empty. A lamp burned on the centertable and chairs were pushed out of their places. From the sound of voices talking, Babe concluded that the recent occupants of the room were now assembled on the piazza outside. She rose up cautiously and was groping her way forward for a better view, stepping lightly along the tiers of boards, when Bodewin and Josephine came to the end of the porch and leaned side by side on the railing above her. The moon shone full in their faces. Both were gazing upwards, their eyes fixed upon one spot in the heavens.

Babe looked up at the same place in the sky, but saw nothing more than the moon, nearly half full, and close to her shadowed side a small, bright star. It was this star

Josephine and Bodewin were watching, for from its position that night they knew it must be near its occultation by the moon. As the distance lessened imperceptibly between it and the undefined arc of shadow approaching it, the star seemed to throb and flash, red, gold, and sapphire, as if it were panting to its extinction. If anything could have made those two, standing in the light of heavenly bliss, as it seemed to Babe, more hopelessly far away from her, it was this mysterious, rapt attention fixed upon some object which to her had no existence. At first she thought they might be taking some silent vow together, but then she heard Josephine speaking, in a clear, even voice.

"It is only a little star, but we have looked at it so long it seems the only one in all the sky. Has it a name, do you know?"

"I think it is Antares," Bodewin replied.

"Antares," Josephine repeated, dwelling on the voweled syllable with satisfaction. "The occultation of Antares! — How imposing it sounds. And I suppose all the world is watching it with us to-night."

"We are the only watchers in this part of the world, I fancy," said Bodewin — "except Hillbury perhaps," he added sadly. His heart swelled with the pain of love unspoken. Josephine's white-clad shoulder was nearly touching his arm. If he were to put it out and draw her to him it might change both their lives forever. Yes, and it might ruin his. Why should he not speak to her, at least, and take his answer for life or death? There was not an atom of his flesh that did not worship her. And for his better part — who had ever appealed to that as she had done? Had she not found him in a slough of moral doubt and sophistry, and shown him his duty, without question of her right, as if she knew instinctively that she was born to be his soul's mistress, and the light of his dull, purposeless life? He was trembling with the intoxicating risk of speech. Josephine's eyes were still upon the star; her hand rested on the rail. The impulse to cover it with his own was so strong that for an instant he fancied he must have done so involuntarily, for suddenly she stepped back and dropped her eyes.

"It is gone!" she said. "Did you see how at the last it seemed to leap out of sight? I am so glad to have seen it — but now let us go in."

"Oh, no — not now — stay until we see it again on the other side." And silently he resolved that before they saw the star again he would know his fate.

"It will not seem like the same star when we see it again," said Josephine, "and if it did it would only be an anti-climax — like Juliet coming before the curtain after the death scene."

Her light, cool words confused Bodewin and gave his passion a moment's check. Josephine was leaning on her crossed arms gazing down into the shadow cast by the pile of boards. Some object moving there had attracted her attention. She had seen a head emerge, as it were, from that well of darkness — a head framed in moonlight, the shadowed face invisible. The fair head of a young woman who crouched among the boards and looked upwards in a fixed agony of attention. At the instant Josephine's eyes rested on it, the head disappeared, but that brief look thrilled her with the sensation of having long been watched by some unknown person lurking in the darkness below.

She turned to Bodewin and said softly, "Look, who is that?" pointing downwards with her white-sleeved arm. "You will see her in a moment." Again the head emerged; this time it was bent and hidden by a shawl. The moon had climbed a little higher, and the shadow which had covered Babe had shrunk away, and left her cowering form exposed. It had stolen away so gradually that, absorbed in her unhappy watch, she had not been aware of its retreat. She was plainly trapped, with the precipitous bank behind her, the heap of boards on one side, and bright moonlight illuminating her only way of escape. If she could gain the trail the dip of the ground would hide her. She rose up, desperate, and with her shawl muffling her head and face, walked out into the light.

Bodewin had not seen the girl's face, and Babe, a moment before, had been far from his thoughts, but something within him foreboded that this was Babe,— Babe unhappy and desperate,—shelterless, homeless, perhaps through her service to him. Surely the figure, the height, the movement, was Babe's as she walked out into the light.

"I think I had better see who that is," he said; "excuse me a moment——"

If he were to see who it was, there was no time for ceremony. Josephine watched him down the steps and across the moonlit space, before the slope of the hill hid him from her sight. She walked up and down the piazza alone, once or twice. She stood and listened. The dead woods were still. There were no insect voices calling. It seemed as if she could almost hear Bodewin's retreating footsteps pounding along down the trail. The rumble of a car running out from the tunnel drowned the fainter sounds. The iron rails resounded as the car traveled swiftly down the track.—Was that a man's voice calling in the woods? Now came the crash of the car-

load over the dump. Why did they stay so long at the dump-station! She waited and listened mechanically for the roll of the returning car-wheels.

Why did Bodewin remain so long away — and why, in the meantime, was that car still waiting at the dump-station! She shivered and went into the house.

Bodewin had caught sight of the figure he was in chase of as it passed the light at the mouth of the tunnel. She was running wildly; the shawl had dropped from her head, and he saw that it was Babe. Should he let her go? He hesitated; then his heart smote him for the desolate young figure flying to the woods for shelter like a hunted creature. What man has not a tenderness for the woman he suspects of a hopeless attachment to himself — and Babe must be in trouble. Perhaps she had come with an intention of asking his help, and seeing him so preoccupied with another woman, had in her mad, foolish pride flung herself away from him into the night and the forest. She should not go in that way. He had hesitated but an instant, and now followed with greater speed,—down the steep, dim slope of the woods, slipping and stumbling. She was still some distance ahead of him. Now she fell, but was up and on again faster than before. He was close upon her, had called her by name, when she turned and looked back at him, motioned him back with a gesture of her arm, and then, doubling suddenly, she flew along the unused trail across the foot of the dump. It was scarcely wider than a man's two hands. Bodewin heard a car rumbling out from the tunnel —"Babe!" he shouted. "Come back, for God's sake! A car is coming!"

She was nearly half-way across the dump. Bodewin called and waved his arms frantically to the man above. The miner was running behind his car, and the noise of its wheels drowned Bodewin's cries. He started after Babe by the same impossible path she had taken, but at that moment the car reared on its pivot, and the avalanche came. The greater mass of earth clung to the slope of the dump, but stones and pieces of rock leaped and pelted and bounded down the steep. They fell all about Bodewin, but he was not conscious of being hurt. He slid off the trail, and down among the débris below he crawled about, searching for Babe. He found her lying as she had been hurled from the path by the stone that struck her in the breast. He spoke to her as he raised her in his arms and asked if she knew him. She assented with a motion of her head.

"Is there anything you wanted of me, Babe? Tell it me now, if there is, before I go for help."

"I don't want help," she said, speaking with short breaths of pain. "Nobody can help me."

"Don't say that, Babe. Where is your hurt?"

"It don't matter," she panted. "The hurt don't matter. Come closer." She put up her hand to his face. He bent lower to hear her difficult sentences. "Say you won't tell who I am!" she whispered. "Let it be like I was a stranger to you. If Dad finds me out — he'll 'low 't I was follerin' after you. I never went back that night — I come on alone through the woods — but I never meant to give you trouble. I 'lowed to see her jest once.— Now I'm done. This is the best way out of it.— Only say you'll be like you an' me was strangers! — Strangers!" she repeated, and her voice broke from its hoarse whisper into a cry.

Bodewin shuddered. "Don't ask me that, Babe, for God's sake! That would be impossible. You don't see how useless it would be.— But, child, you are not going to die." He spoke wildly, with the horror upon him that she was dying already, and help so near. She did not speak. Her eyes were losing their expression — her breast heaved strangely, and one hand that lay on the ground moved like a wounded bird struggling in the leaves. Bodewin knew that he would give the promise. The cold sweat pricked out upon his forehead as he stooped his lips close to Babe's ear.

"We will be strangers, Babe. No one shall ever hear of you from me — not if it costs me my good name," he groaned to himself.

Still she did not speak.— Still the fluttering hand and the long, struggling respirations.— He clasped her hand. "Babe, do you hear me?" The hand closed upon his and tightened with the hold of death upon life.

THE miners off duty for the night who were lounging about the boarding-house steps, heard Bodewin's cry — as Josephine fancied she heard it, piercing the rumble of the car. They discussed the sound for a moment and then hurried down into the woods in the direction from which it came. It was a lifeless burden they carried up the hill. Bodewin walked behind it, wiping the blood from his cheek where a stone had cut him, making a slight wound. As they came out from the blackened wood, and the sky arched clear overhead, he looked up and saw Antares shining, a point of light, close to the moon's bright side. Bodewin did not yet know his fate.

Two hours afterwards Mr. Newbold sat on the piazza with a cigar which he was trying to smoke between his fingers. Josephine

walked softly up and down; from time to time she looked at Bodewin, as he sat on the steps, his head between his hands. No one had spoken for many minutes. At last Josephine stopped behind her father's chair.

"Papa, do you think I may see — her — before they take her away?"

"If you ask what I think — I have told you already — it is no place for you."

"I should think it was any woman's place," said Josephine.

"There have been women enough, Lord knows. The room was full of them till the doctor turned them all out."

Mr. Newbold's temper always suffered when his sympathies were attacked. They had just been subjected to an unusual shock. The affair, besides, was a most unfortunate one for the mine. The Eagle Bird was notorious enough already, in all unprofitable ways.

"Will they take her down to the camp to-night, Bodewin?" he asked, raising his voice a little that it might penetrate Bodewin's abstracted mood.

"Yes," said Bodewin, without looking up.

"*How* will they take her, do you know?"

"The undertaker's wagon, I suppose."

"Papa," said Josephine, laying her hands softly upon his shoulders as she stood behind him, "why do you let them take her away? Why not let her friends find her here, among friends?"

"What are you talking about, Josephine?"

"I am asking you not to let that young girl be taken down to the camp, for everybody to look at. She was laid here at our door; let us take care of her."

"Don't be silly, Josephine. What do you call *our door?* What have we to do with it, except to regret it as a most shocking and unnecessary accident? I don't myself understand yet how it happened." Mr. Newbold cast an irritated glance towards the motionless figure on the steps. "Besides," he continued, jerking his chair forward a little on the painted floor, "she has not been identified. No one knows what sort of a story she may have attached to her. It looks very peculiar, to say the least."

Bodewin went down the steps and walked away towards the stables. He had got his old horse back again, with the scar on his hip from Tony Keesner's bullet. He went out to him, as to the only creature who could give him comfort that night. The faithful old comrade who asked no questions, who had never doubted or disowned his friend. He felt for the bony white nose in the darkness. Baldy recognized his master's step and his touch, though he had not spoken. He greeted him with sedate whinnyings, backing about in his stall to show his readiness for a night-ride if his master required it of him.

Josephine on the piazza was saying to her father: "Papa, do you remember the cabin in the woods I told you of, that Mr. Craig saw when he was lost,— and the wonderfully pretty girl? Is this girl beautiful?"

"Remarkably beautiful, I should say, for that class of girl."

"There cannot be so many such beautiful girls in a place like this."

"She may not belong to this place."

"Papa, I think I must see her. She might be the same one, you know."

"I should think Craig would be the best judge of that. He will see her to-morrow. However, there is nothing to prevent your seeing her, if you want to,— only don't ask me to go with you."

"Is any one with her?" asked Josephine.

"I believe there are some men waiting in the office. They have put her in the next room — Reed's bedroom. By George, if I were Reed, I shouldn't half like it."

Josephine went down to the door of the office and knocked. Two or three men within ceased talking as she entered. One of them rose and laid down his cigar. This was Mr. Reed, the assayer and engineer of the mine.

"I came to see the young girl who was killed," Josephine said hurriedly, feeling half ashamed of the intention, now she was about to carry it out.

"The body is in here, Miss Newbold,— please excuse the looks of the room," Mr. Reed said politely, as he opened the door. He was about to follow her in, when she hurriedly thanked him and begged to be allowed to go in alone.

It was a small room with a low, board ceiling, painted white; the walls were merely wooden partitions, covered with hangings of a dark-red calico. Half of the room was occupied by the bed. A lamp on the floor behind it threw its shadow hugely over the wall and up on the ceiling above. In this shadow Josephine saw a motionless woman's form, partly covered by a shawl. The dust of the pass and the soot of the burnt forest were on her garments. Her travel-worn shoes were on her feet. As to her beauty there was no doubt. She lay on her back, at her fair length, her face turned a little aside showing the curve beneath the chin and the straightened line of neck behind the ear. The shadow of long lashes hid the sightless parting of the lids. Her long braids of hair, golden, with a silver light on it, were brought forward across her flattened shoulders, following the curve of her breasts and slipping out of sight between her arms and grandly sloping hips.

There was all the tacit, slumbering pride of Babe's personality in her death-pose. A princess lying in state could not have mutely commanded more respect than this victim of ill-conditions at the climax of her life's defeat.

It was impossible not to feel that some remnant of consciousness must linger here to suffer from the intrusion of a stranger's pity. It gave Josephine an almost hysterical sensation to think of the crowds that to-morrow would press around this form of sacred maidenhood, and stare at its beauty, and wonder at its history. Something that was not love nor pity, only a blind yearning of the human towards the human, across the impassable barrier, drew the living girl close to the dead. She laid her arms on each side of her, on the bed, her heart beating close above the one that was still, her breath warm on the white, half-averted face. She uttered no sound, but incoherent sobbing exclamations were struggling in her breast. The link between the lives of these two women, strangers to each other and subject alike to conditions others had made for them, was only made stronger by Babe's death.

Josephine stood awhile outside of the office door, looking out into the gray, melancholy moonlight. She saw Bodewin at a little distance, coming towards the house from the stables, walking unsteadily, with his head down. His unconscious figure seemed to bring upon her, all at once, a sense of all the unknown human misery that presses upon young lives and brings a sudden home-sickness in the midst of friends, and a pang of loneliness to the summer night. She burst into tears. Bodewin had seen her. He saw that she was weeping. He came to her quickly and took her hand in his. He knew where she had been.

"Don't cry so," he said. "There is so much trouble in this world that is worse than death."

"I know it — I feel as if there was trouble all around us to-night." She began to sob again.

"Not your trouble, I hope," he said, and then he murmured helplessly, "God bless you!" He lifted her hand and kissed it. The action startled her into stillness.

"Will you look at me?" he asked, still holding her by the hand. "Can you see my face?"—he turned it to the light.

"Yes," she said, trembling.

"Do I look like a man you could believe in, if his best friend deserted him,— if he were hunted for a villain?"

"Yes," said Josephine again.

His hand closed hard upon hers. "God bless you," he said again.

He walked beside her in silence to the steps of the porch, then he looked good-night or good-bye without speaking and left her. She saw him go back to the door of the office and sit down on the low step, in the moonlight.

"He does not know her," she said to herself; "yet, if he looks so when I am dead, I shall be satisfied."

She went to her room and lay upon her bed, in the white soft dress she had put on that evening because it was one of the dresses she had always been happy in,— and Bodewin had come home. She lay there, too miserable to light her lamp and undress herself; but at twelve o'clock the rattle of a wagon coming up the hill roused her. It stopped before the office door. Josephine sat up in bed, shuddering. She made the room light, drew her curtains close, and began hurriedly to take off her clothes. Her face was as pale as the sheets when she lay down in her bed again, leaving the lamp still burning.

She heard sounds below her window. Voices and footsteps of men, the grating of a heavy box pushed over the floor of the wagon, the click of the spring as the tail-board shut. The wagon drove away.

Bodewin walked behind it down the hill, and watched it out of sight along the dim, dusty, moonlit road to the camp.

XXI.

A MEETING IN THE WOOD.

Crowds came and went the next day and looked at Babe, and no one spoke her name. No one came from the cabin in the wood. Mr. Craig had gone to Denver by the stage at four o'clock, before the Eagle Bird tragedy was generally known in the camp. There were two men who recognized her, but each, for his own reasons, kept the knowledge to himself. One was Harkins, who had arrived that morning by private team from the railroad terminus; the other was Hillbury. He had heard the particulars of the accident from Mr. Newbold.

"And Bodewin says he does not know her," he mused gloomily, when the story was finished.

"He does not say much of anything," Mr. Newbold replied, "but it is evident that he does not know her. It was a shocking thing for him. She was killed before his very face."

"Why did he follow her?"

"She was lurking around the house, as if she had some business she wanted to keep to herself. My daughter saw her first, crouching down among some boards close to the

parlor windows. She pointed her out to Bodewin, who was on the piazza with her. The girl ran off when she found she was discovered, and Bodewin followed her, very naturally, I think. Haven't you seen Bodewin to-day?"

"No," said Hillbury.

"Well, I'm not surprised he don't want to talk about it. He is all 'broke up,' as they say out here. Harkins is in town, I hear. Came in his usual splendor. Pete Harrison's barouche and best team ordered by telegraph to meet him at the end of the track."

"Yes, I saw his arrival."

"I suppose he has come to look up his 'affidavit men,' as Sammis calls them, for the trial."

Hillbury gave Mr. Newbold a sudden look. He wondered if that amiably discursive gentleman could be aware that he had himself received, that morning, a summons to appear, under penalty of the law, as a witness for the Uinta against the Eagle Bird.

Colonel Harkins had arrived in the morning. He had followed the stream of excitement to the undertaker's rooms and had looked at Babe, as Hillbury had looked at her, in silence. In the afternoon he ordered a horse saddled and rode away over the hills alone, to look at a "prospect" he had thought of buying for some Eastern parties, so he said. The way of his "prospect" was the way to the Keesner cabin, but before he came in sight of it he stopped and looked and listened intently, to make sure he was the only traveler in that part of the forest. While he was taking this precaution, he was aware of a horse's tread, muffled on the sodden pine-needles, but approaching distinctly from the direction of the pass. Harkins began whistling and looking about him at the trees, as if considering their value as timber. The horseman proved to be Tony Keesner,—Tony, more down-looking and sullen than usual, with a fierce spot of light in each of his narrow black eyes fixed on the distance.

"Tony is trailin' somebody," Harkins commented, quietly watching his approach.

Tony was in the mood to resent the unexpected appearance even of a friend. He transferred the gleam in his eyes from the indefinite distance to Harkins's face, without a change of expression.

"How are you, Anthony?" said Harkins, in a soft, grave voice. "How's the cabin, and how's all the folks?"

"Cabin's empty, all but Dad," Tony replied.

"What have you done with the rest of the family?" Harkins asked.

Tony appeared to swallow something hard in his throat. It might have been rage — it could not have been tears. "They're clean gone; they lit out together las' night. I been huntin' 'em sence sun up; I been clear over the pass to Fairplay."

"You're off the scent, Tony. You're all off. I'm just from camp. Bodewin's there, sloshin' round as cool as quicksilver; and *Babe* is there. Tony, I've got some advice to give you and the old man, but I want to hear from you first. How did this thing happen?—You must 'a' been d—— careless."

They rode on slowly, side by side, towards the cabin, talking earnestly, Tony in quick hard sentences, dropping like hailstones in the rain of Harkins's words. As they dismounted in front of the cabin and looked about them, each uttered in his own manner his favorite formula of profanity. The corral was empty, the cabin door was shut; the young setter dog howled and leaped against the door when he heard footsteps outside, but no voice from within bade him be quiet. A scrap of soiled white paper fluttered from the crack of the door, in which it had been wedged with a splinter of wood.

Harkins jerked out the wedge and handed the paper to Tony, with the question—"Is that the old man's fist?"

Tony acknowledged his father's handwriting. It addressed him briefly, as follows:

"Tony I got word of her she aint livin I am goen down to Camp to clame the boddy."

Both men swore again, as if it were a kind of rite each felt bound to go through with, under the circumstances.

"How did he go? Has he got a horse?" Harkins asked sharply.

"Yes," said Tony, without moving his eyes from the paper in his hand. "He's took the black."

"Git after him, then, quick as you can! He couldn't have got word before noon. He's not to show himself in camp, or to open his head till I'm ready for him. Understand? Tell him if he busts up my scheme again with his nonsense I'll see every mine he's got in —— and himself, too, before I'll touch one of 'em. Look sharp now! You *sabe?*"

Harkins delivered these words in his low utterance, commanding Tony with his eyes as well as his voice. Harkins had eyes with a heavy fold of the lid projecting over them, ophidian eyes, with a sluggish power in them which better men than Tony Keesner had defied to their cost.

Tony hesitated—"You understand we've got to get even with Bodewin. It ain't waitin' and talkin' that'll do it," he said.

Harkins cursed him. "Haven't *I* got to get even with him? Do as I tell you, or

by —— I'll have the sheriff after the old man and you too. You know who you're talkin' to!"

Tony knew. He put spurs to his horse and galloped away into the woods.

MRS. CRAIG had asked Josephine to stay with her during Mr. Craig's absence, or until Miss Newbold herself left the camp with her father on their homeward journey, which was to include Denver and the trial. Josephine had gladly accepted the invitation for its own sake, and also because she wished to get away from the mine. The light comedy of Mrs. Craig's manner, her domestic confidences and foolish little household jokes, combined with her real sensitiveness and tact, were happily curative in their effect upon Josephine's excited nerves. She found herself laughing weakly, like a fever convalescent, on small occasion. It was a relief to talk about clothes, to put on her prettiest dresses for Mrs. Craig's benefit, and to experiment with her back hair at that lady's suggestions. She gave herself up to be petted and admired, as only a woman can pet and admire another woman who represents to her what her own youth has been or might have been. More than all was it a relief to hear Mrs. Craig talk about Bodewin in a frank, commonplace way which took away something of the painful mystery Josephine's imagination had surrounded him with ever since his return. Mrs. Craig laughed at the idea of anything formidable connected with his reticence about his late adventure. "My dear, Bodewin is just like those little land 'turtles,' we used to call them when we were children. We used to catch them and knock on their shells and call to them to put out their heads; and, of course, they pulled them in as tight as they could squeeze. Depend upon it, your father and my husband, begging their pardons, have been knocking Bodewin on the shell and calling to him to put out his head. I know just how Joe and Bodewin are, together; they each bring out the other's most unpleasant traits. If *we* could have got Bodewin to ourselves when he first returned, I am perfectly certain we should know the whole story by this time. Bodewin isn't a man's man. I don't mean that he isn't a manly man. But he was born to be led by women — into trouble, and out of it. If only one woman could get him into permanent trouble by marrying him, and so keep him out of insane and promiscuous trouble, it would be a great relief to my mind. Bodewin isn't a bit of a genius that I know of, but I always feel for him that kind of unreasoning tenderness that geniuses and willful, lovable children always inspire,— a predisposition which has no justice in it. I know that Bodewin's wife, if he had one, would have ever so much to forgive; but she would dote on his very faults."

"Perhaps if you had ever tried ——" Josephine began, and stopped, coloring suddenly.

"—— Being the wife of a genius?" laughed Mrs. Craig. "Oh, my dear," she continued, with a slightly exaggerated gayety, "don't you know those little, reddish-blonde men are *all* geniuses? Born to blush unseen, many of them, but that is an accident of fate." Mrs. Craig was talking recklessly, under the unwonted excitement of having another woman of surprising congeniality to listen to her. She would repent before she slept of half that she said to Josephine during the day, and then proceed to pile up more food for repentance the next day. Of two women who are intimate, as a rule, one talks and the other listens. Josephine listened and wondered a little, but was greatly amused and on the whole comforted and led away from her own unaccountable unhappiness.

Mrs. Craig was not so occupied with talking to Josephine that she did not see there was a change in her, since the early days of her visit to the camp. She was more interesting, more complicated. Has she had an experience, her hostess speculated; has she taken one of those sudden leaps of development girls of her age are subject to; or is it because she is away from home for the first time, in this exciting, consuming climate, among conditions altogether strange to her? Or is it because Bodewin never comes to ask her to ride in the valley?

Mrs. Craig was not so easy in her mind about Bodewin as she professed to be. And Hillbury, who had hitherto in her knowledge of him been the most sane and satisfactory of men, had developed an idiosyncrasy on his own account to match the general absurdity of things. He too, while hovering near them, avoided them, as if under a vow.

The quarters of the government survey were not far from the Craig cabin. Mr. Hillbury was obliged to pass its door on his walks to and from the camp, unless he abandoned the ditch-walk for the woods. He thus found frequent occasion to bow to Josephine as she sat on the steps of the porch in the morning, the reflection from the sunny walk making her dark eyes luminous under the shade of her hat, or at evening, in the glow of sunset, her hands and arms bare to the elbow gleaming white in her lap. Sometimes he yielded to a reluctant fascination, and came across the foot-bridge for a few words with her, or even took a seat on the step below her, with the half-protesting air of one who owes it to himself to resist a pleasure within reach. But he

never went in. Mrs. Craig, amused and puzzled by his cautious attitude, teased him a little with playfully reiterated invitations; but Hillbury kept his outward defenses secure against all her neighborly assaults, and the more subtly undermining influence of Josephine's repose,— a repose unlike the bright directness of her manner as he recalled his first impressions of her. Hillbury would not have permitted himself to use the word in speaking of a girl like Josephine, but it was a repose charged with passion, as electricity slumbers in still, deeply colored evening skies. She talked little, but there was a divine intelligence in her face. Her movements were softer, she carried herself less unconsciously, her very hands had a different expression. Her eyes were less widely opened, and even when they rested upon indifferent things were full of an anxious tenderness. When they rested upon Hillbury he looked away, and his blood behaved in a manner which would have interfered with the simplest scientific inquiry. Hillbury kept himself well under his own supervision, and these warnings did not escape his stern insight, but there were times when he rebelled against himself and asked himself why he had not an equal right with other men to make a fool of himself. Had he not already made a fool of himself about a man; why not then about a woman? The privilege of being inconsistent and probably unhappy was denied him by no one but himself. There were other stirrings and questionings in Hillbury's mind at this time. The unlaid ghost of his affection for Bodewin daily and nightly troubled his peace. On his way home along the ditch-walk one evening, close upon the eve of the trial, Hillbury's mind being full of that coming event, he was aware of a man standing on the foot-bridge opposite the Craig cabin, in an attitude that was painfully familiar. Hillbury approached more closely, and stopped when he had reached the bridge.

"Bodewin," he said, "may I have a few words with you?"

"Is that you, Hillbury? You know me then once more. That is kind of you."

Hillbury was not discouraged by the tone of Bodewin's words. "It is possible," he began,— and his fine accent and dispassionate manner at that moment were peculiarly irritating to Bodewin's morbid sensitiveness,—"that I may have done you some injustice in certain unhappy conclusions that have lately been forced upon me. There is strong evidence against you. I have had to admit to myself that it is very strong. But I find I have an obstinate sentiment towards you, which does not rest on evidence. It is this sentiment which appeals to you now. I hope the appeal may not come too late. It should never be too late to acknowledge a wrong. Have I wronged you, Bodewin? You only can tell me if I have."

Hillbury waited for some sign from Bodewin. None came that could be interpreted as an answer to his appeal.

"Are you unwilling to confide in me? Do you consider the suffering you may be causing those who care for you, by a reticence that leaves such grave questions unanswered?"

"You say you have a sentiment still left for me which does not rest upon evidence?"

"I have. I have been suffering from it for many days."

"God prosper it, then, or else kill it quickly," said Bodewin rather wildly. "I have no evidence to give you."

"You have nothing to say to me, then?"

"Are you my friend, did you say?"

"Are you an honest man?"

"Hillbury," said Bodewin, in his more natural manner, "I would that all men were as honest as I am, except these bonds."

"What bonds?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"There are bonds our sins make for us; there are other bonds which come from our duties. Are you in bondage to your body or your soul?"

"Do you expect me to answer your ghostly conundrums? Wait, and they will answer themselves," said Bodewin, with a return of his bitter flippance.

Hilbury looked at him sadly, trying in vain to read the expression of his face in the imperfect light, and then went on his way, past the cabin where Mrs. Craig and Josephine sat by the fire and talked of the coming trial.

"You must be *sure* to go!" Mrs. Craig was saying. "I'll never forgive you if you don't take the trouble to go and hear Joe's speech. It is a privilege his wife is debarred from because she is also the mother of his children;— and there is Bodewin's testimony. How *strange* it is that he hasn't been near us!" she exclaimed, suddenly forgetting her caution of many days.

Josephine's sigh echoed the word as she went to the window and looked out. The water wimpled along darkly, under the bridges and past the lighted windows. Bodewin still hung over the bridge rail where Hillbury had left him. His bitterness against Hillbury was intensified by the knowledge that to him in his calm deliberateness were open all the opportunities he felt obliged to deny himself, living, as he was, in the shadow of vengeance. His bonds were heavy upon him. It was incredible to him that Babe had not been publicly recognized. It was incredible that her

father's or her brother's bullet had so long been delayed. Bodewin knew the class of men they belonged to. He knew their unappeasable pride of vengeance; whether it would take the usual form of a bullet delivered at sight or a shameful story that would pursue him with a more deadly aim, or both bullet and scandal, he could only conjecture. In the meantime there was the trial, with Mr. Craig as counsel for the Eagle Bird.

XXII.

THE TRIAL.

THE case of the Uinta *versus* Eagle Bird was called in the afternoon. Mr. Newbold came back to his hotel to dinner that evening in high good humor. Harkins had made no fight at all, to speak of. He had rested his case on the records which Bodewin was ready to prove were not the true and original ones. His lawyer had talked through his nose and put his case before the jury in a slipshod way, on what he called its merits, without giving himself the trouble to make a speech. Thus said Mr. Newbold to Josephine, playing with her coffee-spoon, and dubious as to this easy victory. This was not the way, surely, by which Harkins had won his ill-omened reputation.

Josephine dressed herself to go into court with her father on the second day of the trial, with a nervous foreboding that it was to be one of the memorable days of her life. Her traveling dress, which she would have chosen to wear for its plainness, had received hard usage in the mountains. She put on instead the black satin with a dark shimmer of beads over the front, which she had worn the evening Bodewin had been presented to her. A little bonnet of gold-colored straw inclosed the crown of her head, and was tied under the chin with black velvet strings. She was buttoning her gloves, and getting very red in the cheeks while doing it, when a servant knocked with a note for her and a message from her father that he waited for her in the ladies' parlor.

"Tell him I am coming in a minute," she said, opening the note. "Oh, wait, please; is an answer wanted to this?"

"No answer, miss," the man replied, closing the door softly.

The note was written in a masculine hand Josephine did not remember ever to have seen before. She knew Bodewin's close, angular characters and Mr. Craig's legal scrawl. She had no other acquaintances in the town that she knew of. The words of the note were:

"If Miss Newbold would not miss a scene of peculiar interest to herself for other reasons than those connected with her father's pocket, she will not fail to be in the court-room to-day."

The note was not signed. Josephine tore it up with the sensation of having received an insult, and dropped the pieces into a tall china jar that stood by her toilet bureau. She took up a fan, somewhat too heavily perfumed, and began fanning herself absently. It was nine o'clock in the morning, but the sun was already hot in the street outside. The windows of her room were open, the blinds darkened, and the noise of continuous passing came in as she had often heard it at home, when they staid in town after the summer heats began; only, instead of the heavy jar and rattle from the pavements it was the more exciting rush of light wheels, and the pounding of hoofs on a hard, resonant road. Perhaps, she said to herself tremulously, it would be better she should not go into court that day; but could she miss this chance, perhaps the last one, of seeing Bodewin!

"What a color you have got!" her father said, looking at her as if taking, for the first time, a dispassionate view of her appearance.

"These hot strings always make my face flush."

Josephine put up her hand to the bow of her bonnet-strings, lifting her chin and letting her lashes fall.

"Why don't you wear something different?"

"This is the only bonnet I have here."

"Wear a hat, then," Mr. Newbold suggested.

"A bonnet is the proper thing, papa. It is more conservative."

"If you want to be conservative, the thing to do is to stay at home."

"I promised Mrs. Craig I would hear her husband's speech," said Josephine, blushing at her own insincerity.

"Craig can't make a speech worth listening to! You will have to write her a lot of lies about it."

"Papa, I *wish* to go. I have always intended to go, since we first talked of the case. It cannot be so very unusual, or Mrs. Craig would not have asked me ——"

"Come on, then; but, by George ——!" Mr. Newbold left his sentence unfinished, except by another look of rueful admiration at his daughter.

MR. CRAIG in his opening speech gave a brief history of the dispute from the side of the defense, and said the defense would prove that the records by which the mine had been sold to Mr. Newbold were copies of the true and original ones; that the record of the original

survey would be produced in evidence and sworn to by the man who made it. He continued, that they could not prove the existing record on file, to have been willfully altered, but they could prove that the plantiff had had an opportunity so to alter it, and they could also show the plaintiff to have been the author of a measure quite as arbitrary and illegal as the altering of loosely kept public records. They could prove that he had caused a man, traveling peaceably on the public highway, to be seized and forcibly detained out of reach of his friends, or of communication with them, at a time when that man's liberty of action was inconvenient to the plaintiff. Colonel Harkins at this point in his opponent's argument rose and left the court-room, returning with the Keesners, father and son, preceding him, with a noise of heavy boots, to seats near his own. The elder Keesner was instantly recognized by a number of people in the court-room. Mr. Craig had alluded to him in his speech as one of Harkins's "affidavit men," who had conveniently disappeared when the sale of the mine in his name had been accomplished. His reappearance was regarded as a sign that Harkins had something in reserve for which the unexpected feebleness of his attack had been but a blind, —an impression which made itself felt in an agreeable stir of revived interest.

Jim Keesner's long, wolfish visage looked haggard in the strong light, among faces which showed better conditions. Tony's face was not generally known, but it excited attention for its sullen, picturesque beauty. As he took his seat, his head came between Josephine and her view of Bodewin, sitting at a distance, across the room. She had only ventured to look once at Bodewin, and had not been able to guess from the expression of his lowered eyes and pale set profile what his frame of mind might be.

The Keesners had entered the court-room with that exaggerated sense of isolation under observation which persons unused to a large assemblage of people are apt to have, appearing in one under circumstances momentous to themselves. Tony kept his eyes down, under an impression that everybody in the room was looking at him. When at length he raised them, with a forced air of defiant indifference, he met Josephine's eyes fixed upon him in wondering, startled recognition.

The expression of her face meant nothing to him. He only felt its beauty, with a shock of his savage blood as he had felt it for the first time on the rocks in the blinding sunlight of Mike's claim. He hated her for making him feel the distance between them. He hated Bodewin for being the man who had sat at her side on the rocks and talked to her with a fullness and ease of expression which might be supposed to please women but could only excite the contempt of men.

Josephine was no longer looking at or apparently conscious of him. Since it was out of his power to produce any other kind of impression upon her, he fell into visions of how he might hurt her with brute force. How he might press the color out of her cheeks with his two hard hands and see it rushing back again with helpless tears to the proud dark eyes. He could see the shape of her arms defined by her close-fitting dress, as she sat opening and shutting her fan. He shuddered slightly and set his teeth, imagining himself crushing their firm roundness in his gripe.

Mr. Craig was closing his speech. "Gentlemen," he was saying to the jury, "what we are obliged to do is to consider the character of the plaintiff in the light of this most characteristic deed. Bear in mind, it was not done as to John Bodewin, but as to any man whom the plaintiff wished temporarily to get out of his way. Had he desired to get him out of his way permanently, doubtless means would have been found to accomplish it. If either you or I, gentlemen, should, in the peaceful conduct of our affairs, be so unfortunate as to get in the plaintiff's way, we might expect to be disposed of as summarily as our witness was disposed of. The plaintiff is well known, wherever speculation in mines is carried on, as a man whom it is not only useless but dangerous to balk in the accomplishment of his schemes. Why? Because he has no scruples that interfere with his pursuit of other men's property. He belongs to the predatory class of men. He has no responsibilities as to his future or regrets as to his past. He glories in his successful crimes. He boasts of the power he claims to have of bending even the law to his purposes. Are we preparing for him another triumph of this kind? We are Western men; we want to encourage Eastern capitalists to seek investments in the West. One way to do it will be to show them that their investments *in* the West can and will be protected *by* the West. The misfortune of one Eastern property-owner will be a warning to a hundred others. It is just such men as the plaintiff in this suit — and not many like him would be needed to do it — who ruin the business of legitimate mining in the West."

Another ill-omened pair of eyes had dwelt upon Josephine's face during a greater portion of the time Mr. Craig was speaking. Colonel Harkins considered himself a judge of female beauty, and decided on deliberate inspection that Josephine's charms had not been overstated by rumor. He was looking

at her when Mr. Craig unexpectedly brought forth the words, "Bear in mind, it was not done as to John Bodewin." The Colonel was not a sensitive observer, but he could not fail to see that Josephine's face turned scarlet, as if her own name had been suddenly called in court in an oratorical tone of voice. He saw that she kept her eyes upon the speaker's face with a slight knitting of the brows, while the flush in her cheek subsided, revived again, and faded into a marked paleness. "*She* is tender in that quarter, too.—What the devil ails the women, to take after a cold-blooded sneak who can't tell which girl he wants till he has lost them both!" The Colonel's large, light felt hat reposed on the angle of his crossed knees. A crimson rosebud rested against the silk lining of his coat-lapel. His jaws projected squarely on either side of his Napoleon III. moustache and imperial, grizzled like the short, stiff hair on his massive head. He nursed an unlit cigar between his lips, and occasionally changed it from one corner of his mouth to the other, or tipped it sarcastically upwards towards the blunt beak of his nose. He listened, with perfect equanimity, to Mr. Craig's theory of his character and exposition of his methods; this was, in fact, one of Harkins's great days.

Sammis, looking brilliantly sunburned, in a new suit of clothes, was the first witness for the defense. He testified to the burning of the Gem Saloon, where the records of the camp had been kept in the days of its infancy. To the fact that Harkins had the records in his undisturbed possession for a day and a night, and part of the following day. That the proprietor of the Gem Saloon was known to have no insurance on his property and no ready money. That, in spite of having lost everything, he was notoriously better off after the fire than before it. Sammis bore his cross-examination well; but a friend of his who remembered some suspicious circumstances connected with the fire, found, under the opposite lawyer's questioning, that he had remembered too much. Another gentleman, who testified as to the position of the boundary monuments and declared that they had been changed within the time of his residence in the camp, was brought to the verge of tears by the unsympathetic manner of the plaintiff's counsel and the confusion in his own dates. But this gentleman had escaped Mr. Craig's supervision during the morning hours and had stimulated his memory with unwise potations.

Bodewin took his place on the witness-stand in a general silence of expectation. The real contest was now understood to have begun.

He testified that he had surveyed the Uinta and Eagle Bird claims in the spring of 1877. That he had believed Harkins to be the owner of both claims at that time, although the record of survey for the Eagle Bird was made out in the name of James Keesner.

The records of both surveys, preserved in Bodewin's note-book, were produced and sworn to by him and examined by the jury.

Bodewin was shown a copy of the present record, and swore that it was not a true representation of the two claims. He explained the points of difference, and the new record was also given to the jury to compare with the original one.

One of the jurymen asked how a change could be made in a record on paper without its being evident on examination. Bodewin replied that a new record could be substituted, giving an entirely different description of the same property, the records of the camp at that time not having been bound together, but kept loosely, each one folded separately, in a candle-box, as a former witness had testified.

Here Mr. Craig made a pause, during which the witness appeared to be slightly restless.

"Mr. Bodewin," the counsel for the defense began again, "you started to cross the range on horseback on the morning of the 5th of September?"

After a moment's hesitation, as if considering the date, Bodewin answered: "Yes."

"Was it your intention in starting on that ride to appear as a witness on this case, then called for the 6th?"

"It was."

"Why did you not fulfill that intention?"

"I was prevented from doing so."

"State the nature of the impediment, if you please."

"It was of the nature of two men, armed with pistols and rifles."

"With these weapons pointed at you?"

"The pistols, yes."

"And by these means they induced you to change the course of your journey?"

"They did."

"The inducement was sufficient, I presume."

Mr. Craig had asked his questions in quick succession, in his nervous manner; Bodewin replying in a much lower voice, with a curious, defensive expression in his heavy-lidded eyes raised not quite to the level of Mr. Craig's.

"Were these men known to you?"

"They were not."

"Had you ever seen them before?"

"I had seen one of them once before without knowing his name."

"State where on the road between here and the camp you met with this impediment."

"It was not on the direct road between here and the camp."

"Where was it?"

"It was on the trail which joins that road on the other side of the pass."

"You were then on your way to the pass?"

"No." Bodewin could not resist a pause, during which he enjoyed Mr. Craig's ill-concealed discomfiture, and then added calmly: "I had nearly reached the foot of the pass when I was overtaken by one of these men, who induced me to return with him to a spot in the timber where, he said, a man lay wounded by the falling of his horse, who had an important message for me which he would only deliver in person. I went back with the supposed messenger's messenger, by the way of this trail, found a man lying on the ground apparently helpless and in pain; I dismounted to receive his message and was then easily made prisoner."

Bodewin was answering with reckless promptness, so far as the condition of his promise would permit. If Mr. Craig, in the insanity of his zeal, insisted upon putting questions his witness could not or would not answer, he must take the consequences.

"What was the nature of that message they trapped you with, Mr. Bodewin?"

"It was of a personal nature."

Mr. Craig did not press the question, though inwardly raging at Bodewin's impertinence, and longing for an opportunity to punish it.

"Were you forcibly prevented from returning to your home and occupation during all the time you were absent?"

"That may be a matter of opinion."

"How do you mean?"

"I was constantly kept in sight by one or both of my keepers, they carrying weapons, while I was unarmed. They informed me that if I kept quiet I would not get hurt, the inference being that if I did not keep quiet, I would."

"Under these circumstances you naturally kept pretty quiet."

Bodewin did not smile at or reply to this pleasantry.

"Was Colonel Harkins's name mentioned at any time between you and your captors during the time of your confinement?"

"It was."

"Give the conversation or conversations as nearly as you can recall them relating to Colonel Harkins."

"I remember but one conversation in which his name was mentioned. I cannot repeat it word for word."

"What impression did it leave on your mind as to Harkins's connection with your capture and imprisonment?"

"I have not said that I was imprisoned ——"

"Your restraint, then."

"It left the impression that Colonel Harkins was solely responsible for both."

"Where did they run you off to?" one of the jurymen asked.

Mr. Craig interposed, saying that his witness did not wish to criminate those persons who had carried into execution the plan of his abduction, regarding them, with characteristic magnanimity, as tools merely, in the hands of a power much more dangerous than themselves.

"There is a humane breadth of view," Mr. Craig continued, permitting himself an attempt at sarcasm, which he fancied would escape everybody but the object of it, "a humane breadth of view which but few of us can boast of, which enables us to sympathize even with those who have tried to injure us, when we understand and pity their circumstances. We look upon them as injured themselves, in proportion as they are injuring us, by their enslavement to an evil influence ——"

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" said the lively juryman. "Tell us where they hid you!"

The court protected Bodewin in refusing to answer the question, perhaps because it interfered with the court's dignity for jurors to assist at the examination of witnesses; but an unfavorable opinion was inevitably formed of the witness, as a person of high moral pretensions and unaccountable reserves, whose own actions would require close watching.

This opinion prevailed thenceforward among the men who were present, but the women generally respected Bodewin for keeping his own secrets and protecting his enemies. They were predisposed towards him for other reasons that would not sound so well in statement. They liked his youthful slenderness of person, the easy way in which he wore his well-cut clothes. They observed, those who were nearest to him, that his hands, although nearly as brown as an Indian's, were long, smooth, and refined-looking. They liked his Eastern accent, his quiet answers, and the slumbering intensity of expression, impossible to define, in his heavy-lidded, grayish eyes. They hoped he would come off well on the cross-examination.

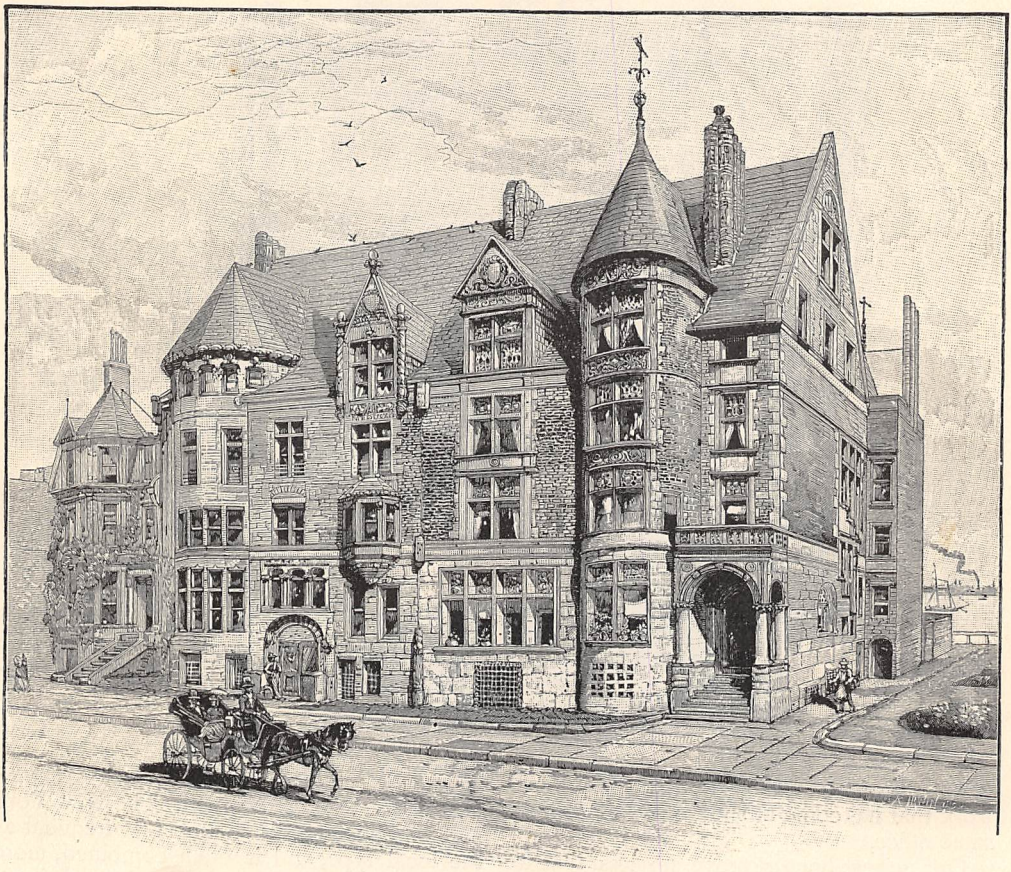
The court now took a recess.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. VI.

CITY DWELLINGS. II.

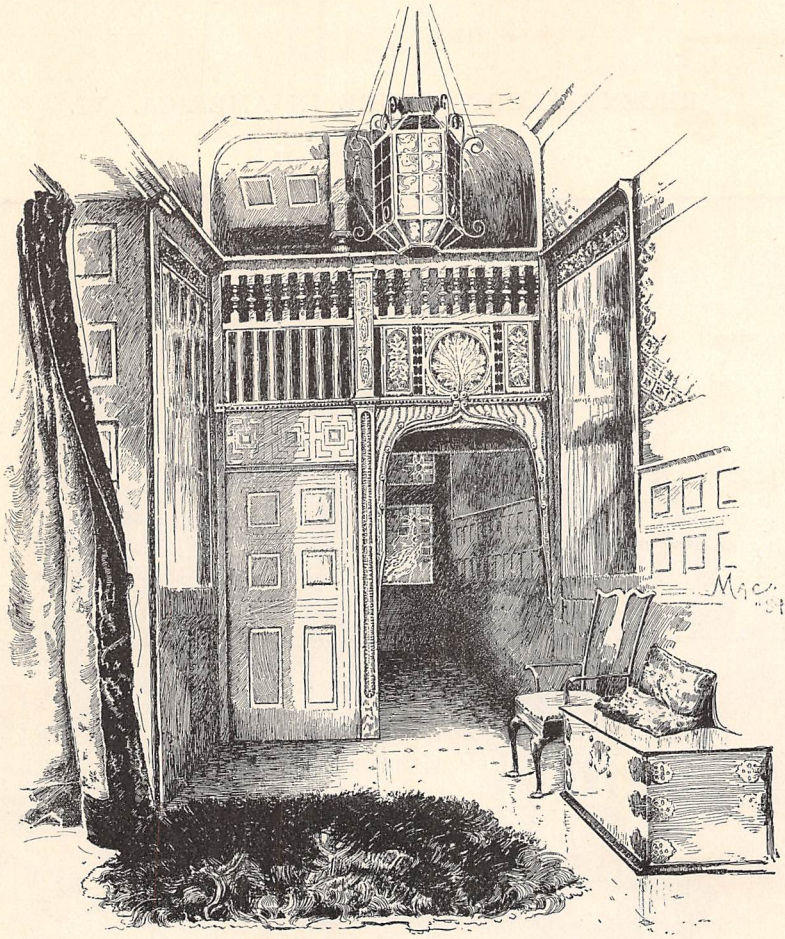


HOUSES OF F. L. HIGGINSON AND C. A. WHITTIER, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

IN my last chapter, after referring to a few of the most conspicuous among the new homes of New York, I had but brief space left in which to say that even our average homes are also beginning to show marked improvement.

In nothing is this improvement more apparent than in the effort that is being made to use good and varied materials, and to treat each of them so as to reveal and to accentuate its best possibilities. We are at last trying to shake ourselves free from the monotonous tyranny of mechanically "pointed" red brick and mechanically smoothed and devitalized brown-stone. We handle our surfaces more vivaciously, and we proportion our units more artistically. It is not wonderful that in the first reaction against lifeless nullity we should have run a little to the opposite extreme of over-ruggedness and over-emphasis, not only, as I have already said, in our monumental work, but also in our domestic. Spirit and vigor exist, for instance, in the basement of the house on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fifth street; * but they have been achieved in a rather too impetuous fashion. The stones are perhaps too large to be "in scale" with the general proportions; and they are certainly too rudely wrought to be in keeping with the quiet refinement secured in other parts, or with the delicate nature of the decoration. Compare this basement with that of the Columbia Bank, already once cited as a model, and we see a distinct progress in

* Here, as elsewhere further on, I am obliged to refer to illustrations that were given with the preceding paper.



MR. J. J. HIGGINSON'S HALL, 16 EAST FORTY-FIRST STREET.

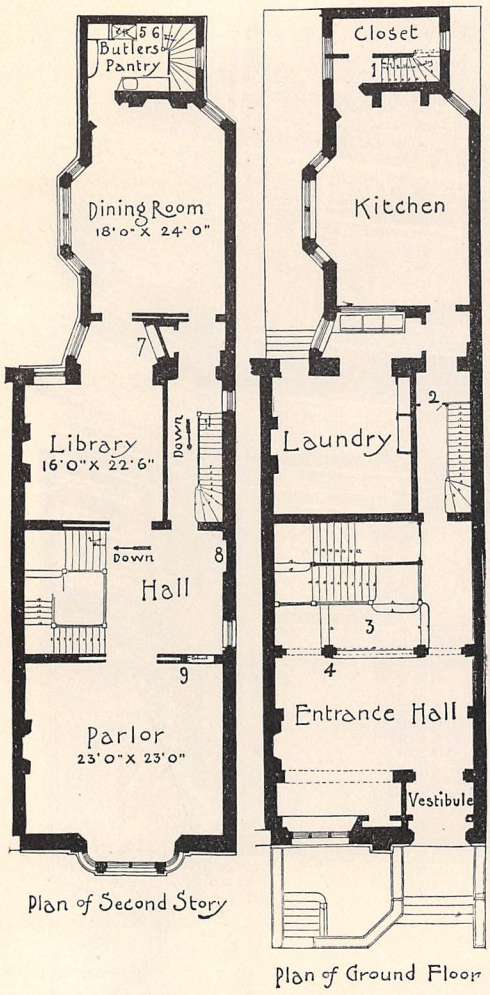
work that has come at short intervals from the same office.

Our newest houses prove, no less, that we are beginning to do something better with our beloved high stoop than send it up straight and steep and narrow to the door. Some of the entrances on Fifty-seventh street are interesting examples; there is a good one on Madison Avenue not far below the railway station; and there are others in certain recently remodeled façades in the lower portion of Fifth Avenue.

Again, we find cheering promise in our decoration. Look at the ornament of No. 724 Fifth Avenue, and see how artistic it is. If anything, it is too delicate, too quiet, too refined. But these are the best of faults; and they would be even if their opposites had not so long been our crying sins.

Boston too has grown ambitious of late years, and now shows many varieties of conspicuous good and bad. The bad need not detain us, yet even thus we shall have but little space to note the good. The New York high stoop is becoming almost as frequent as the local type, and is often combined, more or less successfully, with the bowed front. Boston architects are fortunate in their beautiful red Longmeadow stone, and diligent in their efforts to make the most of it, both by itself and in combination with brick. Here as well as in New York the first revolt against mechanical smoothness led to the use of units too large in size and too unrefined in finish. There is a certain brutality of effect about many houses in the new "Back Bay" streets that springs from no defect but this. But here too there has been great improvement very lately—as, for example, in some houses on Commonwealth Avenue built by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden, where we see units which are suitable in size, and which in their finish hold the proper middle-ground between insignificance and rudeness.

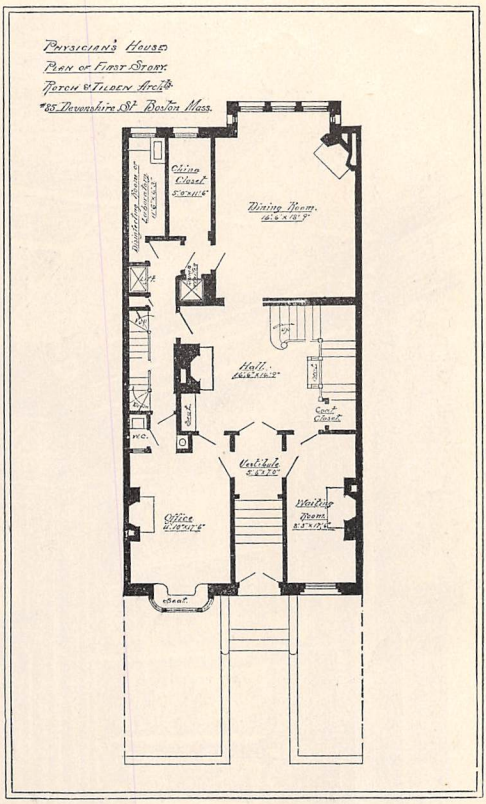
Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham and Messrs. Peabody & Stearns should be cited for their



PLAN OF MR. CHARLES KNEELAND'S HOUSE, EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

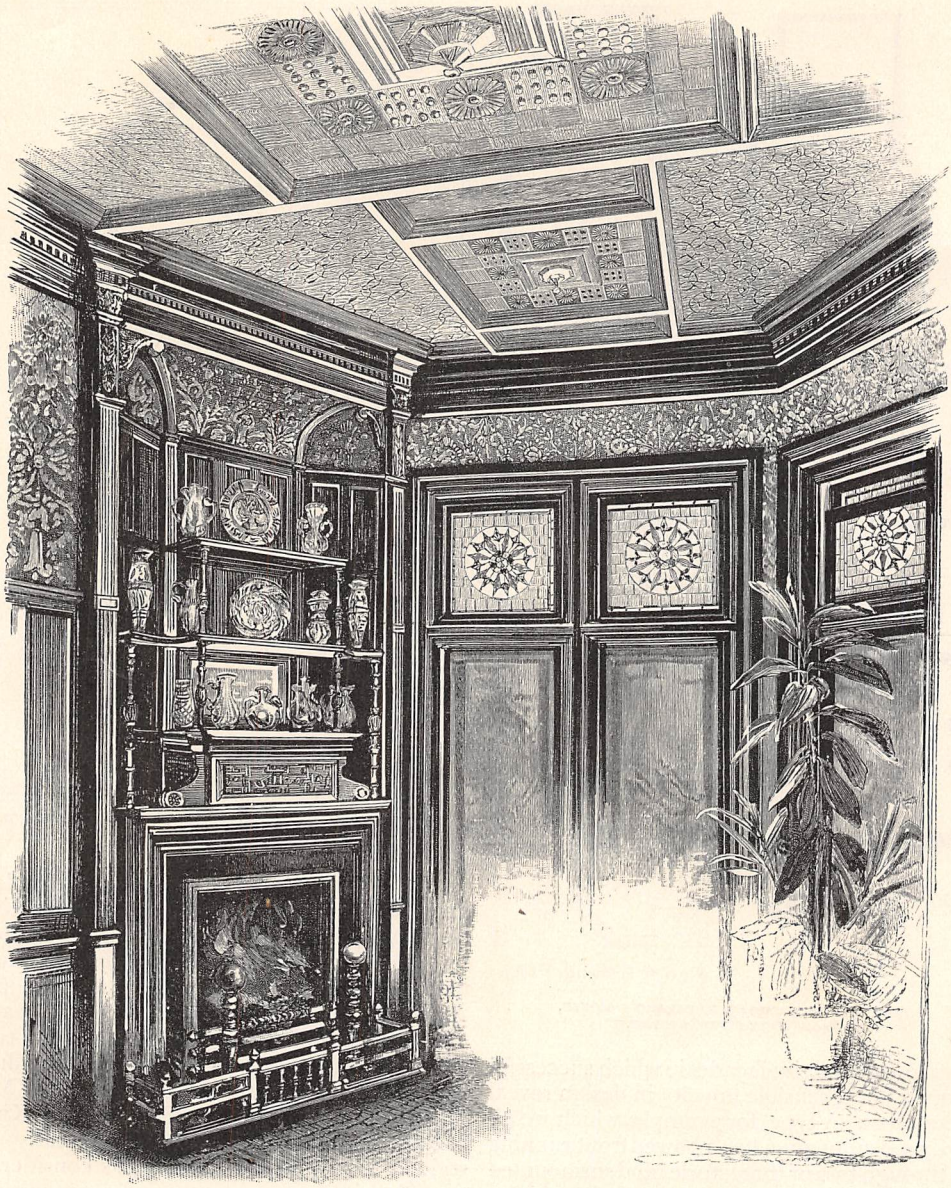
numerous attractive façades in which successful efforts after a sensible novelty in design reveal themselves. A type, for example, which we already see quite often has a bowed front running up through two or three stories and surmounted then by a deeply recessed *loggia*, agreeable to use and most effective in its powerful shadow.

In other new dwellings we find a return to last century models — colonial or English — which savors almost too strongly of direct imitation. The colonial type is excellent as a point of departure rather than as a pattern to be copied literally. Our ideas, our tastes, our habits of living, *ourselves* — all have changed very greatly in the hundred years. And something of our wider views of life and art, of our more conscious desire for beauty and brightness, of our gayer, livelier — and more sophisticated — way of living, needs to be expressed in our domestic architecture.



PLAN OF DR. ROTCH'S HOUSE, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

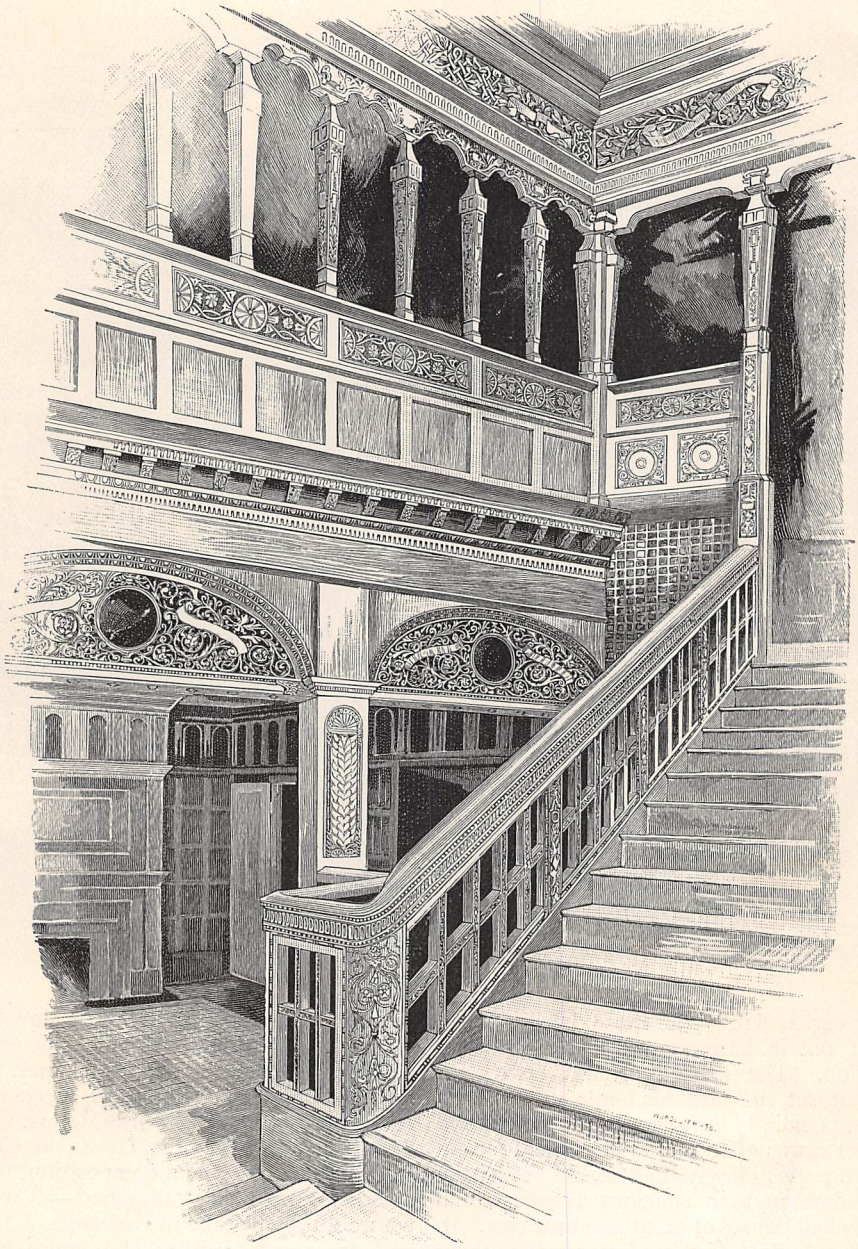
If we wish to see perhaps the very simplest good houses that have been built in Boston, we may look at a group in red brick erected by Mr. Emerson on Huntington Avenue, near Trinity Church and the Art Museum. And then, to take a very wide step and reach the other extreme, we may turn to the two great houses on Beacon street that are illustrated here — the one to our left being Mr. Richardson's, the other Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's. They differ greatly in style and treatment, but each has considered the other in its own growth, and consequently is helped, not hurt, by the presence of its neighbor. Mr. Richardson's is the more striking of the two, and there is always a fervor about his work that seduces the would-be critic. But it has been called a trifle too "mediæval" in its massiveness and in the element of grotesqueness introduced into its ornamentation. Perhaps it is true that the expression of the other is better suited to a modern home — to the voicing of that modern life whose ideal is elegance rather than physical force. So charming a house is it, indeed, that one longs to give it unstinted praise. And one might if only the porch



MR. JAMES HAVEMEYER'S EXTENSION ROOM, 50 WEST THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET.

worked in better with the general design — looked more as though it had taken its place and shape by virtue of an unmistakable impulse of artistic *growth*.

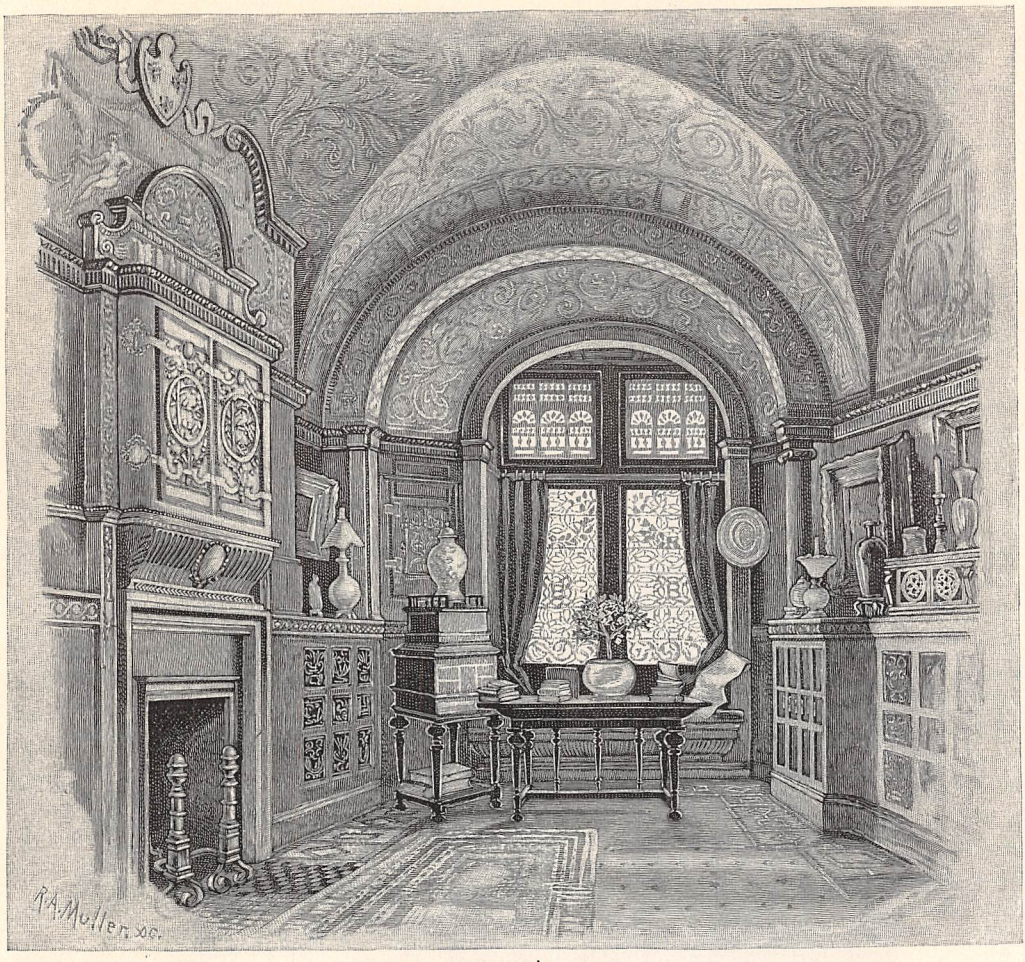
In Washington a very large amount of domestic building has been done during the last ten years. The land is cheap, and the streets are so laid out as to offer an unwonted variety of sites. But one can hardly say that the very best use has yet been made of these advantages. Many houses are generously and agreeably planned, but all their charm must be sought inside. Part of their exterior unattractiveness is often attributed to the fact that Washington is a poor and economical town as compared with its rivals north and west. But such an excuse is quite invalid. Even though brick has been the main material, even though there has not often been much money to spend on decoration — even so, there is no reason why Washington houses should vary almost exclusively between barren nakedness and rather frantic essays in "Queen Anne." Yet we may note a few exceptions, and note that they are increasing in numbers from year to year. Certain very simple brick structures are as-



STAIRCASE IN MR. C. T. BARNEY'S HOUSE, 10 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

suming not unpleasing shapes, as, for instance, Mr. Hornblower's little apartment-house, the "Everett," on H street. And Mr. Richardson has built a great brick house which is impressive because very simple and very strong, but looks a trifle eccentric — perhaps because the latter good quality is somewhat over-emphasized. Mr. Richardson's manner is, in truth, almost too monumental to lend itself gracefully to domestic work. Yet he is always much more than well worthy of attention, and we are interested to see what he will do with two other houses he is building now among the respectable old homes on Lafayette Square.

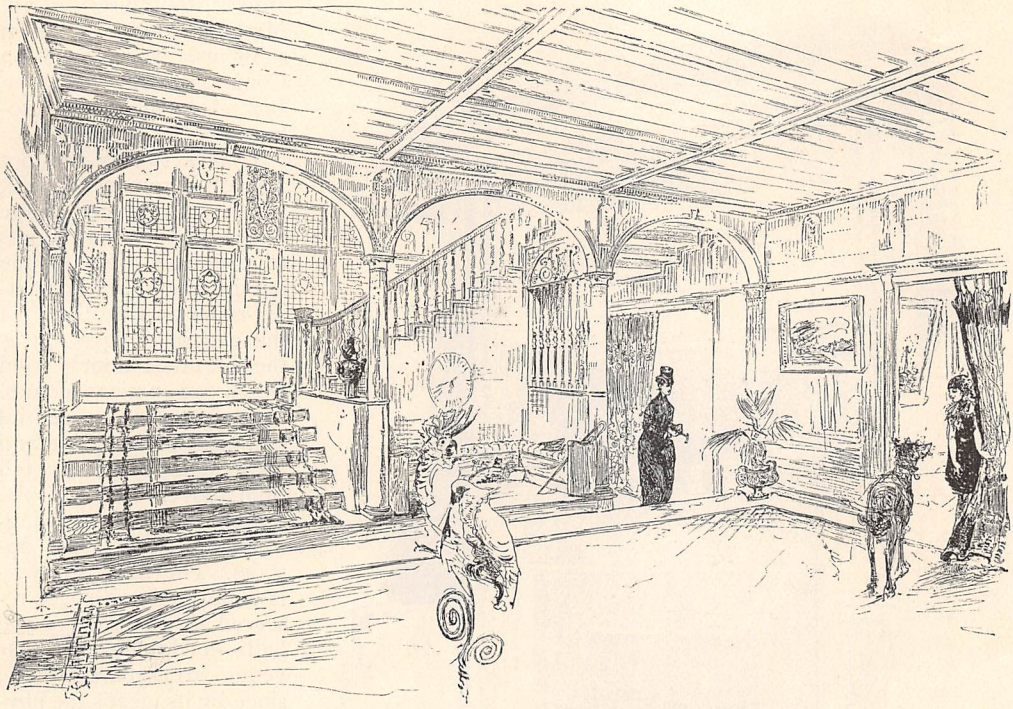
It would be an endless task did I try to go through our Western towns, noting all the variety of their efforts and all the tokens of progress they reveal. Many influences are striving in the West for mastery. English and German Gothic, French and German Renaissance, "Queen Anne," the Boston "swell front," the New York and also the



MR. C. T. BARNEY'S LIBRARY.

rural "vernacular,"—all these dwell side by side, if not in harmony, at least in mutual toleration. The speculator and contractor have not set the fashions here; the Western spirit is peculiarly prone to investigation, and Western towns offer a very wide field for experiment, since closely built blocks are hardly more common than spacious avenues lined by detached houses of great size and cost. In the general effect of these latter streets there is often much stateliness; and many individual houses are stately too, even when their details do not bear examination. As might be expected, we seldom find a slavish adherence to precedent, but very often a wildly eccentric "individuality" or an ignorantly audacious eclecticism. Yet I think the present tendency is toward the middle course of scholarly adaptation. I think each year shows more simplicity of conception, more reticence of manner, more artistic feeling in matters of detail. I may note especially that the great roofs which have always been beloved "out West" are getting to assume quieter, more organic, and more reasonable shapes. I have no space to cite examples of success, but I cannot pass without a word Messrs. Cobb & Frost's new Union Club House in Chicago. It is not faultless as a composition, but it is massive, simple, quiet, dignified,—a structure we would gladly take in exchange, I am very sure, for any New York club-house, whether "vernacular" or "Queen Anne" in style.

And now to speak of our domestic interiors. If anything could be stupider than our old average exterior, it was certainly our old average interior. Yet it has been improving of late years with even swifter strides, and has now attained to a completer excellence. Here, again, we long excused our laziness with complaints as to the difficulty of a problem which certainly was not easy, yet was by no means so unmanageable as we said. Surely we ought sooner to have done something more than we

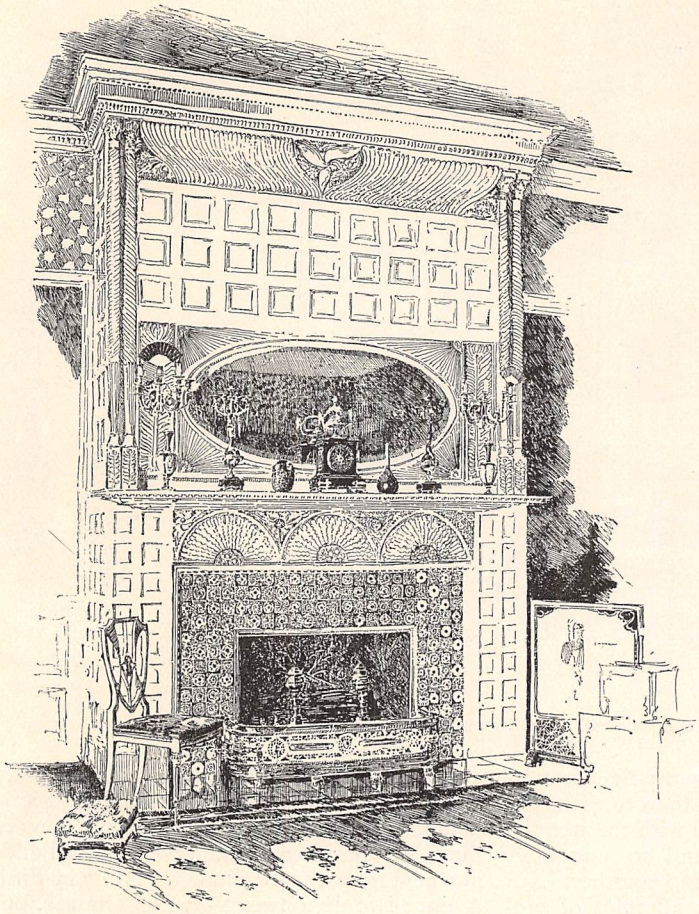


MR. CHARLES WHITTIER'S HALL, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

did even with a plan twenty-five feet by seventy — something more than to make the narrowest possible dark hall with the narrowest impossible staircase, and to put three equal-sized rooms one behind another. Nor need we so have forgotten all rules of proportion as to believe that a very high ceiling was intrinsically "elegant," and must be secured no matter what our other dimensions. We might more properly have decided that if there is one thing a ceiling ought *not* to have, it is excessive height; better far that it should be too low, especially as with this decision would have come an amelioration of the chicken-ladders we were pleased to call our stairs. Nor would it have been difficult to improve these stairs still further, even though the rest of the plan had remained unaltered. Look at our illustration of a hall at No. 16 East Forty-first street, and we shall see how an ordinary house has been altered by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The stairs have simply been torn down, started again from the back, and turned on a landing half-way up. And the result is — an entrance space of decent width; a pretty effect of carved screen and balustrade and archway instead of the ugly old perspective; complete privacy for those who in using the stairs are no longer obliged to pass the entrance and the drawing-room door; and, consequent upon this last, a possible omission of that servants' stairway which was so often a most harassing necessity.

Our plans will show how very much more than this has been accomplished in building new from the beginning. No. 724 Fifth Avenue is only a twenty-five foot house, but it looks a great deal larger when one is in it, and offers infinitely more of comfort and of beauty than we might think possible. The entrance-hall is a mere passage the width of the doorway. The front room, which thus gains greatly in breadth, is reached by a door at the end of this passage, where we step from it into the true hall, which fills the center of the house and has a great fire-place on one side and on the other a broad stairway with comfortable landings. But I will not describe what a drawing of the plan alone could tell with clearness, noting only the novel treatment of the back stairway, which is entirely built in and concealed from all save those who use it. The whole interior is transformed, and the wonder is that it took us so very long to see how such a transformation might be wrought.

A house by the same architects at No. 10 East Fifty-fifth street shows a similar arrangement of central hall and staircase. But as the lot is wider, the entrance-passage is broader, is no longer merely decorated but furnished too, and gives immediate access to the drawing-room. Such halls are sufficiently lighted



MR. NICHOLAS ANDERSON'S FIRE-PLACE, WASHINGTON.

by day through a skylight over the well, and at night are the most charming rooms of all. Many other houses of average size have been built upon the same general idea both by these architects (Messrs. McKim, Mead & White) and by others, and for a good result even twenty-five feet of width are not essential.* For none of all their many innovations are we more grateful than for the honor they pay the staircase. It may be, it always should be, and now it *is*, the very backbone of the house, not only as to use but as to beauty too. Yet for years we suppressed and compressed it into a shabby hideous instrument of torture.

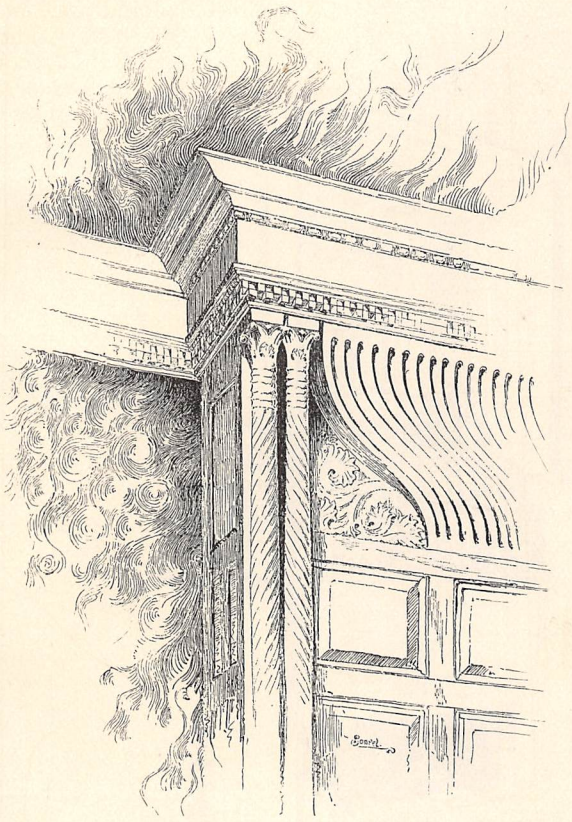
In a physician's home domestic life and professional life should be separately accommodated, and the apartments devoted to the one should be isolated from those devoted to the other. Is it possible to do this within ordinary city limits? Or, if possible, will not space be too largely sacrificed? We might answer doubtfully did not Messrs. Rotch & Tilden show us, in a house on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, a quite ideal resolution of the problem.

It is a twenty-five-foot English-basement house, with an entrance-passage in the middle that admits to a waiting-room on the one hand and to a consulting-room on the other. At the end of the passage is the true house-door beyond which no patient comes. This opens into a central hall with its fire-place and broad stairway well lighted from above. Beyond is the dining-room, the drawing-room being as usual upstairs. The back stairway is in an inclosed space reserved at one side of the hall—a doubly advantageous arrangement here, since by its means the physician can pass from his consulting-room to a library above, and above this once more to a bed-chamber. When he desires—at night, for instance, or with infected clothing—he is thus able to live and move and have his professional being not merely without disturbing his family but without passing through those parts of the house that are used by them. When we realize all this, and that there is not a corner lacking ample light, can we say that *nothing* is to be made even of an average house in the middle of a block?

The planning of a larger house may seem a less vital and a less difficult matter. It is certainly true that unintelligence will not here produce results intrinsically so bad. But its results will be just as bad when compared with the possibilities which offered—will sacrifice just as large a relative proportion of possible comfort, light, and beauty. More ingenuity and variety were sadly lacking in the arrangement of even our largest houses, but are conspicuously displayed in most of them to-day. We shall see this more clearly when our country homes are considered.

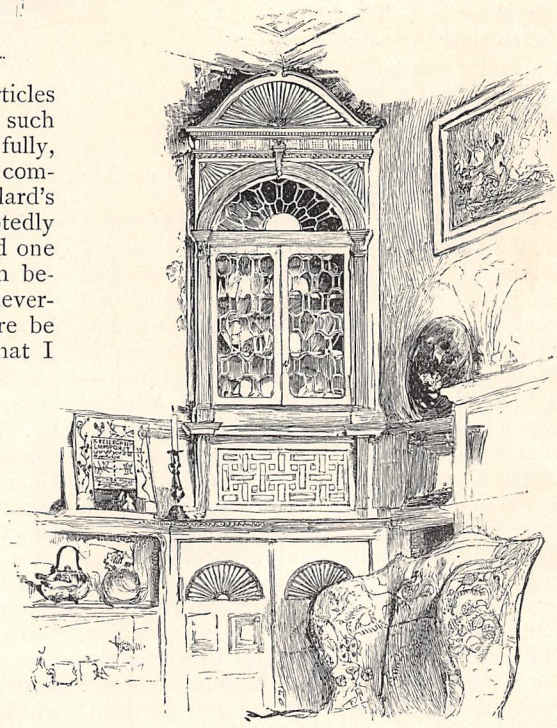
There is another important subject upon which too I need not dwell just now—the

* See, for instance, the plan herewith given of the English-basement house built by Mr. Haight on East Fifty-fifth street.



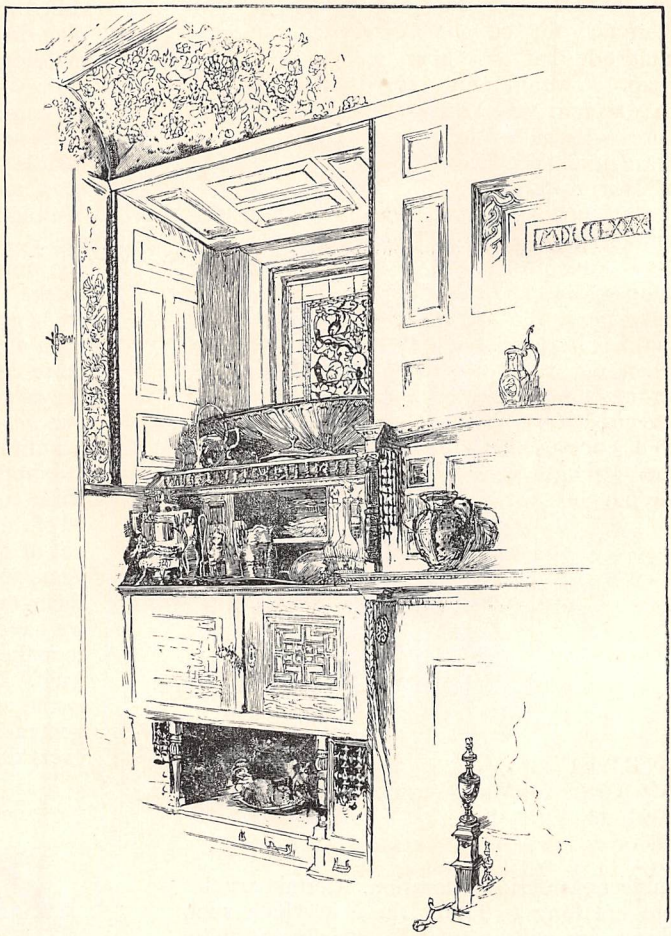
DETAIL OF MR. ANDERSON'S MANTEL.

subject of interior decoration. Certain articles are ere long to follow these in which such decoration will be treated specially and fully, and in which, I may add, a particularly complete description will be given of Mr. Villard's house on Madison Avenue — undoubtedly the finest interior we have to show, and one that would do us infinite credit if shown beside the best of any land. There are, nevertheless, certain remarks which must here be made. It is in itself a fortunate sign that I can say they *must;* for it is a sign that our interior decoration is a part of our *architecture* strictly so considered. A necessary state of things, it may be thought, and one which in itself is not much to boast of. Yet it was not so necessary but that we entirely escaped from it during very many years. The architect was utterly banished from our interiors during all the time that divided our old houses from those of the very recent renaissance we are now reviewing. When he had built his walls he seems to have been quite satisfied. And we were quite satisfied when we had called in the carpenter to insert flimsy pine doors and meager machine-made moldings, the marble-cutter to set a clumsy stolid white mantel, and the plasterer to affix a ghastly cornice and to sweep a flourish of absurdity in the middle of the ceiling. We did not even remember the word decoration. We built our houses and we furnished them — that was all; and inside, *building* never meant anything accessory to the mere rude fabric. Even when we began to long a little after beauty, even when we first made our furniture more attractive, the same ignorance prevailed. We did not try to beautify our *house*, we only tried to fill it with beautiful things; and our subsequent attempts at real decoration were for a while superficial only — were demanded of the painter and the paper-hanger, not of the architect. It is only within years so few that we can almost count them on the fingers of one hand that we have tried to *build* interior beauty, to make it part and parcel of the house itself. But in our best work to-day it is the architect who has imagined the general effect and has planned for it in every detail — in the richly screened or



CORNER CUPBOARD IN HOUSE OF MR. F. F. THOMPSON, 283 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

balustraded staircase, in the wood-work everywhere, in the mantels which are a portion of the wall and not a mere excrescence, in the colors and patterns and materials for wall and ceiling, often in the shapes and colors and materials of the furniture itself. The good impulse has already descended, indeed, even to our speculative building—though, of course, it is not apt to reveal itself here in the most delightful manner. We have space for but one or two illustrations, and for no commentary whatsoever. I will only explain that the "extension room" of the house No. 50 West Thirty-seventh street is shown, not because of any great excellence, still less because it is at all characteristic of the work that Messrs. McKim, Mead & White enchant us with today, but simply because of its interest as one of our very first tentative essays in the right direction. The hall of No. 10 East Fifty-fifth street is a better example of their work. The Boston hall is theirs also—rather inadequately pictured, I am sorry to say; and the mantel is from Mr. Richardson's house in Washington. Let me only add, lest I should be grievously misunderstood, that I do not in the least undervalue the work that has been done by our decorators who are *not* architects. Certainly it is only by the aid of such that the architect is likely to succeed in his higher decorative efforts. No architect—in these days when artists are not Michael Angelos for versatility—can himself supply what a painter like Mr. La Farge will give him, or a sculptor like Mr. St. Gaudens. But, on the other hand, neither Mr. La Farge with his beautiful color in paint and glass, nor Mr. St. Gaudens with his beautiful form in bronze and stone, can do his best if the architect has not prepared the way for him. Such art as theirs, moreover, is a luxury for the very few, while architectural decoration is within the reach of every man who builds himself a home. For to be sufficient it need not imply the introduction of any unavoidable feature or any unnecessary detail. It need only mean that each obligatory detail and feature, no matter how small or simple, has been included by the architect in his conception of the structure.



DRESSER IN MR. HORACE WHITE'S HOUSE, 51 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

Many sins of omission rise before me as I try to bring these long pages to a close. For example, I have not even mentioned our hotels and our huge apartment-houses. Perhaps, however, the less said of them the better. They vary, writes an epigrammatic critic, "between the Scylla of monotony and the Charybdis of miscellany." Scylla is, without doubt, the better haven. The Astor House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel seem at least more peaceful than those enormous up-town structures that are enwrapped in miscellanies at once riotous and puerile and vulgar. I know that the problem offered by huge buildings of the kind—with their twelve stories sometimes, and their innumerable small rooms within—is supremely discouraging. I know, too, that a large expenditure of pains and skill has often produced very good results in

the interior. Nor do I presume to say that there may not be good exteriors among the multitude that have been built in these latter years. I would only testify that, so far as I have seen in New York and elsewhere, there is but *one* which merits praise. This is Mr. Hardenberg's "Dakota," on the west side of Central Park.

And now I will give a final word to a very simple, plebeian little house lately built in New York on Greene street, just before it ends at Clinton Place. For I want to enforce once more the virtue — nay, the charm — that lies in mere solidity. Why is it that even when our walls are really quite thick and strong enough, they so often look like flimsy screens? It is partly because they are not well composed, but largely, also, because their strength is not shown outside, because we put the sash-frames close up to their outer surface, leaving no visible depth of wall and preventing all play of light and shadow. The deep "reveals" — excellent technical name, since they show so much we want to see — of our iron façades may be cited as a virtue to set against their many sins. But it is a virtue often wanting to work that should in every way be better. We find it, though, in this Greene street house, and all the more conspicuously since there is no decoration to assist it. The windows — square and round-headed — are nicely proportioned, the wall-spaces are broad and quiet, and the string-courses are structurally expressive. But the effect would be far less satisfactory were it not for the unusual depth of the reveals and the consequent bold marking of the shadows. If something better could take the place of the present sordid little steps, this would, in its own modest way, be a very satisfactory little house indeed.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

CRUEL and wild the battle:
Great horses plunged and reared,
And through dust-cloud and smoke-cloud,
Blood-red with sunset's angry flush,
You heard the gun-shots rattle,
And, 'mid hoof-tramp and rush,
The shrieks of women speared.

For it was Russ and Turkoman,—
No quarter asked or given;
A whirl of frenzied hate and death
Across the desert driven.
Look! the half-naked horde gives way,
Fleeing frantic without breath,
Or hope, or will; and on behind
The troopers storm, in blood-thirst blind,
While, like a dreadful fountain-play,
The swords flash up, and fall, and slay —
Wives, grandsires, baby brows and gray,
Groan after groan, yell upon yell —
Are men but fiends, and is earth hell?

Nay, for out of the flight and fear
Spurs a Russian cuirassier;
In his arms a child he bears.
Her little foot bleeds; stern she stares
Back at the ruin of her race.
The small hurt creature sheds no tear,
Nor utters cry; but clinging still
To this one arm that does not kill,
She stares back with her baby face.

Apart, fenced round with ruined gear,
The hurrying horseman finds a space,
Where, with face crouched upon her knee,
A woman cowers. You see him stoop
And reach the child down tenderly,
Then dash away to join his troop.

How came one pulse of pity there—
One heart that would not slay, but save—
In all that Christ-forgotten sight?
Was there, far north by Neva's wave,
Some Russian girl in sleep-robes white,
Making her peaceful evening prayer,
That Heaven's great mercy 'neath its care
Would keep and cover him to-night?

Anthony Morehead.



ARIANA AND THE SEÑOR.

JOHN TONER'S EXPERIMENT.

IT was a chill November afternoon, and Cour de Paradis was almost deserted. It was one of the shabby, irregular streets of the French quarter of New Orleans. At one end it was entirely closed up by the side wall of a tall brick building; and at the other the church of Jean Baptiste blocked the way so completely that the only mode of egress was a narrow alley which led around the corner of the church, and out in front of it. Between these two limits it wound at its own crooked will, and in some parts was quite wide, while in others opposite neighbors could almost shake hands from the jutting galleries on the second story. The most pretentious of the humble houses stood slightly back from the street, in a tiny court-yard of its own, which was the one bright spot in the place. Once a latticed wall and high arched gateway shut in the little court from public gaze; but now the gate swings on one hinge, and the lattice is decayed and broken, and through its gaps one can see the dying flame of the last scarlet verbenas, and the flagged walk shadowed by broad-leaved Spanish plum-trees, and whitened with the drifting snow of orange blossoms.

The sun crept up the side of Jean Baptiste, bringing out its green mold-stains, and fell in a broad stream on the small inclosed space in front of it, where a parched and stunted plot of rosemary filled the air with faint odor, and the grass grew rank.

Just as the sun reached the arm of the cross above the church, the vesper-bell rang out with thin, clear strokes, and presently house-doors began to open, and people to pass along in answer to its voice. They were, for the most part, Creoles, or sometimes a negro nurse, with a gaudily turbaned head, driving before her a flock of children whom she alternately scolded and cajoled in the broadest of gumbo French.

Some one, midway in the row, began to play a scale on a flat-toned piano; and while the first notes were still echoing through the place, two people turned the corner of the church and entered the Cour de Paradis.

The elder was a short, spare man, an unquestionable "down-easter," with hair and beard streaked with gray, and keen, restless eyes; his clothes were fast verging upon rustiness. In one hand he carried a small black bag, and with the other led a girl who followed him with lagging steps.

"We're most there now," he said encouragingly; and presently they stopped before one of the smallest and shabbiest houses, where a plate informed the public, "Signor Guido Sporza, Teaches to sing and to play, at moderate prices."

This was the house from which the sound of the piano came. At first the man knocked in vain, for by this time the young musician was in all the agonies of a five-finger exercise, which she played at once so slowly and so violently that one might have believed that she must prostrate herself on each separate note, and that the interval was required for her to recover herself before she could proceed to the next.

With an impatient exclamation he pushed open the door, and walked uninvited into the parlor. A woman with a peevish, sallow face sat sewing as she counted time in a shrill and monotonous voice for the toiler at the piano.

"Is that you, John?" she said, without rising. "Why, we didn't think to see you back these two weeks."

"You didn't? Well, don't let the joyful surprise kill you," said he, dryly. "Is the young un at the pianner one er the scholars?"

The woman nodded assent.

"Send her home, an' go tell Sporza I want him."

"She pays extra to practice here, and her hour ain't up yet," Mrs. Sporza said. "Who's that girl with you, John?"

"Oh, I guess it ain't necessary to your happiness to know," he answered. "*I* know, an' that's about enough." And without further parley he walked up to the musician and bade her go home — an order at once obeyed with round-eyed and joyful haste.

"Land, John!" said Mrs. Sporza; but that was the sole protest she made. Her brother was the one person with whom she never wrangled.

"Where's Sporza?" he asked. "I've got to be at Grunewald's afore they close, an' it's gettin' late."

Mrs. Sporza opened the window and looked up the street.

"Here he comes now," she said. "Vespers are just over."

The Signor was a small man in trousers of the largest check, and a brilliantly flowered waistcoat. As he was a child of the sun (that is, of Italy), he reveled in gay colors, and his necktie was the brightest red.

"Aleece," he began, as he put his foot on

the first step, and continued his remarks as he trotted through the hall, "Aleece, you vill 'ave to geeve dat Sophie girl a noteece dat she leave. She 'ave now de twin in de coal-bin vile she talka love to de grocer young-a man——" By this time he was at the parlor door, and paused in surprise at the sight of his brother-in-law and his companion.

As they shook hands Toner said:

"I come on business, Sporza, so I guess you might as well tell Alice to clear out till we've settled it."

Mrs. Sporza cast a withering look at her brother, but prudently said nothing. The Signor looked dismayed at the task before him.

"My dear," he began timidly, "you 'ear vat your brother say——"

"I ain't deaf, but if I ain't a right——"

"Look a-here," said Toner, "I'm in a hurry."

Mrs. Sporza went slowly across the room, and the Signor added, with a view to propitiation:

"Eef you vud search up dat Sophie girl, de twin, you know——"

"I *don't* know!" and the door closed after her with emphasis.

"What a tongue she's got! I tell you, Sporza, it's well you're one er the meek kind," said Toner.

The Signor heaved a long sigh and nodded his head.

"I'd be drove to drink in a week," Toner said meditatively, "if I was you. Have a cigar?"

The Signor eyed it wistfully and again shook his head and sighed.

"*She* like not de smoke," he said.

Toner chuckled with dry appreciation, and presently, perhaps encouraged by the sound, the Signor put out his hand absently and lit a cigar; but he smoked it furtively, and showed a tendency to hide it at the slightest sound.

"You 'ave with you a young-a lady," he said, suggestively.

"Ye-es. She's a kind er *ex*-periment."

"Es-speriment!" the Signor repeated vaguely.

What he saw was a girl of perhaps twelve, but small and slight for her age, with a thin, dark face, made darker by sunburn, and shadowed by a shock of jet-black hair. She sat on the edge of her chair and stared sullenly at the floor. She might have been deaf and dumb for all the interest she took in what was going on around her.

"An *ex*-periment," Toner repeated slowly. "A sort er 'Cast your bread on the water an' it'll turn up again.' You see, Sporza, pianner-tunin' ain't much for makin' a fortun', an' I never had a chance at nothin' else. It's been a sort er cheap John with me ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. But now, I guess I've a-bout hit it, an' I'm a-goin' to cast my bread with the chance o' it comin' back — comin' back thick-buttered inter the bargain, Sporza!"

"Eet ees vary nice to 'ave de bread butter'," said the Signor vaguely. "But vat ees eet you vill do vith de young-a lady?"

"I'm a-comin' to her. You know this last trip I went out into the parishes among the little towns — an' God-forsaken places most er 'em are, with ev'rything datin' back afore the war! Tell 'em their pianners ain't no account, an' mostly you'll be told, 'It's a very fine instr'ment. It was bought befo' the wah!'—as if pianners was Methuselers, an' never wore out. Last week it was, I put up at one er them little towns — Plaquemine' its name — all cane-fields an' dead-level roads leadin' to nowheres in partic'lar. It wasn't much of a place for biz, the town wasn't; but there I was, an' there I had to stay three days afore a boat 'd land an' pick me up. Such a place! If I was a drinkin' man I'd 'a' drunk *sure*; but I ain't. So I jes' loafed 'round an' kep' my eyes open. The house I put up at was *The Friendship's Exchange*—though why she called it *that*," he said, pausing again in his narrative with a reflective air, "I can't make out."

"So?" said the Signor, with an air of polite interest, but still looking dazed.

Lighting a fresh cigar, Toner went on:

"Alice's got a tongue, but it's a mild one alongsiden that landlady's. Princip'ly she nagged that child yonder, an' once or twice I spoke up for her, feelin' sort er sorry, but precious little good it done. Well, the night before I left, I was finishin' up a job at the other end er town, an' it kep' me pretty late, an' as I come through the yard (mortal a-fraid er the dog) I heard some one a-singin', and when I heard it" (Toner shook his head impressively), "give you my word, Sporza, I clean forgot all about the dog an' just stood there a-listenin'! It was that child yonder, a-sittin' on the kitchen steps, singin' like a mocking-bird. Says I, 'John Toner, here's your chance!' The next day I found out she was an orphin. The woman'd took her out er charity, an' was precious glad to get rid er her."

"But vat you do vit 'er?" the Signor asked again.

"Learn her to sing," Toner said. "Get you to take her in hand. She won't cost you nothin'—*I'll* do that part; an' I tell you there's money in her voice. Not operer, you know,—leastways not at first, for operer means Italy an' a lot o' money,—but *se*-lect concerts where she'll come out in a black dress an' a bunch o' flowers, an' Alice to play propriety."

"She 'ave not beauty," the Signor says, critically. "But you say she 'ave de voice?"

In answer, Toner took his seat at the open piano, and beckoned to the girl. After a moment of sullen hesitation she obeyed.

"Now, you sing out," he admonished her, as he ran over the air with a loud, incisive touch. The strain was odd and rambling, with now and then a minor note breaking in upon its monotonous flow.

The girl stood watching him with the furtive look of a creature forever upon the alert to escape a blow, until he struck the chord, and motioned to her to begin. At the first note the Signor started from his chair and drew nearer the piano.

It was that old and almost forgotten negro melody, "Nicodemus the slave was of African birth."

Through the brief summary of Nicodemus's life her voice rang out with the strength and clearness of a trumpet. There was no attempt at modulation, no shade of expression; it was one rich swell of sound. One note merged itself into another with that wailing rhythm which is a feature of negro singing, and her body swayed to and fro in time to its cadence. Then the wild refrain burst out, and floated down the quiet street:

> "Oh, de good time's comin, 'tis almost here,
> But 'tis long, long, lo-ng on de wa-y!"

Before the sound had fairly died away the girl was back in her seat, with the same impassive face. The Signor drew a long breath.

"*Gran Dio!*" he cried. "Vat a voice!"

Then the enthusiasm of the man gave place to the criticism of the artist. "But," he added, "she drag too much de voice!"

"Then you'll take her?" Toner asked. The Signor's enthusiasm suddenly departed.

"Aleece ——" he began.

"Hang Alice!" Toner growled.

"Eet vill be as she say. And den — eet take a long-a time to train de seeng-er, and much prac-teze. Besides dat, de young-a lady vill 'ave to be learn' to talk. I spick not your languich vell, for I am of Italy, but *she* — she spick it like de black!"

The Signor was right; her accent was atrocious. It was negro; nay, it was worse,— it was "po' white"; there was not a single *r* in her whole vocabulary. Not that such a lack matters much in the singing of negro songs; it was only when the Signor asked her name that the absence of that useful letter became glaringly apparent.

"Ayana Wawnah," she answered, not looking up from her study of the ingrain carpet.

"Arianer Warner," Toner said, coming to the Signor's aid. "Her class come it strong on first names. She ain't an F. F. by no manner o' means. Father was an overseer an' died durin' the war. It was her gran'father raised her, but *he's* been dead goin' on three year, too."

At the mention of her grandfather the child moved uneasily, and for the first time raised her eyes. They were large and dark, and stared with sullen melancholy out of her thin face.

At this juncture Mrs. Sporza's voice was heard in the hall berating the delinquent Sophia, and the Signor looked around for a place to hide his second cigar. While he wavered between a vase and a card-basket, she entered with the lamp, and a demand to know how much longer she was to be kept out of *her own* parlor. The Signor dropped his cigar on the floor, fervently praying it might go out undiscovered, and looked out on the dim street with a preoccupied air.

It was Toner who unfolded the scheme, and after much bickering she yielded her consent, but as ungraciously as possible, making it distinctly understood that she had no faith whatever in the fortune the child's voice was to bring. The matter being settled, Toner rose to go. At this instant Mrs. Sporza detected the smoldering cigar.

"How eet come dere?" the Signor says feebly. "Eet ess vare strange —"

"It *is* strange," she cried angrily, "that you can smoke the bread out of your children's mouths. I won't say mine, as that ——"

"Hold on a bit!" Toner interrupted. "*I* paid for that cigar. Precious little, too,— it was smuggled,— an' a prime article it is!"

The next day Ariana took her first lesson. Sporza began by playing and singing the first note of the scale. A shrill, derisive laugh burst from the child and silenced him.

"O-oh, Lordy! d'ye call thet air singin'? I kin do twice's good's *thet!*"

Though somewhat confounded by his new pupil's audacity, the Signor very kindly and patiently tried to explain to her the process of cultivating a voice; and when he again struck the chord she droned after him listlessly.

"Vy you not seeng out?" he questioned, imploringly; and then, with a sullen twist of her shoulders, she fairly screamed the notes.

"Ah, now you seeng too *skrilly!*" said the patient Signor.

A moment later Mrs. Sporza's face looked in at the door.

"You've woke up the twins, and you'd better not sing like that again, or ——"

A cowed look came over the impudence of the child's face, but a sullen fire flashed for an instant into her dark eyes.

That afternoon the Signor started off on his rounds, on his usual jog-trot. Shortly afterward Mrs. Sporza went out to spend the afternoon, and as soon as the coast was clear Sophie took the twins and strolled forth in search of admiration.

Finding herself alone, Ariana stole upstairs to the small, bare room where she had slept the night before, and gazed out of the window like some trapped creature. As she stood so a sound rose from the direction of the river, and quivered through the heavy air; it was the whistle of a boat. To her it was the greeting of an old friend. As far back as she could remember that sound had been part of her life. When it pierced shrill and clear through the morning air, she knew the sun would usher in the dawn; and in the dead of night, when it rose with long-drawn, muffled tones, which were hardly spent before another echoed it, she knew the white fog was dropping over the river. The familiar sound brought up before her the vision of a lonely grave in the shadow of a cypress grove, with no headstone to mark it, and not even the rudest fence to protect it from the cattle.

For an instant she wavered, and then, snatching up her hat, she crept downstairs and out of the house.

Several hours later John Toner, coming out of a music-room, stumbled over a child huddled up in the corner of the doorway; stooping to see if he had hurt the child, he discovered Ariana. She was fast asleep, with her black elf-locks falling over her pinched face; and as he shook her she opened her eyes, staring stupidly at him. Then a look of fear and distrust came over her face, and, jerking her shoulder out of his grasp, she cried:

"Jes' yo' lemme 'lone now! I'm a-goin' back ter home."

"You can't go anywheres at this time er night, an' if you *could*, you ain't the money. Now jus' you go back to the Seenyer with me, an' we'll talk it over to-morrer, an' if you still hold out you want ter go back, why then — I'll take you."

"D'yo' mean *that?*"

"Yes," he said.

"Honest?"

"Yes," he nodded; "honest!"

"Then," she said, relapsing into her drawl, "I'll go with yo', I reckon."

They found the Signor's household in a state of wild excitement over her disappearance, and its mistress received her with a torrent of questions and abuse, which she was too tired to notice.

The next day Toner called to fulfill his promise to Ariana.

"Now let's hear why you want ter go back," he said. "You ain't no one there, and Mrs. Collins treated you worse'n a nigger."

"I don't keer," she said, doggedly. "I hate this hyar place; it chokes me."

"Your gran'father's dead," Toner began, reflectively.

"I reckon I know that 'thout bein' tole." Then a sudden spasm contracted her passive face, and the words seemed to force their way through her lips against her will: "Th' ain't no fence nor nuthin' 'round where they buried him, an' ef th' ain't no' 'ne ter tend ter it, th' cows an' pigs they jes' tromp it flat, an' *I*'m a-goin' back ter mind it. E'en Mrs. Collins *she* lemme do *that* o' Sunday evenin's."

"If that don't beat the Jews!" he said. "Look a-here — if you'll promise to stay here and let the Seenyer learn you, *I*'ll put a fence round him. Jes' you stay here an' learn to sing real well, an' some day you'll be rich — so rich you can put a marble over him as high's this house, if you've a mind ter."

"An' a iron fence?" she asked gravely.

"Yes, as strong as all *cre*-ation."

"Honest?" she asked, solemnly; "cross-your-heart and hope to never?"

"Yes, cross-my-heart and hope to never."

That settled the matter, and in this way it happened that Ariana's life became inclosed within the narrow limits of Cour de Paradis. It was not a rose-tinted life, for Mrs. Sporza was a lady of strong will. Sophie was promoted to the place of cook, and the twins given into Ariana's charge, together with all the rougher work, and the thousand and one things which no one else cared to do. As Toner had stipulated that she was to attend the public school, Mrs. Sporza sometimes allowed her to go when there was nothing in particular to be done about the house.

At school it proved to be no pleasanter than at home. When she was first entered, she was so ignorant that the smallest children were placed above her, and the girls of her own age laughed at her odd dress and accent. Her feelings were too dull for this life to embitter her; it only increased her native timidity and reserve until the people about her called her sullen.

So she plodded upward to womanhood, until the time came when Mrs. Sporza decided that she need no longer go to school, and Toner began to talk half nervously, half jocosely of the day when his experiment should be put to public test; but she puzzled him.

"Queer she is. I ain't a judge o' wimmen!" soliloquized Toner; "but she's a tip-top voice, an' no mistake!"

Shortly after this Toner returned to Cour de Paradis, accompanied by a stranger whom

he brought to pronounce judgment on Ariana's voice.

He graciously intimated that the girl might begin, and then leaned back in his chair with a critical air. During the first few bars he beat time to the music, but presently surprise stayed his hand. As she ended, there was a silence, and they waited for the great man's verdict,—Toner nervous, the Signor confident, Ariana indifferent,—and at last it came.

"The Signorina have in her voice a fortune!" he said. "*But*"—he shook his head—"she lack expression. It is brilliant, but it do not touch."

"Dat ees vat I tell to 'er alway," the Signor said mournfully; "but eet ees of no use. She 'ave eet not."

"When you sing, Signorina," the impresario said oracularly, turning to Ariana, "you must have no self. What you do sing that it is, you must be."

"But I can't," she said.

Nor could she. To sing with expression—to sing dramatically—one must have imagination. That Ariana utterly lacked, and nothing yet within the narrow limit of her experience had supplied its place. So far she had trodden the path marked out for her unquestioningly. The music-lessons, the household drudgery, Mrs. Sporza's sharp words, were accepted with utter impassiveness. To cow a nature like Ariana's is to teach it to put on the semblance of stupidity, until the semblance becomes reality.

In this way another year went by, and once more summer had given unwilling place to autumn. The roses still lingered, and in the little courtyard chrysanthemums nodded to the wind, which stripped the late oleanders from their stems, and scattered them far and wide along the street.

A young man who had sauntered along, thus far, in sheer idleness, stopped at the angle of the church, and surveyed the shabby little *quartier* with interest. The cross above his head was growing ruddy in the afternoon light, and from the churchyard beneath it rose the faint yet pungent odor of the rosemary.

As he stood idly in the sunshine he was roused by the sound of feet behind him, and before he could move something came into violent contact with his legs. A little startled, he turned, and looking down, saw a small boy sitting on the pavement—a boy with the face of a Cupid. At that moment its archness was obscured by the injured expression with which he was regarding Stuart Tresmond. While they were still looking at each other, another boy and a young woman turned the church-corner hastily. She helped the child to rise, and then said timidly to Tresmond:

"I'm sure Guido's sorry he ran against you, sir. Ask the gentleman's pardon an' tell him you're sorry, Guido."

"Think he'd better ask *mine*. Wasn't *me* frowed *him* down!"

"Yes, Arian'," the other child said, upholding his brother's veracity, "you know when we came the gen'leman was standin' up—it was Guido sittin' down."

Tresmond laughed at this conclusive argument, and then noticed for the first time that the children were so alike they might use each other as mirrors. Up to this point all his attention had been concentrated upon their companion, and even now, as he accepted the situation and gravely apologized to Guido, he saw only her as she stood looking on him with an expression half distressed, half amazed.

Her dress was very shabby,—that his eye took in at once,—but what her dress lacked in vividness her face supplied. The coloring of lip and cheek mocked the scarlet of the pomegranate flower, and the veil twisted carelessly about her head only half concealed the jet-black hair, growing low upon her forehead, in startling contrast to the cream-tinted skin; from under the dark shadow of their long lashes her eyes half met, half evaded his own.

As he ended his little speech, and before the silent observation had ceased, she made an awkward bow and, with the children clinging to either hand, hurried into Cour de Paradis, while he stood looking after her until she entered one of the houses. After a moment's hesitation he sauntered slowly into the place and looked curiously at the house she had just entered.

The next day, partly through accident, partly through design, his rambles brought him again into the neighborhood.

He was a young gentleman of infinite leisure, who all his life long had been guided by impulse rather than principle;—handsome, idle, fond of pleasure, but kind-hearted, and possessed of a certain refinement of taste which so far had supplied moderately well the place of higher qualities.

It had taken strong hold upon his imagination, this dingy little *cul de sac*, with its air of antiquity, and the girl with eyes as melancholy as if the shadow of the place had fallen across her life and dimmed it. It came to him like the fragment of an idyl of which he must read the end.

He passed the Signor's house and looked eagerly at the window, but she was nowhere to be seen; walking to the end of the street, he turned and came slowly back. This time as he approached the house he caught the strains of a song which held him spellbound.

Note after note of each long roulade and trill rose with such liquid sweetness and strength that it seemed as if she breathed rather than sang the strain. At last it died into silence. As he was about to turn away, the Signor's sign caught his eye again, and a perverse imp of mischief suggested the happy expedient of taking lessons. Why not? He had a voice, time, money; like a flash he decided, and rang the bell.

Ariana ushered him in, and the Signor being out, she began at once eagerly and timidly to tell his terms. Tresmond had a quick ear, and as soon as she spoke he guessed her rank in life; for though a superficial education had somewhat straightened out Ariana's grammar and toned down her accent, it could not quite restore her long-lost r's.

While she was speaking the Signor trotted up the steps, and she went out to meet him. What she said was in a low tone, but Tresmond heard it.

"There's a young man in there who wants to take lessons, and I put on five dollars more. It ain't too much, and he looks rich."

"Bravo!" the Signor chuckled; "you are a smart young-a lady."

But what a pang went through Tresmond. It was only his idealism which had received a blow, for even with the addition the sum was small enough; yet he felt really annoyed that a girl with such a wonderful color and such heart-broken eyes should know the value of a dollar.

Making the best of the situation, Tresmond settled the hour of his lessons, securely comforting himself with the idea that if the first was too much for him he need never return to take a second.

"Yes!" the Signor answered with modest pride, "you will find dat I can teach. Oh, yes! dat I can teach."

"Was it one of your pupils who was singing as I came?" said Tresmond, grasping at the suggestion, but not in the least believing the Signor capable of teaching so well.

"Pupeel?" the Signor repeated "A-a-h! eet ees Arian' you mean. Yes, I teach Arian' all she know."

Tresmond was greatly startled by the discovery that the singer and the girl with the beautiful eyes were one and the same person.

When he returned to take his first lesson Ariana opened the door and vanished, to reappear no more, though he again lingered in the hope of seeing her, and with this end in view tried to make friends with the twins, who received his advances in strict but smiling silence.

"Tut!" the Signor said, reproving them, but with admiration in every feature. "Tut! de cat 'ave got your tongue."

At last, in despair of seeing her, Tresmond went away.

When he came next it was near sunset. The street was again echoing with the sound of Ariana's voice.

As he was about to ring, Mrs. Sporza came up the steps, and greeted him with a gracious air. Pleased that he lingered, as it gave the neighbors an opportunity of seeing her husband's well-dressed pupil, she said: "Walk right in, Mr. Tresmond. The Signor's ready for you — that's only Ariana."

"A member of your family?" he asked, curious to know the girl's position in the house.

"Law, *no!*" Mrs. Sporza said. "A sort of charity pupil trainin' to sing in public. None of *my* family," she added, with a patrician air, "*ever* sang in public."

As usual Ariana vanished as soon as he entered, and in spite of his vexation the failure of his scheme amused him a little. A fleeting glimpse of the girl, the occasional sound of her voice — that is all he had got for his pains. Added to this, the Signor, being a thorough musician, an enthusiast in his art, and charmed by his new pupil's capabilities, proved himself a very martinet.

This afternoon Tresmond beguiled him into conversation. He had hinted once or twice already that he would like to hear Ariana sing, but the Signor shook his head. "No," he said, "Tonair 'e like 'er not to seeng for young-a gentlemen. 'E 'ave a name 'e call 'er — vat you call — ah, yes! *es-speriment. Dat* mean 'e vant 'er not to know de young-a man."

Then Tresmond tried a little diplomacy.

"I am not at all good at part-singing," telling his fib with tolerable composure.

"Prac-teze, prac-teze!" the Signor said, modulating with his left hand.

"I do not have any one to sing with," Tresmond said, unblushingly.

The Signor reflected a little. Toner had warned him solemnly against exposing Ariana to the wiles of youth; but this seemed to the Signor to be an exceptional case. Tresmond did not desire to know her for the pleasure of her society, but simply as a means of improving his voice, and he liked the young gentleman who had the good taste to admire the twins and bring them bonbons.

"So?" he said; "den I send de twin to search up Arian', and she seeng vith you."

She came back with Guido, and stood in the doorway looking awkward and frightened, until the Signor explained why he had summoned her. Then she took her place by the piano and gave all her attention to the music before her. Tresmond, on the contrary, sang so out of tune that the Signor was filled with anguish and dismay.

"Vait, dis go not vell. I search an easier." And, trotting off, he left the young people alone together.

They stood in silence, until Tresmond said:

"Do you never talk? I have been waiting for you to give me permission to talk to you."

"I haven't got anything to say," she answered, raising her eyes in her slow, frightened way.

"Do you think that excuses you from talking?" he asked, with a laugh. "Don't you know it has gone out of fashion to keep silent until one has something worth saying? If we waited for that, half of us would grow dumb!"

Ariana only raised her eyes in the same slow way, and then dropped them in silence.

At the end of a few weeks Tresmond was quite at home in Cour de Paradis. As for Mrs. Sporza, she had no praise too high for a young gentleman so affable that he would stay and spend the evening when his lesson was over; and the twins developed a vast and unbounded admiration for him.

A little of this new brightness had fallen even on Ariana, and lingered subtly in her face, until the Signor, dimly conscious of a change, remarked it to his wife.

"Arian' ees eemprove' in 'er a-pearanze," he said. "Yes, eemprove'."

"There was room for it!" said Mrs. Sporza contemptuously.

One evening, as usual, Tresmond found himself at Signor Sporza's door. Ariana was practicing, and he stood in the shadow of the entry until the last note had echoed itself into silence. When he came towards her she raised her face with a half-timid, half-deprecating look, and he stood for an instant in silence looking into her eyes, those beautful eyes which said so much that found no echo on her lips.

While he looked at her or listened to her singing, he lost in a measure his power of reasoning; it was only when he was away from her that his cooler iudgment resumed its sway.

"Good-evenin', sir," she said; and the drawled elision of her words roused him with a shock from his absorption. With a half-conscious irritation he turned to the music before her.

"*Convien partir*," he read. "I never should have guessed it was anything so doleful. You sang as if you were glad to get rid of them."

"I wasn't sorry," she said seriously. "What'd make me? I don't know 'em, an' I don't care about 'em."

"You have not the least bit of feeling," he said discontentedly.

"I reckon I haven't. I can't be sorry for people in songs."

In a desultory fashion he had tried to cultivate her taste,—and, as he was a very young man, chiefly through the medium of poetry,—but with small success. With a sense of disappointment, he turned towards the table and, fluttering the leaves of a prettily bound book,—his latest offering upon the educational shrine,—asked, in a tone which was almost one of entreaty, if she did not like the poem.

"I s'pose I don't understand it," she said humbly. "It jingles so it bothers me. Nobody talks that way — an' I don't see any good in it."

"But the story," he persisted; "you must have liked that."

It was "Enoch Arden."

She answered with dogged honesty:

"No, I didn't. What made him ever tell? It wasn't any good."

"It made it dramatic," he said. "What would the end have been without that?"

"I s'pose you know," she answered slowly; "but if it'd been me, I'd have just died an' not told. It didn't unmarry *her*, an' it didn't do *him* any good for 'em to spend a heap of money buryin' him,—he was dead all the same."

And with these words on her lips she looked at him with eyes full of deep and pathetic melancholy! Something like a groan of dismay rose to Tresmond's lips; but, smothering it, he tried another point of attack.

"When you sing in public, do you suppose people will feel the pathos of your music if you don't feel it yourself?"

She glanced at him in silence, and then looked straight before her, with eyes a little dilated, and her sharp, clear-cut profile coming out vividly against the gray-papered wall. In motion there was a certain awkwardness about the girl, but as she sat now the picture was perfect in outline and coloring. Rising restlessly, Tresmond took the place she had vacated at the piano, and began to prelude idly with one hand. As he gazed at her his mind made a sudden leap towards a possibility he had hitherto ignored—did he love her? His blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and he drew a deeper breath, almost a breath of relief, now that he had dared to face the question. He paused in his improvisation, and leaning on his elbow bent towards her with an eager look in his eyes, but the impassive gravity of her face struck his passion with a cold shock.

He was conscious of but one desire—to rouse her from her quiet, and make her responsive to the admiration which, despite his more critical judgment, she had won from him. To himself he had not yet answered the question her beauty had provoked.

"Ariana," he said, and she turned her face towards him, "listen. Do you know this?"

He struck the opening chord of the march in Raff's symphony of "Leonore," and while he spoke he carried on that strain in which one can almost hear the tread of the soldiers' feet,—now ringing it out in martial measure, now weaving it into a softly swaying melody.

"She was a peasant girl," he said, "and her lover was a soldier."

Very graphically he sketched the poem to her, pausing when he told how Leonore waits at home, hungry-hearted, for the tidings which never come, and in the pause the strain grew softer. Something like interest stirred the almost dull gravity of her look, and it added fresh impetus to his effort. He took up the story again, and, watching her intently as he spoke, he pictured the return of King Frederick's troops, and how old and young, with joyful acclamation, hastened out to welcome the victors home.

"And among the maidens was Leonore," he said, "eager to greet her lover."

"An' he came back?" Ariana asked, slowly. Now the march rings out in joyous expectation. "They were still far away, so far that only the sound of the fifes reached the villagers from beyond the vineyards where the grapes were purpling on the hill-sides." Then skillfully, and with lingering touches, he portrayed how Leonore waited with bated breath for the weal or woe which was to be her portion. "For she loved him——" The strain changed, and Ariana, like one in a dream, drew near the piano. Her lips were slightly parted, and she had the breathless air of one who had run far and swiftly. There was an answering fire in Tresmond's handsome face, and, with the music pulsing like the undercurrent of his words, he went on, in tones which gave them a subtler meaning:

"She loved him so that with him hell would be heaven, and without him heaven would be hell!"

The poem moved him; he willed that it should move her too; and into the scene where Leonore, alone of all the maidens, stands unclaimed by lover, he threw all his power of description and expression.

"And Leonore——" he said, striking a swift chord.

"He came back," said Ariana · "he came back."

"No," Tresmond said; "no."

Then he repeated softly:

"Without him heaven were hell, and with him—hell were heaven."

With swift modulation he passed from the air he was playing into *Convien partir*.

"Sing," he said; and, with the unwonted excitement still in her face, she obeyed.

As she sang she was no longer Ariana the drudge of Cour de Paradis. For the moment the shackles with which her life had bound her dropped from her, and she rose like a soul casting from it the burden and toil of life. For the first time the perfect voice thrilled with a mighty passion, which moved Tresmond to his heart's core.

At the last sobbing note he lifted his eager eyes to hers, and what he saw in them brought him back to the realities of life with a shock.

He had roused the artist within her, but—alas!—he had awakened the woman too.

"Bray-vo, Arianer! That was A No. 1,—ex-pression an' all. I allus said you had it in you, *sure!*"

John Toner, bag in hand, came in. He looked a little grayer, but it was the same brisk voice which said:

"Well, Arianer! an' where's ev'ry one?"

Then his eyes fell upon Tresmond; his jaw dropped, and the jubilant expression faded out of his face.

"It's—it's Mr. Tresmond, Mr. Toner, an' he's a pupil." And she hurried off to tell Mrs. Sporza of the arrival.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," Toner said, recovering a little. "Tresmond, she said, didn't she, sir? Last week I tuned a pianner for a lady o' that name in Plaquemines. Some er your people, sir?"

"My home is there," Tresmond replied, "so no doubt the lady was my mother."

"You was a-playin' the accomp'niment for Arianer?" Toner asked. Tresmond nodded assent, and tried to make the nod as careless as possible.

"Jus' so!" said Toner. "I stood outside lis'nin' a bit, an' I thought either 'twas Sporza, or else she'd im-proved in her playin'."

Presently Mrs. Sporza, having finished the toilet begun in Tresmond's honor, came in resplendent, followed by Ariana, who looked shabbier than ever by contrast. Without the money Toner supplied, in the belief that it was spent to clothe the girl, Mrs. Sporza would have had to curb her love of smart attire, and the number of her gowns would have been considerably lessened.

Soon the Signor came in from vespers.

As for Tresmond, he felt that he had crossed that boundary line beyond which there is no returning, but at present no regret was mingled with the thought, and while he talked his eyes wandered to Ariana with something of the ardor and pride of possession. He felt conscious that the old piano-tuner was watching him, and in sheer bravado he exerted himself more than ever to please. In spite of himself Toner yielded to the charm, and did not realize that he had done so until the evening was far spent. Once alive to the

fact, he pulled himself together with a feeling that he had been entrapped, and drawing the Signor out of the room said to him:

"I thought you said you kep' away beaux an' that sort er thing?"

"So I 'ave," the Signor said, with pride. "Dere come 'ere no young-a man."

"What d'you call that Tresmond? An old one?"

"Treesmon'," the Signor said, "ees a vary nice young-a man, but 'e 'ave no thought of Arian'—'e do but come to practeze de voice."

Toner, giving a groan of irritation and disgust, returned to the parlor, where Tresmond was making his adieux.

"I'm a-goin' too, sir," he said, "an' if you've no objection I'll walk a bit with you."

Tresmond assented with careless good humor, proffering his cigar-case as they walked along the moonlit street where Jean Baptiste looms dark against the starry sky.

"Thank you, sir," Toner said. "Esplanade is your street, ain't it? Very nice street, though *I* don't care much where I stay, so long's the place ain't one er your dead-alive ones. But people is cu-rious, very! There's Arianer, now—she hankered a long time after the country where she was raised, an', beggin' your pardon, sir, a mos' God-forsaken place it is!"

"What place?" Tresmond asked, absently.

"Plaquemine," Toner answered; and at the name Tresmond made a movement of surprise which did not escape his companion's watchful eyes.

"Yes," Toner went on, carelessly, "though 'tain't likely you know any er her people, for I guess you was off at college when the old man died an' I brought her here along er her voice. Your ma 'd know the name, though—Warner. Arianer's pa overseed for yours afore the war."

The daughter of his father's overseer! Tresmond said it over to himself as if to test the sound—as if he were announcing it to his proud, well-born mother, who was nurtured in all the tradition of race, and who so nurtured him.

"You've got an elegant place, sir," Toner said, changing the subject; "an' an elegant lady your ma is! You're sort er like her."

"We are considered alike."

"Pianner-tunin'," Toner said, apparently changing the subject again, "shows you—meanin' *me*, sir—a deal o' the world. Ladies, proud like your ma, an' po' white folks like Arianer—both from the same place!"

"From the same place," Tresmond echoed, desperately saying what first came into his head,—"and we met here! The world *is* a small place after all."

"Yes," the old man said, grimly; "with all its bigness it ain't room enough to keep young gentlemen out er mischief."

"What do you mean?" Tresmond asked, angrily.

"Don't get mad, sir," Toner said deprecatingly. "You see all wimmen is fools, an' Arianer ain't no better'n the rest."

By this time they had reached Tresmond's boarding-house, and, stopping, the young man said haughtily:

"Good-night, Mr. Toner."

"Stop!" Toner said, following him up the steps; "I've got to speak to you, sir."

In silence they entered Tresmond's room, and without noticing his companion the young man threw himself into a chair and stared moodily at the carpet.

"What I wanted to ask you, sir," the old man began, slowly, "was as you'd not come up our way no more. You see, Arianer's a kind er ex-periment o' mine. I've spent money on her, an'—she ain't nothin' to *you!*"

"She is!" the youth cried hotly. The glamour of her face and voice was still upon him, and for the moment he lost sight of everything else. "She is!"

"But your ma—think o' your ma!" Toner said eagerly. "You couldn't marry a girl like Arianer."

"I know," he said, dropping his head with a groan. The words leaped to his lips in the first shock of conviction, but when they were uttered it seemed to him that he had done a cowardly thing.

"That's the way to talk," Toner said encouragingly. "She ain't your ekal, sir."

"What harm does it do for me to see her sometimes?" he asked. "Why should I not?"

"You're too young to know much about 'em, sir," Toner said, in a tone intended to soothe, "but the older you grow, the better you'll know that there ain't no calcalatin' on wimmen. They're like mules—mortal uncertain!"

He paused and looked at the young man's face; it was half sulky, half defiant, and withal very miserable—the face of a man who dares not choose the wrong, but whose soul shrinks from the right. Toner came a few steps nearer, and continued, half apologetically: "Mind you, I don't say as she *does* like you, but I can't a-ford to risk it. I've kep' her since she was twelve years old, an' I've paid Sporza reg'lar for her. Sometimes it was mortal hard to do, but I done it. Look a-here, sir; you'd call this a shabby coat, wouldn't you? *That's* how I done it. I've walked when I could 'a' rode; I've slep' under a tree or a gin-shed in place o' goin' to a tavern; I've even stinted myself in my victuals."

While Toner spoke, Tresmond rose from his seat and walked restlessly up and down.

He was disturbed by the old man's appeal, but he was angered too; and now he stopped before him and said sullenly:

"But you knew she could sing. You knew she was a good speculation." Yet even while he spoke he felt ashamed of what he said.

"Yes," Toner admitted, "you're right there. It wasn't out of charity I took her, that I'll own; but for all that I sort er like the girl. You can't marry her,—you agreed to that yourself, sir,—an' I ain't a-goin' to have you a-muse yourself with her. That's the long an' short of it, sir."

Tresmond felt an inclination to take Toner by the shoulders and assist him forcibly downstairs, and at the same time blushed at the inclination.

"You understand, sir," Toner went on, "I ain't a-askin' you to marry her — not a bit of it! I'm just a-sayin' hands off. Marriage ain't in Arianer's line. She's my ex-periment, an' she's a ca-reer before her."

Still without speaking, Tresmond threw himself again into his chair and covered his eyes with his hand. Construing this into a favorable sign, Toner added:

"You've took a kind er fancy to her, but what er that? You'll soon get over it, an' Lor'! — girls is as thick as blackberries. Good-night, sir," he said, but at the door he paused. "I'll stop by early to-morrow, an' I'll take it kindly, sir, if you'd give me a note to carry to her, if you'd not mind writing it;—a frien'ly sort er note, but positive like,—telling her good-bye, so she'll not be expectin' you back, an' thinkin' it's me as is keepin' you away. The best of 'em like to do a little in the martyr line o-casionally, an' once you let a woman get that notion in her head you might as well throw up your hand. Good-night again, sir."

The next morning Tresmond had barely finished dressing when the piano-tuner presented himself; and with a muttered salutation he pointed to the sealed note on the table. He was pale and heavy-eyed, as if he had slept ill.

"Thank you, sir," Toner said, in a relieved tone. "It's tellin' her good-bye, I s'pose?"

"Yes," Tresmond replied. He turned a little aside and hesitated. "Yes," he said again.

"An' you're goin' to leave the city?" Toner asked curiously.

"Yes," Tresmond said; "to-morrow."

Later in the day Toner handed the note carelessly to Ariana.

"Here's somethin' from that young man," he said.

Ariana opened it, and turning with startled eyes upon Toner:

"He's — he's goin' away!" she cried.

"Well, Arianer, I guess we can stand it."

"An' he wants me to come to vespers," the poor simpleton said, looking from the note to the piano-tuner. "Why d'you reckon he wants me to?"

For a moment Toner was dazed by this addition to his "frien'ly note."

"Good for you!" he cried, clapping her on the shoulder. "You're the first woman, Arianer, ever I come across as was too stoopid to be tricky!"

Then slowly it dawned upon Ariana that in some way she had been indiscreet, and she stood in frightened silence, until Toner asked:

"Now look a-here, Arianer, has that young man been a-makin' love to you?"

Like a flash of light, a strange thought crossed her mind, a thought which sent a deeper crimson into her cheeks and vivified the beauty of her face. Since yesterday a dim, ill-defined idea had agitated her, and now Toner's words gave it shape. She knew now the meaning of the look which was in Tresmond's eyes while she sang, and she knew too why that look made her tremble as she had never trembled before. A slow smile parted her lips, and at the sight Toner's patience utterly gave out.

"What are you a-grinnin' at?" he asked roughly. "Can't you speak? Did he — yes or no?"

"No," she said, shrinking back frightened into her old self; "no, Mr. Toner." In words, he never had.

In the afternoon Ariana found time to steal off to her room to read the precious note over and over —"a friendly note," and nothing more, except for the last entreaty. It told her that he was going away, but her heart told her he would return. As she sat conning it, with a soft light in her eyes, a sudden desire to beautify herself for her lover awoke within her. After a moment's hesitation she opened her closet, and stood perplexed before her slender stock of dresses, and at length selected a cast-off garment of Mrs. Sporza's. There was an inexpressible air of vulgarity about both fabric and fashion, but of this Ariana was blissfully unconscious, and also of the fact that it was the last color that a woman of her complexion should wear. To her it seemed a masterpiece; and she dressed herself in it with due care. For a few minutes she lingered before the small greenish square of looking-glass, and then, going once more to the closet, took out the pasteboard box which contained the few treasures accumulated in all the years spent in Cour de Paradis. She opened the box and turned them over carefully and anxiously, taking out finally a large collar worked in coarse thread which Toner had won at a country raffle.

"The young woman as run the thing said it was a re-markably stylish *an'* fashionable collar," he said, presenting it with an air of pride to Ariana. "You can save it up till you make your *dee-bue*." And Ariana had received it with believing gratitude, and now felt that the fitting time had come.

Soon the sound of the vesper-bell for which she was listening startled her out of her restless inaction, and, slipping with guilty haste out of the house, she hurried with her pitiful tawdry finery along the street until she reached the shelter of Jean Baptiste. She took her seat in a dim corner, and did not notice that Toner was almost opposite her. Service began, and presently she saw Tresmond enter.

At last service was over. Père Mignot went into the sacristy, and the people straggled away —all but three. Tresmond waited at the church porch, and Toner, unnoticed, lingered in the dimness of the vestibule. From their positions they watched Ariana come down the aisle towards them, hesitating a little and with downcast eyes.

She came nearer, and the brilliant light of sunset, falling full upon her, threw out every detail of her grotesque toilet. Tresmond was advancing eagerly, when the travesty burst upon him, and he stood transfixed, staring at her in bewilderment. Recovering from the first shock, Tresmond took her hand, and Toner, too far away to hear the words, saw her raise her face as he spoke; and in the shy gladness and agitation of her look the piano-tuner read a disagreeable truth.

"She likes him — Lor', she likes him!" he said to himself.

Still watching, he saw a change come over her face, and heard her cry out in a voice which sounded as if all the lacking emotion of her whole life were crowded into this one cry.

"Never comin' back—never! Why must you go?"

"Yes," Toner said, coming out, "why must you? Here you are, a fine young gentleman as has sung an' talked with a poor girl until — ain't it a joke, sir? —she's lost her head an' thinks she's as good as you! Why don't you marry her? She won't mind poverty nor crusts nor rags, an' if your ma cuts you off, she'll work her fingers to the bone for you. She's a fool like all of 'em, she is!"

"If you were not an old man," Tresmond cried, "I'd knock you down!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! Gentlemen don't knock a man down for tellin' the truth, an' I've told it. You ain't a-goin' to marry her?"

Dead silence. The warm air waked the bitter odor of the rosemary, and stirred the sear grass above the forgotten graves, where love and despair and remorse had long since resolved themselves into a handful of dust and some moldering bones.

"You see you ain't good enough, Arianer," Toner said. "He brought you here to tell you so!" She raised a pale, scared face for a second, then it drooped again.

"You are very hard on me," Tresmond began, tamely. "I wanted to see her for the last time—that was all. Wait, Ariana"—then the struggle within him silenced his voice. His passion for her was battling against the picture of the future which her jarring colors and faded and crumpled bits of finery had conjured up. This girl his wife! Her poor efforts to adorn herself, which had been made with such a loving heart, turned the wavering scale.

"God knows I do love you," he said at last, not trusting himself to look at her, "and if— if things were different—"

"If the moon was green cheese — which it ain't," Toner said, contemptuously.

"Good-bye, Ariana," the young man said, huskily. For an instant she raised her dark eyes to his, and in them was the look he remembered so well. Then she turned without a word and followed Toner, pale and pitiful in her tawdry finery, with the brightness all dead in her face.

At the door Mrs. Sporza met them with an angry face.

"You, Ariana!" she cried, "where have you been? And my best shawl, too!"

She made a dart at the girl, but Toner caught her arm.

"You let her be, will you," he said, roughly; and Ariana went upstairs.

Upstairs Ariana stood silent, with a face miserably white, but tearless. Then with a sudden movement she pulled off collar and ribbon and threw them from her; not because of the harm they had wrought her,— of that she was ignorant,— but for what they had failed to do. She plucked the flowers from her hat, and then the mood left her, and her arm dropped listlessly, and from her loosened fingers the flowers fell to the floor one by one. She went back to her household drudgery and practicing, and did it all in the old self-contained way.

"Af-teer all," the Signor said, astutely, "vas not I right? Arian' love not de young-a man, nor love 'e 'er!"

SPRING came, bringing Easter with it; and this year Easter was an event to the Signor and Toner, for Ariana was to sing in high mass at the cathedral of St. Louis. It was to be her first appearance in public, and they were both a little nervous. Toner put his anxiety into words.

"Now you do your best, Arianer," he said, "an' whatever you do, don't you forget the expression. Think er somethin' onpleasant.

That Alice's a-naggin' you, or — or somethin' o' that de-scription, so's your voice'll get a sort er doleful sound. Queer, with them eyes o' yours, it don't come nat'ral! But you can't go by looks, for I knew a lady onc't," he went on, dropping into a reflective vein, "as sung. She was in the variety business, an' expression was her strong point, though you'd not 'a' guessed it from looking at her face — or her figger, either!" he added, warming with the subject. "She weighed close on a hundred an' eighty, an' such an appetite as she had! But she could sing, Arianer, an' in that feelin' way that afore she was through half the gallery'd be pretendin' they'd colds in their head. Lor', Arianer, if *she* could, why can't *you?*"

Already the acolytes had lighted the altar, and one by one, under the tinted arch of the chancel, the candles glimmered out like flickering stars. Through the old windows, with their square panes of colored glass, the sunshine fell in blocks of blue and red on the heads of the people and the marble pavement; and on the left of the altar at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes twinkled countless little tapers — each one, like a bead on the rosary, representing a prayer.

Throughout the mass Ariana's voice soared triumphantly above the other voices, and when at last they died away and left hers to carry the strain alone, it held the multitude enrapt. The swell of the organ changed into an accompaniment so soft that it seemed a faintly breathing echo, and blending with it the beautiful voice uttered the plaintive appeal interwoven again and again with the melody —

"Ave Maria! ora pro nobis."

It was not sympathetic; it was simply beautiful. Its purity and strength and flexibility filled the listeners with wonder and delight; but it pierced no heart by its tenderness; it brought tears into no eyes.

The papers next day noticed the service, and spoke in flattering terms of Signor Sporza's pupil; but one, mingling criticism with high praise, called attention to its curious flaw — absence of all expression — and likened her to the well-drilled "Fotheringay" of Thackeray.

"There it is again, Arianer!" Toner said, tossing the paper aside in disgust. "Ex-pression! Another fellow's got hold er that now! Well, you'll have to get it somehow — that's clear!"

It was April, and Ariana was not to make her grand *début* until the coming autumn.

"You let me polish 'er teel den," the Signor said, with enthusiasm, "and ven de warm veth-er ees over, and de peo-pell dey look 'roun' for dat to a-muse demselve', *den* you breeng 'er out, and my vord, I pro-mees you de grand suc-cees!"

June came, and with it came rumors of yellow fever.

"My ex-perience of this blamed country is that there always *is* some," Toner said, as he started northward on one of his trips.

His was but the echo of a general opinion; but by the end of a month the rumor was a dreadful certainty, not confined to the levees and slums, but raging in the best parts of the city. At last it was declared epidemic; the panic spread from city to country, and every train carried away refugees. Mrs. Sporza caught the general alarm, but, with beautiful consistency, her fear was chiefly for her own safety. The Signor's pupils dropped off until but one remained, and that one he taught in a spiritless way. Ariana was sitting in the hall, sewing, while he gave his last lesson, and listened half absently to his comments. The twins were playing beside Ariana, and they joined in the song with tiny flute-like voices.

"Young-a man," the Signor called, "young-a man! I come and lay my 'and on you."

At this dreadful threat they subsided, and contented themselves with dancing noiselessly, but as the strain was doleful the dance resolved itself into a solemn minuet. Ariana let her work fall, and looked wistfully at the pretty laughing children. When the pupil went the Signor said to Ariana:

"She vas de last, and now she come no more. She fly de ceety."

Mrs. Sporza joined them, and they stood in dejected silence watching this last pupil depart.

"Why don't you go too?" Ariana asked at last. "You can't make any money now, an' the twins ain't ever had the fever."

"What does *he* care!" Mrs. Sporza cried shrilly.

"Care vill not pay de beells," the Signor said, with a heavy sigh. "I 'ave but leetle mon-y, and dere ees five of us to fly."

"Only four," Ariana said. "I'll go and nurse, I reckon."

Mrs. Sporza grasped the idea eagerly.

"That's just what I was thinking of. The month's up day after to-morrow, and we might as well board somewhere along the gulf as rent this house; it'll be just as cheap."

"You forget dat Arian' 'ave not 'ad the fever," the Signor ventured.

"May be I have," Ariana said. "It don't matter, any way."

"Of course not," Mrs. Sporza agreed; then she hurried on to more personal matters. "We may get a few pupils, and with that and Ariana's pay, — it'll be as little as you can do

to send it to us, Ariana, after all we've done for you,—we can make out."

"No, *no!*" the Signor protested, but Ariana interrupted:

"Yes, I'll send it all. If it wasn't for *them*," and she pointed to the twins, "I'd nurse without pay. I'll not take it from the poor ones, just from the rich people."

"You'll be a precious fool then!" Mrs. Sporza said; "nurses get their own price this year, and are fed into the bargain. I guess," she concluded, "we better go to St. Tammany."

Within two hours they were at the dépôt, and Ariana hovered about the twins up to the last moment, but they were too much excited by the idea of traveling to care much for parting with her.

"Take care yourself, Arian'!" the Signor cried sorrowfully; and the twins laughed and nodded farewell from the window.

She had had but few loves in her life: her grandfather, Tresmond, the twins. The first was dead; the second did not think her worth the keeping; and the love of the twins was frail child-love, light to come and lighter still to go.

She went slowly back to Cour de Paradis and closed the house,— lingering over the task, and pausing at the church to cast one backward look at the quiet sunlit place,— then turned her face away from her old life, and sought the Howard office, where she offered her services as nurse.

After that all days became alike to her,— sometimes at a handsome house, sometimes at a hovel. Sometimes her charges got well, sometimes it was death that bade her move on to another stricken home. And still the fever swept on, sparing neither rich nor poor, youth nor age. It crept out into the country and to the smaller towns, and when it once gained a foothold it baffled all skill and science until it had run its course.

From time to time she heard from Mrs. Sporza. The letters related to money matters, with now and then a casual mention of the twins; and sustained by the thought that they were breathing pure air, Ariana labored on with a brave heart.

Towards the end of August she received a sudden order to be ready to leave the city within an hour; and it was not until they had left the office of the Howards that she had time to ask her companion where they were going.

"To a little river town," the woman said, indifferently. "Brulée or some such name."

IT was high noon in Brulée, and the hot sun fell in a broad, unbroken glare upon the dusty, irregular streets. No loungers were before the line of shops, none in the court-house square; and, but for the occasional ring of hurried footsteps along the plank sidewalk, the silence of a plague-smitten land rested over it all.

John Toner stood at a curtainless window in the upper story of "L'Etoile d'Or" and looked out upon the dreary scene with mechanical intentness. Presently the physician turned to leave the room, and Toner, starting forward, detained him.

"Ain't there no hope, sir?" he asked. "Mightn't she take a turn the other way? Couldn't you try somethin' more, sir? I—I wouldn't care nothing about the ex-pense of it. You see, I'm sort er fond o' the girl, though she ain't no relation — jus' a — a sort er experiment." As his eyes fell on the face of the insensible girl, he used unconsciously the familiar phrase which had been his life's core for nearly seven years.

"She has done her part bravely," the physician said, "but her work is over now."

Toner thought she was already dying, but the old negro woman who waited in the house reassured him.

"Dis is only four days," she said, "an' dey nebber dies on *eben* days, always on de *odd* uns. She'll go to-morrow, or she'll last till seven days, master."

It had all come so suddenly upon him that it seemed like an evil dream: his hurried return from Arkansas to find the Signor's house deserted and Ariana gone — no one could tell him whither; his days of restless wandering about the city until the thought came to him that perhaps Tresmond was answerable for her disappearance; how he had sought Tresmond in his house, and the stormy scene between them which followed — a scene full of bitter reproach on his part, and on Tresmond's of anger at his suspicions, until the old feeling for Ariana, reawakened by anxiety, swept every other consideration before it; then how, sorely against his will, he had consented to resume his search for her in Tresmond's company, and how at last, owing to the quicker wit of the young man, they had traced her, through Père Mignot, to Brulée.

Full of hope, they had arrived that morning to find her dying. Through all the bitter intentness of his thoughts, Toner was conscious of the restless tread of feet on the gallery below, and he knew it was Tresmond pacing up and down, too wretched to sit still. Once as he crossed the hall Tresmond stopped him with an eager entreaty.

"I don't see as you've no call to see her," Toner answered sullenly. "Can't you let the girl die in peace? It ain't much to ask of you."

Later in the day the stupor left the girl, and she turned her hollow eyes upon Toner, but she showed no surprise at seeing him.

"I reckon — I'm — dyin'," she said.

"Don't, Arianer!" he said, with a twitching face. "Don't you talk that a-way. I'm sort er rough, I know, an' I've called you a fool time an' ag'in, but 'twas only my way. Why, I couldn't set no more store by you, Arianer, if you was my own!" and the old man broke down completely. She did not answer; perhaps she did not understand.

There was an elm without the window, and the sun cast its shadow on the bare, white wall. With every breath of air the lace-like tracery swayed and pulsated, and Ariana lay watching it in wide-eyed silence for a time, then began afresh:

"It's bad about the money you spent — I'll never sing again — an' it's gone — gone."

"I ain't a-thinkin' about *that*, Arianer," Toner said, huskily. "It's *you* I'm thinkin' of."

He did not tell her that Tresmond was in the house. He had argued it out with himself that it would do no good; that it would only bring back the bitterness of what was past.

"May be I'd 'a' broke down after all," she said slowly, "an' it don't matter *now*."

"Don't, Arianer!" he repeated; "don't you trouble about that. I don't care nuthin' about my ex-periment jus' so's you get well."

"It seems sort of queer," she muttered, and a spasm crossed her face, and her eyes wandered restlessly back to the dancing shadow, as if she would fain have had a little time to understand the strangeness of it all.

"I reckon God knows best," she said more faintly, as if she answered some inward cry of lamentation.

"Tell Guido — an' Angelo," she said at last; but her wandering thoughts could not form themselves into words, and she did not speak coherently again until the night was far spent.

"You'll put me a-side of gran'father?" she asked, and Toner nodded.

Near dawn he spoke to her and touched her gently on the shoulder, but she did not heed him. Tossing and muttering to herself, Toner caught Tresmond's name again and again, and his face grew dark.

"Don't you think about him, Arianer," he said; "he ain't worth it."

As he spoke it seemed as if his voice had recalled her wandering senses, for her eyes rested on his face for a moment, just a moment, and then she rambled on again:

"It won't do him — any hurt — *now*."

Toner turned from her and stood for a moment irresolute, then passed into the hall. At the far end the glare of a lamp mingled with the gray of dawn, and in its circle of sickly light Tresmond sat, with arms crossed on the table and head bowed down upon them.

Memory, that surest of all avengers, was leading him back step by step over the past, until he was once more in the little church-yard, where the rosemary lifted its sharp, dimly colored spires to the calm blue sky, and filled the air with faint odor — just as it was upon the day they parted.

"Come," the piano-tuner said, and they entered the room together.

He stood aside and allowed Tresmond to take his place beside her.

"Ariana," he said, steadying his voice as well as he could, "I've come — to ask you — to forgive me."

She turned her eyes towards him, but it was too late. There was no recognition in them; yet his voice must have struck some chord within her, for she moved restlessly on her pillow, moaning:

"It wa'n't his fault; I wa'n't a lady."

No reproach could have stabbed him as did her unconscious loyalty, and stooping over her he caught her hands in his, and entreated her hoarsely:

"Look at me, Ariana — it is I. Look at me, dear ——"

"It ain't no use," Toner said, roughly. "Can't you see it ain't?"

With a groan Tresmond sank upon his knees beside the bed, and covered his face.

Like a refrain she muttered now and then:

"Most over — it seems — sort of queer —"

As the light crept upward, flushing the east rosily, she stirred, and her one idea came back with pitiful persistence:

"It seems — sort — of — queer —"

The light grew stronger, and the muddy stretch of water caught a glimmering reflection of the dawn, and the whistle of the boat sounded shrilly through the morning air. Ariana's glazed eyes turned in the direction of the sound, which seemed to call to her like a voice from the past of her lonely and neglected childhood; and, as the sound died away across the water, a thrush in the elm began to sing, and the world awoke.

"Arianer!" Toner called, bending over her; "Arianer!"

Not the faintest movement answered his voice.

THERE are some lives like the weeds which spring between the city stones to be parched by the sun and stunted by the flinty soil, and at last, before their little day is over, to be crushed by the careless foot of some passer-by. Only God in his infinite wisdom can know why they exist.

Margaretta Wetherill Kernan.

IT was pleasant enough at Serassiâb. The porch or open veranda where the busy days were so delightfully passed was musical with the sound of falling water which poured into a tank encircled by a row of graceful pillars. At the end of a dense avenue of plane-trees an open pavilion could be seen, supported by columns and walls faced with glazed bricks, colored turquoise-blue, orange-yellow, and black. The Persians have few of the appliances that aid the artisan of America. They do not even use a square in masonry or joinery. But they bring to their aid industry and an exquisite taste which three thousand years of vicissitudes have not eradicated from the national character. Putting up a rough, crooked post, they build around it a shapely and elegant pillar. If carefully measured, it will doubtless show numerous departures from straight or symmetrical lines; but the general effect is so just and agreeable as to indicate invention and a remarkable turn for constructive decoration. The arrangement of glazed bricks of various colors in elegant designs is also a trait of Persian art in which great beauty and taste are often displayed.

But this is widely digressive from the object in view when I began this paper, which was to give an account of a little trip among the Elburz mountains after health and trout. A branch of this range, called the Shimrân, or Light of Persia, arose behind our house at Serassiâb to an altitude of thirteen thousand feet. In our evening rides we could also see the snowy cone of Demavênd soaring above the nearer range to a far greater height, still rosy in the glow of departing day, when all the nearer landscape had put on the sober mantle of twilight.

The Lar is perhaps forty-five miles from Serassiâb. And this is the way we were obliged to prepare for the trip in order to reach our destination. It was essential that we should take with us tents, bedding, crockery, and sufficient animals to carry ourselves, the servants, and the outfit. This required the employment of much talking and of an occasional thrashing when the insolence of the *charvadârs*, or muleteers, interfered with the clinching of a bargain. After several days of preparation all seemed ready for the start. One curious circumstance about the journey, however, was the fact that we were obliged to journey by night. The great heat makes it impossible to travel in Persia in the middle of the day during the greater part of the year. Our departure was therefore so timed that we could have the benefit of the full moon. Once on the road, and winding through narrow lanes at a moderate walk, we were able to observe what an imposing procession we made. At the head rode the *giliodâr*, or equerry, mounted on a white Shirâzee Arab stallion. Two gentlemen followed, and next to them came several ladies on donkeys. The *tachtravân* was next in order, carrying the invalid of the party. This is a curious vehicle peculiar to Persia and Turkey. It is a covered litter borne between two mules, and contains sliding doors and windows. It is rendered reasonably comfortable by mattresses on which a person can lie at full length. The tachtravân of the wealthy is sometimes handsomely decorated, and mention is made of kings of Persia using it many centuries ago. But generally this conveyance is more heavily constructed than is necessary, owing to the difficulty of finding wood which is at once light and strong in Persia. The march of a tachtravân is necessarily tediously slow, but it is announced for a long distance by the strings of jangling bells carried by the gayly decorated mules, which do not, however, seem to appreciate the wealth and weight of ornament lavished upon them. On level roads the tachtravân is a real luxury; but when there is a steep ascent or descent combined with bad roads, this form of locomotion is not only very trying to the mules, but is also a severe strain on the rider, both on account of the exertion requisite in preserving his position and the nervous strain caused by watching the frequent peril of being hurled over a precipice. At the head of the leading mule marched a stately Arab, Abdullah Ibn Hassân. His gait was that of a prince; he was six feet in height, sparely built and perfectly erect. A camel's-hair tunic reached to the ankles. His head was muffled with a striped mantle bound around the forehead with a white cord. His swarthy features were haggard but yet handsome, and the dark orbs which flashed from under cavernous brows were marked by a proud and romantic melancholy, deepening into a glow of injured pride tinged with sadness when he was refused a backsheesh, as if he would reproach you for having disappointed the confidence he had reposed in your elevated generosity. What a standard is to an army was this son of the desert to our humbler train. He gave to it such a bearing that he seemed to be the chief

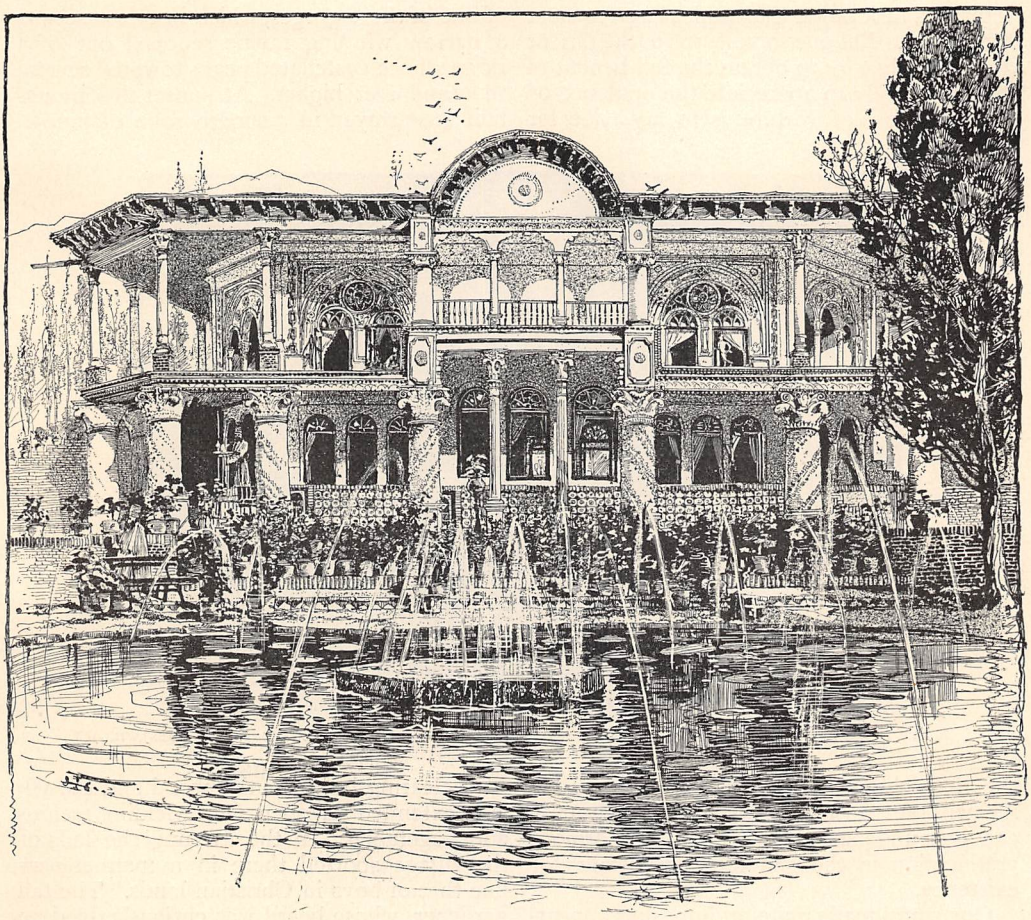
person in it, instead of a poor mule-driver earning twenty cents a day traversing the wastes of an ancient land,— a mule-driver by descent and the father of mule-drivers of the future. In looking at Abdullah Ibn Hassân I was led by a very whimsical turn of the mind to think of La Fotheringay, in Thackeray's "Pendennis." Did that great reader of human nature realize when he delineated her character what a type she is of a numerous class who are so richly endowed with lofty mien and aspect that until they open their mouths and betray themselves they pass for something far higher than they are.

Our sumpter mules, thirty in number, had already been sent on several hours in advance, in order that the tents and supper might be ready for our arrival at the proposed camping-ground. Our path led us at first through narrow lanes of Tejrisch and the adjoining village of Dezeshoob, and gave occasion to a considerable disturbance among the curs of those villages. Our passing also brought on our heads numerous remarks, not always complimentary, as we were foreigners and Christians, from the idlers smoking under the trees at the wayside places of refreshment. We were also saluted by the clamor of mingled blessings and curses from the professional beggars seated by the roadside, among whom must be included the filthy and half-idiotic santons, who, in a disgusting condition of nudity and dirt, depend upon the benevolence of the faithful for alms. They build a low hovel of mud under a wide-spreading tree, and pass their unprofitable lives in what they are pleased to consider service to God. Owing to their alleged sanctity one cannot always treat these lazy fellows as they deserve,— viz., with a sound thrashing for their impudence.

Emerging from Dezeshoob, we soon came to the superb country residence of the Naïb Sultanêh, third son of the Shah, and Minister of War. The grounds are arranged in terraces with pools and spouting fountains on each terrace, surrounded by shrubbery and lofty trees laid out with a pleasingly artistic air of negligence. After leaving the shaded avenues surrounding these elegant grounds, our train moved slowly over a treeless plain, which gradually ascended until the road entered the mountains. At nightfall we found ourselves in a pass noted for brigandage, and although the road has for some time been comparatively free from danger, and we had a military escort with us, it was deemed prudent for the party to close up its ranks, as stragglers might be attacked in the dark. The moon came to our assistance early, and was bright and welcome indeed when we reached the summit at nine. We found the ridge so abrupt that we passed at once from the ascent to the descent; and here the greatest care was required to reach the plain without accident. The road for some distance followed the edge of an excessively steep mountain, which divided the gorge in twain like a curtain. To make room for the road the sharp edge of this elevation had been cut down. In many places we could look on either hand into a black ravine far below, shrouded in deep and seemingly fathomless gloom, untouched by the moon, which fortunately lighted up the hazardous path we were following. The lower half of the descent was very bad, as the road was there composed of loose shingle, and, besides being uncomfortably steep, often branched off in various directions. A party which had preceded us on a previous night lost their way in this place, and did not find it again until daylight. It was also with great difficulty that the mules were able to turn the abrupt corners of a precipitous, zigzag road without accident to the tachtravân.

Having at last accomplished the descent without mishap, we entered on a narrow plain, and soon reached a wayside resting-place with the usual *chenâr*, or plane-tree, which marks such spots in Persia. Under the enormous spreading shade were two or three booths offering bread, fruits, and tea to travelers; a fountain adjoining furnished us a grateful draught. On leaving this place we came to a deep, rushing torrent called the Jarje Rood, the latter word meaning river. Here were some remarkable cliffs springing directly from the stream. They were shaped like a stupendous fortress with bomb-proof casements. Several caves in the sides suggested embrasures for cannon.

We crossed the river on a massive stone bridge supported by arches. In the rainy season the river is often much wider than we found it, and overflows its banks. It was to this circumstance that the late Emin-e-Sultân, one of the most prominent men in Persia, owed his title and the origin of his good fortune. The Shah often comes to this spot to hunt, being a skillful and enthusiastic follower of the chase. In a garden near the river he has built a pretty pavilion, and usually takes a number of his wives with him. When the retinue is large the ladies live in tents. On one of these occasions the river, evidently desirous to show its independence of the royal authority, took a whim to overflow the banks and give the king and his attendants a good wetting. They were aroused from their sleep by the sound of rushing water, and found the river rapidly rising around their couches. In wild terror the royal wives fled



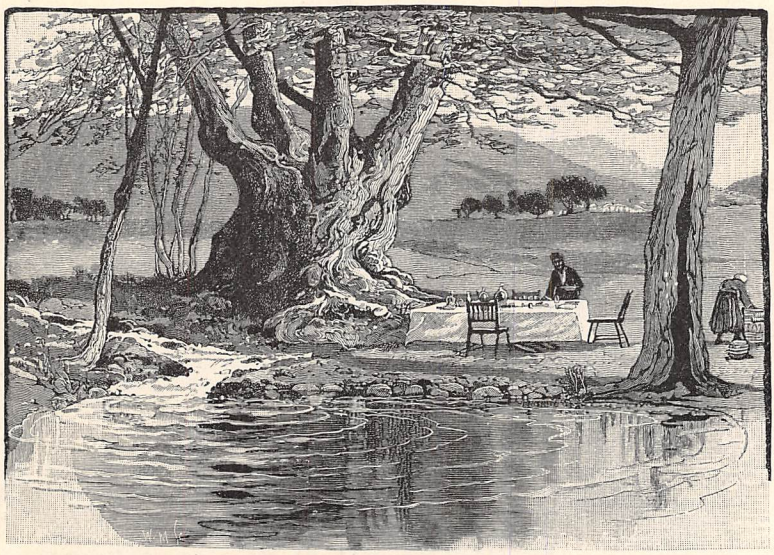
NOVGARÂN, COUNTRY SEAT OF THE NAÏB SULTANÈH.

to a safer spot, leaving everything behind them, including jewelry to a large amount. One of the lower officers of the court, aware of the loss and with an eye to his own profit, ordered his servants after the subsidence of the waters to search high and low for the lost treasure. Their efforts were crowned with success, and the officer caused them to be restored to the royal owners. The Shah was so gratified with the enterprise and zeal shown on this occasion by his subject, that he named him Emin-e-Sultân, and eventually promoted him to the charge of the mint and many other offices of great importance.

A short steep ascent from the bridge along the wall-like face of the lofty banks brought us to a noble plain, so white in the light of the full moon that it looked like a snow-land in the isle of dreams. Across the plain we now discovered two men approaching us at a tearing gallop. They reined up suddenly on reaching our train, and proved to be two of our servants who were on the lookout for us. After giving us directions as to where to find our tents, they returned to the camp at full speed, to order hot tea prepared on the *samovâr* ready for our arrival. Another weary half-hour followed ere our slow-moving train reached the massive shade of the gigantic plane-tree under which the tents had been spread, by the side of a pool and a brook which emptied into it. It was a most picturesque scene as we alighted, the white tents looming mysteriously in the gloom, lanterns moving hither and thither and flashing in the water, dusky figures grouped around the fire where our supper was cooking, and the broad moon above in the cloudless heaven, braiding silver spangles with the shadows.

The following morning being the Sabbath, we abandoned ourselves without reserve to the attractions of our camp, happy in the consciousness that we should not have to leave it until the subsequent day. To enjoy one's self by indulging in the luxury of absolute indolence, entirely free from *arrière pensée*, is

actually a task rather than a pleasure for most Americans. But one soon learns in the Orient that the only way to obtain the full benefit of rest, or entirely to appreciate the opulence of the attractions of Nature, is to lay aside for the time the business and the burdens of life without reserve. Then and then only can one understand that there is enormous gratification in the simple consciousness of existence.



A BIG PLANE-TREE AT GELANDEVÊK. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A SKETCH BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.)

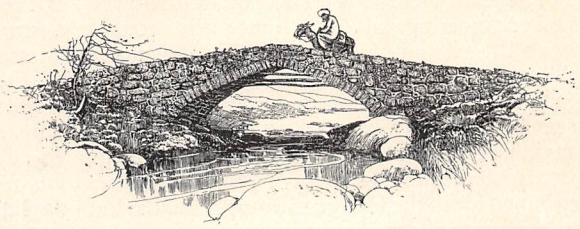
Our camp made quite an imposing appearance, consisting as it did of several large sleeping tents and a number of smaller ones for the soldiers and servants. We took our meals off a camp-table spread under the great chenâr. The tree was probably one thousand years old, and measured thirty feet in circumference several feet from the ground. A few feet higher up the gnarled trunk divided into several large branches which towered like the columns of a temple. This idea was intensified by the smooth gray bark that incased and gave them the appearance of hewn stone. Besides this patriarch of the plain, a beautiful grove of willows shaded our encampment. This spot is a favorite resort for the Shah, who comes here to hunt the panthers and ibexes that are found in the neighborhood. I should mention here that we were on the edge of the village of Gelandevêk, at the head of a plain inclosed by mountains. This plain is called Hassardaré, or plain of a thousand valleys, because it is so undulating as to produce the effect of numerous separate plains, which again in turn wind into the gorges of the mountains. The camp was at the entrance of one of these gorges, which in this case was a narrow winding ravine scooped out of a ridge whose castellated peaks towered several thousand feet higher. At sunset this mountain was arrayed in a superb robe of purple. In a clearing between the wood and the village extended an open field yielding melons and vegetables. In the evening the lads of the village sported there in a manner very like that of boys in Christian lands. The tall gardener, whose beard was curiously dyed an orange-red with henna, also came down at that hour with his wife and daughter to gather melons. The women seemed to have hard work of it to keep their faces concealed with a loose mantle, and at the same time pluck the fruit. They were far less anxious about revealing their persons than their faces.

On the following day the gardener appeared at my tent door with a most attractive dish of honey in the comb. He offered it as a present, but we knew perfectly well what he meant by this. It is a custom and privilege of the lower classes in Persia to bring what they call presents to those above them; but they expect a corresponding pecuniary present in return. When this privilege is not abused by being exercised too often, it is usual to accept the present. But the custom is sometimes annoying, and I always reserved to myself the privilege of declining the offering. In this case the honey was too tempting and the demeanor of the man too respectful to admit of refusal, and he went away happy with a sum twice the value of the honey and equal to the profits of several days labor in Persia.

A while after this episode a troop of veiled women, stately in the long mantle which muffled them from head to foot, visited the camp. They had learned that a physician was one of our party, and desired to consult him. Improvising a medical office at once under a tree, the doctor sat on one of the roots, and proceeded to feel pulses and examine tongues. Their faces he could not see. It was a novel sight to observe this group of ignorant peasant women, in parti-colored garb, seated in a circle before him on the grass, giving him an account of their ailments. The traveler in the East is often requested to prescribe to the sick, be he actually a physician or no. I have been repeatedly requested to serve in this capacity, and sincerely hope that the list of mortality in non-Christian lands has not been thereby increased. Luckily neither coroner nor municipal records exist in the happy Orient. The physician, however, labors under a peculiar disadvantage in Persian practice even if his qualifications are not too carefully examined; for he is not permitted to see the face of his female patient, and is thus deprived of one of the most important points in forming a diagnosis. The native doctors require no other diploma to enter on the profession of medicine than a supply of infinite assurance sometimes called cheek. They are generally itinerants who go from village to village and announce their profession on arriving. Extraordinary remedies are given. Having prescribed, the physician decamps before the results become perceptible, aware that a common sequence is death. Fortunately for them, this result is generally quietly accepted as the fiat of Kismêt, or Destiny.

Another question also came up for our consideration on Monday; this was the selection of the best route for us to take over the tremendous ridge that rose between us and the Lar. Having an invalid in a tachtravân to take with us, the question was much more serious than that of deciding which of various comfortable routes one should select to go from Boston to New York; for there are many roads in Persia over which it is impossible to take a tachtravân. We had intended to go by the route of Lavassân, in two stages. But hearing that the road over the Aftcha Pass was practicable, and could be made in one stage, we found ourselves in a dilemma. Nothing is more difficult than to obtain precise and correct information about routes and distances in Oriental countries. In order to settle the question, we sent for the head men or elders of the village, who came to the camp and gave respectful attention to our inquiries, seated under the great plane-tree and smoking with great dignity. They assured us that the route over the Aftcha Pass was every way the most desirable. They pronounced the road to be good, and the distance, they affirmed, could be accomplished in eight hours. The former statement proved measurably true, while the latter we unfortunately found on trial to be correct only for horsemen excellently mounted and going at a gallop over many parts of the route, which was manifestly out of the question with such a train as ours.

After the departure of these worthies, we ordered the tents to be struck and the sumpter-mules to be loaded, and proceed in advance to prepare our next camp for us. The loading of so many implements on some forty mules, my own share of the number amounting to sixteen, was a task of several hours; but by one P. M. the loads were all started. After a comfortable siesta under the trees and a right jolly meal, we also got the passenger-train under way at half-past four P. M., the very earliest hour we dared to start, owing to the intensity of the heat before sunset. But we had many hours of the hardest mountain travel in Persia before us, and were anxious to reach our cots before one A. M. When one considers that in our party were included an invalid and two infants, with their nurses, two small boys under five, and a half dozen spinsters ranging from six to sixteen years, and some twenty-five animals loaded with passengers of various ages, the arduousness of the undertaking is better appreciated, especially if to this be added the fact that we were to wind along the edge of tremendous precipices over a pass thirteen thousand feet above the sea. I should add that the nurses and babies were carried in *kajevêhs*, which are basket-like



OLD BRIDGE AT GELANDEVÊK.

frames, slung on either side of a mule, and sheltered by a curtain. The peculiar advantage of the kajevêh on a narrow cliff road lies in the probability that, if one of the kajevêhs hits the side of a rock, the mule will be thrown off his balance and land with his load at the bottom of a ravine.

Our road lay for a couple of miles over the plain of Hassarderé, crossing several streams that were nearly dry. One of them was

spanned by a picturesque but dilapidated bridge with a single arch. I subjoin a sketch of it, as it is a characteristic example of the Persian mode of bridge-building. Some of the timbers employed for a staging during its construction are still to be seen there. It is a curious habit of the Persians to leave parts of the scaffold timbers obtruding, even in elaborate structures; for what reason it is difficult to tell.

Gradually ascending, we entered and passed through the village of Kardan, and came to a large waterfall at the left of two bridges. The old one was a fearfully narrow and ticklish structure, without a parapet and wide enough for only one horse. Happily our train was not obliged to risk this perilous passage, for a handsome new bridge of hewn stone, broad and parapeted, had recently been constructed by the side of the old one.

From this place the road rapidly ascended, passing along the edge of a ridge and looking on either hand over a landscape of the most magnificent description. On the lovely slopes and glens below, half veiled in the creeping shadows of the late afternoon or smitten by the long shafts of the setting sun, tilled fields, gardens, and picturesque villages were clustered in agreeable variety. Ever and anon, too, between the foliage one caught the magical gleam of a mountain stream dashing down over crags and precipices. Above, and on either hand, sublime peaks lifted their pinnacles golden in the radiance of a cloudless sunset. Those travelers who speak in light terms of the scenery of Persia are either unobservant of what they might see, or wedded to a special type of landscape; what is more likely, they have never been over the Aftcha Pass.

The road here was excellent and showed real engineering skill. Two hours' ride brought us to the village of Aftcha, which, like many villages of Persia, is an appanage of one of the men in power. His country residence may be seen prominently situated on one side of the ravine, at the bottom of which rests the village in a picturesque confusion of peasants' houses grouped amid the foliage in a most irregular but attractive manner. The steep, narrow entrance to the village was blocked by a drove of loaded donkeys as we approached. It was a characteristic incident of Persian travel when our giliodâr dashed headlong into this clumsy throng, thrashing heartily from side to side, hitting both men and animals with no trifling blows of his whip, and driving them back into a side lane to make room for our train. As we clattered noisily through the rough, tortuous streets of the village, every one came forth to gaze on such an unwonted scene. It was no small matter to force the tachtravân through the narrow, tortuous lanes round abrupt corners. The difficulty experienced here was a foretaste of the obstacles that we were to encounter higher up the mountain.

The village of Aftcha may be considered typical. Persian villages are divisible into two classes: those of the plains, treeless and surrounded by a high, quadrangular wall of sun-dried bricks to protect them against the inroads of Turkomâns and Kurds; and those distinguished for their watercourses and trees, in ravines or lofty mountains, where springs and torrents encourage the growth of plane, mulberry, and poplar trees and orchards, and allow irrigating channels for the nourishment of vegetable plantations. Water is the most precious commodity in Persia. Except in the humid provinces north of the mountains adjoining the Caspian, there is neither rain nor dew for many months, and none too much the rest of the year. The cities are entirely dependent for water on subterranean aqueducts. Nothing can exceed the aridity of the vast plains of this ancient land; while on the other hand nothing can surpass the rank luxuriance of the verdure of its mountain villages, through which the roaring torrents dash all the year round.

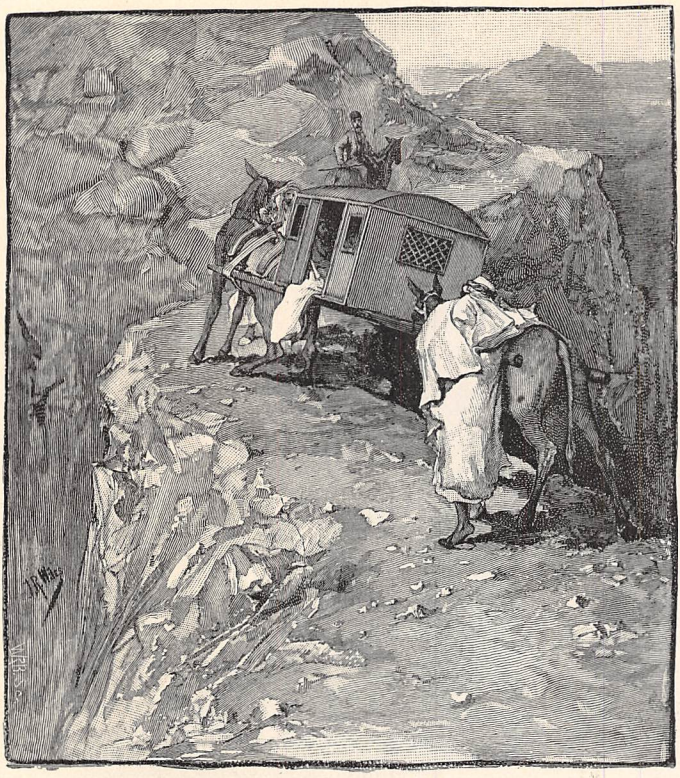
Aftcha is one of these. As we emerged from its lanes and opened the upper side of the hamlet, we heard the roaring of a cataract, tumbling over a precipice and endowing the village to which it gave a name with rural comfort and beauty. In a small field on the right reapers were cutting the wheat with sickles, or gathering fruits in baskets and mantles. After crossing the torrent over an arched, parapeted bridge of colored bricks, we began to climb the mountain in earnest. We could see the road above us very distinctly, a serpentine line following the zigzag crest of an ascending spur, which led to the entrance of the pass. The sun was now below the mountains, but the twilight lingered for some time, and we made good headway before it was actually too dark to proceed with safety. On returning over the same road in broad daylight, I confess there were parts where the precipices on either hand were a little giddy, especially with a skittish horse or a tachtravân.

Fortunately, when the darkness fairly set in, rendered doubly intense by the lofty mountain walls on either hand, we came to a small level nook where it was deemed best to cry a halt and wait for the rising of the moon. Every one dismounted, and the animals were detailed in groups to several of the attendants. Several large bowlders were scattered over this mimic plateau, and in a few moments our party had found a shelter from the night wind



A RELIGIOUS MENDICANT.

under these rocks. Lanterns and the fitful gleam of a fire soon shed a flickering radiance over the moving figures, but added extraordinary mystery to the opaque background of mountains that seemed to spring up abruptly only a few yards from us. In the mean time the ever-present samovâr or Persian tea-urn was busy heating water, and we found a capital cup of Russian tea refreshing indeed. To this we added cold boiled eggs and some sandjiâk or unleavened bread baked on the stones in a thin cake. Two of the horses now took it into their heads to kick up their heels and make a bold strike for liberty; they dashed away towards Aftcha. This might have proved a serious incident, for they were both spirited animals, and it is no easy matter, the catching of runaway horses in such a place and at such an hour. Specter-like they flew down the road, one white as snow, the other black as night, but both a shadowy gray in the gloom. A dozen men at once started



THE TACHTRAVÂN.

in pursuit, while my hostler, springing on a quick horse, spurred after the fugitives. The flying bridles probably impeded their steps, for in a few minutes they were caught and brought back. But, on remounting my black Afghan, I found his ambition for a night adventure was not quite over.

After resting an hour, we began to see the light of the moon touching the peaks on the left side of the gorge and gradually creeping down the mountain-side, which changed from a black form to the appearance of a white mist. Then, with lanterns carried by the outriders both in front and rear of the procession, in order to indicate the road and prevent straggling, we recommenced our journey. The giliodâr received strict orders to keep a careful lookout; on the appearance of a sign that any one was falling behind, the head of the column was to be stopped and a messenger sent to ascertain the difficulty and dress up the line again. Of course we traveled single file, and this made it important that we should keep together; for the climb before us was full of danger, and if any accident should happen to some one in the rear of the column it might be some time before he was missed unless we exercised unusual vigilance.

Next to the giliodâr followed the tachtravân, with a footman on each side to steady it in rough places. Immediately behind rode two gentlemen ready to spring off the horses any instant the tachtravân should be in danger of slipping over a precipice. After them followed a miscellaneous train of horses and donkeys, with kajevêhs and ladies and children; lastly, came several attendants and the escort of soldiers.

The moon long delayed bestowing the advantage of her rays on our devious path. The farther we entered into the heart of the mountains, the darker it became; for the mountain between us and the moon, although the sky above it was glowing as with a white fire, yet arose as we approached it and tantalized us with the constant hope of seeing the moon, while it persistently screened it from our view, and thereby increased the gloom which enveloped the hazardous cliff-road up which we were slowly climbing. Every one was carefully watching his own animal, lest a false step in the dark should hurl him into the gorge below, when a sharp, long cry rang from the rear of the train, which was still on the zigzag below. At once a halt was called and a messenger was sent to find out the cause of the outcries. It was discovered that a loaded mule with a servant on his back had fallen over the edge of the road and rolled down. The man fortunately saved himself as the animal went over, but the mule was recovered somewhat the worse for wear, although able to continue the climb. Mules, like cats, are hard to kill.

Again the long procession began to wend its slow way upwards, over a terrific piece of road which often consisted of smooth rocks confusedly thrown together. On looking at that part of the road afterwards by daylight, I was astonished that we escaped without serious accident. Many of the party now found it convenient to dismount and climb on foot until the moon finally burst over the ridge with a light scarcely dimmer than that of day. But once again came the cry of distress from the hollow below. This time another mule had fallen over with damage to its load; but it had caught on a ledge and escaped with only some severe bruises.

But if the moonlight enabled us to see our way better, it also revealed to us more clearly the depths of the yawning gulf on our right, enveloped in mysterious gloom. The road, although a very good one in the main for a Persian mountain road, was in places of the most desperate character, while the short zigzags and sharp angles of a path along one side of a steep gorge made it excessively difficult to carry the tachtravân and kajevêhs without accident. Many a time those riding near to the former leaped off their horses and rushed to the rescue, when those who were steadying the tachtravân found their strength insufficient to prevent the mules from slipping over the cliff or capsizing the heavy and cumbrous fabric. For the mules the labor was terrible, and I expected momentarily to see one of them give out. At one point of imminent peril there were eight men tugging at the mules and the tachtravân to force them safely around a sharp angle in the road.

In the mean time the hours were slipping by, and the time set for arriving at our camp had passed; but it was, notwithstanding, painfully evident that scarce half our arduous task was yet accomplished.

Finally, at two in the morning, we scaled the Aftcha Pass and stood on the summit of the ridge, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. We had safely accomplished a feat never before undertaken on that road. For the first time a tachtravân had scaled the Aftcha Pass, and an American lady was the first woman who had ventured on the undertaking. From the sharp ridge on which we halted a few moments we looked down into the great volcanic valley of the Lar, twenty-five hundred feet below, and discerned at the farther side the shadowy form of the stupendous cone of Demavênd. Although yet thirty miles from us, it soared far above our position, and its snows gleamed in the light of the moon like a mighty phantom hovering in the heavens.

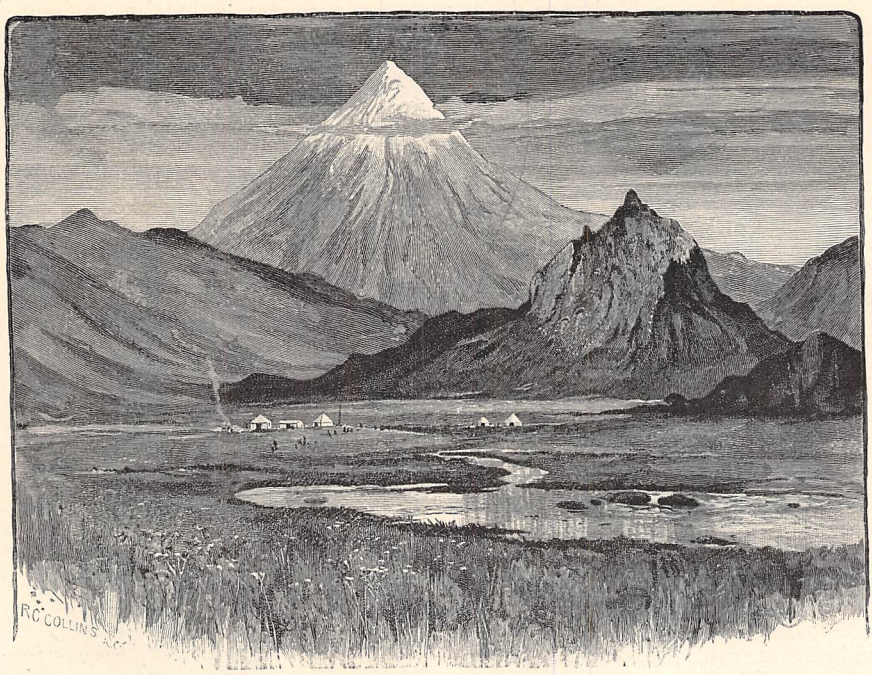
As it was two hours yet before dawn, and all were weary and hungry, it seemed proper that we should now dismount and find the rest we so much needed. But this was a joy to be deferred for several weary hours, for we had still to pick our way down the other side of the ridge and travel miles and miles across the plain to the spot where our servants had been directed to pitch the tents. The descending road, although following a zigzag course, was on the whole less difficult than the one we had just ascended; and by four in the morning the entire party were fairly on the plain and passing the camps of nomads, whose fierce watchdogs gave us a boisterous greeting. I may say here that one of the greatest obstacles encountered in climbing the Aftcha Pass were the large trains of mules and donkeys carrying rice and coal to Teherân and the south of Persia. These stubborn animals are no respecters of persons, nor can more be said of their uncouth drivers. Whenever one of these trains hove in sight, our giliodâr and attendants had their hands full forcing these unruly trains to keep on the outside of the road.

At last dawn began to break on the heights



AN ILIYÂT WOMAN.

of Demavênd, which now soared above us mightier than ever. "Where can the tents be?" "I wonder if we shall ever get there!" were the exclamations constantly uttered by the ladies and children, who were half dead from exhaustion. Around us on every side were the rock-turreted walls of the great mountains inclosing the winding plain. But as dawn deepened into daylight we looked in vain for a glimpse of the longed-for camp. We were fording a rapid stream when a horseman appeared over a knoll galloping towards us at full speed. It proved to be one of my servants, coming to guide us. Here at last was a ray of hope; every heart brightened, and all were cheered by the good news that the camp was only half a *farsâkh*, or two miles, distant. The Persians, as described by Xenophon in the "Anabasis," still



MOUNT DEMAVÊND, FROM VALLEY OF THE LAR. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A SKETCH BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.)

measure distances by farsâkhs or parasangs. The snow on the top of Demavênd blushed into a warm roseate hue as the sunlight burst into the broad effulgence of day. But on and on we journeyed without rest, stared at here and there by the flocks of mares and their foals pasturing in the meadows, or by the tawny, unkempt nomad children, who romped quite naked before the black tents. The two miles had been more than accomplished over the devious road which led us across one of the most desolate and extraordinary landscapes on the globe, before it dawned on us that the half farsâkh was a mere vague statement of the distance to the camp. No tents were in sight, although we now entered on a portion of the valley enlarging into a plain three or four miles wide. The horses and mules began to show signs of exhaustion; one of the mules carrying kajevêhs came down on his knees on level ground and threw a child out on the turf, face foremost. But now another messenger, who had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, returned to assure us that he had found the camp just around the foot of a high mountain directly before us, which concealed Demavênd. Fording the rapid current of the Lar River, and skirting this mountain, we at last came to a turn where the camp appeared, yet a mile away, and the tremendous dome of Demavênd springing ten thousand feet abruptly above the plain, apparently close at hand, but actually fifteen miles distant.

It was well past eight o'clock when we at last reached our tents in the valley of the Lar, and dismounted, sixteen hours after we had started from Galendevêk.

The first word that ran unanimously through the camp was *tea*. Fortified by several draughts of the best refreshment for the weary yet discovered since the time of Adam, we resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole, to visit the land of Nod. "God bless the man who invented sleep!" ejaculated Sancho Panza, and the sentiment found hearty response in every bosom that memorable morning when we reached the valley of the Lar.

On returning to ourselves again, after a nap of long duration, we all once more with one accord cried breakfast. The universal longing found expression by a vigorous clapping of hands. This is a novel way, you may imagine, to express a sentiment of hunger. I should explain that this is a method of summoning servants in the East. When the servants raised the door of the tent they knew what we wanted, and said, "*Bally, bally, hazûr dur*," which is to say, "Yes, it is ready." Having satisfied the wants of our lower nature, as pietists and philosophers would say (rather hastily as it would seem, considering how dependent the brain is on the stomach), we were in a proper condition to take a survey of the situation. The camp, we found, was planted about the center of a rolling plain several miles long and about two miles wide,



THE BLACKSMITH.

completely hemmed in by rocky mountains, absolutely bare, but lovely in their very savageness, painted as they were by the various gray or ruddy hues peculiar to volcanic formations. About a thousand feet above the plain was a large patch of snow. At the south-western end the mountains separated, making a passage for the river. At the opposite end, also, the plain widened and gave into it a larger valley meeting it at right angles. But across the entrance stood a mighty eminence crowned by nature with rocks resembling a feudal castle; and beyond and far above soared the great mountain of Persia, Demavênd, the majestic and sublime, the peer of the noblest kings of the mountain world. The plain we were on was ten thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, and Demavênd rose ten thousand feet higher. No vegetation was visible on the deeply seamed slopes of the cone, but its summit was crowned with eternal snow, which extended down several thousand feet, mostly in the clefts of the deep ravines and precipices. I found by measurement that the slope of the cone has an average inclination of thirty-eight degrees, which is remarkable when one considers the extent of the slope or compares it with some of the steepest of the world's volcanic peaks.

The valley of the Lar, although destitute of any sign of shrub or tree, is yet full of interest to the lover of nature. The river Lar winds along the center of the valley. This is a stream fifty to one hundred yards wide; the current is somewhat turbid, and rushes with great rapidity. The low banks rise gradually on either hand towards the mountains. These undulating slopes were dotted with black goat's-hair tents of the nomads, or blackened with moving patches, which as they approached were resolved into large flocks of goats. Herds of mares were also frequently seen accompanied by their colts, browsing on the short herbage, and wandering at will over this fenceless valley of desolation. These mares belonged to the king, and I was told fully two thousand are annually kept at the Lar, rearing horses for the artillery of Persia.

The Lar valley is in reality the bed of an enormous crater. At some remote period volcanic peaks have been upheaved above its crust, which have divided the surface into the chain of narrow and winding valleys that form the present great valley of the Lar.

Demavênd, the monarch of this elevated solitude, is, of course, a volcano, although quiet for many ages. The presence of this great scene of volcanic action on the borders of the Caspian Sea appears to be consistent with the now well-known law that volcanoes are usually found near the sea.

Our camp was pitched on the brow of a low plateau overlooking the river Lar. The party divided itself into three sections. My own camp included seven tents, with those for the servants. Our sleeping-tent was pitched on the edge of one of the numerous musical brooks which aided to feed the deep flood of the Lar. A curious feature attending the supply of water in the valley are numerous boiling springs. The bubbling action to which they are subject is intermittent, occurring every few minutes. Where our camp lay, forty of these springs were clustered within the space of a third of a mile, whence the spot is called Shehel Chesmé, or Forty Springs. Besides this group of forty springs, I may mention, among other interesting objects in the Lar Valley, the Whitewater River, which enters the Lar a milk-white stream tinged with a faint suggestion of green; near its source is found the Devil's Mill. It is externally represented by a large ferruginous rock with two apertures a few feet apart. On standing near the rock one hears a deep, perpetual, and mysterious roar far down in the bowels of the earth, as if demons were engaged in forging weapons for another war against the race of man. Naturally no one has ever ventured down to see the mighty works going on below, nor ever will in all probability; for a mephitic gas of deadly potency exhales from the openings in the rock which causes instant death to every living thing that breathes it. Around the rock there is ever a score or two of birds which have fallen dead on inhaling the air, and when I was there a bear was lying at the entrance stark and stiff.

For the members of the Alpine clubs Demavênd offers attractions well worth considering. Here is a peak a mile higher than Mont Blanc, which can be ascended with comparative ease by any one of strong legs and sound lungs and heart. The sulphur constantly forming at the top, together with the vapor and the extreme heat just below the surface, indicates that, although there is no record of any eruption of Demavênd, it is still by no means dormant.

I followed the course of the Lar River to where it rushes roaring out of a Tartarean gorge at Peloure, and is joined by several other streams. After the junction the Lar is called the Harhaz, and becomes one of the most important streams in Persia. I have seen no river scenery elsewhere much grander than the gorge of the Harhaz. The river rushes deep and strong at the bottom of a narrow abyss which it has cloven for itself in the long course of ages. Hundreds, and in some places thousands, of feet above soar the wall-like precipices. Here and there on the green shelves far above are clumps of dense verdure and picturesque hamlets reached by winding and dizzy paths.

An interesting feature of the Lar Valley is also found in the Iliots who resort thither in summer with their flocks. Iliot, or Iliyât, is the name applied to the numerous nomadic tribes of Persia, who, to the number of nearly a million, under different names and in different clans, roam over the wilds with numerous flocks and herds. The Iliyâts of the Lar informed me that, wandering as they may appear, they are yet guided by invariable laws and habits. When the Lar Valley is covered to the depth of many feet with a dense mass of snow, these shepherds resort to the fertile district of Veramîn, south-east of Teherân. When summer comes once more they scale the wild passes which surround Demavênd, and deploy their flocks over the volcanic valley to nibble the scanty herbage. But there is nothing random in this movement. By a sort of unwritten law each family and sect recognizes the rights of the others, and thus from year to year each without interference pitches its black goat's-hair tent in the same place. Each night the flocks are counted, and each month the tax-collector comes round and gathers in the monthly levy of four shahis, or three cents, on every sheep.

It may seem strange that in such a lonely spot, where, notwithstanding the presence of herdsmen and herds, one was almost oppressed by the savage sublimity of the landscape which inclosed us from the world and forced us to study the stars, and in a spot so elevated and so difficult of access, one should come to fish for trout, and, what is more, find them in abundance. But such indeed is the case. The river Lar is famed for its speckled trout, and we encamped on its banks well provided with the best rods and flies the English market could afford. We found the trout fickle enough, as elsewhere, and could never tell when or where to find them,—some days "coy and hard to please," and other days so abundant that magnificent strings of fish, averaging upwards of half a pound each, adorned the tent-poles, or graced the board around which we were gathered, with appetites whetted by the keen mountain air. We soon discovered that a trait peculiar to these Persian trout was an indifference amounting to contempt for the daintest flies we coaxingly

threw in their way. I concluded the cause of this phenomenon lay partly in the scarcity of flying insects at that altitude. But when we baited our hooks with young grasshoppers or frogs we discovered the favorite weakness of these epicures of the Lar.

But, after all, trouting at the Lar seemed secondary to the magnificent aspects of nature which constantly arrested the attention wherever one might be. The form of the great mountain pyramid was ever present, varying in appearance with every change of the atmosphere, and yet dominating over all other objects and haunting the imagination like the presence of a spirit. Sometimes, flooded with the glory of morning and dimmed by the haze of golden light, it retired to a vast distance. Then it would advance until it appeared to be but three or four miles away, disclosing a clear, sharp outline, and the various ruddy tints of the manifold rocks and abysses which seamed its tremendous slopes. Or anon the storm-clouds tossed across its bosom like ocean surges, and the crest alone was visible as if suspended from the zenith.

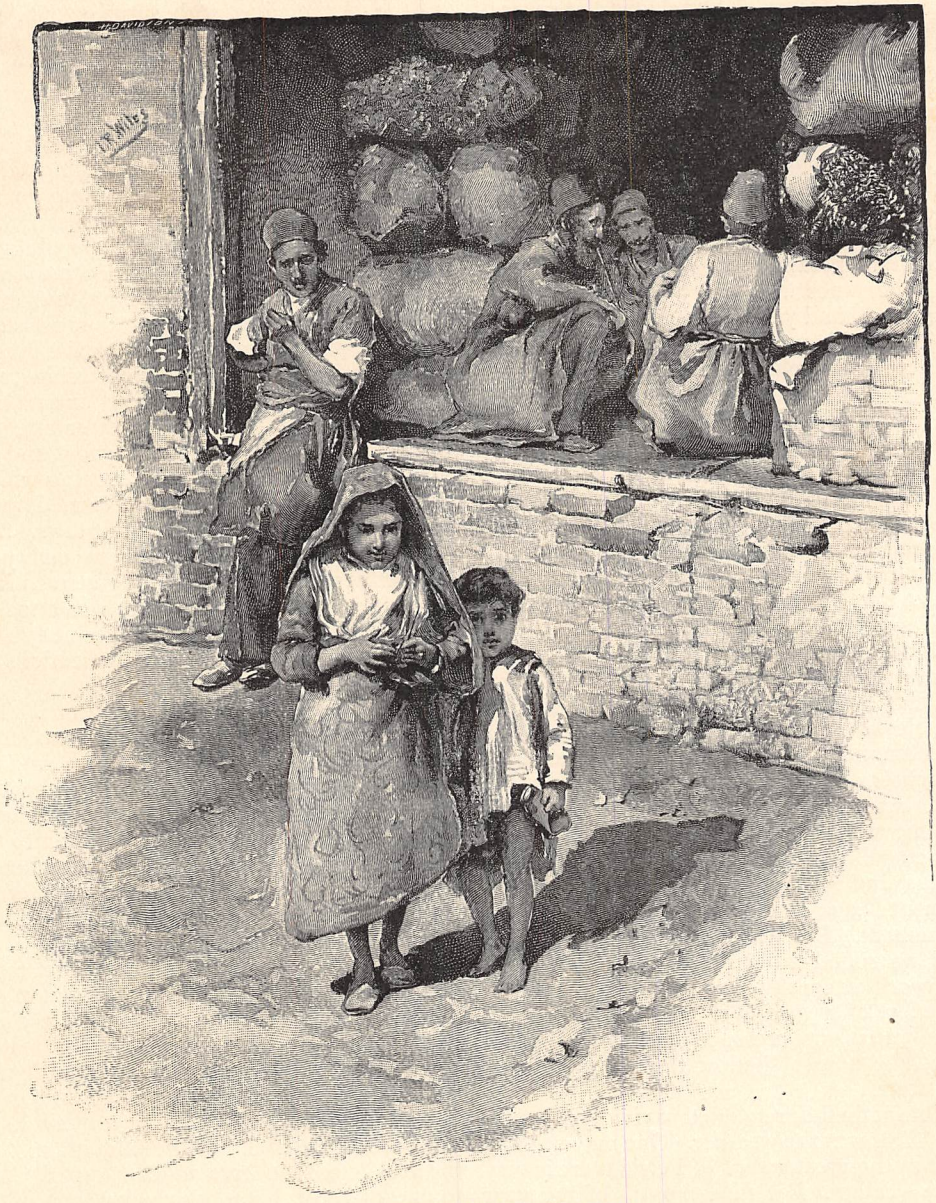
But the hour above all others to realize the impressive grandeur of this awful peak was towards evening, seated in the tent-door when the flocks were wending homeward to their fold among the rocks, where the black-eyed daughter of a race of nomads was waiting for their return. When the valley of the Lar and the mountains which inclosed it were gray in the creeping gloom of twilight, the summit of Demavênd was yet lit by the rosy fire of the vanished sun, and glowed like a star in the firmament. But at night, when all was dark and no sound broke the silence of the sleeping world except the low sound of the brook, no effect of nature ever impressed me more deeply than the presence of the great mountain, like a vast shadow thrown up against the stars.

One at the Lar reminded us vividly of America. This was the weather. One may well say that in the greater part of Persia there is very little weather. For nine months of the year the skies are serene, a cloudless azure by day, and at night a purple veil spangled with the countless gems. Towards noon a breeze from the plains sways the tree-tops, and at night the cool zephyrs from snow-capped mountains flutter the tops of the slumbering groves. When at last the leaves fall in November, and a spasmodic attempt at winter comes, the bright gleams of sunshine often intervening seem like a protest against such an intrusion upon a settled order of things, and the early spring restores the equilibrium of an atmosphere which has been only temporarily disturbed.

It was, therefore, with surprise that, after enjoying for some months an almost entire absence of weather, we found in the valley of the Lar an abundance of this material. The altitude of the valley, its peculiar form, and the near presence of a lofty peak were sufficient conditions for a state of things which went even beyond the preparations we had made to meet it. After we had been there several days the sky began to be obscured with clouds. At once the air became chilly; then the rain commenced falling, and every afternoon thereafter a heavy thunder-storm came up, grandly rolling through the gorges, but seriously interfering with trout-fishing, and, what was worse, soaking the tents and making them too damp to occupy with safety. On Demavênd the rain changed to snow, and the slopes of the peak were each evening whiter, although the heat of midday carried away much of the snow of the previous days. Several times the mercury fell from eighty-six degrees at noon to forty-five degrees at night. One after another of our party was attacked with chills, and the horses, accustomed to life on the warmer plains, showed indications of exhaustion.

We decided without delay to return. The tents were struck after breakfast, and the sumpter-mules sent in advance. At that time the heat was intense, and some of our number suffered with only the shelter of an umbrella to protect us from the sun-rays pouring into the valley, untempered by a breeze. But when at noon the rest of us mounted, we had to do so hurriedly, for a storm was thundering in the gorges, which overtook us before we were fairly out of the valley. Our camp that night was pitched on a green shelf hidden in the heart of the mountain that we had to climb to reach the Aftcha Pass. We arrived there at twilight. The horses were tethered by the side of a brook at the bottom of the gorge. It was an idyllic scene. The new moon hung over the dark edge of the mountain, and the fires before the tents added a superb effect to one of those hours which live long in the memory. But after dispatching a warm meal we were obliged to seek our cots, for word had been given for the tents to be struck at three.

Defiling slowly up the zigzag road, we reached the summit of the range an hour after sunrise. Then we rested, and turned back to take a farewell look at Demavênd from that magnificent point of vantage. A universal acclaim of enthusiasm burst apparently from the lips of all. Vertically below us lay the winding valley of the Lar like the bed of a mighty river. Beyond it the ridges rose and fell in endless succession like waves of the sea. A



SOME OF THE INHABITANTS OF AFTCHA.

bank of cloud closed in the receding horizon, and lo! far above it, and far above where we stood, soared the summit of Demavênd, majestic and alone. We were satisfied; that view compensated for all the toils and fatigues we had endured. "Let us go!" said one with a sigh; the exquisite sense of pleasure is sometimes allied to pain.

The descent from the Aftcha Pass was much more rapid than the night ascent had been; but, although we now had daylight in our favor, the difficulties scarcely seemed less, for the weary animals often slipped or stumbled, and to be hurled over the precipices was not a pleasing prospect. Indeed, in some rugged places we were fain to dismount and trust to our feet. For the tachtravân the descent was attended with enormous difficulty, as the weight constantly tended to impel the poor patient mules over the edge of the road, and several narrow escapes did not add to our sense of security. But finally, after several hours of this sort of work, we came to a more level spot. The tall Arab charvadâr here began to pick up small stones and toss them back towards the other muleteers. "Why do you do that?" I in-

quired. "Because, praise be to God, the Preserver, we have at last got over the worst of the road, and now it will be easy going."

Happily his statement proved true, and ere long we were again meandering through the winding, leafy lanes of Aftcha. A halt was cried at the shops of the village. These shops were open to the road, and facing the orchards along the stream that dashed musically through the place. What attracted us was the fruit, which, for the first time in the season, we found both good and abundant. In a few moments every one of our party was busily occupied discussing the delicious grapes and melons which were liberally handed around. It was a curious spectacle, this little group of Americans on horseback, or in litters and kajevêhs, huddled together in a narrow lane of a hamlet in the heart of this distant land, eating fruit with keen zest, while the neighboring roofs, walls, and doorways were thronged with a picturesque assemblage of peasants, men, women, and children, gazing with eager eyes at so unexpected a sight. But although the curiosity of these simple people was so great that many a pretty young girl occasionally lowered her veil an instant to get a better view of the strangers, and the bare-legged urchins crept fearlessly among the horses to obtain more certain information concerning these queer foreigners, and the blacksmith forgot to raise his hammer, and the baker, lost in mute surprise, neglected the dough ready to be thrust in the heated oven, yet politeness reigned over the scene and not a word was said to disturb our content. On the contrary, several individuals offered to bring us water or volunteered information about the attractions of this lovely hamlet nestling in a hollow of the mountains and garmented in almost perennial verdure. It is on such occasions that one realizes how very handsome is the race which inhabits Persia. Nowhere are children to be found whose cheeks are more rich in bloom, or whose eyes are kindled with a brighter glow. Large-eyed they are, well formed, in their type of beauty akin to the Greeks and the Spaniards. Nor does squalor or poverty utterly rob the Persians of their native grace.

It was with a considerable sense of relief that we at last arrived at Gelandevêk and found the tents ready for us, by the side of the old plane-tree. There we remained for several days enjoying the grateful shelter afforded by this venerable tree, under which it is quite possible Marco Polo encamped when passing through Persia eight hundred years ago. Among other facts which he records of this country is the statement that Persia was in his time celebrated as the land of plane-trees. It was in fact the country called by Polo the Arbor Sec, referring to the plane-tree, which was considered to be the tree that became dry at the bidding of our Lord. But Orientals maintain that it grew in Paradise and regard it with great veneration. This noble tree, which for purposes of shade can hardly be equaled, still prevails in many parts of Persia.

The tent we occupied was worthy of notice. It formerly belonged to a Persian general, who used it when accompanying the king or the army in the field. It was of a pattern peculiar to Persia, where it has been the custom for the court to spend the summer in tents. Consequently, the making of tents has been carried to great perfection in Persia, and has given good scope to the decorative talents of the native artists. My tent was of the sort called *kalemkâr*, the designs of the interior being done by hand, and the colors being also applied or stamped by hand. Nothing could exceed the extraordinary beauty of the intricate designs which completely covered the interior of this tent. Each panel had in the center an agreeable representation of the conventional figure of a cypress or tree of life, which we are in the habit of calling the palm-leaf pattern when we see it on Cashmere shawls. But this is an error; it is the cypress that is intended in this design. Around this figure were wreaths of flowers, interwoven with birds of paradise, and at the base of the picture were grotesque elephants pursued by hunters brandishing scimitars. Over the junction of the panels was a pair of exquisitely comical lions of the most ferocious aspect, bearing naked swords in their right paws. This is but a feeble description of the graceful and fertile fancy displayed in this intricate and lovely system of decoration. As in all Oriental decoration, the individuality of the artist was apparent in a score of repetitions; for while repeating the same general plan in each panel, the artist allowed himself to vary the arrangement of color in several places.

Another charm of our life at Gelandevêk was the arrival of our mails twice a week, brought by courier from Teherân. The capital seemed far away, and yet a swift rider could reach our camp in six or seven hours. Letters from our distant home in America had a peculiar charm when read in the quiet scene of rural seclusion, thirty-five to forty days after they had received the stamp of the United States at New York.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;*

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

V.

LEMUEL stretched the note between his hands, and pored so long upon it that the clerk began to tap impatiently with his finger-tips on the register. "It won't go?" faltered the boy, looking up at the clerk's sharp face.

"It won't go here," replied the clerk. "Got anything else?"

Lemuel's head whirled; the air seemed to darken around him, as he pored again upon the note, and turned it over and over. Two tears scalded their way down his cheeks, and his lips twitched, when the clerk added, "Some beats been workin' you?" but he made no answer. His heart was hot with shame and rage, and heavy with despair. He put the note in his pocket, and took his bag and walked out of the hotel. He had not money enough to get home with now, and besides he could not bear to go back in the disgrace of such calamity. It would be all over the neighborhood, as soon as his mother could tell it; she might wish to keep it to herself for his sake, but she could not help telling it to the first person and every person she saw; she would have to go over to the neighbors to tell it. In a dreary, homesick longing he saw her crossing the familiar meadows that lay between the houses, bare-headed, in her apron, her face set and rigid with wonder at what had happened to her Lem. He could not bear the thought. He would rather die; he would rather go to sea. This idea flashed into his mind as he lifted his eyes aimlessly and caught sight of the tall masts of the coal-ships lying at the railroad wharfs, and he walked quickly in the direction of them, so as not to give himself time to think about it, so as to do it now, quick, right off. But he found his way impeded by all sorts of obstacles; a gate closed across the street to let some trains draw in and out of a station; then a lot of string teams and slow heavy-laden trucks got before him, with a turmoil of express wagons, herdics, and hacks, in which he was near being run over, and was yelled at, sworn at, and laughed at as he stood bewildered, with his lank bag in his hand. He turned and walked back past the hotel again. He felt it an escape, after all, not to have gone to sea; and now a hopeful thought struck him. He would go back to the Common and watch for those fellows who fooled him, and set the police on them, and get his money from them; they might come prowling round again to fool somebody else. He looked out for a car marked like the one he had followed down from the Common, and began to follow it on its return. He got ahead of the car whenever it stopped, so as to be spared the shame of being seen to chase it; and he managed to keep it in sight till he reached the Common. There he walked about looking for those scamps, and getting pushed and hustled by the people who now thronged the paths. At last he was tired out, and on the Beacon street mall, where he had first seen those fellows, he found the very seat where they had all sat together, and sank into it. The seats were mostly vacant now; a few persons sat there reading their evening papers. As the light began to wane, they folded up their papers and walked away, and their places were filled by young men, who at once put their arms round the young women with them, and seemed to be courting. They did not say much, if anything; they just sat there. It made Lemuel ashamed to look at them; he thought they ought to have more sense. He looked away, but he could not look away from them all, there were so many of them. He was all the time very hungry, but he thought he ought not to break into his half-dollar as long as he could help it, or till there was no chance left of catching those fellows. The night came on, the gas-lamps were lighted, and some lights higher up, like moonlight off on the other paths, projected long glares into the night and made the gas look sickly and yellow. Sitting still there while it grew later, he did not feel quite so hungry, but he felt more tired than ever. There were not so many people around now, and he did not see why he should not lie down on that seat and rest himself a little. He made feints of reclining on his arm at first, to see if he were noticed; then he stretched himself out, with his bag under his head, and his hands in his pockets clutching

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the money which he meant to make those fellows take back. He got a gas-lamp in range, to keep him awake, and lay squinting his eyes to meet the path of rays running down from it to him. Then he shivered, and rose up with a sudden start. The dull, rich dawn was hanging under the trees around him, while the electric lamps, like paler moons now, still burned among their tops. The sparrows bickered on the grass and the gravel of the path around him.

He could not tell where he was at first; but presently he remembered, and looked for his bag. It was gone; and the money was gone out of both his pockets. He dropped back upon the seat, and leaning his head against the back, he began to cry for utter despair. He had hardly ever cried since he was a baby; and he would not have done it now, but there was no one there to see him.

When he had his cry out he felt a little better, and he got up and went to the pond in the hollow, and washed his hands and face, and wiped them on the handkerchief his mother had ironed for him to use at the minister's; it was still in the folds she had given it. As he shook it out, rising up, he saw that people were asleep on all the benches round the pond; he looked hopelessly at them to see if any of them were those fellows, but he could not find them. He seemed to be the only person awake on the Common, and wandered out of it and down through the empty streets, filled at times with the moony light of the waning electrics, and at times merely with the gray dawn. A man came along putting out the gas, and some milk-carts rattled over the pavement. By and by a market-wagon, with the leaves and roots of cabbages sticking out from the edges of the canvas that covered it, came by, and Lemuel followed it; he did not know what else to do, and it went so slow that he could keep up, though the famine that gnawed within him was so sharp sometimes that he felt as if he must fall down. He was going to drop into a doorway and rest, but when he came to it he found on an upper step a man folded forward like a limp bundle, snoring in a fetid, sodden sleep, and, shocked into new strength, he hurried on. At last the wagon came to a place that he saw was a market. There were no buyers yet, but men were flitting round under the long arcades of the market-houses, with lanterns under their arms, among boxes and barrels of melons, apples, potatoes, onions, beans, carrots, and other vegetables, which the country carts as they arrived continually unloaded. The smell of peaches and cantaloupes filled the air, and made Lemuel giddy as he stood and looked at the abundance. The men were not saying much; now and then one of them priced something, the owner pretended to figure on it, and then they fell into a playful scuffle, but all silently. A black cat lay luxuriously asleep on the canvas top of a barrel of melons, and the man who priced the melons asked if the owner would throw the cat in. There was a butcher's cart laden with carcasses of sheep, and one of the men asked the butcher if he called that stuff mutton. "No; imitation," said the butcher. They all seemed to be very good-natured. Lemuel thought he would ask for an apple; but he could not.

The neighboring restaurants began to send forth the smell of breakfast, and he dragged up and down till he could bear it no longer, and then went into one of them, meaning to ask for some job by which he could pay for a meal. But his shame again would not let him. He looked at the fat, white-aproned boy drawing coffee hot from a huge urn, and serving a countryman with a beefsteak. It was close and sultry in there; the open sugar-bowl was black with flies, and a scent of decaying meat came from the next cellar. "Like some nice fresh doughnuts?" said the boy to Lemuel. He did not answer; he looked around as if he had come in search of some one. Then he went out, and straying away from the market, he found himself after a while in a street that opened upon the Common.

He was glad to sit down, and he said to himself that now he would stay there, and keep a good lookout for the chaps that had robbed him. But again he fell asleep, and he did not wake now till the sun was high, and the paths of the Common were filled with hurrying people. He sat where he had slept, for he did not know what else to do or where to go. Sometimes he thought he would go to Mr. Sewell, and ask him for money enough to get home; but he could not do it; he could more easily starve.

After an hour or two he went to get a drink at a fountain he saw a little way off, and when he came back some people had got his seat. He started to look for another, and on his way he found a cent in the path, and he bought an apple with it — a small one that the dealer especially picked out for cheapness. It seemed pretty queer to Lemuel that a person should want anything for one apple. The apple when he ate it made him sick. His head began to ache, and it ached all day. Late in the afternoon he caught sight of one of those fellows at a distance; but there was no policeman near. Lemuel called out, "Stop there, you!" but the fellow began to run when he recognized Lemuel, and the boy was too weak and faint to run after him.

The day wore away and the evening came again, and he had been twenty-four hours houseless and without food. He must do something; he could not stand it any longer; there was no sense in it. He had read in the newspapers how they gave soup at the police-stations in Boston in the winter; perhaps they gave something in summer. He mustered up courage to ask a gentleman who passed where the nearest station was, and then started in search of it. If the city gave it, then there was no disgrace in it, and Lemuel had as much right to anything that was going as other people; that was the way he silenced his pride.

But he missed the place; he must have gone down the wrong street from Tremont to Washington; the gentleman had said the street that ran along the Common was Tremont, and the next was Washington. The cross-street that Lemuel got into was filled with people, going and coming, and lounging about. There were girls going along two or three together with books under their arms, and other girls talking with young fellows who hung about the doors of brightly lighted shops, and flirting with them. One of the girls, whom he had seen the day before in the Common, turned upon Lemuel as he passed, and said, "There goes my young man *now!* Good-evening, Johnny!" It made Lemuel's cheek burn; he would have liked to box her ears for her. The fellows all set up a laugh.

Towards the end of the street the crowd thickened, and there the mixture of gas and the white moony lights that glared higher up, and winked and hissed, shone upon the faces of a throng that had gathered about the doors and windows of a store a little way down the other street. Lemuel joined them, and for pure listlessness waited round to see what they were looking at. By and by he was worked inward by the shifting and changing of the crowd, and found himself looking in at the door of a room, splendidly fitted up with mirrors and marble everywhere, and colored glass and carved mahogany. There was a long counter with three men behind it, and over their heads was a large painting of a woman, worse than that image in the garden. The men were serving out liquor to the people that stood around drinking and smoking, and battening on this picture. Lemuel could not help looking, either. "What place is this?" he asked of the boy next him.

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy. "It's Jimmy Baker's. Just opened."

"Oh," said Lemuel. He was not going to let the boy see that he did not know who Jimmy Baker was. Just then something caught his eye that had a more powerful charm for him than that painting. It was a large bowl at the end of the counter which had broken crackers in it, and near it were two plates, one with cheese, and one with bits of dried fish and smoked meat. The sight made the water come into his mouth; he watched like a hungry dog, with a sympathetic working of the jaws, the men who took a bit of fish, or meat, or cheese, and a cracker, or all four of them, before or after they drank. Presently one of the crowd near him walked in and took some fish and cracker without drinking at all; he merely winked at one of the bartenders, who winked at him in return.

A tremendous tide of daring rose in Lemuel's breast. He was just going to go in and risk the same thing himself, when a voice in the crowd behind him said, "Hain't you had 'most enough, young feller? Some the rest of us would like a chance to see now."

Lemuel knew the voice, and turning quickly, he knew the impudent face it belonged to. He did not mind the laugh raised at his expense, but launched himself across the intervening spectators, and tried to seize the scamp who had got his money from him. The scamp had recognized Lemuel too, and he fell back beyond his grasp, and then lunged through the crowd, and tore round the corner and up the street. Lemuel followed as fast as he could. In spite of the weakness he had felt before, wrath and the sense of wrong lent him speed, and he was gaining in the chase when he heard a girl's voice, "There goes one of them now!" and then a man seemed to be calling after him, "Stop, there!" He turned round, and a policeman, looking gigantic in his belted blue flannel blouse and his straw helmet, bore down upon the country boy with his club drawn, and seized him by the collar.

"You come along," he said.

"I haven't done anything," said Lemuel, submitting as he must, and in his surprise and terror losing the strength his wrath had given him. He could scarcely drag his feet over the pavement, and the policeman had almost to carry him at arm's length.

A crowd had gathered about them, and was following Lemuel and his captor, but they fell back when they reached the steps of the police station, and Lemuel was pulled up alone, and pushed in at the door. He was pushed through another door, and found himself in a kind of office. A stout man in his shirt-sleeves was sitting behind a desk within a railing, and a large book lay open on the desk. This man, whose blue waistcoat with brass buttons marked him for some sort of officer, looked impersonally at Lemuel and then at the officer, while he chewed a quill toothpick, rolling it in his lips. "What have you got there?" he asked.

"Assaulting a girl down here, and grabbing her satchel," said the officer who had arrested Lemuel, releasing his collar and going to the door, whence he called, "You come in here, lady," and a young girl, her face red with weeping and her hair disordered, came back with him. She held a crumpled straw hat with the brim torn loose, and in spite of her disordered looks she was very pretty, with blue eyes flung very wide open, and rough brown hair, wavy and cut short, almost like a boy's. This Lemuel saw in the frightened glance they exchanged.

"This the fellow that assaulted you?" asked the man at the desk, nodding his head toward Lemuel, who tried to speak; but it was like a nightmare; he could not make any sound.

"There were three of them," said the girl with hysterical volubility. "One of them pulled my hat down over my eyes and tore it, and one of them held me by the elbows behind, and they grabbed my satchel away that had a book in it that I had just got out of the library. I hadn't got it more than ——"

"What name?" asked the man at the desk.

"'A Young Man's Darling,'" said the girl, after a bashful hesitation. Lemuel had read that book just before he left home; he had not thought it was much of a book.

"The captain wants to know your name," said the officer in charge of Lemuel.

"Oh," said the girl with mortification. "Statira Dudley."

"What age?" asked the captain.

"Nineteen last June," replied the girl with eager promptness, that must have come from shame from the blunder she had made. Lemuel was twenty, the 4th of July.

"Weight?" pursued the captain.

"Well, I hain't been weighed very *lately*," answered the girl, with increasing interest. "I don't know as I been weighed since I left home."

The captain looked at her judicially.

"That so? Well, you look pretty solid. Guess I'll put you down at a hundred and twenty."

"Well, I guess it's full as *much* as that," said the girl, with a flattered laugh.

"Dunno how high you are?" suggested the captain, glancing at her again.

"Well, yes, I *do*. I am just five feet two inches and a half."

"You don't look it," said the captain critically.

"Well, I *am*," insisted the girl, with a returning gayety.

The captain apparently checked himself and put on a professional severity.

"What business — occupation?

"Saleslady," said the girl.

"Residence?"

"No. 2334 Pleasant Avenue."

The captain leaned back in his arm-chair, and turned his toothpick between his lips, as he stared hard at the girl.

"Well, now," he said, after a moment, "you know you've got to come into court and testify to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said the girl, rather falteringly, with a sidelong glance at Lemuel.

"You've got to promise to do it, or else it will be my duty to have you locked up overnight."

"Have me locked up?" gasped the girl, her wide blue eyes filling with astonishment.

"Detain you as a witness," the captain explained. "Of course, we shouldn't put you in a cell; we should give you a good room, and if you ain't sure you'll appear in the morning ——"

The girl was not of the sort whose tongues are paralyzed by terror. "Oh, I'll be *sure* to appear, captain! Indeed I will, captain! You needn't lock me up, captain! Lock me *up!*" she broke off indignantly. "It would be a *pretty* idea if I was first to be robbed of my satchel and then put in prison for it overnight! A great kind of law *that* would be! Why, I never heard of such a thing! I think it's a perfect shame! I want to know if that's the way you do with poor things that you don't know about?"

"That's about the size of it," said the captain, permitting himself a smile, in which the officer joined.

"Well, it's a shame!" cried the girl, now carried far beyond her personal interest in the matter.

The captain laughed outright. "It *is* pretty rough. But what you going to do?"

"Do? Why, I'd ——" But here she stopped for want of science, and added from emotion, "I'd do *any*thing before I'd do that."

"Well," said the captain, "then I understand you'll come round to the police court and give your testimony in the morning?"

"Yes," said the girl, with a vague, compassionate glance at Lemuel, who had stood there dumb throughout the colloquy.

"If you don't, I shall have to send for you," said the captain.

"Oh, I'll *come*," replied the girl, in a sort of disgust, and her eyes still dwelt upon Lemuel.

"That's all," returned the captain, and the girl, accepting her dismissal, went out.

Now that it was too late, Lemuel could break from his nightmare. "Oh, don't let her go! I ain't the one! I was running after

a fellow that passed off a counterfeit ten-dollar bill on me in the Common yesterday. I never touched her satchel. I never saw her before ——"

"What's that?" demanded the captain sharply.

"You've got the wrong one!" cried Lemuel. "I never did anything to the girl."

"Why, you fool!" retorted the captain angrily; "why didn't you say that when she was here, instead of standing there like a dumb animal? Heigh?"

Lemuel's sudden flow of speech was stopped at its source again. His lips were locked; he could not answer a word.

The captain went on angrily. "If you'd spoke up in time, maybe I might 'a' let you go. I don't want to do a man any harm if I can't do him some good. Next time, if you've got a tongue in your head, use it. I can't do anything for you now. I got to commit you."

He paused between his sentences, as if to let Lemuel speak, but the boy said nothing. The captain pulled his book impatiently toward him, and took up his pen.

"What's your name?"

"Lemuel Barker."

"I thought maybe there was a mistake all the while," said the captain to the officer, while he wrote down Lemuel's name. "But if a man hain't got sense enough to speak for himself, I can't put the words in his mouth. Age?" he demanded savagely of Lemuel

"Twenty."

"Weight?"

"A hundred and thirty."

"I could see with half an eye that the girl wa'n't very sanguine about it. But what's the use? *I* couldn't tell her she was mistaken. Height?"

"Five feet six."

"Occupation?"

"I help mother carry on the farm."

"Just as I expected!" cried the captain. "Slow as a yoke of oxen. Residence?"

"Willoughby Pastures."

The captain could not contain himself. "Well, Willoughby Pastures,— or whatever your name is,— you'll get yourself into the papers *this* time, *sure*. And I must say it serves you right. If you can't speak for yourself, who's going to speak for you, do you suppose? Might send round to the girl's house —— No, she wouldn't be there, ten to one. You've got to go through now. Next time don't be such an infernal fool."

The captain blotted his book and shut it.

"We'll have to lock him up here to-night," he said to the policeman. "Last batch has gone round. Better go through him." But Lemuel had been gone through before, and the officer's search of his pockets only revealed their emptiness. The captain struck a bell on his desk. "If it ain't all right, you can make it right with the judge in the morning," he added to Lemuel.

Lemuel looked up at the policeman who had arrested him. He was an elderly man, with a kindly face, squarely fringed with a chin-beard. The boy tried to speak, but he could only repeat, "I never saw her before. I never touched her."

The policeman looked at him and then at the captain.

"Too late now," said the latter. "Got to go through the mill this time. But if it ain't right, you can make it right."

Another officer had answered the bell, and the captain indicated with a comprehensive roll of his head that he was to take Lemuel away and lock him up.

"Oh, my!" moaned the boy. As they passed the door of a small room opening on an inner corridor, a smell of coffee gushed out of it; the officer stopped, and Lemuel caught sight of two gentlemen in the room with a policeman, who was saying:

"Get a cup of coffee here when we want it. Try one?" he suggested hospitably.

"No, thank you," said one of the gentlemen, with the bland respectfulness of people being shown about an institution. "How many of you are attached to this station?"

"Eighty-one," said the officer. "Largest station in town. Gang goes on at one in the morning, and another at eight and another at six P. M." He looked inquiringly at the officer in charge of Lemuel.

"Any matches?" asked this officer.

"Everything but money," said the other, taking some matches out of his waistcoat pocket.

Lemuel's officer went ahead, lighting the gas along the corridor, and the boy followed, while the other officer brought up the rear with the visitor whom he was lecturing. They passed some neat rooms, each with two beds in it, and he answered some question: "Tramps? Not much! Give *them* a *board* when they're drunk; send 'em round to the Wayfarers' Lodge when they're sober. These officers' rooms."

Lemuel followed his officer downstairs into a basement, where on either side of a white-walled, brilliantly lighted, specklessly clean corridor, there were numbers of cells, very clean and smelling of fresh whitewash. Each had a broad low shelf in it, and a bench opposite, a little wider than a man's body. Lemuel suddenly felt himself pushed into one of them, and then a railed door of iron was

locked upon him. He stood motionless in the breadth of light and lines of shade which the gas-light cast upon him through the door, and knew the gentlemen were looking at him as their guide talked.

"Well, fill up pretty well, Sunday nights. Most the arrests for drunkenness. But all the arrests before seven o'clock sent to the City Prison. Only keep them that come in afterwards."

One of the gentlemen looked into the cell opposite Lemuel's. "There seems to be only one bunk. Do you ever put more into a cell?"

"Well, hardly ever, if they're men. Lot o' women brought in 'most always ask to be locked up together for company."

"I don't see where they sleep," said the visitor. "Do they lie on the floor?"

The officer laughed. "Sleep? *They* don't want to sleep. What *they* want to do is to set up all night, and talk it over."

Both of the visitors laughed.

"Some of the cells," resumed the officer, "have two bunks, but we hardly ever put more than one in a cell."

The visitors noticed that a section of the rail was removed in each door near the floor.

"That's to put a dipper of water through, or anything," explained the officer. "There!" he continued, showing them Lemuel's door; "see how the rails are bent there? You wouldn't think a man could squeeze through there, but we found a fellow half out o' that one night — backwards. Captain came down with a rattan and made it hot for him."

The visitors laughed, and Lemuel, in his cell, shuddered.

"I never saw anything so astonishingly clean," said one of the gentlemen. "And do you keep the gas burning here all night?"

"Yes; calculate to give 'em plenty of light," said the officer, with comfortable satisfaction in the visitor's complimentary tone.

"And the sanitary arrangements seem to be perfect, doctor," said the other visitor.

"Oh, perfect."

"Yes," said the officer, "we do the best we can for 'em."

The visitors made a murmur of approbation. Their steps moved away; Lemuel heard the guide saying, "Dunno *what* that fellow's in for. Find out in the captain's room."

"He didn't look like a very abandoned ruffian," said one of the visitors, with both pity and amusement in his voice.

VI.

LEMUEL stood and leaned his head against the wall of his cell. The tears that had come to his relief in the morning when he found that he was robbed would not come now. He was trembling with famine and weakness, but he could not lie down; it would be like accepting his fate, and every fiber of his body joined his soul in rebellion against that. The hunger gnawed him incessantly, mixed with an awful sickness.

After a long time a policeman passed his door with another prisoner, a drunken woman, whom he locked into a cell at the end of the corridor. When he came back, Lemuel could endure it no longer. "Say!" he called huskily through his door. "Won't you give me a cup of that coffee upstairs? I haven't had anything but an apple to eat for nearly two days. I don't want you to *give* me the coffee. You can take my clasp button ——"

The officer went by a few steps, then he came back, and peered in through the door at Lemuel's face. "Oh! that's you?" he said; he was the officer who had arrested Lemuel.

"Yes. Please get me the coffee. I'm afraid I shall have a fit of sickness if I go much longer."

"Well," said the officer, "I guess I can get you something." He went away, and came back, after Lemuel had given up the hope of his return, with a saucerless cup of coffee, and a slice of buttered bread laid on top of it. He passed it in through the opening at the bottom of the door.

"Oh, my!" gasped the starving boy. He thought he should drop the cup, his hand shook so when he took it. He gulped the coffee and swallowed the bread in a frenzy.

"Here — here's the button," he said as he passed the empty cup out to the officer.

"I don't want your button," answered the policeman. He hesitated a moment. "I shall be round at the court in the morning, and I guess if it ain't right we can make it so."

"Thank you, sir," said Lemuel, humbly grateful.

"You lay down now," said the officer. "We sha'n't put anybody in on you to-night."

"I guess I better," said Lemuel. He crept in upon the lower shelf and stretched himself out in his clothes, with his arm under his head for a pillow. The drunken woman at the end of the corridor was clamoring to get out. She wished to get out just half a minute, she said, and settle with that hussy; then she would come back willingly. Sometimes she sang, sometimes she swore; but with the coffee still sensibly hot in his stomach, and the comfort of it in every vein, her uproar turned into an agreeable, fantastic medley for Lemuel, and he thought it was the folks singing in church at Willoughby Pastures, and they were all asking him who the new girl in the choir was, and he was saying Statira Dud-

ley; and then it all slipped off into a smooth, yellow nothingness, and he heard some one calling him to get up.

When he woke in the morning he started up so suddenly that he struck his head against the shelf above him, and lay staring stupidly at the iron-work of his door.

He heard the order to turn out repeated at other cells along the corridor, and he crept out of his shelf, and then sat down upon it, waiting for his door to be unlocked. He was very hungry again, and he trembled with faintness. He wondered how he should get his breakfast, and he dreaded the trial in court less than the thought of going through another day with nothing to eat. He heard the stir of the other prisoners in the cells along the corridors, the low groans and sighs with which people pull themselves together after a bad night; and he heard the voice of the drunken woman, now sober, poured out in voluble remorse, and in voluble promise of amendment for the future, to every one who passed, if they would let her off easy. She said aisy, of course, and it was in her native accent that she bewailed the fate of the little ones whom her arrest had left motherless at home. No one seemed to answer her, but presently she broke into a cry of joy and blessing, and from her cell at the other end of the corridor came the clink of crockery. Steps approached with several pauses, and at last they paused at Lemuel's door, and a man outside stooped and pushed in, through the opening at the bottom, a big bowl of baked beans, a quarter of a loaf of bread, and a tin cup full of coffee. "Coffee's extra," he said, jocosely. "Comes from the officers. You're in luck, young feller."

"I ha'n't got anything to pay for it with," faltered Lemuel.

"Guess they'll trust you," said the man. "Anyrate, I got orders to leave it." He passed on, and Lemuel gathered up his breakfast, and arranged it on the shelf where he had slept; then he knelt down before it, and ate.

An hour later an officer came and unbolted his door from the outside. "Hurry up," he said; "Maria's waiting."

"Maria?" repeated Lemuel, innocently.

"Yes," returned the officer. "Other name's Black. She don't like to wait. Come out of here."

Lemuel found himself in the corridor with four or five other prisoners, whom some officers took in charge and conducted upstairs to the door of the station. He saw no woman, but a sort of omnibus without windows was drawn up at the curbstone.

"I thought," he said to an officer, "that there was a lady waiting to see me. Maria Black," he added, seeing that the officer did not understand.

The policeman roared, and could not help putting his head in at the office door to tell the joke.

"Well, you must introduce him," called a voice from within.

"Guess you ha'n't got the name exactly straight, young man," said the policeman to Lemuel, as he guarded him down the steps. "It's Black Maria you're looking for. There she is," he continued, pointing to the omnibus, "and don't you forget it. She's particular to have folks recognize her. She's blacker'n she's painted."

The omnibus was, in fact, a sort of æsthetic drab, relieved with salmon, as Lemuel had time to notice before he was hustled into it with the other prisoners, and locked in.

There were already several there, and as Lemuel's eyes accustomed themselves to the light that came in through the little panes at the sides of the roof, he could see that they were women; and by and by he saw that two of them were the saucy girls who had driven him from his seat in the Common that day, and laughed so at him. They knew him too, and one of them set up a shrill laugh. "Hello, Johnny! That you? You don't say so? What you up for *this* time? Going down to the Island? Well, give us a call there! Do be sociable! Ward 11's the address." The other one laughed, and then swore at the first for trying to push her off the seat.

Lemuel broke out involuntarily in all the severity that was native to him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

This convulsed the bold things with laughter. When they could get their breath, one of them said, "Pshaw! I know what he's up for: preaching on the Common. Say, young feller! don't you want to hold a prayer-meetin' here?"

They burst into another shriek of laughter, so wild and shrill that the driver rapped on the roof, and called down, "Dry up in there!"

"Oh, you mind your horses, and we'll look after the passengers. Go and set on his knee, Jen, and cheer him up a little."

Lemuel sat in a quiver of abhorrence. The girl appealed to remained giggling beside her companion.

"I — I pity ye!" said Lemuel.

The Irishwoman had not stopped bewailing herself and imploring right and left an easy doom. She now addressed herself wholly to Lemuel, whose personal dignity seemed to clothe him with authority in her eyes. She told him about her children, left alone with no one to look after them; the two little girls, the boy only three years old. When the van

stopped at a station to take in more passengers, she tried to get out — to tell the gentlemen at the office about it, she said.

After several of these halts they stopped at the basement of a large stone building, that had a wide flight of steps in front, and columns, like the church at Willoughby Pastures, only the church steps were wood, and the columns painted pine. Here more officers took charge of them, and put them in a room where there were already twenty-five or thirty other prisoners, the harvest of the night before; and presently another van-load was brought in. There were many women among them, but here there was no laughing or joking as there had been in the van. Scarcely any one spoke, except the Irishwoman, who crept up to an officer at the door from time to time, and begged him to tell the judge to let her have it easy this time. Lemuel could not help seeing that she and most of the others were familiar with the place. Those two saucy jades who had mocked him were silent, and had lost their bold looks.

After waiting what seemed a long time, the door was opened, and they were driven up a flight of stairs into a railed inclosure at the corner of a large room, where they remained huddled together, while a man at a long desk rattled over something that ended with "God bless the commonwealth of Massachusetts." On a platform behind the speaker sat a gray-haired man in spectacles, and Lemuel knew that he was in the court-room, and that this must be the judge. He could not see much of the room over the top of the railing, but there was a buzz of voices and a stir of feet beyond, that made him think the place was full. But full or empty, it was the same to him; his shame could not be greater or less. He waited apathetically while the clerk read off the charges against the vastly greater number of his fellow-prisoners arrested for drunkenness. When these were disposed of, he read from the back of a paper, which he took from a fresh pile, "Bridget Gallagher, complained of for habitual drunkenness. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your hanor," answered the Irishwoman who had come from Lemuel's station. "But make it aisy for me this time, judge, and ye'll never catch me in it again. I've three helpless childer at home, your hanor, starvin' and cryin' for their mother. Holy Mary, make it aisy, judge!"

A laugh went round the room, which a stern voice checked with "Silence, there!" but which renewed itself when the old woman took the stand at the end of the clerk's long desk, while a policeman mounted a similar platform outside the rail, and gave his testimony against her. It was very conclusive, and it was not affected by the denials with which the poor woman gave herself away more and more. She had nothing to say when invited to do so except to beg for mercy; the judge made a few inquiries, apparently casual, of the policeman; then after a moment's silence, in which he sat rubbing his chin, he leaned forward and said quietly to the clerk, "Give her three months."

The woman gave a wild Irish cry, "Oh, my poor childer!" and amidst the amusement of the spectators, which the constables could not check at once, was led wailing below.

Before Lemuel could get his breath those bold girls, one after the other, were put upon the stand. The charge against them was not made the subject of public investigation; the judge and some other elderly gentleman talked it over together; and the girls, who had each wept in pleading guilty, were put on probation, as Lemuel understood it, and, weeping still and bridling a little, were left in charge of this elderly gentleman, and Lemuel saw them no more.

One case followed another, and Lemuel listened with the fascination of terror; the sentences seemed terribly severe, and out of all proportion to the offenses. Suddenly his own name was called. His name had been called in public places before: at the school exhibitions, where he had taken prizes in elocution and composition; in church, once, when the minister had mentioned him for peculiar efficiency and zeal among other Sabbath-school teachers. It was sacred to him for his father's sake, who fell in the war, and who was recorded in it on the ugly, pathetic monument on the village green; and hitherto he had made it respected and even honored, and had tried all the harder to keep it so because his family was poor, and his mother had such queer ways and dressed so. He dragged himself to the stand which he knew he must mount, and stole from under his eyelashes a glance at the court-room, which took it all in. There were some people, whom he did not know for reporters, busy with their pencils next the railing; and there was a semicircular table in the middle of the room at which a large number of policemen sat, and they had their straw helmets piled upon it, with the hats of the lawyers who sat among them. Beyond, the seats which covered the floor were filled with the sodden loafers whom the law offers every morning, the best dramatic amusement in the city. Presently, among the stupid eyes fixed upon him, Lemuel was aware of the eyes of that fellow who had passed the counterfeit money on him; and when this scamp got up and coolly sauntered out of the room, Lemuel was held

in such a spell that he did not hear the charge read against him, or the clerk's repeated demand, "Guilty or not guilty?"

He was recalled to himself by the voice of the judge. "Young man, do you understand? Are you guilty of assaulting this lady and taking her satchel, or not?"

"Not guilty," said Lemuel, huskily; and he looked, not at the judge, but at the pretty girl, who confronted him from a stand at the other end of the clerk's desk, blushing to find herself there up to her wide-flung blue eyes. Lemuel blushed too, and dropped his eyes; and it seemed to him in a crazy kind of way that it was impolite to have pleaded not guilty against her accusation. He stood waiting for the testimony which the judge had to prompt her to offer.

"State the facts in regard to the assault," he said gravely.

"I don't know as I can do it, very well," began the girl.

"We shall be satisfied if you do your best," said the judge, with the glimmer of a smile, which spread to a laugh among the spectators, unrebuked by the constables, since the judge had invited it.

In this atmosphere of sympathy the girl found her tongue, and with a confiding twist of her pretty head began again: "Well, now, I'll tell you just how it was. I'd just got my book out of the Public Library, and I was going down Neponset street on my way home, hurrying along, because I see it was beginning to be pretty late, and the first thing I know somebody pulled my hat down over my eyes, and tore the brim half off, so I don't suppose I can ever wear it again, it's such a lookin' thing; anyrate it ain't the one I've got on, though it's some like it; and then the next thing, somebody grabbed away the satchel I'd got on my arm; and as soon as I could get my eyes clear again, I see two fellows chasin' up the street, and I told the officer somebody'd got my book; and I knew it was one of those fellows runnin' away, and I said, 'There they go now,' and the officer caught the hind one, and I guess the other one got away; and the officer told me to follow along to the station-house, and when we got there they took my name, and where I roomed, and my age ——"

"Do you recognize this young man as one of the persons who robbed you?" interrupted the judge, nodding his head toward Lemuel, who now lifted his head and looked his accuser fearlessly in her pretty eyes.

"Why, no!" she promptly replied. "The first thing I knew, he'd pulled my hat over my eyes."

"But you recognize him as one of those you saw running away?"

"Oh, yes, he's one of *them*," said the girl.

"What made you think he had robbed you?"

"Why, because my satchel was gone!" returned the girl, with logic that apparently amused the gentlemen of the bar.

"But why did you think *he* had taken it?"

"Because I see him running away."

"You couldn't swear that he was the one who took your satchel?"

"Why, of course not! I didn't *see* him till I saw him running. And I don't know as he was the one, now," added the girl, in a sudden burst of generosity. "And if it was to do over again, I should say as much to the officers at the station. But I got confused when they commenced askin' me who I was, and how much I weighed, and what my height was; and *he* didn't say anything; and I got to thinkin' maybe it *was;* and when they told me that if I didn't promise to appear at court in the morning they'd have to lock me up, I was only too glad to get away alive."

By this time all the blackguard audience were sharing, unchecked, the amusement of the bar. The judge put up his hand to hide a laugh. Then he said to Lemuel, "Do you wish to question the plaintiff?"

The two young things looked at each other, and both blushed. "No," said Lemuel.

The girl looked at the judge for permission, and at a nod from him left the stand and sat down.

The officer who had arrested Lemuel took the stand on the other side of the rail from him, and corroborated the girl's story; but he had not seen the assault or robbery, and could not swear to either. Then Lemuel was invited to speak, and told his story with the sort of nervous courage that came to him in extremity. He told it from the beginning, and his adventure with the two beats in the Common made the audience laugh again. Even then, Lemuel could not see the fun of it; he stopped, and the stout ushers in blue flannel sacks commanded silence. Then Lemuel related how he had twice seen one of the beats since that time, but he was ashamed to say how he had let him escape out of that very room half an hour before. He told how he had found the beat in the crowd before the saloon, and how he was chasing him up the street when he heard the young lady hollo out, "There they go now!" and then the officer arrested him.

The judge sat a moment in thought; then said quietly, "The charge is dismissed"; and before Lemuel well knew what it meant, a gate was opened at the stand, and he was invited to pass out. He was free. The officer who had arrested him shook his hand in congratulation and excuse, and the lawyers

and the other policemen gave him a friendly glance. The loafers and beats of the audience did not seem to notice him. They were already intent upon a case of colored assault and battery which had been called, and which opened with the promise of uncommon richness, both of the parties being women.

Lemuel saw that girl who had accused him passing down the aisle on the other side of the room. She was with another girl, who looked older. Lemuel walked fast, to get out of their way; he did not know why, but he did not want to speak to the girl. They walked fast too, and when he got down the stairs on to the ground floor of the court-house they overtook him.

"Say!" said the older girl, "I want to speak to *you*. I think it's a down shame, the way that you've been treated; and Statira, she feels jus's I do about it; and I tell her she's got to say so. It's the least she can do, I tell her, after what she got you *in* for. My name's 'Manda Grier; I room 'th S'tira; 'n' I come 'th her this mornin' t' help keep her up; b't I *didn't* know 't was goin' to be s'ch a *perfect* flat-out!"

As the young woman rattled on she grew more and more glib; she was what they call whopper-jawed, and spoke a language almost purely consonantal, cutting and clipping her words with a rapid play of her whopper-jaw till there was nothing but the bare bones left of them. Statira was crying, and Lemuel could not bear to see her cry. He tried to say something to comfort her, but all he could think of was, "I hope you'll get your book back," and 'Manda Grier answered for her:

"Oh, I guess 't ain't the book 't she cares for. S' far forth's the book goes, I guess she can afford to buy another book, well enough. B't I tell her she's done 'n awful thing, and a thing 't she'll carry to her grave 'th her, 'n't she'll remember to her dyin' day. That's what *I* tell her."

"She ha'n't got any call to feel bad about it," said Lemuel, clumsily. "It was just a mistake." Then, not knowing what more to say, he said, being come to the outer door by this time, "Well, I wish you good-morning."

"Well, good-morning," said 'Manda Grier, and she thrust her elbow sharply into Statira Dudley's side, so that she also said faintly:

"Well, good-morning!" She was fluent enough on the witness-stand and in the police station, but now she could not find a word to say.

The three stood together on the threshold of the court-house, not knowing how to get away from one another.

'Manda Grier put out her hand to Lemuel. He took it, and, "Well, good-morning," he said again.

"Well, good-morning," repeated 'Manda Grier.

Then Statira put out her hand, and she and Lemuel shook hands, and said together, "Well, good-morning," and on these terms of high civility they parted. He went one way and they another. He did not look back, but the two girls, marching off with locked arms and flying tongues, when they came to the corner, turned to look back. They both turned inward and so bumped their heads together.

"Why, you — coot!" cried 'Manda Grier, and they broke out laughing.

Lemuel heard their laugh, and he knew they were laughing at him; but he did not care. He wandered on, he did not know whither, and presently he came to the only place he could remember.

VII.

THE place was the Common, where his trouble had begun. He looked back to the beginning, and could see that it was his own fault. To be sure, you might say that if a fellow came along and offered to pay you fifty cents for changing a ten-dollar bill, you had a right to take it; but there was a voice in Lemuel's heart which warned him that greed to another's hurt was sin, and that if you took too much for a thing from a necessitous person, you oppressed and robbed him. You could make it appear otherwise, but you could not really change the nature of the act. He owned this with a sigh, and he owned himself justly punished. He was still on those terms of personal understanding with the eternal spirit of right which most of us lose later in life, when we have so often seemed to see the effect fail to follow the cause, both in the case of our own misdeeds and the misdeeds of others.

He sat down on a bench, and he sat there all day, except when he went to drink from the tin cup dangling by the chain from the nearest fountain. His good breakfast kept him from being hungry for a while, but he was as aimless and as hopeless as ever, and as destitute. He would have gone home now if he had had the money; he was afraid they would be getting anxious about him there, though he had not made any particular promises about the time of returning. He had dropped a postal card into a box as soon as he reached Boston, to tell of his safe arrival, and they would not expect him to write again.

There were only two ways for him to get home: to turn tramp and walk back, or to go to that Mr. Sewell and borrow the money to pay his passage. To walk home would add intolerably to the public shame he must suffer, and the thought of going to Mr.

Sewell was, even in the secret which it would remain between him and the minister, a pang so cruel to his pride that he recoiled from it instantly. He said to himself he would stand it one day more; something might happen, and if nothing happened, he should think of it again. In the mean time he thought of other things: of that girl, among the rest, and how she looked at the different times. As nearly as he could make out, she seemed to be a very fashionable girl; at any rate, she was dressed fashionably, and she was nice-looking. He did not know whether she had behaved very sensibly, but he presumed she was some excited.

Toward dark, when Lemuel was reconciling himself to another night's sleep in the open air, a policeman sauntered along the mall, and as he drew nearer the boy recognized his friendly captor. He dropped his head, but it was too late. The officer knew him, and stopped before him.

"Well," he said, "hard at it, I see."

Lemuel made no answer, but he was aware of a friendly look in the officer's face, mixed with fatherly severity.

"I was in hopes you had started back to Willoughby Pastur's before this. You don't want to get into the habit of settin' round on the Common, much. First thing you know you can't quit it. Where you goin' to put up to-night?"

"I don't know," murmured Lemuel.

"Got no friends in town you can go to?"

"No."

"Well, now, look here! Do you think you could find your way back to the station?"

"I guess so," said Lemuel, looking up at the officer questioningly.

"Well, when you get tired of this, you come round, and we'll provide a bed for you. And you get back home to-morrow, quick as you can."

"Thank you," said Lemuel. He was helpless against the advice and its unjust implication, but he could not say anything.

"Get out o' Boston, anyway, wherever you go or don't go," continued the officer. "It's a bad place."

He walked on, and left Lemuel to himself again. He thought bitterly that no one knew better than himself how luridly wicked Boston was, and that there was probably not a soul in it more helplessly anxious to get out of it. He thought it hard to be talked to as if it were his fault; as if he wished to become a vagrant and a beggar. He sat there an hour or two longer, and then he took the officer's advice, so far as concerned his going to the station for a bed, swallowing his pride as he must. He must do that, or he must go to Mr. Sewell. It was easier to accept humiliation at the hands of strangers. He found his way there with some difficulty, and slinking in at the front door, he waited at the threshold of the captain's room while he and two or three officers disposed of a respectably dressed man, whom a policeman was holding up by the collar of his coat. They were searching his pockets and taking away his money, his keys, and his pencil and penknife, which the captain sealed up in a large envelope, and put into his desk.

"There! take him and lock him up. He's pretty well loaded," said the captain.

Then he looked up and saw Lemuel. "Hello! Can't keep away, eh?" he demanded jocosely. "Well, we've heard about you. I told you the judge would make it all right. What's wanted? Bed? Well, here!" The captain filled up a blank which he took from a pigeon-hole, and gave it to Lemuel. "I guess that'll fix you out for the night. And to-morrow you put back to Willoughby Pastures tight as you can get there. You're on the wrong track now. First thing you know you'll be a professional tramp, and then you won't be worth the powder to blow you. I use plain talk with you because you're a beginner. I wouldn't waste my breath on that fellow behind you."

Lemuel looked round, and almost touched with his a face that shone fiery red through the rusty growth of a week's beard, and recoiled from a figure that was fouler as to shirt and coat and trousers than anything the boy had seen; though the tramps used to swarm through Willoughby Pastures before the Selectmen began to lock them up in the town poorhouse and set them to breaking stone. There was no ferocity in the loathsome face; it was a vagrant swine that looked from it, no worse in its present mood than greedy and sleepy.

"Bed?" demanded the captain, writing another blank. "Never been here before, I suppose?" he continued with good-natured irony. "I don't seem to remember you."

The captain laughed, and the tramp returned a husky "Thank you, sir," and took himself off into the street.

Then the captain came to Lemuel's help. "You follow him," he said, "and you'll come to a bed by and by."

He went out, and, since he could do no better, did as he was bid. He had hardly ever seen a drunken man at Willoughby Pastures, where the prohibition law was strictly enforced; there was no such person as a thief in the whole community, and the tramps were gone long ago. Yet here was he, famed at home for the rectitude of his life and the loftiness of his aims, consorting with drunkards and thieves and tramps, and warned against

what he was doing by policemen, as if he was doing it of his own will. It was very strange business. If it was *all* a punishment for taking that fellow's half-dollar, it was pretty heavy punishment. He was not going to say that it was unjust, but he would say it was hard. His spirit was now so bruised and broken that he hardly knew what to think.

He followed the tramp as far off as he could and still keep him in sight, and he sometimes thought he had lost him, in the streets that climbed and crooked beyond the Common towards the quarter whither they were going; but he reappeared, slouching and shambling rapidly on, in the glare of some electric lights that stamped the ground with shadows thick and black as if cut in velvet or burnt into the surface. Here and there some girl brushed against the boy, and gave him a joking or jeering word; her face flashed into light for a moment, and then vanished in the darkness she passed into. It was that hot October, and the night was close and still; on the steps of some of the houses groups of fat, weary women were sitting, and children were playing on the sidewalks, using the lamp-posts for goal or tag. The tramp ahead of Lemuel issued upon a brilliantly lighted little square, with a great many horse-cars coming and going in it; a church with stores on the ground floor, and fronting it on one side a row of handsome old stone houses with iron fences, and on another a great hotel, with a high-pillared portico, where men sat talking and smoking. People were waiting on the sidewalk to take the cars; a druggist's window threw its mellow lights into the street; from open cellar-ways came the sound of banjos and violins. At one of these cellar-doors his guide lingered so long that Lemuel thought he should have to find the way beyond for himself. But the tramp suddenly commanded himself from the music, the light, and the smell of strong drink, which Lemuel caught a whiff of as he followed, and turning a corner led the way to the side of a lofty building in a dark street, where they met other like shapes tending toward it from different directions.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

PREMONITION.

IN a still chamber, a white bed of sleep
With soothing pillow, and a dream so deep,
That it alone reality did seem,
And all reality was but a dream—
I woke as children waken, in surprise,
With soft bewilderment of lips and eyes
For I had felt upon my eyelids pressed
One darling baby kiss; upon my breast
A passing breath as of an angel-wing
Poising above me, fragrant, fluttering.

And then I breathed the subtle, sweet perfume
Of lilacs, purple lilacs in full bloom:
Lilacs so cool and fresh, the flowers I knew
Just plucked, pale purple lilacs damp with dew.

In ecstasy I to the window flew,
Charmed with the garden of my dreams; but no!
There coldly fell the moonlight on the snow,
The snow that lay like moonlight far below.

Was it a memory that chose to bring
From my dream-garden a forgotten flower?
Was it a spirit that forestalled the hour
And woke me with the first faint breath of spring?

Charles Warren Stoddard.

A BORROWED MONTH. II.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

WEST.

I WILL now relate the events which took place in America, among the people in whom I was most interested, while I, a few thousand miles to the east, was enjoying my month of excursion and art work in the mountains of Switzerland.

On my return to my old associates I had intended to state to all of them, in turn, that I owed my delightful holiday to the fact that I had been able to transfer to them the physical disability which had prevented me from making use of the opportunities offered me by the Alps and the vales of Helvetia. But by conversation with one and another I gradually became acquainted with certain interesting facts which determined me to be very cautious in making disclosures regarding the outreaching power of my will.

No one of my friends was so much affected by my departure for Europe as that dear girl Kate Balthis, although I had no idea at the time that this was so. It was not that she was opposed to my going; on the contrary, it was she who had most encouraged me to persevere in my intention to visit Europe, and to conquer or disregard the many obstacles to the plan which rose up before me. She had taken a great interest in my artistic career, and much more personal interest in me than I had dared to suppose. She had imagined, and I feel that she had a perfect right to do so, that I felt an equal interest in her; and when I went away without a word more than any friend might say to another, the girl was hurt. It was not a deep wound; it was more in the nature of a rebuff. She felt a slight sense of humiliation, and wondered if she had infused more warmth into her intercourse with me than was warranted by the actual quality of our friendship. But she cherished no resentment, and merely put away an almost finished interior, in which I had painted a fair but very distant landscape seen through a partly opened window, and set herself to work on a fresh canvas.

Chester Parkman, the artist-athlete whom I have mentioned, was always fond of Kate's society; but after my departure he came a great deal more frequently to her studio than before; and he took it into his head that he would like to have his portrait painted by her. I had never supposed that Parkman's mind was capable of such serviceable subtlety as this, and I take the opportunity here to give him credit for it. Kate's forte was clearly portraiture, although she did not confine herself at that time to this class of work; and she was well pleased to have such an admirable subject as Chester Parkman, who, if he had not been an artist himself, might have made a very comfortable livelihood by acting as a model for other artists. This portrait-painting business, of which I should have totally disapproved had I known of it, brought them together for an hour every day; and, although Kate had two or three pupils, they worked in an adjoining room, separated by drapery from her own studio; and this gave Parkman every opportunity of making himself as agreeable as he could be. His method of accomplishing this, I have reason to believe, was by looking as well as he could rather than by conversational efforts. But he made Kate agreeable to him in a way of which at the time she knew nothing. He so arranged his position that a Venetian mirror in a corner gave him an admirable view of Kate's face as she sat at her easel. Thus, as she studied his features, his eyes dwelt more and more fondly upon hers, though she noticed it not. This sort of thing went on till Parkman found himself in a very bad way. The image of Kate rose up before him when he was not in her studio, and it had such an influence upon him that, if I may so put it, he gradually sunk his lungs, and let his heart rise to the surface. He imagined, though with what reason I am not prepared to say, that he could perceive in Kate's countenance indications of much admiration of her subject, and he flattered himself this was not confined to her consideration of him as a model. In fact, he found that he was very much in love with the girl. If he had been a wise man, he would have postponed proposing to her until his portrait was finished, for if she refused him he would lose both picture and painter. But he was not a wise man, and one day he made up his mind that as soon as she had finished the corner of his mouth, at which she was then at work, he would abandon his pose, and tell her how things stood with him. But a visitor came in, and prevented this plan from

being carried out. This interruption, however, was merely a postponement. Parkman determined that on the next day he would settle the matter with Kate the moment he arrived at the studio, or as soon, at least, as he was alone with her.

If he had known the state of Kate's mind at this time, he would have been very much encouraged. I do not mean to say that any tenderness of sentiment towards him was growing up within her, but she had begun to admire very much this fine, handsome fellow. She took more pleasure in working at his portrait than in any other she had yet done. A man, she had come to think, to be true to art and to his manhood, should look like this one.

Thus it was that although Kate Balthis had not yet thought of her model with feelings that had become fond, it could not be denied that her affections, having lately been obliged to admit that they had no right to consider themselves occupied, were not in a condition to repel a new comer. And Parkman was a man who, when he had made up his mind to offer his valued self, would do it with a vigor and earnestness that could not easily be withstood.

It was a long time before Chester Parkman went to sleep that night, so engaged was he in thinking upon what he was going to do on the morrow. But, shortly after he arose the next morning, he was attacked by a very queer feeling in his left leg, which made it decidedly unpleasant for him when he attempted to walk. Indisposition of any kind was exceedingly unusual with the young athlete, but he knew that under the circumstances the first thing necessary for his accurately developed muscles was absolute rest, and this he gave them. He sent a note to Kate, telling her what had happened to him, and expressing his great regret at not being able to keep his appointment for the day. He would see her, however, at the very earliest possible moment that this most unanticipated disorder would allow him. He sent for a trainer, and had himself rubbed and lotioned, and then betook himself to a pipe, a novel, and a big easy-chair, having first quieted his much perturbed soul by assuring it that if he did not get over this thing in a few days, he would write to Kate, and tell her in the letter all he had intended to say.

The next day, much to his surprise, he arose perfectly well. He walked, he strode, he sprang into the air; there was absolutely nothing the matter with him. He rejoiced beyond his power of expression, and determined to visit Kate's studio even earlier than the usual hour; but before he was ready to start he received a note from her, which stated that she had been obliged to stay at home that day on account of a sudden attack of something like rheumatism, and therefore, even if he thought himself well enough, he need not make the exertion necessary to go all the way up to her studio. This note was very prettily expressed, and on the first reading of it Parkman could see nothing in it but a kind desire on the part of the writer that he should know there would be no occasion for him to do himself a possible injury by mounting to her lofty studio before he was entirely recovered. Of course she could not know, he thought, that he would be able to come that day, but it was very good of her to consider the possible contingency.

But, after sitting down and reflecting on the matter for ten or fifteen minutes, Parkman took a different view of the note. He now perceived that the girl was making fun of him. What imaginable reason was there for believing that she, a perfectly healthy person, should be suddenly afflicted by a rheumatism which apparently was as much like that of which he had told her the day before as one pain could be like another. Yes, she was making game of the muscles and sinews on which he prided himself. She did not believe the excuse he had given, and trumped up this ridiculous ailment to pay him back in his own coin. Chester Parkman was not easily angered, but he allowed this note to touch him on a tender point. It seemed to intimate that he would asperse his own physical organization in order to get an excuse for not keeping an appointment. To accuse him of such disloyalty was unpardonable. He was very indignant, and said to himself that he would give Miss Balthis some time to come to her senses; and that if she were that kind of a girl, it would be very well for him to reflect. He wrote a coldly expressed note to Kate, in which he said that, as far as he was concerned, he would not inconvenience her by giving her even the slightest reason for coming to her studio during the continuance of her most inexplicable malady.

Mr. Chester Parkman's mind might have been much more legitimately disturbed had he known that during the night before Kate had been lying awake, and had been thinking of me. She had heard that day from a friend, to whom I had written, of the great misfortune which had happened to me in Switzerland; and she had been thinking, dear girl, that if it were possible how gladly would she bear my trouble for a time, and give me a chance to enjoy that lovely land which I had tried so hard to reach. And if he had been told that at that very time, as I lay awake in the early morning, the idea had come into my head, although most instantly

dismissed, that I would like to be beholden to Kate for a day of Alpine pleasure, he would reasonably have wondered what that had to do with it.

After I had become acquainted with these facts, I asked young Tom Latham, the oarsman, to whom I supposed I had transferred my physical condition on the day after I walked with Parkmanic legs to see the sun rise, if he had been at all troubled with rheumatism during the past few months. He replied with some asperity that he had been as right as a trivet straight along; and why in the world did I imagine he was subject to rheumatism!

Of course Kate was annoyed when she received Parkman's note. She saw that he had taken offense at something, although she had no idea what it was. But she did not allow this to trouble her long, and said to herself that if Mr. Parkman was angry with her she was very sorry, but she would be content to postpone work on the portrait until he should recover his good humor.

When she had retired that night she had determined that, if she should not be well enough to go to her studio in a few days, she would send for some of her working materials and try to paint in her room. But the next morning she arose perfectly well.

If, however, she had known what was going to happen, she would have preferred spending another day in her pleasant chamber with her books and sewing. For, about eleven o'clock in the morning, there walked into her studio Professor Dynard, a gentleman who for some time had taken a great deal of interest in her and her work.

She had usually been very well pleased to talk to him, for he was a man of wide information and good judgment. But this morning there seemed to be something about him which was not altogether pleasant. In the first place, he stood before the unfinished portrait of Chester Parkman, regarding it with evident displeasure. For some minutes he said nothing, but hemmed and grunted. Presently he turned and remarked, "I don't like it."

"What is the matter with it?" asked Kate from the easel at which she was at work. "Have I not caught the likeness?"

"Oh, that is good enough as far as it goes," said the Professor. "Very good indeed! too good! You are going to make an admirable picture. But I wish you had another subject."

"Why, I thought myself extraordinarily fortunate in getting so good a one!" exclaimed Kate. "Is he not an admirable model?"

"Of course he is," said the Professor, "but I don't like to see you painting a young fellow like Parkman. Now don't be angry," he continued, taking a seat near her and looking around to see if the portière of the pupils' room was properly drawn. "I take a great interest in your welfare, Miss Balthis, and my primary object in coming here this morning is to tell you so; and, therefore, you must not be surprised that I was somewhat annoyed when I found that you were painting young Parkman's portrait. I don't like you to be painting the portraits of young men, Miss Balthis, and I will tell you why." And then he drew his chair a little nearer to her, and offered himself in marriage.

It must be rather awkward for a young lady artist to be proposed to at eleven o'clock in the morning, when she is sitting at her easel, one hand holding her palette and maul-stick, and the other her brush, and with three girl pupils on the other side of some moderately heavy drapery, probably listening with all their six ears. But in Kate's case the peculiarity of the situation was emphasized by the fact that this was the first time that any one had ever proposed to her. She had expected me to do something of the kind; and two days before, although she did not know it, she had just missed a declaration from Parkman; but now it was all really happening, and a man was asking her to marry him. And this man was Professor Dynard! Had Kate been in the the habit of regarding him with the thousand eyes of a fly, never, with a single one of those eyes, would she have looked upon him as a lover. But she turned towards him, and sat up very straight, and listened to all he had to say.

The Professor told a very fair story. He had long admired Miss Balthis, and had ended by loving her. He knew very well that he was no longer a young man, but he thought that if she would carefully consider the matter, she would agree with him that he was likely to make her a much better husband than the usual young man could be expected to make. In the first place, the object of his life, as far as fortune was concerned, had been accomplished, and he was ready to devote the rest of his days to her, her fortune, and her happiness. He would not ask her to give up her art, but, on the contrary, would afford her every facility for work and study under the most favorable circumstances. He would take her to Europe, to the isles of the sea,—wherever she might like to go. She could live in the artistic heart of the world, or in any land where she might be happy. He was a man both able and free to devote himself to her. He had money enough, and he was not bound by circumstances to special work or particular place. Through him the world would be open to her, and his greatest happiness would be to see her enjoy her oppor-

tunities. "More than that," he continued, "I want you to remember that, although I am no longer in my first youth, I am very strong, and enjoy excellent health. This is something you should consider very carefully in making an alliance for life; for it would be most unfortunate for you if you should marry a man who, early in life, should become incapacitated from pursuing his career, and you should find yourself obliged to provide, not only for yourself, but for him."

This, Kate knew very well, was intended as a reference to me. Professor Dynard had reason to believe I was much attached to Kate, and he had heard exaggerated accounts of my being laid up with rheumatism in Switzerland. It was very good in him to warn her against a man who might become a chronic invalid on her hands; but Kate said nothing to him, and let him go on.

"And even these devotees of muscularity," said the Professor, "these amateur athletes, are liable to be stricken down at any moment by some unforeseen disease. I do not wish to elevate the body above the mind, Miss Balthis, but these things should be carefully considered. You should marry a man who is not only in vigorous health, but is likely to continue so. And now, my dear Miss Balthis, I do not wish you to utter one word in answer to what I have been saying to you. I want you to consider, carefully and earnestly, the proposition I have made. Do not speak now, I beg of you, for I know I could not expect at this moment a favorable answer. I want you to give your calm judgment an opportunity to come to my aid. On the day after to-morrow I will come to receive your answer. Good-bye."

During that afternoon and the next day Kate thought of little but the offer of marriage which had been made to her. Sometimes she regretted that she had not been bold enough to interrupt him with a refusal, and so end the matter. And then, again, she fell to thinking upon the subject of love, thinking and thinking. Naturally her first thoughts fell upon me. But I had not spoken, nor had I written. This could not be accidental. It had a meaning which she ought not to allow herself to overlook. She found, too, while thus turning over the contents of her mind, that she had thought a little, a very little she assured herself, about Chester Parkman. She admitted that there was something insensibly attractive about him, and he had been extremely attentive and kind to her. But even if her thoughts had been inclined to dwell upon him, it would have been ridiculous to allow them to do so now, for in some way she had offended him, and might never see him again. He must be of a very irritable disposition.

And then there came up before her visions of Europe and of the isles of the sea; of a life amid the art wonders of the world,— a life with every wish gratified, every desire made possible. Professor Dynard had worked much better than she had supposed at the time he was working. He had not offered her the kind of love she had expected, should love ever be offered, but he had placed before her, immediately and without reserve, everything to which she had expected to attain by the labors of a life. All this was very dangerous thinking for Kate; the fortifications of her heart were being approached at a very vulnerable point. When she started independently in life, she did not set out with the determination to fall in love, or to have love made to her, or to be married, or anything of the kind. Her purpose was to live an art life; and to do that as she wished to do it, she would have to work very hard and wait very long. But now, all she had to do was to give a little nod, and the hope of the future would be the fact of the present. Even her own self would be exalted. "What a different woman would I be," she thought, "in Italy or in Egypt." This was a terribly perilous time for Kate. The temptation came directly into the line of her hopes and aspirations. It tinged her mind with a delicately spreading rosiness.

The next morning when she went to her studio she found there a note from Professor Dynard, stating that he could not keep his appointment with her that day on account of a sudden attack of something like rheumatism, which made it impossible to leave his room. This indisposition was not a matter of much importance, he wrote, and would probably disappear in a few days, when he would hasten to call upon her. He begged that in the mean time she would continue the consideration of the subject on which he had spoken to her; and hoped very earnestly that she would arrive at a conclusion which would be favorable to him, and which, in that case, he most sincerely believed would also be favorable to herself.

When she read this, Kate leaned back in her chair and laughed. "After all he said the other day about the danger of my getting a husband who would have to be taken care of, this is certainly very funny!" She forgot the rosy hues which had been insensibly tinting her dreams of the future on the day before, and only thought of a middle-aged gentleman, with a little bald place on the top of his head, who was subject to rheumatism, and probably very cross when he was obliged to stay in the house. "It is a shame," she said to herself, "to allow the poor old gentleman to worry his mind about me any

longer. It will be no more than a deception to let him lie at home and imagine that as soon as he is well he can come up here and get a favorable answer from me. I'll write him a note immediately and settle the matter." And this she did, and thereby escaped the greatest danger to herself to which she had ever been exposed.

Nearly all Kate's art friends had been very much interested in her portrait of Chester Parkman, which, in its nearly completed state, was the best piece of work she had done. Among these friends was Bufford, whose pupil Kate had been, and to whom she had long looked up, not only as to a master, but as to a dear and kind friend. Mrs. Bufford, too, was extremely fond of Kate, and was ever ready to give her counsel and advice, but not in regard to art, which subject she resigned entirely to her husband. It was under Mrs. Bufford's guidance that Kate, when she first came to the city from her home in the interior of the State, selected her boarding-house, her studio, and her church. More than half of her Sundays were spent with these good friends, and they had always considered it their duty to watch over her as if her parents had appointed them her guardians. Bufford was greatly disappointed when he found that the work on Parkman's portrait had been abruptly broken off. He had wished Kate to finish it in time for an approaching exhibition, where he knew it would attract great attention, both from the fact that the subject was so well known in art circles and in society, and because it was going to be, he believed, a most admirable piece of work. Kate had explained to him, as far as she knew, how matters stood. Mr. Parkman had suddenly become offended with her, why she knew not. He was perfectly well and able to come, she said, for some of her friends had seen him going about as usual; but he did not come to her, and she certainly did not intend to ask him to do so. Bufford shook his head a good deal at this, and when he went home and told his wife about it, he expressed his opinion that Kate was not to blame in the matter.

"That young Parkman," he said, "is extremely touchy, and has an entirely too good opinion of himself; and by indulging in some of his cranky notions he is seriously interfering with Kate's career, for she has nothing on hand except his portrait which I would care to have her exhibit."

"Now don't you be too sure," said Mrs. Bufford, "about Kate not being to blame. Young girls, without the slightest intention, sometimes do and say things which are very irritating, and Kate is just as high-spirited as Parkman is touchy. I have no doubt that the whole quarrel is about some ridiculous trifle, and could be smoothed over with a few words, if we could only get the few words said. I was delighted when I heard she was painting Chester's portrait, for I hoped the work would result in something much more desirable even than a good picture."

"I know you always wanted her to marry him," said Bufford.

"Yes, and I still want her to do so. And a little piece of nonsense like this should not be allowed to break off the best match I have ever known."

"Since our own," suggested her husband.

"That is understood," she replied. "And now, do you know what I think is our duty in the premises? We should make it our business to heal this quarrel, and bring these young people together again. I am extremely anxious that no time should be lost in doing this, for it will not be long before young Clinton will be coming home. He was to stay away only three months altogether."

"And you are afraid he will interfere with your plans?" said Bufford.

"Indeed I am," answered his wife. "For a long time Kate and he have been very intimate,— entirely too much so,— and I was very glad when he went away, and gave poor Chester a chance. Of course there is nothing settled between them so far, because if there had been Clinton would never have allowed that portrait to be thought of."

"Jealous wretch!" remarked Bufford.

"You need not joke about it," said his wife. "It would be a most deplorable thing for Kate to marry Clinton. He has, so far, made no name for himself in art, and no one can say that he ever will. He is poor, and has nothing on earth but what he makes, and it is not probable that he will ever make anything. And, worse than all that, he has become a chronic invalid. I have heard about his condition in Switzerland."

"And having originally very little," said her husband, "and having lost the only valuable thing he possessed, you would take away from him even what he expected to have."

"He has no right to expect it," said Mrs. Bufford, "and it would be a wicked and cruel thing for him to endeavor to take Kate away from a man like Chester Parkman. Chester is rich, he is handsome, he is in perfect health, and to a girl with an artistic mind like Kate he should be a constant joy to look upon."

"But," said Bufford, "why don't you leave Kate to find out these superiorities for herself?"

"It would never do at all. Don't you see how she has let the right man go on account

of some trifling misunderstanding? And Clinton will come home, and find that he has the field all to himself. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You must go to Kate to-morrow, find out what this trouble is about, and represent to her that she ought not to allow a little misunderstanding to interfere with her career in art."

"Why don't you go yourself?" said Bufford.

"That is out of the question. I could not put the matter on an art basis, and anything else would rouse Kate's suspicions. And, besides, I want you afterwards to go to Parkman, and talk to him; and, of course, I could not do that."

"Very well," said Bufford, "I am going to see them both to-morrow, and will endeavor to make things straight between them; but I don't wish to be considered as having anything to do with the matrimonial part of the affair. What I want is to have Kate finish that picture in time for the exhibition."

"You attend to that," said his wife, "and the matrimonial part will take care of itself."

But Bufford did not see either Kate or Parkman the next day, being prevented from leaving his room by a sudden attack of something like rheumatism. He was a man of strong good sense and persuasive speech, and I think he would have had no difficulty in bringing Parkman and Kate together again; and if this had happened, I am very certain that Parkman would have lost no time in declaring his passion. What would have resulted from this, of course, I cannot say; but it must be remembered that Kate at that time supposed that she had made a great mistake in regard to my sentiments towards her. In fact, if Bufford had seen the two young people that day, I am afraid, I am very much afraid that everything would have gone wrong.

The next day Bufford did see Kate, and easily obtained her permission to call on Parkman, and endeavor to find out what it was that had given him umbrage; but as the young athlete had started that very morning for a trip to the West, Bufford was obliged to admit to himself, very reluctantly, that it was probably useless to consider any further the question of Kate's finishing his portrait in time for the exhibition.

When I returned to America, and at the very earliest possible moment presented myself before Kate, I had not been ten seconds in her company before I perceived that I was an accepted lover. How I perceived this I will not say, for every one who has been accepted can imagine it for himself; but I will say that, although raised to the wildest pitch of joy by the discovery, I was very much surprised at it. I had never told the girl I loved her. I had never asked her to love me. But here it was, all settled, and Kate was my own dear love. Of course, feeling as I did towards her, it was easy for me to avoid any backwardness of demeanor, which might indicate to her that I was surprised, and I know that not for a moment did she suspect it. Before the end of our interview, however, I found out how I had been accepted without knowing it. It had been on account of the letter I had written Kate from Switzerland. In this very carefully constructed epistle I had hinted at a great many things which I had been careful not to explain, not wishing to put upon paper the story of my series of wonderful deliverances, which I intended with my own mouth to tell to Kate. It was a subtly quiet letter, with a substratum of hilariousness, of enthusiasm, surging beneath it, which sometimes showed through the thin places in the surface. Of course, writing to Kate, my mind was full of her, as well as of my deliverances, and in my hypersubtlety I so expressed my feelings in regard to the latter of these subjects that it might easily have been supposed to pertain to the first. In fact, when I afterwards read this letter I did not wonder at all that the dear girl thought it was a declaration of love. That she made the mistake I shall never cease to rejoice; for, after leaving Switzerland, I should not have been able, involuntarily and unconsciously, to ward off until my return the attacks of possible lovers.

From day to day I met nearly all the persons who, without having the slightest idea that they were doing anything of the kind, had been of such wonderful service to me while I was abroad; and I never failed to make particular inquiries in regard to their health the past summer. Most of them replied that they had been very well as a general thing, although now and then they might have been under the weather for a day or two. Few of my friends were people who were given to remembering ailments past and gone, and if I had needed any specific information from them in regard to any particular day on which they had been confined to the house by this or that slight disorder, I should not have obtained it.

But when I called upon Henry Brinton, the editor of "Our Mother Earth," I received some very definite and interesting information.

"Everything has gone on pretty much as usual since you left," he said, "except that about a month ago we had a visitation of a curious sort of epidemic rheumatism, which actually ran through the office. It attacked me first, but as I understand such things and know very well that outward applications are

of no possible use, I took the proper medicine, and in one day, sir, I was entirely cured. The next day, however, Barclay, our book-keeper, was down with it, or, rather, he was obliged to stay at home on account of it. I immediately sent him my bottle of medicine, and the next day he came down to the office perfectly well. After him Brown, Simmons, Cummings, and White, one after another, were all attacked in the same way, but each was cured by my medicine in a day. The malady, however, seemed gradually to lose its force, and Cummings and White were only slightly inconvenienced, and were able to come to the office."

All this was very plain to me. Brinton's medicine was indeed the proper remedy for my ailment, and had gradually cured it, so that when I resumed it after my month's exemption, there was very little left of it, and this soon died out of itself. If I could only have known this, I would have sent it over to Brinton in the first instance.

In the course of time I related to Kate the strange series of incidents which had finally brought us together. I am sorry to say she did not place entire belief in the outreaching powers of my mind. She thought that the relief from my disability was due very much to imagination.

"How," I said, "do you account for those remarkable involuntary holidays of Parkman, yourself, and the others, which were so opportune for me?"

"Things did happen very well for you," she said, "although I suppose a great many other people have had a series of lucky events come into their lives. But even if this were all true, I do not think it turned out exactly as it should have done in a moral point of view. Of course I am delighted, you poor boy, that you should have had that charming month in Switzerland, after all the trouble you had gone through; but wasn't it a little selfish to pass off your disability upon your friends without asking them anything about it?"

"Well," said I, "it may be that if this affair were viewed from a purely moral stand-point, there was a certain degree of selfishness about it, and it ought to have turned out all wrong for me. But we live in a real world, my dear, and it turned out all right."

THE END.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE MAID OF THRACE.

A MAIDEN dwelt in fabled Thrace,
So light of form, so fair of face,
So like the spirit of the dew,
The sunbeams would not let her pass,
Nor yield her shadow to the grass;
They kissed her, clasped her, shone her through.

And all wild things for her were tame;
The eagle to her beck'ning came,
The stag forgot that he was fleet,
The cruel little pebbles rolled
Their flinty edges in the mold,
And turned their smoothness to her feet.

Whene'er she slept, the birds were hushed;
And when she woke, the lilies blushed,
The roses paled, for very joy.
'Twas whispered that a star each night
Forsook its heaven, and took delight
To be her jewel or her toy.

Whene'er she wept — Oh! could she weep?
Could any shade of sorrow creep
O'er one so born to Pleasure's throne?
Ah me! she drowned the brook with tears,
Her sighs come floating down the years,
She taught the wind its minor tone.

Away from marvels, worship, state,
Her yearning gaze turned, desolate,
To where, beyond a chasm's breach,
Upon a pathless crag, there waved
A far-off blossom that she craved,—
The one, sole flower — quite out of reach.

Since just that prize she could not gain,
Her whole bright world was bright in vain,
And might in vain her love beseech.
With royal bloom on every side,
She broke her heart, she pined and died;—
For oh! that one flower out of reach!

Fanny Foster Clark.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF SOCIALISM.

THE time has passed when socialism can be dismissed with curses, or threats, or sneers, or interjections of amazement. We may be greatly astonished to hear that men entertain theories so chimerical; we may think it a sufficient answer to call them cranks or lunatics; we may denounce them as free-booters and look about for forcible measures to suppress them; but none of these methods will avail. They are here; they are the natural progeny of existing industrial conditions; and they will not be exterminated by all the hard words we may fling at them, nor silenced by any amount of indifference or contempt.

There is, indeed, a class among these socialists to whom it is difficult to make any reply. The more violent wing of them, whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness; who constantly threaten us with revolution and with rapine; who march about the streets of our cities with bands and banners, shouting that our homes are soon to be pillaged and our churches destroyed,—these crazy nihilists are not entitled to any consideration at our hands. On their rage discussion is wasted. It is idle to ask them what they mean; they tell us plainly: they mean murder and arson; they mean the destruction of the present social order, that anarchy may take its place. To such a frenzy no answer is possible. The kingdom that is based on unreason cannot be overthrown by reason. When these men begin to carry out their threats we shall know exactly what to do with them; and the business will be speedily and thoroughly done. Meantime the best thing to do is to give the utmost publicity to their movements and their outgivings. Few of their speeches and manifestoes are uttered in the English language, but they ought to be reported and translated and disseminated as widely as possible. Let the workingmen of this country hear what are the plans and the threats of these destructionists. They are able to judge for themselves whether the nihilistic programme is practicable and desirable.

It must not, however, be supposed that these miscreants are the exclusive representatives of socialism in this country. Mr. Rae, in the introductory chapter of "Contemporary Socialism," justly says that "American socialism is a mere episode of German socialism; that it is confined almost exclusively to the German population of the United States." A writer in the "North American Review," quoted by Mr. Rae, mentions the fact that the socialist vote has been increasing of late more rapidly in New York and Chicago than in Berlin, and attributes the fact to German immigration. Beyond a doubt a considerable portion of this increase consists of the more extreme and violent elements of the Social Democracy of Germany. The severe measures resorted to by the German Government, after the attempt to assassinate the Emperor, had the effect to hasten the departure of many of these rash spirits from their native land. Probably, therefore, the proportion of nihilists among the German socialists of this country at the present time is greater than among the same class in Germany. Nevertheless, in this country, as in Germany and even in Russia, the violent elements are but a small minority. What Mr. Rae says about Russian nihilism will bear pondering by Americans: "A party of violence and extreme principles can only thrive in the warmth of the countenance lent it by the less demonstrative disaffection of the more moderate members of society; and it always withers away when the latter classes are satisfied by timely concessions. Procrastination only swells instead of mitigating the revolutionary spirit, for it but prolongs the political unrest from which that spirit is thrown off. The nihilists of Russia are merely the extremer and more volatile minds who have been touched by the impact of the present upheaval. They are the spray and the foam which curls and roars on the ridge of the general political movement which has for years been rolling over Russia, and their whole real importance is borrowed from the volume and momentum of the wave that bears them up. Folly, it is said, is always weak and ridiculous till wisdom joins it; and the excesses of nihilism, if they stood alone, could not be the source of any formidable danger. But they do not stand alone; they flame out of an atmosphere overcharged with social discontent and political disaffection."*

It is not, then, the spray and the foam of these nihilistic assemblies that should engage our thought, so much as the wave that bears them on. That "less demonstrative disaffection of the more moderate members of society," which furnishes the Russian destroyers with their excuse for being, is present in Germany and in America. Among the German

* "Contemporary Socialism," pages 316, 317.

immigrants are many socialists of the more rational as well as of the more violent type; and the theories of Rodbertus, and Winkelblech, and Karl Marx, and Ferdinand Lassalle have been transplanted to our soil. About the roots of these exotics not a few Americans have been digging somewhat cautiously; the feeling that something is fundamentally wrong with the present organization of society is entertained by many thoughtful and humane persons; and the books that expound the socialistic philosophy have been widely read, by some for the sake of controversy and by some for the sake of information.

There is, therefore, in this country at the present time a considerable number of persons who have some knowledge of the various schemes for the reorganization of the social and industrial order, and not a few who expect these schemes to be realized. These persons are by no means all lunatics. Their hopes for the future of society may seem vague, but there are those among them who are ready to give you a reason for their hopes. They have studied history. They are familiar with the theories of political economy. They rest their demands on a reasoned system of philosophy. They can only be answered by a completer induction of historical facts, a broader political economy, and a sounder philosophy.

On what grounds do these people base their demand for a reorganization of society? Not solely, as some suppose, on their envy of those who are better off than themselves, but on certain economical evils, acknowledged and deplored by all intelligent political economists.

They observe that the wealth of the world is rapidly growing, and that the share of it which falls to those who work for wages is increasing much less rapidly. This is a fact that they have learned of the most orthodox political economists. "It is only too manifest," says Mr. Rae, in the work from which I have already quoted, "that the immense increase of wealth which has marked the present century has been attended with surprisingly little amelioration in the general lot of the people, and it is in no way remarkable that this fact should tend to dishearten the laboring classes, and fill reflective minds with serious concern." Mr. J. E. Cairnes, one of the most careful and thorough thinkers among recent economists, says:

"The fund available for those who live by labor tends, in the progress of society, while actually growing larger, to become a constantly smaller fraction of the entire national wealth. If, then, the means of any one class of society are to be permanently limited to this fund, it is evident, assuming that the progress of its numbers keeps pace with that of other classes, that its material condition *in relation to theirs* cannot but decline. Now, as it would be futile to expect, on the part of the poorest and most ignorant of the population, self-denial and prudence greater than that actually practiced by the classes above them, the circumstances of whose life are much more favorable than theirs for the cultivation of these virtues, the conclusion to which I am brought is this, that, unequal as is the distribution of wealth already in this country, the tendency of industrial progress, on the supposition that the present separation between industrial classes is maintained, is toward an inequality greater still. The rich will be growing richer, and the poor, at least relatively, poorer. It seems to me, apart altogether from the question of the laborer's interest, that these are not conditions which furnish a solid basis for a progressive social state." *

It may be imagined that the reasonings of Mr. Cairnes apply only to the state of things in his own country; but this is not the case. His conclusions are drawn from the operation of the laws of free contract and competition in the labor market, and they are just as applicable to America as to England. Indeed, some of the most thoughtful of our own teachers of economy have joined with Mr. Cairnes and Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett in teaching the same doctrine.

This, then, is the foundation fact on which the theories of the socialists rest. Their philosophers, men like Karl Marx and Lassalle, are profound students and independent investigators in all this field of political economy, and they have disciples in every nation. A book lately published in this country, "The Coöperative Commonwealth," by Laurence Gronlund, exhibits these economical laws lying at the basis of their system. To bring the fact now under consideration before the eyes of his readers Mr. Gronlund has prepared a series of diagrams, representing the increase of the net product of the industries of the United States through the last four decades, and the manner in which this product has been divided between "wages" and "surplus." The diagrams with the accompanying figures, drawn from the census, show that while the net product of our manufactures increased from $437,000,000 in 1850 to $1,834,000,000 in 1880, or more than four hundred per cent., the average annual wages of labor increased from $248 in 1850 to $346 in 1880, or about forty per cent. The increase of the "net product" is due, of course, in great part to the increased use of machinery and the improvement in methods of production. That the laborer has been benefited to some extent by this enormous increase of the productive energies of the nation is thus apparent; the fact is one that well-informed socialists do not deny; they only point out that the increase is

* "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy," page 340.

disproportionately small; that the laborer is getting some share of the growing wealth, but by no means his fair share.

Attempts have recently been made by Mr. Giffen in a paper read before the Statistical Society of England, by Mr. Mallock in his "Property and Progress," by Mr. Rae in "Contemporary Socialism," and by others, to break the force of this assertion. Figures have been marshaled from many quarters, tending to show that wages have risen as rapidly as wealth has increased, and that the laboring class are receiving their full share of the gains of modern society. These figures cannot be examined here in detail. Suffice it to say that the conclusions based upon them are far from being settled. Mr. Giffen's reasonings, for example, are confined to the improvement which has taken place in the condition of the English working classes during the last half century; but the point of comparison from which he starts was notoriously one of the very lowest in English history. The laboring classes had reached a point below which they could not have sunk without becoming extinct. From that point they have rapidly risen during the past fifty years. This improvement is mainly due to three causes: the abolition of the corn laws, the factory legislation protecting women and children, and the effective combinations of the trades-unions. But, as Mr. Thorold Rogers has clearly pointed out, the recent rise in British wages cannot be rightly estimated without taking account of the previous depression. If from any causes the laborer is thrust below the level at which he can subsist and rear his family, his return to that level can hardly be reckoned as "progress." And, as a matter of history, Mr. Rogers declares that the English workman was better off four hundred years ago than he is to-day,—not only relatively, but positively better off; that the real wages of labor were higher then than now. There have been great fluctuations in the remuneration of labor in England, as Mr. Rogers so clearly shows in his monumental book on "Work and Wages." By taking one of the extreme points of depression in the past, and comparing the condition of the laborer then with his present condition, it is easy to show that he is far better off than formerly; but a complete and exhaustive study of wages and prices, running through six centuries, like that of Mr. Rogers, leaves the student in a much less optimistic frame of mind. The real question is, however, what has been the effect upon the laboring class of the large system of productive industry now in vogue,—the system which comprises the massing of capital, the division of labor, and the use of machinery, with free contract and competition as the regulative forces. And the answer to this question given by the socialists is, I am persuaded, substantially correct. Doubtless they exaggerate the facts, but, making all due allowance for exaggeration, the facts support their assertions. Indeed, although Mr. Rae, in the chapter to which I have referred, tries to dispute the conclusions of Mr. Cairnes, I do not see why he does not himself fully admit, in the sentences I have already quoted from him, all that Mr. Cairnes asserts and all that the socialists claim. If "it is only too manifest that the immense increase of wealth which has marked the present century has been attended with surprisingly little amelioration in the general lot of the people," Mr. Cairnes's law is exactly fulfilled; and I confess myself quite unable to reconcile Mr. Rae's statement just quoted on page 319, with his contention on page 324 that "it is a mistake to suppose" that the wage-laborer "has a less share in the wealth of the country than he had when the wealth of the country was less."

The socialists lay much stress upon what they call the "iron law of wages" enunciated by Ricardo, who taught that the natural rate of wages is "that price which is necessary to enable the laborers one with another to subsist, and to perpetuate their race without increase or diminution." It is true that Ricardo qualified this law by teaching that the consent of the laborer is an element in the determination of the price of labor, and that this consent is influenced by custom. The "natural" price is the lowest on which the workman will *consent* to marry and rear a family. But the introduction of this element into the problem takes away all its scientific value. To say that the natural rate of wages is what the laborer is willing to accept is to utter an extremely indeterminate proposition. And, although Ricardo did endeavor to qualify his law by adding custom and choice to physical necessity, there is not much doubt but that the actual working of unrestricted competition strongly tends to fulfill the law in its narrowest statement, and to confine the remuneration of laborers to the stipend actually required for the maintenance of life and the perpetuation of their race "without increase or diminution." A bare support is all that the economical forces, working unhindered, will guarantee to the laborer. So long as competition is the sole arbiter of his destiny, that is about all he will get. If in England during the last fifty years he has been getting more than this, his prosperity is due to the restriction of competition by the factory acts and the trades-unions. If in America he has had more than

this "natural" rate of wages, it has been because free land has constantly tempered the iron rule of competition.

The socialists point out the fact that the multiplication of commercial crises and the frequent recurrence of periods of stagnation and depression, causing great insecurity and distress among laborers, are natural consequences of the present industrial system. It is all due, they say, to over-production, and is a natural and inevitable result of the system of competition. "Private enterprise," says Mr. Gronlund, "compels every producer to produce for himself, to sell for himself, to keep all his transactions secret, without any regard whatever for anybody else in the wide world. But the producer and merchant — the small ones especially — find out daily that their success or failure depends, in the first place, *precisely on how much others produce and sell;* and, in the second place, on a multitude of causes — often on things that may happen thousands of miles away — which determine the power of purchase of their customers. They have got no measure at hand at all by which they can, even approximately, estimate the actual effective demand of consumers or ascertain the producing capacity of their rivals. In other words, 'private enterprise' is a defiance of Nature's law which decrees that the interests of society are *interdependent;* and Nature punishes that defiance in her own crude way by playing ball with these individualists, and, what is worse, by rendering all production, all commerce, chaotic." *

The existence of this evil is not disputed, nor the suffering that it causes to multitudes of laborers. Karl Marx, as paraphrased by Dr. Ely, shows how the latter class is affected by it. "During prosperous times manufacturers employ all the men, women, and children who will work. The laboring classes prosper, marriage is encouraged, and population increases. Suddenly there comes a commercial crisis. The greater part of the laborers are thrown out of employment, and are maintained by society at large; that is, the general public has to bear the burden of keeping the laborers — the manufacturers' tools — for their employer until he may need them again. These laborers without work constitute an army of reserve forces for the manufacturer. When times begin to improve he again gradually resumes business and becomes more prosperous. The laborer's wages have previously been reduced on account of hard times, and the manufacturer is not obliged to raise them, as there is a whole army in waiting, glad to take work at any price." †

The verification of this statement was easy when this was written. In many of our cities from one-twentieth to one-tenth of the population were receiving during the winter of 1884–5 partial support, either from the city authorities or from voluntary charities. But this is only a fraction of the burden thrown upon the general public by laborers out of employment. Count in all the rent bills, board bills, butchers' and grocers' bills, store bills of all sorts, which remain unpaid in times like these, and are finally charged up to profit and loss, and it will be evident that the wage-receivers become in these times of depression heavy pensioners upon society at large. This evil, according to the socialists, is inseparable from the present industrial system, and can only be cured by reforming that system out of existence.

They call attention also to the fact that the tendency of trade and manufactures at present is toward the creation of great enterprises and the destruction of the lesser ones. The class of small tradesmen and capitalists is rapidly becoming extinct. "The same causes," says Mr. Rae, "have of course exercised very important effects upon the economic condition of the working class. They have reduced them more and more to the permanent condition of wage-laborers, and have left them fewer openings than they once possessed for investing their savings in their own line, and fewer opportunities for the abler and more intelligent of them to rise to a competency." ‡ That this will be increasingly true under a system of unmitigated competition is a simple deduction from the recognized laws of political economy. The wage-laborer has now "less chance than before of becoming anything else," and his chances will lessen as time goes on. The concentration of industrial direction in fewer and fewer hands is part of the logic of events.

As a consequence of this we have the growth of the plutocracy, into whose hands is gradually falling the power of the state, as well as the direction of commerce. Against the vast combinations that are made by the great corporations and the great capitalists the people seem to have little power. During the past ten years the number of rich men in the Senate of the United States has greatly increased. Doubtless these gentlemen have not resorted to Washington as a mere pastime. That some of them have used money freely in obtaining their seats is notorious; and these are "business" men, and not likely to expend so much time and money without a definite, "practical" purpose. We may expect to see

* "Coöperative Commonwealth," page 42.
† "French and German Socialism in Modern Times," page 181. ‡ Page 324.

this class of men increase in the Congress of the United States. If this is becoming, indeed, a plutocracy,—if, in other words, our economical system is contrived in such a manner as to throw a steadily increasing proportion of the wealth of the country into the hands of a few rich men,—we must expect that those whom we thus exalt will possess themselves, in one way or another, of a steadily increasing share of the political power of the country. Until human nature is greatly changed the political power will rest in the hands of those who possess the physical power.

Such is the indictment of the present order which socialism has drawn. Is it a true bill? It must be said, at any rate, that a *prima facie* case is made out, and that the complainants are entitled to a hearing. Indeed, these tendencies to which they point,—the tendency of wages to sink to starvation point, the tendency of the workman's share of the national wealth to grow constantly smaller, the tendency of commercial crises and depression to become more frequent and disastrous, the tendency of all business operations and enterprises to become concentrated in fewer hands, and the consequent tendency to confine the wage-laborers more and more rigidly to their present condition, with the steady growth of a plutocracy on the one side and a proletariat on the other,—all these are, as I believe, the natural issues of an industrial system whose sole motive power is self-interest, and whose sole regulative principle is competition.

To show that this prediction of the socialists is not a mere scarecrow, let me quote a few sentences from a master in political science who will not be accused of rashness. "If, however," says Dr. Woolsey, "that to which we have referred more than once already should be found to be a law of social progress,—that the free use of private property must end in making a few capitalists of enormous wealth, and a vast population of laborers dependent on them; and if there could be no choice between this disease of free society and the swallowing up of all property by the state,—then, we admit, it would be hard to choose between the two evils. Nothing would lead the mass of men to embrace socialism sooner than the conviction that this enormous accumulation of capital in a few hands was to be not only an *evil in fact*, if not prevented, but a *necessary evil*, beyond prevention. . . . If such a tendency should manifest itself, it would run through all the forms of property. A Stewart or a Claflin would root out smaller tradespeople. Holders of small farms would sink into tenants. The buildings of a city would belong to a few owners. Small manufacturers would have to take pay from mammoths of their own kind or be ruined. Then would the words of the prophet be fulfilled: 'Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place that they may be placed alone in the earth.' For if this went to an extreme in a free country the 'expropriated' could not endure it; they would go to some other country, and leave these proprietors alone in the land, or would drive them away. A revolution, slow or rapid, would certainly bring about a new order of things." *

It is evident that this cautious thinker recognizes the *possibility* of the result which the socialists prophesy. In another place he says, still more significantly: "If any such law, fatal and inevitable, is at work, its progress must be measured, not by years, but by centuries. The socialists have done existing order a favor by calling to it the attention of men." † This must imply that the danger, though remote, is real. The socialists would be entitled to no thanks for discoursing of purely imaginary perils.

These words, and, indeed, the respectful treatment which all the more intelligent students of political science give to the discussions of the philosophical socialists, make it quite plain that they have something to say; and it is precisely here, in its criticisms of the present order, that the strength of socialism is found. Its arraignment of the methods of industry and commerce now existing is trenchant and timely. The warnings that it utters every wise man will heed.

But criticism is always easy; construction is another matter. When the socialists begin to outline the new order which is to supplant the old one, they reveal their weakness. The first problem, of course, is to dispose of the stock of political and social goods now on hand. What shall be done with the present order?

The nihilists and anarchists, as we have seen, have their answer ready. In one word, it is dynamite. They propose to wipe out the present civilization, to raze it, even to its foundations. They want to blow the whole social fabric into fragments. Out of the chaos thus produced they expect to evolve some sort of socialistic cosmos — a new heaven and a new earth, wherein every man shall do that which is right in his own eyes. Those brutal outbursts of reasonless and reckless hate to which they treat us now and then are the signs of a fatal weakness. The spasms of an epileptic exhibit the same sort of energy.

But it would be unfair to hold the philosophical socialists responsible for the freaks of these

* "Communism and Socialism," pages 297, 298. † Page 281.

madmen. Their programme is, for the most part, much more rational. They denounce the present system, but they hold the men guiltless who have been nourished by it. Nay, they hold that the present order is a natural and necessary outgrowth of the past; a stage that was inevitable in the process of evolution, and, until it had fulfilled its purpose, beneficent. "The social state of each epoch," says Mr. Gronlund, "was just as perfect as the corresponding development of our race permitted. The evils, therefore, of the 'let-alone' policy are to be considered the legitimate workings of a principle to which humanity in times to come will find itself greatly indebted. This conception ought to guard us against any ill-feeling towards the individual members of our plutocracy. Passions directed against the system are most proper, for it is only passion that can nerve us sufficiently to overthrow the system; but our capitalists are as much the creatures of circumstances as our paupers are. Neither should we forget that there have here and there been employers and capitalists who would willingly have sacrificed them all to right society. Robert Owen was the more noble a man for being rich."* This is the tone which the more moderate socialists adopt, though even these are sometimes found emitting the sulphurous breath of the anarchist. Thus the generally reasonable writer whose words I have just quoted refers in the last chapter of his book to the natural force called *vril*, described in Bulwer's romance, "The Coming Race." "It can be stored in a small wand which rests in the hollow of the palm, and, when skillfully wielded, can rend rocks, remove any natural obstacle, scatter the strongest fortress, and make the weak a perfect match for any combination of number, strength, and discipline. No wonder that these people attribute their equality, their freedom, felicity, and advancement to this discovery. What if this *vril*" — so Mr. Gronlund muses — "is but a poetic anticipation of the civilizing power of that real, energetic substance, which we call — *dynamite!*"† Coming, as this does, in the course of a conjectural discussion of the ways in which socialism may be realized, it is little better than fiendish. Dynamite is, and will always be, the weapon of dastards. When the ideas of socialism shall have gained possession of the minds of the majority of the people, its reign can be ushered in without resorting to assassination. Until that time shall come, the men who undertake to force it upon a disbelieving and hostile community by the methods of the dynamiters are savages.

It is not, however, by these diabolical methods that intelligent socialists expect to see the new order replace the old one. They regard it as the next step in the evolution of society,—sure to follow the capitalistic régime, as that was to follow feudalism and slavery. And they regard these very tendencies which we have been considering as movements in the direction of socialism. The large system of industry, by which laborers are drawn together in masses, the trades-unions, the Knights of Labor, and other organizations of similar character, are all preparing the way for the new order. The separation of society into two distinct classes, of the very rich and the very poor,—a plutocracy on one side and a proletariat on the other,—is, to them, a cheering sign. They are quite willing that the wage-laborer should remain a wage-laborer, and they look with no favor upon any attempts to introduce coöperative industries or industrial partnerships. The faster the work of concentration and division goes on, the better they are pleased. When that time shall come of which Roscher speaks, in which there shall be "a well-defined confrontation of rich and poor," the middle class having practically become extinct, the hour of the new order will strike.

Another sign of the good time coming, to which the socialists point, is the increasing amount of governmental interference. When Sir Arthur Helps wrote his "Thoughts on Government," twelve years ago, his plea for paternalism was thought to be extremely heretical; but the current is now setting strongly in this direction. As an acute writer has recently said: "*Laissez faire* is at the present time losing ground because of evolutionary tendencies, which neither political power nor social philosophy can resist; the Government must assume a larger share of duties, and *laissez faire* must so far stand aside."‡ Mr. Herbert Spencer's late essays on "The Man and the State" are one prolonged complaint of this tendency. "Evidently, then," he writes, "the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged will carry us not only toward state ownership of land and dwellings, and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by state agents, but toward state usurpation of all industries; the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the state, which can arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away, just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of board schools; and so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists."§ So universal is this tendency that

* "The Coöperative Commonwealth," page 59. † Page 275.
‡ "Reforms: Their Difficulties and Possibilities," p. 212. § "The Man and the State," p. 39.

Adolf Wagner, the great German economist, has enunciated it as a law—the law of the increasing function of government. From the operation of this law, which causes Mr. Spencer so much anxiety, the socialists expect the introduction of the new régime.

What is to be the new régime? It is, briefly, the nationalization of capital. The state is to own all the land, all the mines and factories, all the machinery, all the raw material of production; it is to assume the direction of all the productive and distributive industries; it is to own and manage all the railroads, the telegraphs, the telephones,—all the means of transportation and communication; it is to keep in its storehouses the fruits of the earth and the products of labor; it is to distribute them where they are needed, and to facilitate exchanges between different groups of workers. Gold and silver and their representatives will be abolished; the only currency will be labor-checks, given in exchange for certain amounts of labor, and exchangeable at the government stores for commodities. All callings are to be classified, and the government is to be administered through these classes of laborers, the principle being that of appointments from below and removal from above. Let Mr. Gronlund tell us how the thing may be done:

"Suppose, then, every distinct branch of industry, of agriculture, and, also, teachers, physicians, etc., to form, each trade and profession by itself, a distinct body, a trades-union (we simply use the term because it is convenient), a guild, a corporation managing its internal affairs itself, but subject to collective control. Suppose, further, that, *e. g.*, the 'heelers' among the operatives in a shoe-factory at Lynn come together and elect their foreman; and that the 'tappers,' the 'solers,' the 'finishers,' and whatever else the various operators may be called, do likewise. Suppose that these foremen assemble and elect a superintendent of the factory, and that the superintendents of all the factories in Lynn, in their turn, elect a—let us call him—district superintendent. Again, we shall suppose these district superintendents of the whole boot and shoe industry to assemble themselves somewhere from all parts of the country, and elect a bureau chief; and he, with other bureau chiefs of related industries, say the tanning industry, to elect a chief of department. However, we do not want too many of these chiefs, for we mean to make a working body, not a talking body, out of them. We mean that these chiefs of department shall form the *national board of administrators*, whose function it shall be to supervise the whole social activity of the country. Each chief will supervise the internal affairs of his own department, and the whole board control all those matters in which the general public is interested." *

This national board is, however, in Mr. Gronlund's scheme, less a legislative than an executive body; for all general laws framed by it are to be referred to the people, and will only become laws when ratified by them. He also proposes that every directing officer have the right of dismissing any of his subordinates, and that the highest in every department, the chief, be made liable to removal by the whole body of his subordinates. "The subordinates elect, the superiors dismiss," except in the case of the highest in rank, who, since he can be responsible to nobody above him, is to be responsible to everybody below him. The question what the foreman of the primary group is to do with refractory or negligent workers is not an easy one to this philosopher. "Whereto could a worker be removed?" he inquires. "He must be employed somewhere. Of course, there must be some kind of remedy by which society could protect itself against any rebellious or negligent worker. For such cases, a trial by his comrades might be provided, the issue of which might be removal to a lower *grade*, or some sort of compulsion." The question, however, concerns the *lowest* grade. What could be done with people who would not work even there? This part of the programme must be carefully thought out, for unless human nature changes mightily before the dawn of the new order, there will be a great multitude of these people; and their persistent attempts to get a living without work are likely to make trouble in the best-regulated phalanstery.

The state will have three chief functions: it will be Superintendent, Statistician, and Arbitrator. It will direct and control all the farming, mining, manufacturing, carrying, teaching, healing, buying, and selling. It will also collect information from all parts of the country, upon which it will base its decrees concerning the amount of each product necessary for the year. "In the socialistic state," says Schaeffle, "the functionaries who would have to do with sales would ascertain the amounts needed, would distribute the national work accordingly among the different classes of people doing business and the persons concerned in production, transportation, and storage, and would assign to the products a value according to the mass of socially necessary work spent upon them."

Nothing like trade or commerce would

* "Coöperative Commonwealth," page 79.

therefore exist in this state; the shops and stores by which our products are now distributed would give place to vast government bazaars, where your labor-check would be good for a given amount of any product that might happen to be in stock. No leasing would be possible, for all the lands and tenements would belong to the state. Householders would pay taxes to the state for the premises occupied. The state would help itself, out of the storehouses, to any additional amount needed to defray its own expenses. These expenses would not be small, for a pretty large army of officials would be required to supervise all the multifarious details of production, and distribution, and transportation, and instruction. Physicians, teachers, judges (arbitrators, Mr. Gronlund calls them), and all such "non-productive" laborers would be remunerated out of the government stores. The pay of all workers would be assimilated to that of the common laborer, making due allowance for the amount of time required by the skilled worker to fit himself for his calling. The compensation would be graded on this principle. The difference in the various kinds of work, Mr. Gronlund says, "consists simply in being more or less complicated. It takes, simply, more time to learn the one than the other. The most complicated kind of work can always be reduced to ordinary unskilled labor, may always be considered as multiplied common labor." Thus, for example, the actuaries of the new order may determine that the average number of working years in a man's life is thirty. A coal-heaver, who needs to take no time to learn his trade, would have thirty years to work. A teacher must spend five additional years in study; he would have, therefore, but twenty-five years for work. He should receive, therefore, for his twenty-five years' labor as much as the coal-heaver for his thirty years' labor. The teacher's daily stipend should be one-fifth larger than that of the coal-heaver.

It will be observed that, under socialism, every citizen would be directly and consciously in the employ of the government. The government would be the only employer. The civil service would include the whole population. The shoe-maker or the hod-carrier would be a government officer as much as the postmaster or the department clerk.

Under this régime private property would not be abolished, but it would be greatly restricted. A man might live, doubtless, on less than the amount of his daily earnings, and thus an accumulation of labor-checks might be made upon which he could subsist while devoting his leisure to study or travel; but the savings of day-wages must needs be small. Loans with interest would be prohibited; for it is the very foundation-stone of socialism that capital — that is, property of any kind from which income is derived — shall all belong to the state. Every man's income would be strictly confined to his actual earnings; and the state would be his employer and would fix his stipend. Inheritance would also be restricted or forbidden. Private property would not be allowed to accumulate in this way, in families, by transmission. On this question, however, there is not entire agreement among socialists; some of them holding that the right of bequeathing one's personal savings should not be denied. The limitation of private property would, however, be pretty strict, if Mr. Gronlund is a prophet. This is his judgment:

"Every millionaire is a criminal.

"Every one who amasses a hundred thousand dollars is a criminal.

"Every president of a company with nominal duties, if his salary is but a thousand dollars, is a criminal.

"Every one who loans his neighbor one hundred dollars and exacts one hundred and six in return is a criminal."

It is evident that the reign of the plutocrat will cease when socialism comes to its own.

One interesting feature of the new order is conveyed in the assurance that the question of domestic service will be forever settled. "Domestics will be incorporated in the family, as members of it. No one, then, surely will be so slavish as to accept the position on less honorable terms." After making this fact known, Mr. Gronlund imagines some objector crying out, "Is the man crazy? No one to black our boots, sweep our rooms, attend us at meals, nurse our children! No one to look after our comfort!" To which he makes this answer: "We really think you will have to 'look after your comfort' yourself. Most of your fellow-men, many of them far more worthy than you, now have to do that. At the public places, of course, you can have all your wants supplied and yourself attended to, but mark! by persons as much public functionaries as you yourself will be, and conscious of being so, and whom you cannot familiarly call 'Ben' or 'John' except on an equal footing. But at home you will have to be 'served' by members of your family, and such people whom *(sic)* your personal qualities will attach to your person."

Socialism aims, fundamentally, at the reconstruction of the industrial order; and it need not concern itself with questions of morality or religion. Whatever may be said by its expositors about these questions should be taken as mere *obiter dicta*, and should not be suffered

to bind or to ban the system. Nevertheless it is noteworthy that those socialists who touch upon domestic and ethical matters indicate their preference for a somewhat radical reconstruction of society along these lines. Their prediction is that marriage will be purely voluntary; that society will interpose no obstacles to the separation of discontented partners; that the control of children by their parents will be much less absolute than at present; that in many of the most important interests of life society will stand *in loco parentis*. "Children do not belong to their parents," says Mr. Gronlund; "they belong to society." "In the very nature of things family supremacy will be absolutely incompatible with an *interdependent*, solidaric commonwealth, for in such a state the first object of education must be to establish in the minds of the children an indissoluble association between their individual happiness and the good of all. To that end family exclusiveness must be broken down first of all."*

As to morals, the socialists are inclined to charge all evil-doing upon the present order of society, and to excuse, if not to justify, the existing race of criminals. The new order will make men good by furnishing them with a better environment; it will successfully tempt them to do right.

As to religion, something of that nature will still remain, no doubt. There is no reason in the nature of things, as Dr. Woolsey says, why socialists should not be Christians. They might even make Christianity the state religion. There is in Germany at the present time a considerable body of Christian Socialists whose programme is, indeed, much less radical than that of the Social Democrats, but who are fairly entitled to the name. As a matter of fact, however, the great majority of socialists are violently opposed to all that is known by the name of religion at the present day.

"Socialists," says Schaeffle, "pronounce the church to be a police institution in the hands of capital, and that it cheats the proletarian 'by bills of exchange on heaven.' It deserves to perish."

THIS exposition of the philosophy and the aims of socialism is necessarily rough and incomplete; I have endeavored to set forth, as fairly as I could, the main features of the system. In doing so I have exhibited its weakness. As a positive programme for the reconstruction of society its ineptitude must be apparent. It can never survive a thorough popular discussion. So long as it is content with criticising the present order it can gain a hearing; and, as a matter of fact, it does, for the most part, confine itself to this rôle. Its advocates are chary of definite information about their plans. They are able clearly to point out the evils of competition and capitalism; but when they are asked to tell what they would put in the place of the existing system, they at once begin to deal in generalities. An attempt such as Mr. Gronlund has made to furnish an outline of the new order is the most convincing argument against it. The reflections that must force themselves on all who take the trouble to think out this scheme are briefly these:

1. The attempt to regulate the social and industrial life of a great nation like ours by a centralized bureaucracy would break down under its own weight. The work would be so vast and complicated, the details so multifarious, the adjustments so difficult, the administration so herculean, that its collapse would be speedy. To do all this work an army of "non-productive" government officials would be required, whose draft upon the products of industry would be enormous; it is a question whether the "productive" workers would obtain any larger portion of the net product of their industry than they are now receiving. Under any system labor must be supervised and directed, and exchanges of products must be effected, and this work of direction and exchange must be remunerated. Socialists must carefully count the cost of all this before they enter upon the warfare in which they are now enlisting. The cumbersomeness rather than the cost of the method is, however, the feature upon which attention should be fixed. That a "National Board of Administrators" at Washington should set out to ascertain and measure the desires of fifty millions of people for the necessaries, the comforts, the luxuries of life, and should undertake to produce all these "satisfactions" and distribute them to those who crave them, seems, on the face of it, preposterous.

2. Closely connected with this objection another fundamental weakness of the scheme appears. This is the attempt to base all values upon cost of production, without any consistent reference to the principle of supply and demand. Things are to be worth just what it costs to produce them; the strength or the weakness of the desire of the consumer is not to have any measurable influence in determining the price that shall be paid for them. Mr. Gronlund admits that supply and demand is a natural law, and that it has at present a great deal to do in fixing the prices of commodities, and he thinks that a little room may perhaps be found for the play of this force under the socialistic régime; but it is evident

* "Coöperative Commonwealth," page 224.

that he likes it not, and would willingly be rid of it altogether. The practical difficulties which would arise on account of it are easily conceived. Suppose, for example, a group of manufacturing tailors produce one hundred thousand coats, which are sent to the government warehouses, to be sold. The price of each is fixed by the time expended by the workman in making it. Suppose another group manufactures the same number of coats out of material costing exactly the same, and with the same amount of labor, and these go into the warehouses in the same way, to be sold, of course, at the same price. Owing to the differences in the color and style of the material, and in the pattern and finish of the work, the one lot of coats is quickly disposed of, while the other lot proves unsalable. What is the government to do with this product for which it has paid, and which nobody wants? Will it dispose of the stock for less than its actual cost in labor? Will it not continually find its storehouses filling up with goods that nobody will buy? Mr. Gronlund allows that sacrifices would sometimes have to be made in this way, which the government, "as the universal insurer," would be obliged to meet. He thinks, however, that the government would find ways of controlling this troublesome factor—that is, of causing the people to demand those commodities, and those only, of which it has the supply. It is easy to see how this might be done, in part, by establishing uniformity in a great many of the features of life where now diversity exists; by compelling the people all to dress exactly alike; to dwell in houses of uniform size and cost; to lay aside their individual tastes and preferences and live a life prescribed by governmental regulation. The socialistic scheme can never be worked without the enforcement of such a uniformity in most of the details of life.

3. It is evident that the freedom of the individual would be greatly limited under such a régime. No despotism could be more absolute or more intolerable than that which this fierce democracy would be sure to exercise. Many of the questions which men are now left to determine for themselves would be determined for them by the state; the range of their choices and responsibilities would be greatly narrowed; the forces by which high character is developed would be correspondingly weakened. It is by no means clear that the right of movement from place to place would be left to the individual. Mr. Gronlund insists that it would be, but he has not shown us how this great governmental machine will be able to carry on its work successfully, unless it has the power to compel its workmen to stay where they are put and do the work assigned to them. As Baron J. Eötvös* has strongly said, "The unconditional subjection of the individual under the state" is the first principle of socialism. "What the form of the state would be in its socialistic era," says Dr. Woolsey, "would be of little importance. The essential characteristic is that it must become all but unlimited; and our readers are well aware that all unlimited governments are more like one another, whether they be called monarchies or oligarchies or democracies, than they are each like to a limited government of their own name."† That this unlimited government, though democratic at first, would easily pass under the control of a single despot, is a truth which reason announces and history confirms. It was revolutionary and communistic France that flung herself so suddenly and so eagerly into the arms of Napoleon. Mr. Gronlund's "National Board of Administrators" would soon find some single will ruling in its councils, and the question of the responsibility of this body, with which its inventor labors, would be promptly solved.

4. But socialism is fundamentally an economical method, and is, therefore, fundamentally wrong, because it is based on a doctrine of economy which is false; namely, the doctrine that all value is the product of labor. This doctrine of value, formulated by Karl Marx, is the corner-stone of socialism. "Nothing," says Mr. Gronlund, "can so effectually kill our cause as the successful impeachment of the answer we shall give to the question, 'What is value?'"‡ This is undoubtedly true, and therefore socialism can never survive a thorough discussion of its economical basis; for no matter whether Ricardo or Marx be the author of this doctrine, it is unsound. Other elements besides the "quantity of common human labor measured by time" help to make up value. Here are two groups of a thousand men, equally industrious and capable. The workmen of the one group find such occupation as they can; but many of them have poor tools, and many others are lacking in constructive or artistic skill and do not know how to direct their own powers; and many others make mistakes of judgment in determining what they will produce, and continually find that they have expended their energies upon products for which there is no demand; and many, still more helpless, though willing to work, are idle a good part of the time because they can find nothing profitable to do. The other group are employed by a man of intelligence and experience. He possesses an ample supply of the

* Quoted by Woolsey, "Communism and Socialism," page 269. † Page 232. ‡ Page 16.

best tools and machines; he knows, by wide observation and careful study of the market, for what articles there will be an efficient demand; he has the constructive skill and the taste that enable him to produce the goods that will please the people; he knows when to get them to the market and how to put himself in communication with purchasers. Under his direction the second group of men work for a year. Will any man say that the product of their labor, thus directed, will possess no more value than the product of the first group, who wrought blindly during the same time, without direction? Will any man say that the knowledge, the skill, the taste, the judgment, the enterprise, the organizing ability of this employer are not elements in the production of this enhanced value? The majority of the men who work lack the power of directing their own labor so as to secure from it the most valuable product. A very large share of the value produced by their labor is given to it by the intelligence and the organizing power of their employers. To say that this intelligence and this organizing power have nothing to do, or but little to do, with the creation of value is to talk arrant nonsense.

The power to organize and direct labor is highly useful to society. We owe to it the great multiplication of wealth and the rapid progress of the industrial arts. The workmen themselves have derived from it incalculable benefits. And this power has been developed in great degree by the operation of that same "private enterprise" whose doings the socialists so constantly execrate. Even Mr. Gronlund is forced to acknowledge this: "We heartily admit that it has performed wonders. It has built monuments greater than the pyramids. Its Universal Expositions have moved greater masses of men than the crusades ever did. It has done mankind an immense service in proving by hard facts that wholesale manufacture is the most sensible form of labor." (Page 53.)

This is a grudging admission. It has done far more than this. With all its mischiefs and its curses,—and they are multitudinous,—private enterprise has filled the world with blessings. It has been the motive power of material civilization.

But socialism proposes to dispense with it. It will suffer private property, in a restricted sense, but it will not suffer private *enterprise*. The State is to monopolize the enterprise. The organizing genius, the constructive skill, the executive energy which have built up modern civilization have been developed by giving an open field to private enterprise, and permitting individuals to reap for themselves the rewards of their own vigilance and sagacity. The closing of this door would paralyze industry and put a stop to development. The prospect of profit from industrial investment is the mainspring of industrial progress. In the words of Mr. Cairnes: "The inducement thus offered to the acquisitive propensity in man constitutes under the actual system of things the ultimate security for all the results which go to form our industrial civilization. The feeling appealed to may, if you like, be a coarse one, but it is at any rate efficacious; it does lead to habitual and systematic saving, and furnishes society with the necessary basis for civilized progress." The proposition of the socialists to exterminate or repress this central principle of human nature is clearly unscientific; the reform for which they call is "a reform against nature."

The just demand of the working class is that they shall share in the growing wealth of the world. "Now this," says Mr. Rae, "involves two things: first, progress; and second, diffusion of progress; and socialism is so intent on the second that it fails to see how completely it would cut off the springs of the first."

The two coördinate forces of the ideal society are self-interest and benevolence. In the perfect society they will exactly balance each other. The present industrial order makes self-interest the sole motive power. Under this one-sided régime the mischiefs have arisen of which socialism complains. The remedy which socialism proposes is the entire reconstruction of society upon the other principle of benevolence, allowing no opportunity for the free play of the self-regarding motives. From the one extreme it flies to the other. Because civilization has gone on one leg till it is lame, socialism insists that it shall go on the other, exclusively, till that too breaks down. Its health and its progress will be promoted by permitting it to go on both legs. Private property and private enterprise must be maintained, and some means must be found of infusing into them a larger measure of good-will. The manual laborer is not entitled to the whole of the net product of his labor; but a wise philanthropy, studying his conditions, freely allows that a larger share of it than he now receives equitably belongs to him, and insists that some adjustment shall be made by which he shall obtain a larger share. The wage-laborer ought to have not only the market rate of wages, under competition, but a stipulated share in the profits of business. He ought to be identified in interest with his employer; and he must be, before there can ever be peace between them. The system of profit-sharing, or industrial partnership, saves and enlarges the gains of private enterprise, and permits the work-

man to participate in them. By some application of this principle the efficiency of the present wage system will be preserved, and its worst mischiefs averted. If any one wishes to know whether this method is practicable or not, let him read that eloquent little book by Sedley Taylor on "Profit-Sharing," in which the results of a large number of experiments along this line are clearly set forth. More than a hundred establishments upon the continent of Europe are now working happily and prosperously upon this basis.

The socialists, indeed, as I have said, are altogether unfriendly to this method. They prefer that the gulf between the laborers and their employers should go on widening and deepening. The faster this proceeds the sooner will come the social revolution for which they pray. Therefore they denounce all workmen who enter into such partnerships with their employers, as a class "with one foot in the camp of the *bourgeoisie* and the other in the camp of the proletariat." Exactly so. In this lies the wisdom and the glory of the method. It is not divisive, it is unitary. "It is only," says Mr. Rae, "by linking a lower class to a higher that you can raise the level of the whole."

This simple readjustment of the economical relations of employer and laborer would put a new face upon industrial society. Peace would take the place of strife, confidence of distrust, hope of despair. The efficiency of labor would be promoted, and the gains of civilization, for all classes, indefinitely increased.

Instead, therefore, of pulling down the existing order, as the socialists propose, the thing to be done is to enlarge its foundations. They are right in saying that an industrial system whose sole motive power is self-interest and whose sole regulative principle is competition will end in pandemonium; but they are foolish in thinking that humanity will thrive under a system which discards or cripples these self-regarding forces. What is needed is the calling into action of the good-will which is equally a part of human nature. This also must be made an integral part of the industrial system; it must be the business of the employer to promote the welfare of his workmen, and the business of the workmen to promote the interest of their employer. The organization of labor must be such that the one class cannot prosper without directly and perceptibly increasing the prosperity of the other. This is the true remedy for the evils of which the socialists complain. The reform needed is not the destruction but the Christianization of the present order.

Yet, in the language of Sedley Taylor, these methods of profit-sharing and industrial partnership, "valuable as they are in themselves, constitute no self-acting panacea; . . . their best fruits can be reaped only by men who feel that life does not consist in abundance of material possessions, who regard stewardship as nobler than ownership, who see in the ultimate outcome of all true work issues reaching beyond the limits of the present dispensation, and who act faithfully and strenuously on these beliefs." Those who are under the sway of such motives must take the initiative in this great enterprise of making peace between the workmen and their employers. Edme-Jean Leclaire, founder of the Maison Leclaire in Paris, and a man whose life was devoted to the building up of a noble and beneficent industry upon this foundation, wrote, upon his death-bed, this confession of his faith: "I am the humble disciple of Him who has told us to do to others what we would have others do to us, and to love our neighbor as ourselves; it is in this sense that I desire to remain a Christian until my last breath." Out of such a faith ought to grow such fruit. If our Christianity has any life in it, it can solve this problem of the relation between labor and capital. And every employer over whom Christian motives have any power ought to feel the weight of the obligation resting on him to establish between himself and his workmen a relation in which it will be natural for them as well as for him to obey the Christian law.

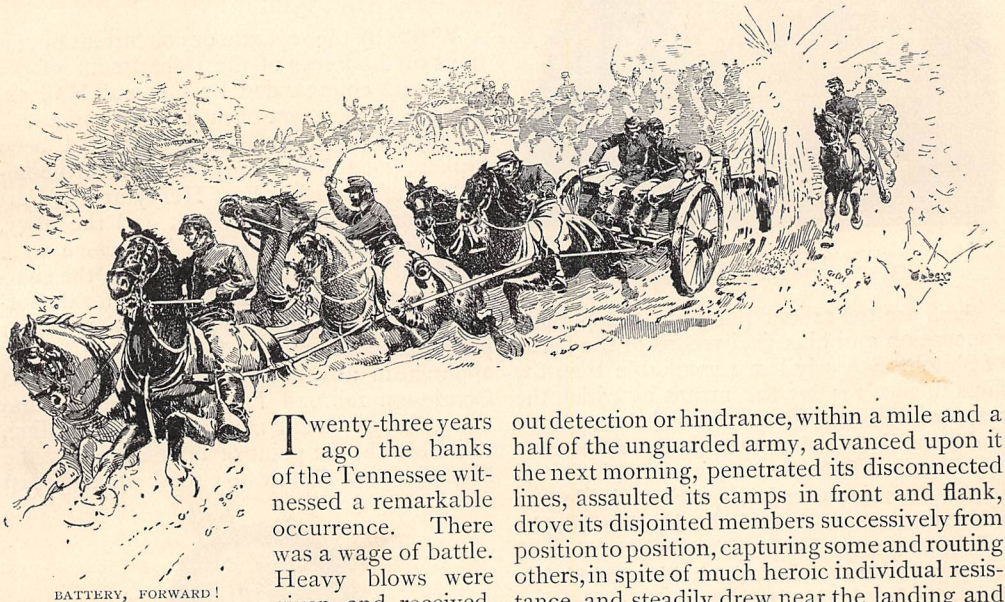
As a consequence of this economical readjustment better relations would be established between all classes in society, and sympathy and kindliness would take the place of suspicion and alienation. The iron law of wages would be broken, and the yawning chasm between rich and poor would be bridged by good-will.

The principal remedy for the evils of which socialists complain is to be found, therefore, in the application by individuals of Christian principles and methods to the solution of the social problem. The notion that the state can cure all these mischiefs is not to be entertained. Nevertheless, though the state cannot do everything, there are some things that it can do, and must do. The limits of governmental interference are likely to be greatly enlarged in the immediate future. New occasions bring new duties; the function of the state must be broadened to meet the exigencies of our expanding civilization. We may go far beyond Mr. Spencer's limits and yet stop a great way this side of socialism. Out of unrestricted competition arise many wrongs that the state must redress, and many abuses that it must check. It may become the duty

of the state to reform its taxation, so that its burdens shall rest less heavily upon the lower classes; to repress monopolies of all sorts; to prevent and punish gambling; to regulate or control the railroads and the telegraphs; to limit the ownership of land; to modify the laws of inheritance; and possibly to levy a progressive income tax, so that the enormous fortunes should bear more, instead of less, than their share of the public burdens. The keeping up of such fortunes is against public policy, and the state has the same right to discourage them that it has to inspect factories or ships, to tax saloons, or to prohibit the erection of a slaughter-house upon the public square. By some such measures the state may clearly indicate its purpose, while carefully guarding the essential liberty of its citizens, to restrain those oppressive evils which grow out of the abuses of liberty; and, while protecting property and honoring industry, to check, by every means in its power, those tendencies by which society is divided into the two contrasted and contending classes of plutocrats and proletarians.

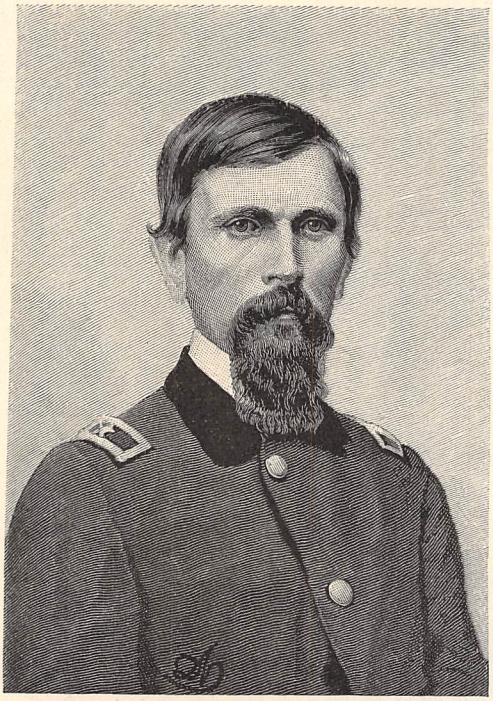
Washington Gladden.

SHILOH REVIEWED.



BATTERY, FORWARD!

Twenty-three years ago the banks of the Tennessee witnessed a remarkable occurrence. There was a wage of battle. Heavy blows were given and received, and the challenger failed to make his cause good. But there were peculiar circumstances which distinguished the combat from other trials of strength in the rebellion: An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear and a hostile army claimed to be superior in numbers twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning, or check the advance of an enemy, and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Saturday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, without detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed members successively from position to position, capturing some and routing others, in spite of much heroic individual resistance, and steadily drew near the landing and depot of its supplies in the pocket between the river and an impassable creek. At the moment near the close of the day when the remnant of the retrograding army was driven to refuge in the midst of its magazines, with the triumphant enemy at half-gunshot distance, the advance division of a reënforcing army arrived on the opposite bank of the river, crossed, and took position under fire at the point of attack; the attacking force was checked, and the battle ceased for the day. The next morning at dawn the reënforcing army and a fresh division belonging to the defeated force advanced against the assailants, followed or accompanied by such of the broken columns of the previous day as had not lost all cohesion, and after ten hours of conflict drove the enemy from the captured camps and the field of battle.



GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Such are the salient points in the popular conception and historical record of the battle of Shiloh. Scarcely less remarkable than the facts themselves are the means by which the responsible actors in the critical drama have endeavored to counteract them. At society reunions and festive entertainments, in newspaper interviews and dispatches, in letters and contributions to periodicals, afterthought official reports, biographies, memoirs, and other popular sketches, the subject of Shiloh from the first hour of the battle to the present time has been invaded by pretensions and exculpatory statements, which revive the discussion only to confirm the memory of the grave faults that brought an army into imminent peril. These defenses and assumptions, starting first, apparently half suggested, in the zeal of official attendants and other partisans, were soon taken up more or less directly by the persons in whose behalf they were put forward; and now it is virtually declared by the principals themselves, that the Army of the Ohio was an unnecessary intruder in the battle, and that the blood of more than two thousand of its members shed on that field was a gratuitous sacrifice.

With the origin of the animadversions that were current at the time upon the conduct of the battle, the Army of the Ohio had little to do, and it has not generally taken a willing part in the subsequent discussion. They commenced in the ranks of the victims, and during all the years that have given unwonted influence to the names which they affected, the witnesses of the first reports have without show of prejudice or much reiteration firmly adhered to their earlier testimony. It does not impair the value of that testimony if extreme examples were cited to illustrate the general fact; nor constitute a defense that such examples were not the general rule. I have myself, though many years ago, made answer to the more formal pleas that concerned the army which I commanded, and I am now called upon in the same cause to review the circumstances of my connection with the battle, and investigate its condition when it was taken up by the Army of the Ohio.

When by the separate or concurrent operations of the forces of the Department of the Missouri, commanded by General Halleck, and the Department of the Ohio, commanded by myself, the Confederate line had been broken, first at Mill Springs by General Thomas, and afterward at Fort Henry and at Fort Donelson by General Grant and the navy, and Nashville and Middle Tennessee were occupied by the Army of the Ohio, the shattered forces of the enemy fell back for the formation of a new line, and the Union armies prepared to follow for a fresh attack. It was apparent in advance that the Memphis and Charleston railroad between Memphis and Chattanooga would constitute the new line, and Corinth, the point of intersection of the Memphis and Charleston road running east



GENERAL THOMAS J. WOOD. (COPIED FROM AN ENGRAVING, BY PERMISSION OF D. VAN NOSTRAND.)

and west, and the Mobile and Ohio road running north and south, soon developed as the main point of concentration.

While this new defense of the enemy and the means of assailing it by the Union forces were maturing, General Halleck's troops, for the moment under the immediate command of General C. F. Smith, were transported up the Tennessee by water to operate on the enemy's railroad communications. It was purely an expeditionary service not intended for the selection of a rendezvous or depot for future operations. After some attempts to debark at other points farther up the river, Pittsburg Landing was finally chosen as the most eligible for the temporary object; but when the concentration of the enemy at Corinth made that the objective point of a deliberate campaign, and the coöperation of General Halleck's troops and mine was arranged, Savannah, on the east bank of the river, was designated by Halleck as the point of rendezvous. This, though not as advisable a point as Florence, or some point between Florence and Eastport, was in a general sense proper. It placed the concentration under the shelter of the river and the gun-boats, and left the combined force at liberty to choose its point of crossing and line of attack.

On the restoration of General Grant to the immediate command of the troops, and his arrival at Savannah on the 17th of March, he converted the expeditionary encampment at Pittsburg Landing into the point of rendezvous of the two armies, by placing his whole force on the west side of the river, apparrently on the advice of General Sherman, who, with his division, was already there. Nothing can be said upon any rule of military art or common expediency to justify that arrangement. An invading army may, indeed, as a preliminary step, throw an inferior force in advance upon the enemy's coast or across an intervening river to secure a harbor or other necessary foothold; but in such a case the first duty of the advanced force is to make itself secure by suitable works. Pittsburg Landing was in no sense a point of such necessity or desirability as to require any risk, or any great expenditure of means for its occupation. If the force established there was not safe alone, it had no business there; but having been placed there, still less can any justification be found for the neglect of all proper means to make it secure against a superior adversary. General Grant continued his headquarters at Savannah, leaving General Sherman with a sort of control at Pittsburg Landing. Sherman's rank did not allow him the command, but he was authorized to assign the arriving regiments to brigades and divisions as he might think best, and designate the camping-grounds. In these and other ways he exercised an important influence upon the fate of the army.

The movement of the Army of the Ohio from Nashville for the appointed junction, was commenced on the night of the 15th of March by a rapid march of cavalry to secure the bridges in advance, which were then still guarded by the enemy. It was followed on the 16th and successive days by the infantry divisions, McCook being in advance with instructions to move steadily forward; to ford the streams where they were fordable, and when it was necessary to make repairs in the roads, such as building bridges over streams which were liable to frequent interruption by high water, to leave only a sufficient working party and guard for that purpose; to use all possible industry and energy, so as to move forward steadily and as rapidly as possible without forcing the march or straggling; and to send forward at once to communicate with General Smith at Savannah, and learn his situation.



GENERAL ALEXANDER McD. McCOOK.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

When the cavalry reached Columbia the bridge over Duck River was found in flames, and the river at flood stage. General McCook immediately commenced the construction of a frame bridge, but finding, after several days, that the work was progressing less rapidly than had been expected, I ordered the building of a boat bridge also, and both were completed on the 30th. On the same day the river became fordable. I arrived at Columbia on the 26th. General Nelson succeeded in getting a portion of his division across by fording on the 29th, and was given the ad-



GENERAL WILLIAM NELSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

General Nelson had an altercation with General Jefferson C. Davis in the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, on the morning of September 29, 1862. General Davis shot General Nelson, who died almost instantly.—EDITOR.

vance. Most of his troops crossed by fording on the 30th. The other divisions followed him on the march with intervals of six miles, so as not to incommode one another—in all five divisions, about thirty-seven thousand effective men. On the first day of April, General Halleck and General Grant were notified that I would concentrate at Savannah on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th, the distance being ninety miles. On the 4th General Nelson received notification from General Grant that he need not hasten his march, as he could not be put across the river before the following Tuesday, but the rate of march was not changed.

After seeing my divisions on the road, I

left Columbia on the evening of the 3d, and arrived at Savannah on the evening of the 5th with my chief of staff and an orderly, leaving the rest of my staff to follow rapidly with the headquarters train. Nelson had already arrived and gone into camp, and Crittenden was close in his rear. We were there to form a junction for the contemplated forward movement under the command of General Halleck in person, who was to leave St. Louis the first of the following week to join us. General Grant had been at Nelson's camp before my arrival, and said he would send boats for the division "Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week." "There will," he said, "be no fight at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified. If they come to attack us we can whip them, as I have more than twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson." I did not see General Grant that evening—probably because he was at Pittsburg Landing when I arrived, but he had made an appointment to meet me next day.

We were finishing breakfast at Nelson's camp Sunday morning, when the sound of artillery was heard up the river. We knew of no ground to apprehend a serious engagement, but the troops were promptly prepared to march, and I walked with my chief of staff, Colonel James B. Fry, to Grant's quarters at Savannah, but he had started up the river. I there saw General C. F. Smith, who was in his bed sick, but apparently not dangerously ill. He had no apprehension about a battle, thought it an affair of outposts, and said that Grant had sixty thousand men. This would agree approximately with the estimate which Grant himself made of his force, at Nelson's camp.

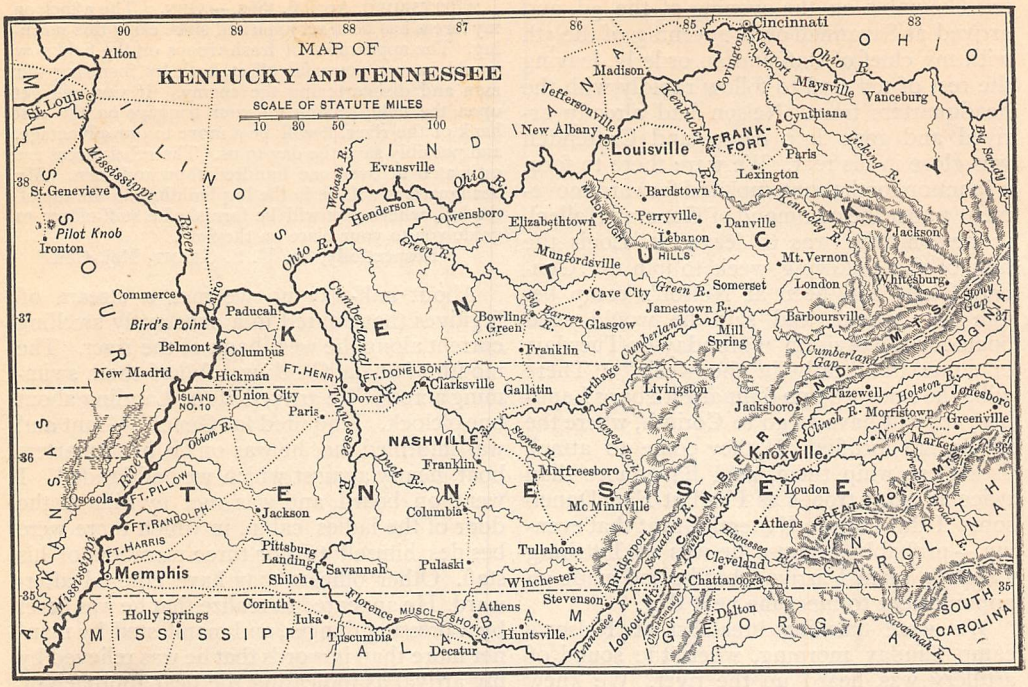
As the firing continued, and increased in volume, I determined to go to the scene of action. Nelson only waited for the services of a guide to march by land. The river bottom between Savannah and Pittsburg Landing was a labyrinth of roads from which the overflows had obliterated all recent signs of travel, and left them impassable except in certain places, and it was with great difficulty that a guide could be obtained. The artillery had to be left behind to be transported by water. After disposing of these matters and sending orders for the rear divisions to push forward without their trains, I took a small steamer at the Landing and proceeded up the river, accompanied only by my chief of staff. On the way we were met by a descending steamer which came alongside and delivered a letter from General Grant addressed to the "Commanding Officer, advanced forces, near Pittsburg, Tenn.," and couched in the following words:

"PITTSBURG, April 6, 1862.—GEN.: The attack on my forces has been very spirited since early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops on the field now would have a powerful effect, both by inspiring our men and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us. The rebel forces are estimated at over one hundred thousand men. My headquarters will be in the log building on the top of the hill, where you will be furnished a staff-officer to guide you to your place on the field.

"Respectfully, &c. U. S. GRANT, Maj.-Gen."

About half-way up we met a stream of fugitives that poured in a constantly swelling current along the west bank of the river. The mouth of Snake Creek was full of them swimming across. We arrived at the Landing about one o'clock. I inquired for General Grant and was informed that he was on his headquarters boat, nearly against which we had landed. I went on board, and was met by him at the door of the ladies' cabin, in which there were besides himself two or three members of his staff. Other officers may have entered afterward. He appeared to realize that he was beset by a pressing danger, and manifested by manner more than in words that he was relieved by my arrival as indicating the near approach of succor; but there was nothing in his deportment that the circumstances would not have justified without disparagement to the character of a courageous soldier. Certainly there was none of that masterly confidence which has since been assumed with reference to the occasion. After the first salutation, and as I walked to a seat, he remarked that he had just come in from the front, and held up his sword to call my attention to an indentation, which he said the scabbard had received from a shot. I did not particularly notice it, and after inquiring about the progress of the battle and requesting him to send steamers to bring up Crittenden's division, which was coming into Savannah as I left, I proposed that we should go ashore. As we reached the gangway I noticed that the horses of himself and his staff were being taken ashore. He mounted and rode away, while I walked up the hill; so that I saw him no more until the attack occurred at the Landing late in the evening. I state these particulars of our meeting with so much detail because a totally incorrect version of the place, manner, and substance of the interview has been used to give a false impression of the state of the battle, and a false coloring to personal traits which are assumed to have had the issue in control.

On the shore I encountered a scene which has often been described. The face of the bluff was crowded with stragglers from the battle. The number there at different hours has been estimated at from five thousand in the morn-



ing to fifteen thousand in the evening. The number at nightfall would not have fallen short of fifteen thousand, including those who had passed down the river, and the less callous but still broken and demoralized fragments about the camps on the plateau near the landing. At the top of the bluff all was confusion. Men mounted and on foot, and wagons with their teams and excited drivers, all struggling to force their way closer to the river, were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion with a battery of artillery which was standing in park without men or horses to man or move it. The increasing throng already presented a barrier which it was evidently necessary to remove, in order to make way for the passage of my troops when they should arrive. In looking about for assistance I fell upon one officer, the quartermaster of an Ohio regiment, who preserved his senses, and was anxious to do something to abate the disorder. I instructed him to take control of the teams, and move them down the hill by a side road which led to the narrow bottom below the landing, and there park them. He went to work with alacrity and the efficiency of a strong will, and succeeded in clearing the ground of the wagons. It proved before night to have been a more important service than I had expected, for it not only opened the way for Nelson's division, but extricated the artillery and made it possible to get it into action when the attack occurred at the Landing about sunset.

It is now time to glance at the circumstances which had brought about and were urging on the state of affairs here imperfectly portrayed.

Upon learning on the 2d of April of the advance of the Army of the Ohio toward Savannah, General Sidney Johnston determined to anticipate the junction of that army with General Grant's force, by attacking the latter, and at once gave orders for the movement of his troops on the following day. It was his expectation to reach the front of the army at Pittsburg Landing on Friday, the 4th, and make the attack at daylight on Saturday; but the condition of the roads, and some confusion in the execution of orders, prevented him from getting into position for the attack until three o'clock on Saturday. This delay and an indiscreet reconnoissance which brought on a sharp engagement with the Federal pickets, rendered it so improbable that the Union commander would not be prepared for the attack, that General Beauregard advised the abandonment of the enterprise, to the success of which a surprise was deemed to be essential. General Johnston overruled the proposition, however, and the attack was ordered for the following morning. The army was drawn up in three parallel lines, covering the front of the Federal position. Hardee commanded the first line, Bragg the second, and Polk and Breckinridge the third, the latter being intended as a reserve.

The locality on which the storm of battle was about to burst has often been described with more or less of inaccuracy or incompleteness. It is an undulating table-land, quite broken in places, elevated a hundred feet or thereabout above the river; an irregular triangle in outline, nearly equilateral, with the sides four miles long, bordered on the east by the river, which here runs nearly due north, on the north-west by Snake Creek and its tributary, Owl Creek, and on the south, or south-west, by a range of hills which immediately border Lick Creek on the north bank, two hundred feet or more in height, and sloping gradually toward the battle-field. In these hills rise the eastern tributaries of Owl Creek, one of them, called Oak Creek, extending half-way across the front or south side of the battle-field, and interlocking with a ravine called Locust Grove Creek, which runs in the opposite direction into Lick Creek a mile from its mouth. Other short, deep ravines start from the table-land and empty into the river, the principal among them being Dill's Branch, six hundred yards above the Landing. Midway in the front, at the foot of the Lick Creek hills, start a number of surface drains which soon unite in somewhat difficult ravines and form Tillman's Creek, or Brier Creek. It runs almost due north, a mile and a quarter from the river, in a deep hollow, which divides the table-land into two main ridges. Tillman's Creek empties into Owl Creek half a mile above the Snake Creek bridge by which the division of Lew. Wallace arrived. Short, abrupt ravines break from the main ridges into Tillman's Hollow, and the broad surface of the west ridge is further broken by larger branches which empty into Owl Creek. Tillman's Hollow, only about a mile long, is a marked feature in the topography, and is identified with some important incidents of the battle.

Pittsburg Landing is three-quarters of a mile above the mouth of Snake Creek, and two and a quarter miles below the mouth of Lick Creek. Shiloh Church is on Oak Creek two miles and a half south-west of Pittsburg Landing. The table-land comes up boldly to the river at the Landing and for a mile south. Beyond those limits the river bends away from the high land, and the bottom gradually widens.

The principal roads are the River road, as it will here be called, which crosses Snake Creek at the bridge before mentioned, and running a mile west of Pittsburg Landing, obliquely along the ridge east of Tillman's Creek, crosses Lick Creek three quarters of a mile from the river at the east end of the Lick Creek hills; the Hamburg and Purdy road, which branches from the River road a mile and two-thirds in a straight line south of Pittsburg Landing, and extends north-west four hundred yards north of Shiloh Church; and two roads that start at the Landing, cross the River road two-thirds of a mile apart, and also cross or run into the Hamburg and Purdy road nearly opposite the church. In the official reports these various roads are called with some confusion, but not altogether inaccurately, Crump's Landing road, Hamburg road, Corinth road or Purdy road, even over the same space, according to the idea of the writer. The Corinth road from the Landing has two principal branches. The western branch passes by the church, and the eastern passes a mile east of the church into the Bark road, which extends along the crest of the Lick Creek hills. The military maps show many other roads, some of them farm-roads, and some only well-worn tracks made in hauling for the troops. In some places the old roads were quite obliterated, and are improperly represented on the maps, as in the case of the River road, which is not shown on the official map between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters, immediately west of the Landing. It is shown on Sherman's camp map, and its existence is not doubtful. At the time of the battle, much the largest part of the ground was in forest, sometimes open, sometimes almost impenetrable for horsemen, with occasional cleared fields of from twenty to eighty acres; and these variations operated in a signal manner upon the fortune of the combatants. There was not a cleared field within the limits of the battle that has not its history.

We may now locate the troops in their encampments, for there is where the battle found them, and its currents and eddies will frequently be discovered by the reference to certain camps in the official reports. The camp map which I received from General Sherman will serve as a useful guide, subject to some necessary modifications, to make a field sketch agree with an actual survey. But the regimental camps did not always conform to the lines laid down for the brigades and divisions. Sometimes they were in front, sometimes in rear of the general line. I have not pretended generally to introduce these variations into the map which I have prepared to accompany this article.

Starting at the Landing, we find the Second Division, commanded by W. H. L. Wallace, in the space bounded by the river, Snake Creek, the River road, and the right-hand road leading west from the Landing. Along that road are, in this order, the camps of the Twelfth, Seventh, Fourteenth and Second Iowa, and the Fifty-second and Ninth Illinois. At the point where that road crosses the River road,

in the south-west angle of the intersection, are the headquarters of General McArthur. On the east side of the River road, north of McArthur are, first, the Fourteenth Missouri, called "Birge's Sharpshooters" (not on the Sherman camp map), and next the Eighty-first Ohio. The Sixteenth Wisconsin has been assigned to Prentiss's division since the Sherman map was made, and the Thirteenth Missouri has probably taken that ground. All these points are particularly mentioned in the reports of the battle and have been verified.

On the left-hand road where it crosses the River road, three-quarters of a mile from the Landing, is the Fourth Division (Hurlbut's), its Third Brigade between the road and the river, and the line of the two other brigades bearing off to the north-west. I have located the Third Iowa, of that division, on the ground just in front of which Crittenden's division was first formed in line Monday morning, because it was stated to me at the time that General Prentiss was killed at that camp; the fact being that near that point Prentiss was captured and W. H. L. Wallace mortally wounded.

At the fork of the River road and the Hamburg and Purdy road, is the camp of Sherman's Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Stuart, two miles from the division to which it belongs, and one mile from Hurlbut's division. On both sides of the eastern Corinth road half a mile south of the Hamburg and Purdy road, is Prentiss's division (the Sixth) of two brigades. It is not shown on the Sherman map. Stretching across the western Corinth road at the Church, along Oak Creek, are the other three brigades of the Fifth Division (Sherman's)—Hildebrand's brigade being on the east side of the road, Buckland's next on the west side, and McDowell's next on Buckland's right. Only one regiment (the Sixth Iowa) of McDowell's brigade is shown on the Sherman map.

The official reports and other authority locate the First Division (McClernand's) as follows: The right of the Third Brigade is at the point where the western Corinth road crosses the Hamburg and Purdy road, five hundred yards

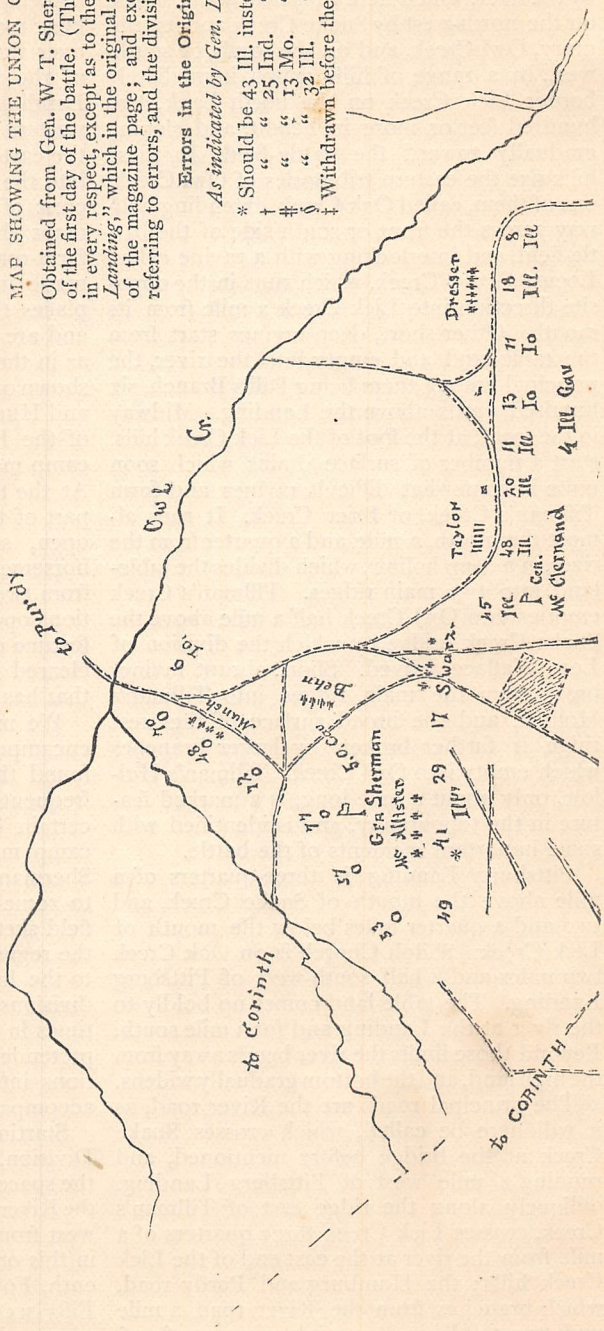
MAP SHOWING THE UNION CAMPS AT SHILOH,

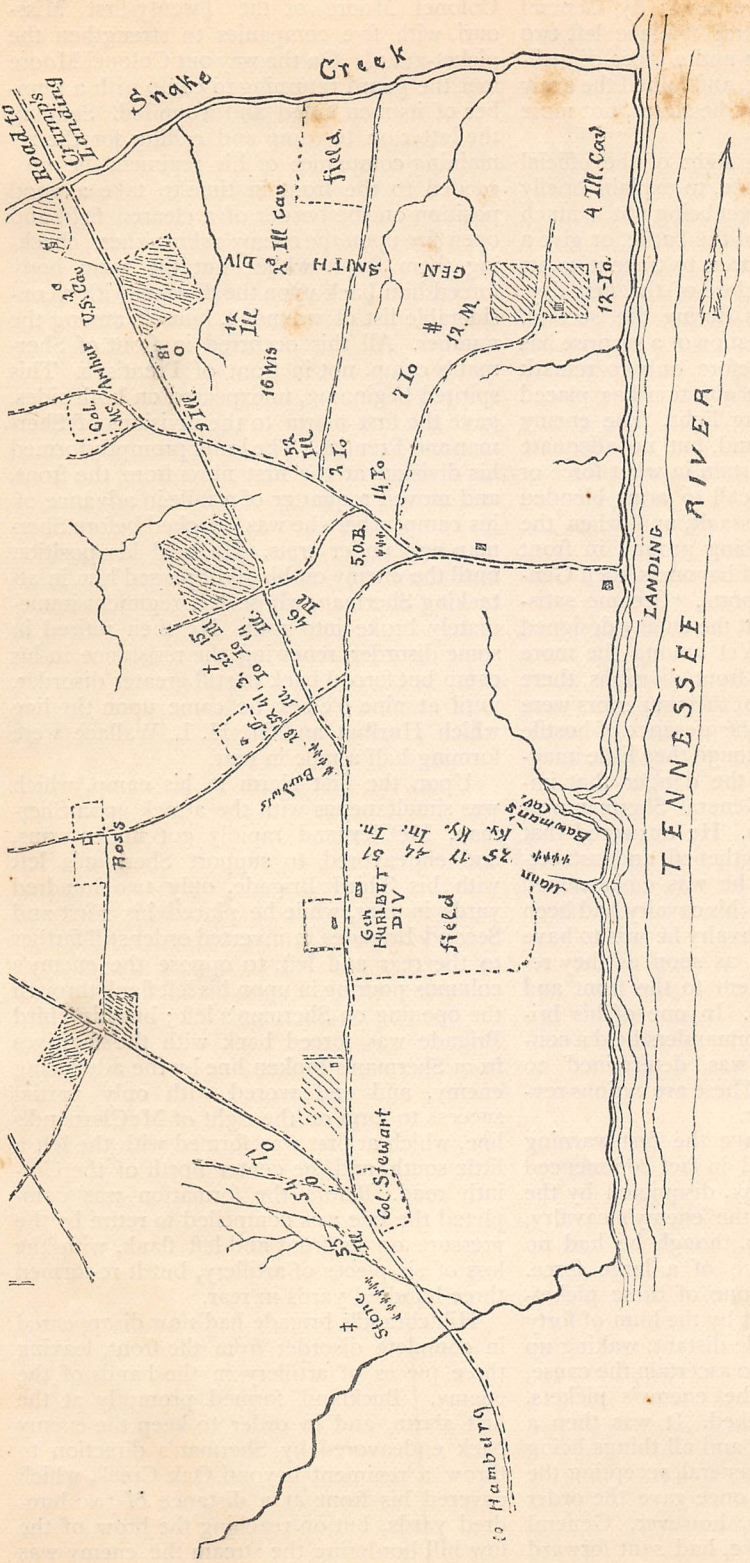
Obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman on the evening of the first day of the battle. (This map is a fac-simile in every respect, except as to the words "*To Crump's Landing*," which in the original are outside the limits of the magazine page; and except as to the signs referring to errors, and the division into two parts.)

Errors in the Original Map,

As indicated by Gen. D. C. Buell.

* Should be 43 Ill. instead of 41 Ill.
† " " 25 Ind. " " 25 Io.
‡ " " 13 Mo. " " 12 Mo.
§ " " 32 Ill. " " 52 Ill.
‡ Withdrawn before the battle.





from the church, and the left is two hundred yards from Hildebrand's brigade, which is thus obliquely in its front. The other two brigades, on a general line starting from the right of the Third, form an obtuse angle with the Third, and are along the ridge nearly parallel with Tillman's Creek, the extreme right being not far from the bluff overlooking Owl Creek bottom. The First Brigade is on the east side of the adjacent field instead of the west side, as the Sherman map, according to the road, would seem to place it, though that map does not show the field. It remains to be added that three of the five divisions were for that period of the war old and experienced troops. Hurlbut's Third Brigade belonged to the Army of the Ohio, and had been sent to reënforce Grant before Donelson. Eight other regiments were furnished by me for the first movement up the Tennessee, and remained with Grant's army. Sherman's division, one of the newest, had been under his command more than a month, and ought to have been in a tolerably efficient state of discipline. Prentiss's division, composed largely of raw regiments, had only been organized a few days; yet it was posted in the most exposed and assailable point on the front. The effective force at the date of the battle, exclusive of Lew. Wallace's division, which was at or near Crump's Landing, six miles below, is stated by Gen-

eral Sherman at 32,000 men; by General Grant at 33,000. General Wallace left two regiments of his division and a piece of artillery at Crump's Landing, and joined the army Sunday evening, with, as he states, not more than 5000 men.

I proceed now, in the light of the official reports and other evidence, to explain briefly what happened: the object being not so much to criticise the manner of the battle, or give a detailed description of it, as to trace it to its actual condition at the close of the first day, and outline its progress during the second. With this object the question of a surprise has little to do. I stop, therefore, only to remark that each revival of that question has placed the fact in a more glaring light. The enemy was known to be at hand, but no adequate steps were taken to ascertain in what force or with what design. The call to arms blended with the crash of the assault, and when the whole forest on the rising ground in front flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then General Sherman, as he reports, "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack." Yet among the more watchful officers in the front divisions, there was a nervous feeling that their superiors were not giving due heed to the presence of hostile reconnoitering parties, though they little imagined the magnitude of the danger that impended. On Saturday General Sherman was notified of these parties. He answered that the pickets must be strengthened, and instructed to be vigilant; that he was embarrassed for the want of cavalry; his cavalry had been ordered away, and the cavalry he was to have instead had not arrived; as soon as they reported he would send them to the front and find out what was there. In one of his brigades the regimental commanders held a consultation, at which it was determined to strengthen the pickets. These are curious revelations to a soldier's ear.

Prentiss's vigilance gave the first warning of the actual danger, and in fact commenced the contest. On Saturday, disquieted by the frequent appearance of the enemy's cavalry, he increased his pickets, though he had no evidence of the presence of a large force. Early Sunday morning one of these picket-guards, startled no doubt by the hum of forty thousand men half a mile distant, waking up for battle, went forward to ascertain the cause, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, which it promptly attacked. It was then a quarter-past five o'clock, and all things being ready, the Confederate general, accepting the signal of the pickets, at once gave the order to advance. Previously, however, General Prentiss, still apprehensive, had sent forward Colonel Moore of the Twenty-first Missouri, with five companies to strengthen the picket-guard. On the way out Colonel Moore met the guard returning to camp with a number of its men killed and wounded. Sending the latter on to camp and calling for the remaining companies of his regiment, he proceeded to the front in time to take a good position on the border of a cleared field and open fire upon the enemy's skirmishers, checking them for a while; but the main body forced him back upon the division with a considerable list of wounded, himself among the number. All this occurred in front of Sherman's camp, not in front of Prentiss's. This spirited beginning, unexpected on both sides, gave the first alarm to the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss. The latter promptly formed his division at the first news from the front, and moved a quarter of a mile in advance of his camp, where he was attacked before Sherman was under arms. He held his position until the enemy on his right passed him in attacking Sherman, whose left regiment immediately broke into rout. He then retired in some disorder, renewing the resistance in his camp but forced back in still greater disorder, until at nine o'clock he came upon the line which Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were forming half a mile in rear.

Upon the first alarm in his camp, which was simultaneous with the attack upon Sherman, McClernand rapidly got under arms, and endeavored to support Sherman's left with his Third Brigade, only two hundred yards in rear, while he placed his First and Second Brigades in inverted order still farther to the rear and left, to oppose the enemy's columns pouring in upon his left flank through the opening on Sherman's left; but his Third Brigade was forced back with the fugitives from Sherman's broken line by the advancing enemy, and endeavored with only partial success to form on the right of McClernand's line, which at first was formed with the left a little south, and the center north of the Corinth road. Before the formation was completed the line was compelled to retire by the pressure on its front and left flank, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, but it re-formed three hundred yards in rear.

Hildebrand's brigade had now disappeared in complete disorder from the front, leaving three pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy. Buckland formed promptly at the first alarm, and in order to keep the enemy back endeavored by Sherman's direction to throw a regiment beyond Oak Creek, which covered his front at a distance of two hundred yards, but on reaching the brow of the low hill bordering the stream the enemy was

encountered on the hither side. Nevertheless the brigade resisted effectively for about two hours the efforts of the assailants to cross the boggy stream in force. The enemy suffered great loss in these efforts, but succeeded at last. Before being quite forced back, Buckland received orders from Sherman to form line on the Purdy road four hundred yards in rear, to connect with McClernand's right. Orders were also given to McDowell, who had not yet been engaged, to close to the left on the same line. These orders were in effect defeated in both cases, and five pieces of artillery lost by faults in the execution and the rapid advance of the enemy. Sherman's division as an organized body disappeared from the field from this time until the close of the day. McDowell's brigade preserved a sort of identity for a while. Sherman reports that at "about 10:30 A. M. the enemy had made a furious attack on General McClernand's whole front. Finding him pressed, I moved McDowell's brigade against the left flank of the enemy, forced him back some distance, and then directed the men to avail themselves of every cover—trees, fallen timber, and a wooded valley to our right." It sounds like the signal to disperse, and a little after one o'clock the brigade and regiments are seen no more. Some fragments of the division and the commander himself attached themselves to McClernand's command, which now, owing to its composite and irregular organization, could hardly be denominated a division.

The contest which raged in McClernand's camp was of a fluctuating character. The ground was lost and won more than once, but each ebb and flow of the struggle left the Union side in a worse condition. In his fifth position McClernand was driven to the camp of his First Brigade, half of his command facing to the south and half to the west, to meet the converging attack of the enemy. His nominal connection with the left wing of the army across the head of Tillman's Hollow had been severed, by the dispersion or defeat of the detached commands that formed it. Another reverse to his thinned ranks would drive him over the bluff into Owl Creek bottom, and perhaps cut him off from the river. He determined, therefore, between two and three o'clock to retire across Tillman's Hollow in the direction of the Landing. That movement was effected with a good deal of irregularity, but with the repulse of a small body of pursuing cavalry, and a new line was formed on the opposite ridge along the River road, north of Hurlbut's headquarters. I shall have occasion farther along to remark upon the display of force on the right of this line in the vicinity of McArthur's headquarters. The movement must have been completed about three o'clock. Leaving the right wing, as it may be called, in this position prior to the attack of four o'clock, which drove it still farther back, we will return to the current of events in the left wing.

With Stuart on the extreme left, as with the other commanders, the presence of the enemy was the first warning of danger. He was soon compelled to fall back from his camp to a new position, and presently again to a third, which located him on the prolongation and extreme left of the line formed by Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, but without having any connection with it. As soon as the first advance of the enemy was known, these two commanders were called upon by those in front for support. In the absence of a common superior it was sent forward by regiments or brigades in such manner as seemed proper to the officer appealed to, and after that was left to its own devices. It seldom formed the connection desired, or came under the direction of a common superior. Indeed, the want of cohesion and concert in the Union ranks, is conspicuously indicated in the official reports. A regiment is rarely overcome in front, but falls back because the regiment on its right or left has done so, and exposed its flank. It continues its backward movement at least until it is well under shelter, thus exposing the flank of its neighbor, who then must also needs fall back. Once in operation, the process repeats itself indefinitely. In a broken and covered country which affords occasional rallying points and obstructs the pursuit, it proceeds step by step. On an open field in the presence of light artillery and cavalry, it would run rapidly into general rout.

This outflanking, so common in the Union reports at Shiloh, is not a mere excuse of the inferior commanders. It is the practical consequence of the absence of a common head, and the judicious use of reserves to counteract partial reverses and preserve the front of battle. The want of a general direction is seen also in the distribution of Hurlbut's and Wallace's divisions. Hurlbut sent a brigade under Colonel Veatch, to support Sherman's left; Wallace sent one under General McArthur to the opposite extreme to support Stuart; and the two remaining brigades of each were between the extremes — Wallace on Veatch's left but not in connection with it, and Hurlbut on McArthur's right, also without connection. Stuart himself with his brigade was two miles to the left of Sherman's division to which he belonged. When the three Confederate lines were brought together successively at the front, there was, of course, a great apparent

mingling of organizations; but it was not in their case attended with the confusion that might be supposed, because each division area was thereby supplied with a triple complement of brigade and division officers, and the whole front was under the close supervision of four remarkably efficient corps commanders. The evils of disjointed command are plainly to be seen in the arrangement of the Federal line, but the position of the left wing after the forced correction of the first faulty disposition of Hurlbut's brigades was exceedingly strong, and in the center was held without a break against oft-repeated assaults from nine o'clock until five o'clock. From twelve until two it was identical with the second position taken by Nelson and Crittenden on Monday, and it was equally formidable against attack from both directions. Its peculiar feature consisted in a wood in the center, with a thick undergrowth, flanked on either side by open fields, and with open but sheltering woods in front and rear. The Confederates gave the name of Hornets' Nest to the thicket part of it on Sunday, and it was in the open ground on the east flank that General Sidney Johnston was killed.

On this line, between and under the shelter of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss rallied a considerable force, perhaps a thousand men, of his routed division at nine o'clock, and fought stubbornly until near the close of the day. By three o'clock the withdrawal of the right wing, accompanied by Veatch's brigade, exposed Wallace's right flank, which also partially crumbled away; and the retirement of Stuart about the same hour before the strong attack brought against him, and of Hurlbut at four o'clock under the same powerful pressure upon his left flank, left Prentiss, and Wallace with his remaining regiments isolated and unsupported. Still they held their ground while the enemy closed upon each flank. As they were about being completely enveloped, Wallace endeavored to extricate his command, and was mortally wounded in the attempt at five o'clock. Some of his regiments under Colonel Tuttle fought their way through the cross-fire of the contracting lines of the enemy, but six regiments of the two divisions held fast until the encompassment was complete, and one by one with Prentiss, between half-past five and six o'clock, they were forced to surrender. This gallant resistance, and the delay caused by the necessary disposition of the captives, weakened the force of the attack which McClernand sustained in his seventh position on the River road at four o'clock, and retarded the onward movement of the enemy for nearly three hours after the retirement of the right wing from the west side of Tillman's Creek.

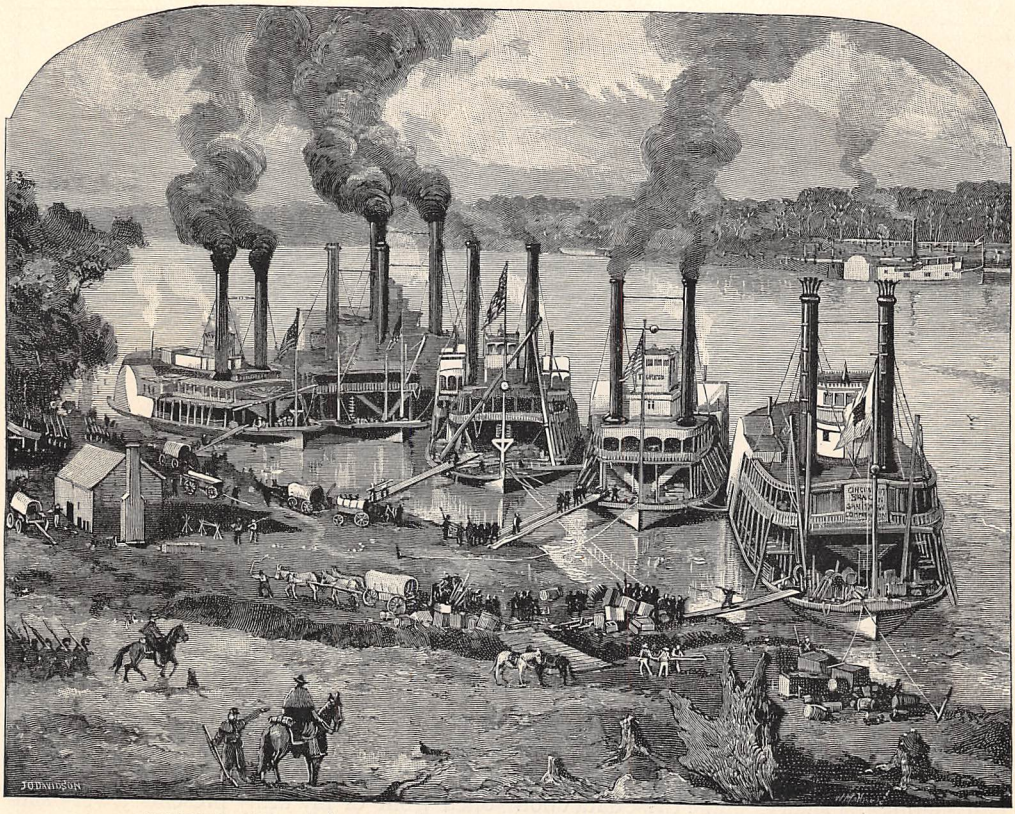
Before the incumbrance of their success was entirely put out of the way the Confederates pressed forward to complete a seemingly assured victory, but it was too late. Jackson's brigade, and the Ninth and Tenth Mississippi of Chalmers's brigade crossed Dill's ravine, and their artillery on the south side swept the bluff at the landing, the missiles falling into the river far beyond. Hurlbut had hurriedly got into line in rear of the reserve artillery five hundred yards from the river, but from there to the Landing there was not a soldier in ranks or any organized means of defense. Just as the danger was perceived Colonel Webster, Grant's chief of artillery, rapidly approached Colonel Fry and myself. The idea of getting the battery which was standing in park into action was expressed simultaneously by the three, and was promptly executed by Colonel Webster's immediate exertion. General Grant came up a few minutes later, and a member of his escort was killed in that position. Chalmers's skirmishers approached to within one hundred yards of the battery. The number in view was not large, but the gunners were already abandoning their pieces, when Ammen's brigade, accompanied by Nelson, came into action. The attack was repelled, and the engagement ended for the day.

In his report of April 9, to General Halleck, General Grant says of this incident:

"At a late hour in the afternoon a desperate effort was made by the enemy to turn our left and get possession of the landing, transports, &c. This point was guarded by the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Captains Gwin and Shirk, U. S. Navy, commanding, four twenty-pounder Parrott guns, and a battery of rifled guns. As there is a deep and impassable ravine for artillery or cavalry, and very difficult for infantry, at this point, no troops were stationed here, except the necessary artillerists and a small infantry force for their support. Just at this moment the advance of Maj.-Gen. Buell's column (a part of the division under General Nelson) arrived, the two generals named both being present. An advance was immediately made upon the point of attack and the enemy soon driven back. In this repulse, much is due to the presence of the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, and their able commanders, Captains Gwin and Shirk."

My own official report is to the same effect. In a calm review of the battle, not unfriendly to General Grant, and written some years after the occurrence, General Hurlbut said:

"About six p. m. this movement (for a final attack at the Landing) was reported to General Hurlbut. He at once took measures to change the front of two regiments, or parts of regiments, of which the Fifty-fifth Illinois was one, and to turn six pieces of artillery to bear upon the point of danger. At that instant, he being near the head of the Landing road, General Grant came up from the river, closely followed by Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division. Information of the expected attack was promptly given, and two of Ammen's regiments deployed into line, moved rapidly forward, and after a few sharp exchanges of volleys from them, the enemy fell back, and the bloody series of engagements of Sunday at Pittsburg Landing closed with that last repulse."



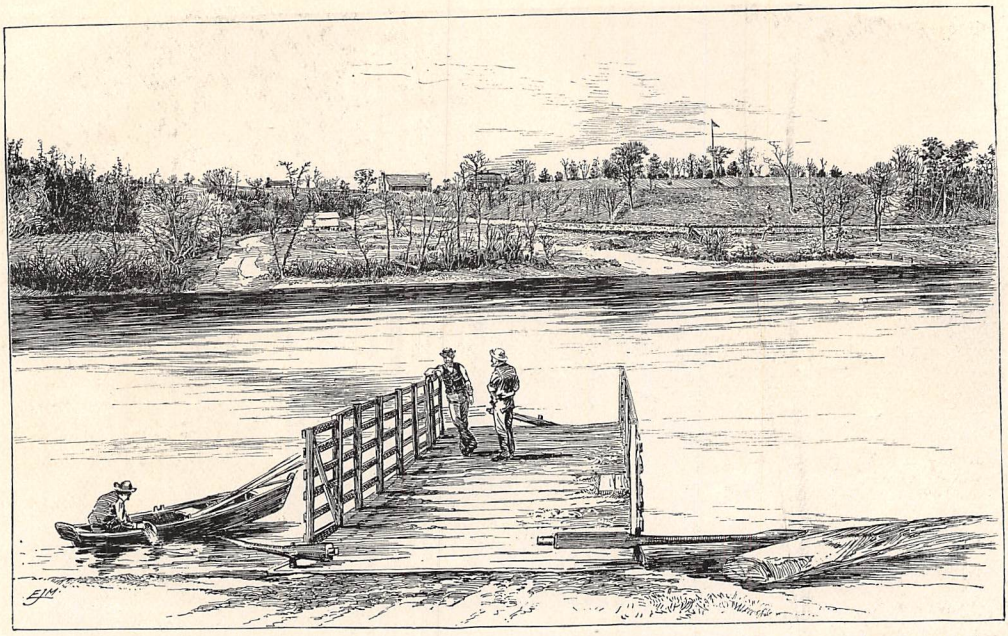
PITTSBURG LANDING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

Of the six transports, the one farthest up stream, on the right, is the *Tycoon*, which was dispatched by the Cincinnati Branch of the Sanitary Commission with stores for the wounded. The next steamer, lower down, is the *Tigress*, which was General Grant's headquarters boat. On the opposite side of the river is seen the gun-boat *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

The reports of all the officers who took part in the action at the Landing, Nelson, Ammen, and the regimental commanders, fully sustain the main point in these accounts, and are totally at variance with General Grant's statement in his CENTURY article. I have myself never described the attack at the Landing as "a desperate effort" of the enemy; but I have said that the condition of affairs at that point made the occasion critical. We know from the Confederate reports that the attack was undertaken by Jackson's and Chalmers's brigades as above stated; that the reserve artillery could effect nothing against the attacking force under the shelter of Dill's ravine; that the fire of the gun-boats was equally harmless on account of the elevation which it was necessary to give the guns in order to clear the top of the bluff; and that the final assault, owing to the show of resistance, was delayed. Jackson's brigade made its advance without cartridges. When they came to the crest of the hill and found the artillery supported by infantry, they shrank from the assault with bayonets alone, and Jackson went in search of coöperation and support. In the meantime the attack was superseded by the order of the Confederate commander calling off his troops for the night. The attack was poorly organized, but it was not repelled until Ammen arrived, and it cannot be affirmed under the circumstances that the action of his brigade in delaying and repelling the enemy was not of the most vital importance. Had the attack been made before Nelson could arrive, with the means which the enemy had abundantly at hand, it would have succeeded beyond all question.

As fast as Nelson's division arrived it was formed in line of battle in front of Grant's troops, pickets were thrown across Dill's ravine, and the dawn of another day was awaited to begin the second stage in the battle; or speaking more correctly, to fight the second battle of Shiloh. Let us in the meantime examine more in detail the condition in which the first day had left General Grant's command, and its prospects unaided for the morrow.

THE evidence relied upon to refute the accepted belief in the critical condition of

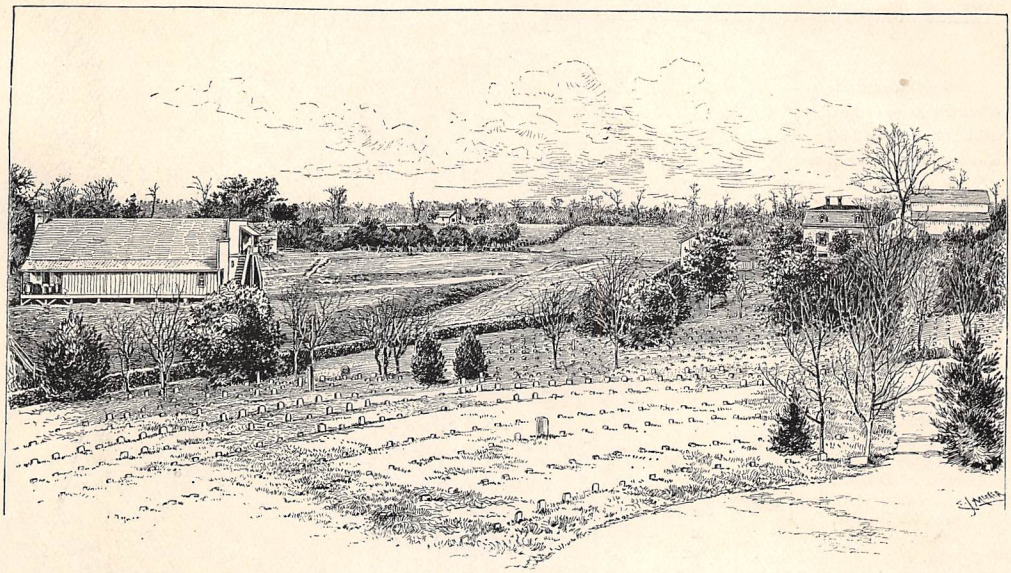


PITTSBURG LANDING, VIEWED FROM THE FERRY LANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Grant's command on Sunday evening is of two sorts: first, the *official map*, as it is called, and second, the personal statements and assumptions of General Grant and General Sherman. I shall examine these data upon the evidence of the official reports and my own observation.

The official map was prepared after the arrival of General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing, by his topographical engineer, General Thom. The topographical part of it was made from an approximate survey, and though not strictly accurate, is sufficiently so for an intelligent study of the battle. For the errors in the location of the troops General Thom cannot be supposed to be responsible, since he could have no knowledge of the facts except what he derived from the statements of others; but in what is given and what is withheld they are of a very misleading nature. They consist, first, in the extension of Grant's line on the evening of the 6th a full half-mile to the west of its true limit — placing Hurlbut's division on the front actually occupied by McClernand, McClernand on and four hundred yards beyond Sherman's ground, and Sherman entirely on the west side of Tillman's Hollow on the right of the camping-ground of McClernand's division, and within the lines occupied by the Confederates. On the morning of the 7th they place, from left to right, McClernand, then Sherman, then Lew. Wallace, along the bluff bordering Owl Creek bottom, all west of Tillman's Creek, and on ground which we did not possess until after four hours of fighting; followed on the left by Hurlbut's division; thus occupying a solid front of a mile and a third, in comparison with which the undeveloped front of my army presents a very subordinate appearance. They give no account of the positions during the battle, in which the right of that army was substantially in contact with Wallace's division on the extreme right. They give two of its positions,— one in the first formation before its front was developed, and the other at the close of the day, when Grant's troops had taken possession of their camps again, and mine had been withdrawn from the ground on which they fought. These two positions are taken from my official map, but not the intermediate positions shown on that map. On the copy of the Thom map published with General Grant's article in the February number of THE CENTURY (1885), it is stated that "the positions of the troops were indicated in accordance with information furnished at the time by Generals Grant, Buell, and Sherman." It would be presumed that Grant and Sherman, the latter especially, in consequence of his intimate relations with Halleck's headquarters, were consulted about the location of the troops; and it is not to be doubted that their information was the guide. If any information of mine was adopted, it was only through the map that accompanied my report, and with reference to the position of my own troops.

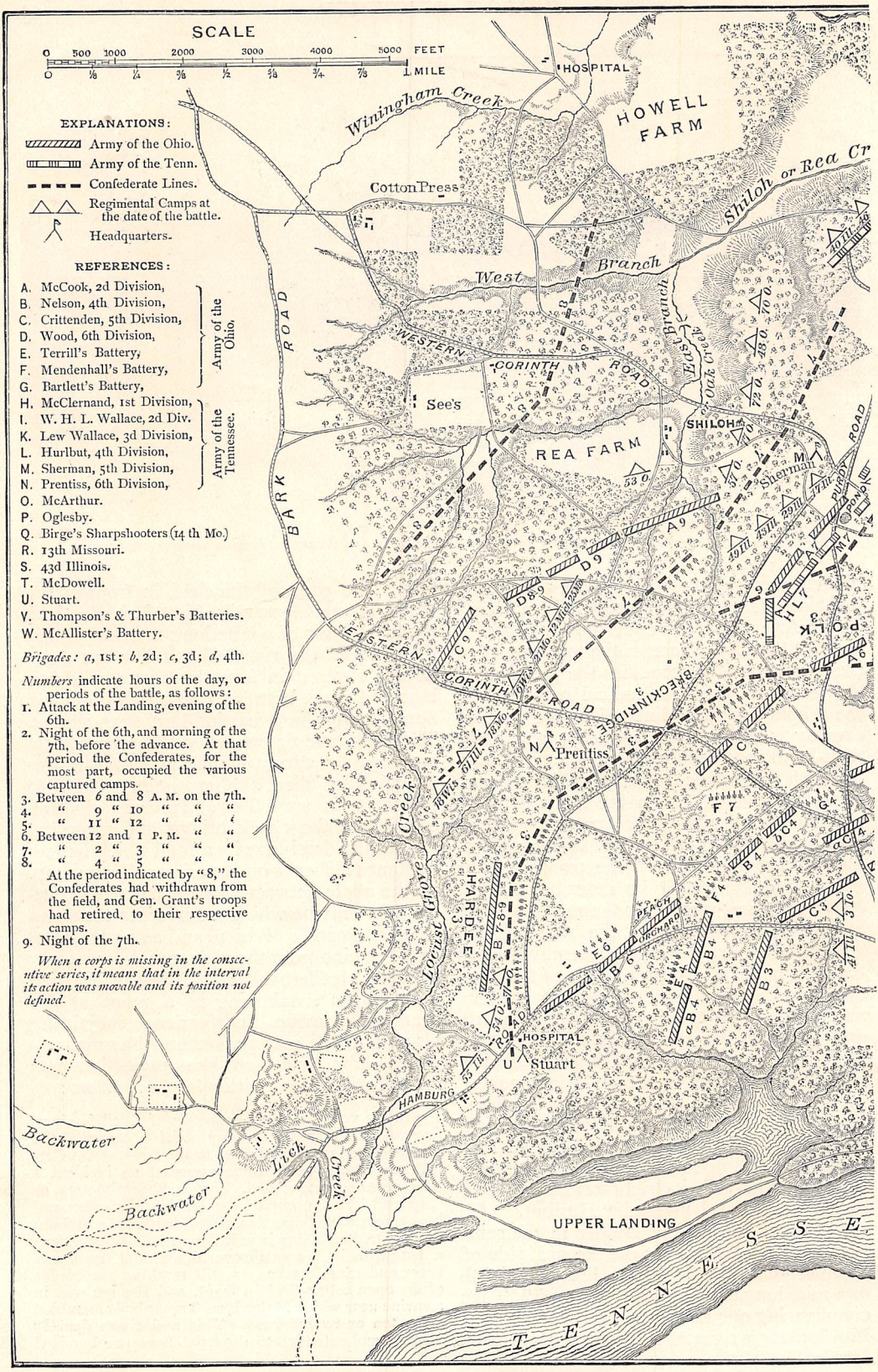
Nineteen years after the battle General



ABOVE THE LANDING — THE STORE, AND A PART OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

Sherman revised the official map, and deposited his version with the archives of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for historical use. Ostensibly it accepts the topography of the Thom map, but modifies the positions of the troops in the most radical manner. On the Thom map the line of battle Sunday evening is represented as being along the right-hand road leading west from the Landing, with the reserve artillery and Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions on the left, and Hurlbut, McClernand, and Sherman in the order mentioned, toward the right. The modification of this position of the troops by the Sherman edition, may be described as follows: Looking west over the map, we see a line on the east bank of the river marked "Buell." No part of my army is represented on the west bank. On the west side of the river, four hundred yards back from the Landing and parallel with the river, is a line one hundred yards long marked "Grant." Extending back from the river along Dill's Branch, is a line half a mile long marked "Detachments." This might mean the Reserve Artillery. From the outer extremity of the "Detachments" is a line two-thirds of a mile long running west, but swelling in the center well to the south, with its right resting on Tillman's Creek, and marked "Hurlbut." On the right of Hurlbut extending in the same west course, and entirely on the west side of Tillman's Creek, is a double line one-eighth of a mile long marked "McClernand." Then commencing one hundred yards north-west of McClernand's right and extending due north, along the edge of the field in front of the camp of McClernand's First Brigade, is a line two-thirds of a mile long marked "Sherman." On the right of this line are three houses covered in front by a sort of demi-lune and wing, between which and the main Sherman line is a bastion-like arrangement. The demi-lune figure General Sherman designates as a "strong flank," and says it was occupied by Birge's Sharpshooters. Off to the right is seen Lew. Wallace's division crossing Snake Creek bridge, and marching toward the demi-lune by a road which had no existence in fact or on the original Thom map. At the angle between Sherman and McClernand is a ravine which extends into the camp of McClernand's division, and along the sides of this ravine from the right and left respectively of McClernand and Sherman are two dotted lines terminating in a point at the head of the ravine. In his speech submitting his map to the society, General Sherman explains how that horn-like projection was formed, with other particulars, as follows:

"In the very crisis of the battle of April 6, about four o'clock p. m., when my division occupied the line from Snake Creek bridge to the forks of the Corinth and Purdy road, there occurred an incident I have never seen recorded. Birge's Sharpshooters, or 'Squirrel Tails,' occupied the stables, granaries and house near the bridge as a strong flank. My division occupied a double line from it along what had once been a lane with its fences thrown down, and the blackberry and sassafras bushes still marking the border of an open cotton-field in front, and the left was in a ravine near which Major Ezra Taylor had assembled some ten or twelve guns. This ravine was densely wooded and extended to the front near two hundred


SCALE
0 500 1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 FEET
0 1/8 1/4 3/8 1/2 5/8 3/4 7/8 1 MILE
EXPLANATIONS:
Army of the Ohio.
Army of the Tenn.
Confederate Lines.
Regimental Camps at the date of the battle.
Headquarters.
REFERENCES:
A. McCook, 2d Division,
B. Nelson, 4th Division,
C. Crittenden, 5th Division,
D. Wood, 6th Division,
E. Terrill's Battery,
F. Mendenhall's Battery,
G. Bartlett's Battery,
Army of the Ohio.
H. McClernand, 1st Division,
I. W. H. L. Wallace, 2d Div.
K. Lew Wallace, 3d Division,
L. Hurlbut, 4th Division,
M. Sherman, 5th Division,
N. Prentiss, 6th Division,
Army of the Tennessee.
O. McArthur.
P. Oglesby.
Q. Birge's Sharpshooters (14 th Mo.)
R. 13th Missouri.
S. 43d Illinois.
T. McDowell.
U. Stuart.
V. Thompson's & Thurber's Batteries.
W. McAllister's Battery.
Brigades: a, 1st; b, 2d; c, 3d; d, 4th.
Numbers indicate hours of the day, or periods of the battle, as follows:
1. Attack at the Landing, evening of the 6th.
2. Night of the 6th, and morning of the 7th, before the advance. At that period the Confederates, for the most part, occupied the various captured camps.
3. Between 6 and 8 A. M. on the 7th.
4. " 9 " 10 " " "
5. " 11 " 12 " " "
6. Between 12 and 1 P. M. " "
7. " 2 " 3 " " "
8. " 4 " 5 " " "
At the period indicated by "8," the Confederates had withdrawn from the field, and Gen. Grant's troops had retired to their respective camps.
9. Night of the 7th.
When a corps is missing in the consecutive series, it means that in the interval its action was movable and its position not defined.
HOSPITAL
Winingham Creek
HOWELL FARM
Cotton Press
Shiloh or Rea Cr
West Branch
Lick Creek
WESTERN CORINTH ROAD
See's
SHILOH
REA FARM
BARK ROAD
Sherman
EASTERN CORINTH ROAD
BRECKINRIDGE
Prentiss
Lick Creek
HARDEE
PEACH ORCHARD
HOSPITAL
Stuart
HAMBURG
Backwater
Lick Creek
Backwater
UPPER LANDING
TENNESSEE

MAP OF THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

Near Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., showing the positions of the U. S. forces under the command of Maj.-Gen'l U. S. Grant, U. S. Vol., and Maj.-Gen'l D. C. Buell, U. S. Vol., on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. Surveyed under the direction of Col. Geo. Thom, Chief of Top'l Eng'rs, Dept. of the Mississippi.

REVISED AND AMENDED BY GEN. D. C. BUELL.

Note.—The topography is substantially that of the original Thom, or "Official Map," with some proper corrections taken from a survey made under the direction of Capt. A. T. Andreas, an officer in the battle, and now President of the Western Art Association; and from the official map of the Army of the Ohio, made by Capt. Michler, Topographical Engineers.

The camps are located partly in accordance with a camp map made prior to the battle, and obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman; partly from information, original or confirmatory, obligingly furnished by Capt. Andreas, and from other authority. All camps referred to in the official reports have been carefully identified.

The positions, A, B, and C, numbers, 3 and 9, agree with the positions of McCook, Nelson, and Crittenden for "*the morning*," and "*evening of the 7th*" on the Thom map, and also on the Michler map.

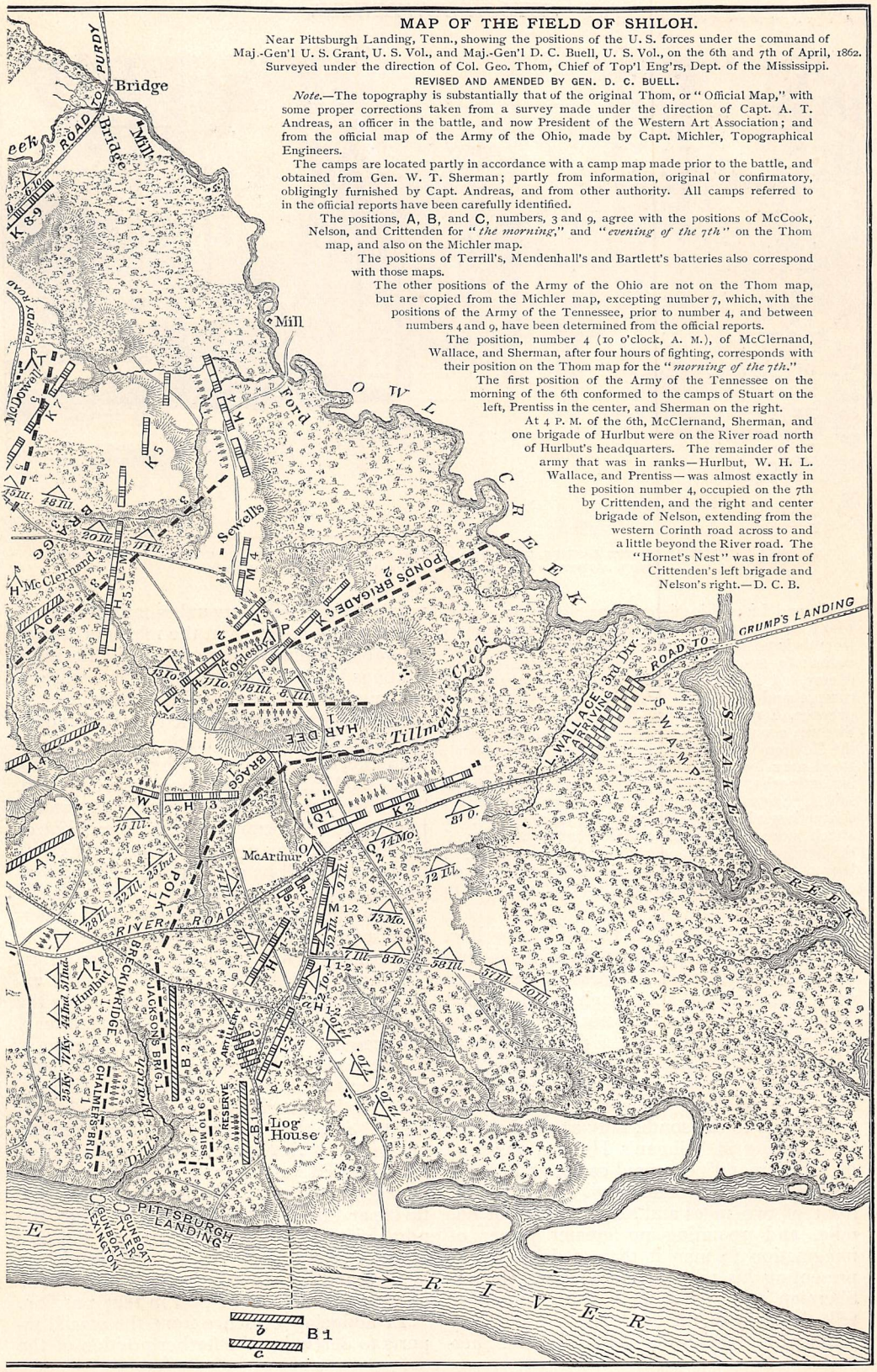
The positions of Terrill's, Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries also correspond with those maps.

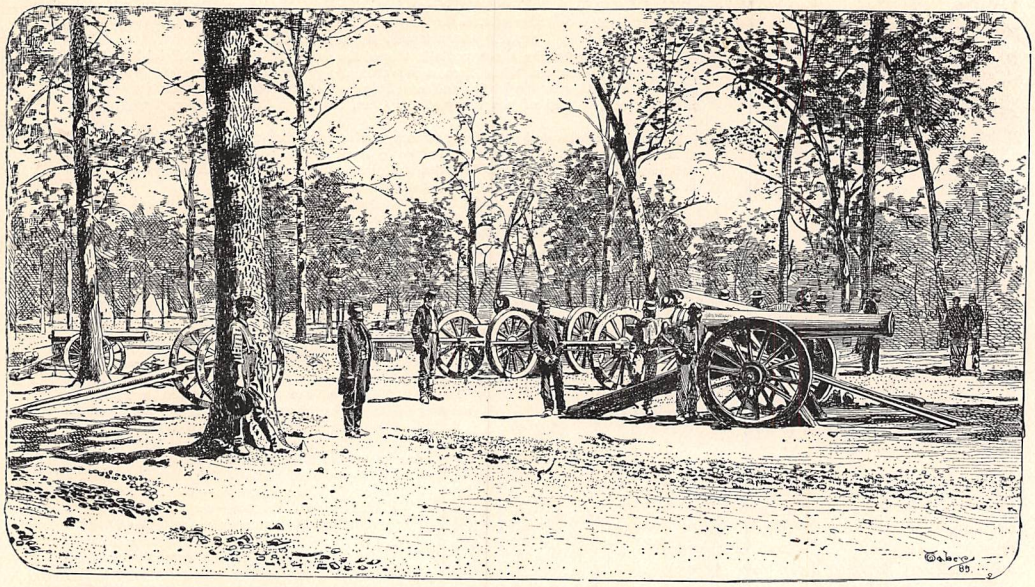
The other positions of the Army of the Ohio are not on the Thom map, but are copied from the Michler map, excepting number 7, which, with the positions of the Army of the Tennessee, prior to number 4, and between numbers 4 and 9, have been determined from the official reports.

The position, number 4 (10 o'clock, A. M.), of McClernand, Wallace, and Sherman, after four hours of fighting, corresponds with their position on the Thom map for the "*morning of the 7th.*"

The first position of the Army of the Tennessee on the morning of the 6th conformed to the camps of Stuart on the left, Prentiss in the center, and Sherman on the right.

At 4 P. M. of the 6th, McClernand, Sherman, and one brigade of Hurlbut were on the River road north of Hurlbut's headquarters. The remainder of the army that was in ranks—Hurlbut, W. H. L. Wallace, and Prentiss—was almost exactly in the position number 4, occupied on the 7th by Crittenden, and the right and center brigade of Nelson, extending from the western Corinth road across to and a little beyond the River road. The "Hornet's Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade and Nelson's right.—D. C. B.





THE SIEGE BATTERY, ABOVE THE LANDING, THAT WAS A PART OF THE "LAST LINE" IN THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

yards, and I feared it might be occupied by the enemy, who from behind the trees could drive the gunners from their posts. I ordered the colonel of one of my regiments to occupy that ravine to anticipate the enemy, but he did not quickly catch my meaning or comprehend the tactics by which he could fulfill my purpose. I remember well that Colonel Thomas W. Sweeny, a one-armed officer who had lost an arm in the Mexican War and did not belong to my command, stood near by and quickly spoke up: 'I understand perfectly what you want; let me do it.' 'Certainly,' said I, 'Sweeny, go at once and occupy that ravine, converting it into a regular bastion.' He did it, and I attach more importance to that event than to any of the hundred achievements which I have since heard 'saved the day,' for we held that line and ravine all night, and the next morning advanced from them to certain victory."

And yet it will be seen that this new line, prepared with such elaboration of detail and introduced with such richness of anecdotal embellishment, was a thorough delusion; that Birge's Sharpshooters were not there, and that General Sherman was in a different place! Setting aside historical accuracy, however, the advantage of the revised arrangement is obvious. It extended General Grant's territory a half mile to the south, fully as much to the west, taking in Tillman's Hollow, one-third of McClernand's captured camp, and a large part of the Confederate army, giving a battle front of two miles and a half instead of one mile, and requiring no greater power of imagination to man it than to devise it. In presenting his map to the society, General Sherman said: "The map as thus modified tells the story of the battle!"

There can be no doubt that General Sherman's position will carry unhesitating credence to his naked assertion in the minds of a considerable number of persons; while the more cautious but still unsearching readers will say, that until the accuracy of the official map is disproved, it must be accepted as the standard representation of the battle. It is proper, therefore, to cite the proof which rejects both, and establishes a materially different version. The investigation may be confined, for the present, to the location of the Federal line of battle on Sunday evening. The other errors in the maps will be developed incidentally as the general subject progresses. Moreover, the inquiry will be directed specifically to the Sherman map, as that includes the faults of the Thom map as well as its own peculiar errors.

It is unnecessary to remark upon the exclusion of Nelson's leading brigade from the west bank of the river on the Sherman map. Its presence there at the time in question is as notorious as the battle itself. The distance from the Landing to Dill's Branch is six hundred yards. Sherman places his "Detachments," *i. e.*, the "Reserve Artillery," exactly on the line of that branch, whereas, they were five hundred yards north of it. During the engagement the Confederates passed the ravine and reached the crest of the hill on the north side. After the engagement Nelson's division occupied the ravine, and his pickets held ground beyond it during the night. None of Grant's troops were ever in that position.

In adducing evidence from the official reports to determine the further position of the

Union line, the extracts will be somewhat extended when the context is pertinent, in order to show at the same time the number and condition of the troops occupying it. The reader will be spared the impression of some irrelevancy if he will keep these additional objects in mind.

Of the position of General Hurlbut's division, the next on the right of the "Detachments," that officer says in his official report:

"On reaching the twenty-four-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle *in rear of the guns.*"

That brought his division on the line of the right-hand road leading back from the river, but not entirely to the right of the artillery where the Thom map places it. He adds:

"I passed to the right *and found myself in communication with General Sherman*, and received his instructions. In a short time the enemy appeared *on the crest of the ridge*, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana," etc. . . . "*General Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged*, and after an artillery contest of some duration, the enemy fell back." . . . "About dark the firing ceased. I advanced my division one hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain. About twelve p. m. *General Nelson's leading columns passed through my line and went to the front*, and I called in my advance guard."

The next division in the regular order is McClernand's, though the reader will not have failed to observe the presence of General Sherman, with at least a portion of his command, in communication with Hurlbut's right. General Sherman, it will be remembered, locates this division (McClernand's) on the west side of Tillman's Creek. We trace its retrogression step by step, from its permanent camp, across Tillman's Hollow, at the close of the day, by the following extracts from General McClernand's report:

"Continuing this sanguinary conflict until several regiments of my division had exhausted their ammunition, and its right flank had been borne back, and it was in danger of being turned, the remainder of my command . . . also fell back to the camp of the First Brigade. Here the portion that had first fallen back re-formed parallel with the camp, and fronting the approach of the enemy from the west, while the other portion formed at right angles with it, still fronting the approach of the enemy from the south. . . . It was two o'clock when my fifth line had been thus formed. . . . Deterred from direct advance, he (the enemy) moved a considerable force by the right flank, with the evident intention of turning my left. To defeat this purpose, *I ordered my command to fall back in the direction of the Landing, across a deep hollow and to re-form on the east side of another field, in the skirts of a wood. This was my sixth line.* Here we rested a half hour, continuing to supply our men with ammunition, until the enemy's cavalry were seen rapidly crossing the field to the charge. Waiting until they approached within some thirty paces of our line, I ordered a fire, which was delivered with great coolness and destructive effect. First halting, then wavering, they turned and fled in confusion, leaving behind a number of riders and horses dead on the field. The Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry, inspired by the courageous example of their commanding officer, Lt.-Colonel Ferrell, bore the chief part in this engagement. . . . In the meantime, under cover of this demonstration strengthened by large additions from other portions of the field yielded by our forces, the enemy continued his endeavors to turn the flanks of my line, and to cut me off from the landing. To prevent this I ordered my left wing to fall back a short distance and form an obtuse angle with the center, opposing a double front to the enemy's approach. Thus disposed, my left held the enemy in check, *while my whole line slowly fell back to my seventh position. Here I re-formed the worn and famishing remnant of my division, on favorable ground along a north and south road, supported on my right by fragments of General Sherman's division, and on my left by the* [*Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana*] *under command of Colonel Veatch, acting brigadier-general.*"

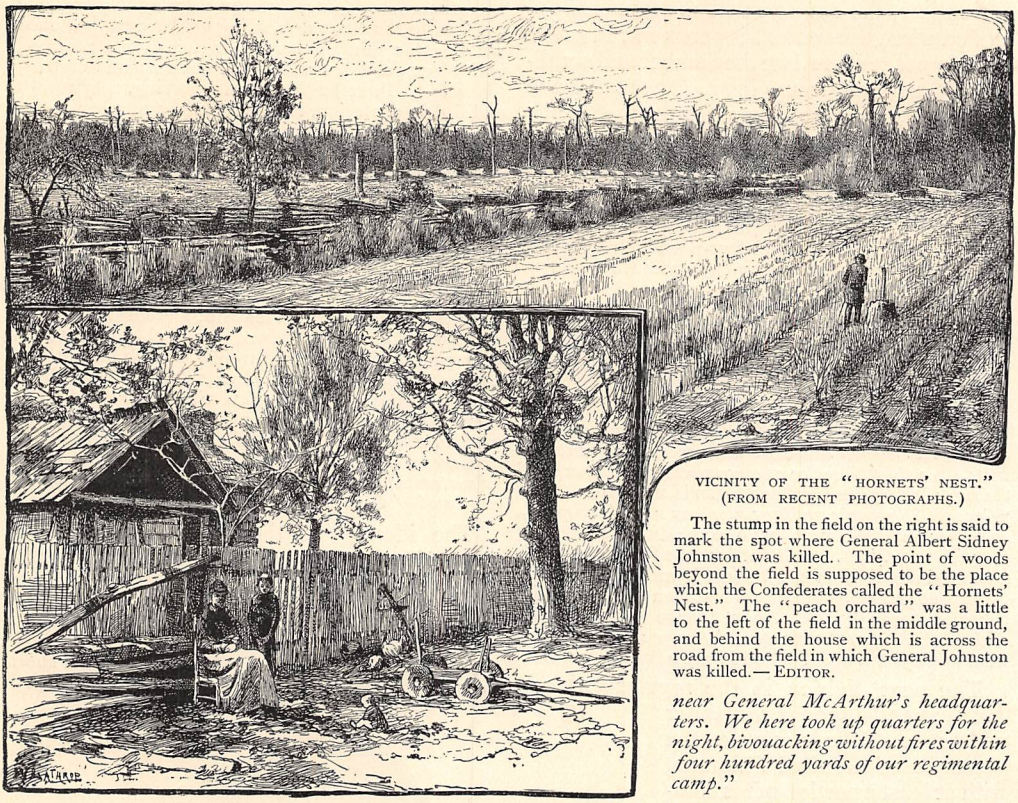
The identity of this seventh position of General McClernand is determined by the following extracts. Colonel Marsh, commanding McClernand's Second Brigade, says:

"At this time, *my command having been reduced to a merely nominal one*, I received orders to fall a short distance to the rear and form a new line, detaining all stragglers, portions of commands, and commands which should attempt to pass. In obedience to this, though with some difficulty as regarded portions of some commands, whose officers seemed little inclined to halt short of the river, . . . I had gathered quite a force, *and formed a line near the camp of the Second Division, concealing my men in the timber facing an open field. I here requested Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth*



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. TERRILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Terrill, who, as Captain, was Chief of Artillery of McCook's Division at Shiloh, was killed at the battle of Perryville, October 8th, 1862.—EDITOR.



VICINITY OF THE "HORNETS' NEST." (FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The stump in the field on the right is said to mark the spot where General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed. The point of woods beyond the field is supposed to be the place which the Confederates called the "Hornets' Nest." The "peach orchard" was a little to the left of the field in the middle ground, and behind the house which is across the road from the field in which General Johnston was killed.— EDITOR.

Illinois, to take position on my right. He promptly and cheerfully responded . . . In a short time General McClernand, with portions of the First and Third Brigades of his own division, and two regiments of Ohio troops, came up and formed on the left of the line I had already established."

Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth Ill., says:

"It being now one o'clock, my ammunition exhausted, the men tired and hungry, and myself exhausted, having lost my horse in the first engagement, and compelled to go on foot the balance of the time, *and finding myself within one-half mile of my regimental encampment, I marched my men to it and got dinner for them. Calling my men into line immediately after dinner, I formed them upon the right of the brigade commanded by Colonel C. C. Marsh, at his request, in front and to the left of my camp*, where we again met the enemy on Sunday evening."

Colonel Engelmann, of the Forty-third Illinois, whose report in many respects is a remarkably clear and interesting one, says:

"We now fell back by degrees (from McClernand's sixth position), and a new line being formed, *we found ourselves posted between the Forty-sixth Illinois and the Thirteenth Missouri, our position being midway between the encampments of the Forty-sixth and Ninth Illinois.*"

Colonel Wright, Thirteenth Mo., of McArthur's brigade, Second Division, but attached during the battle to Sherman's division, says:

"After advancing and falling back several times, the regiment was forced to retire, with all the others there, *to the road which crosses the Purdy road at right angles near General McArthur's headquarters. We here took up quarters for the night, bivouacking without fires within four hundred yards of our regimental camp.*"

The "Purdy road" here mentioned is the continuation of the right-hand road leading from the Landing. The camp of the Ninth Illinois was in the north-east angle of the intersection of that road with the River road, and General McArthur's headquarters were in the south-west angle of the same intersection. The camp of the Forty-sixth Illinois was located in the south-east angle of the intersection of the River road and a middle road leading west from the Landing, about five hundred yards from McArthur's headquarters. These reports plainly identify General McClernand's seventh position, of which General Sherman formed part, with the River road between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters. It is a full half-mile in rear of the position given to Sherman's division on the Thom map, and of the position which General Sherman assigns to himself on his edition, with the deep hollow of Tillman's Creek intervening.

The struggle which drove General McClernand from his seventh position is described by that officer as follows:

"The enemy renewed the contest by trying to shell us from our position. . . . Advancing in heavy columns led by the Louisiana Zouaves to break our center, we awaited his approach within sure range, and opened a terrific fire upon him. The head of the

column was instantly mowed down; the remainder of it swayed to and fro for a few seconds, and turned and fled. This second success of the last two engagements terminated a conflict of ten and a half hours' duration, from 6 o'clock a. m. to 4: 30 o'clock p. m. and probably saved our army, transports and all, from capture. Strange, however, at the very moment of the flight of the enemy, the right of our line gave way, and immediately after, notwithstanding the indignant and heroic resistance of Colonel Veatch, the left, comprising the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] was irresistibly swept back by the tide of fugitive soldiers and trains seeking vain security at the Landing. . . . *Left unsupported and alone, the Twentieth and Seventeenth Illinois, together with other portions of my division not borne back by the retreating multitude, retired in good order under the immediate command of Colonel Marsh and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and re-formed under my direction, the right resting near the former line, and the left at an acute angle with it. A more extended line, comprising portions of regiments, brigades, and divisions, was soon formed on this nucleus by the efforts of General Sherman, myself, and other officers. Here, in the eighth position occupied by my division during the day, we rested in line of battle upon our arms, uncovered and exposed to a drenching rain during the night.*"

This last position would locate McClernand, excepting his First Brigade, perhaps three hundred yards south of, and obliquely with reference to the right-hand road leading from the Landing, facing a little to the west. His First Brigade is traced to within half a mile of the river, where it was rallied by its commander "in front of the camp-ground of the Fourteenth Iowa," on the road to the Landing. It did not join the division again until after the battle, but acted in connection with my troops. Colonel Veatch, who was on McClernand's left with the Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana in the seventh position, fell back in rear of the reserve artillery, and became reunited there with Hurlbut's division to which he belonged. The space along the road in rear of McClernand was filled in with various fragments which constituted Sherman's command, including at last Buckland's two regiments. General Sherman describes Colonel Sweeny as being with him. No doubt some of Sweeny's men also were there. It was the camp-ground of his brigade — the camp of his own regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, being immediately on the road. Two of his regiments were captured with Prentiss, and the remainder had been driven back from W. H. L. Wallace's right and virtually broken up. One of his regiments, the Fiftieth Illinois, was sent in the morning to support Colonel Stuart on the extreme left, and shared the fate of the sufferers in that quarter. The space along the road between Sherman and Hurlbut was occupied by the remnant of Colonel Tuttle's brigade and a portion of McClernand's First Brigade which united itself to Tuttle. It was Tuttle's camp-ground. Two of his regiments had been captured with Prentiss.

From the reports of the Thirteenth Missouri and Forty-third Illinois it is inferred that those two regiments did not move from their position on the River road in the last falling back. But that, if certain, is not important. They were at any rate substantially on the general line above indicated. The same, in a careless reading, might be presumed of the Forty-sixth Illinois, which was immediately on the left of the Forty-third. The report of that regiment says: "The regiments both *on my right and left fell back*, but my line did not *waver under the fire of the enemy*." But it evidently fell back at last, for the report continues: "After breakfast on Monday morning, still retaining my position on the right of Colonel Marsh's brigade, I moved with him until *I reached* and *went beyond* the ground of *our last engagement of Sunday*, where our pickets were driven in," etc. It remains now to determine the question of the extreme right of the general line.

General Sherman says, and his statement on that point is sustained by the reports, that Birge's Sharpshooters were immediately on his right and constituted the extreme right of the line. The official report of that regiment shows that during the afternoon it occupied a "*position near Colonel McArthur's headquarters*" *in an open field.* Its camp was in its rear along the opposite or east side of the River road. This would fix General Sherman's right at the cross-roads near McArthur's headquarters. It is more than a mile from the Snake Creek bridge. Other evidence confirms these positions. The official reports of Lew. Wallace's division show that he marched along the River road from the bridge, and formed in line of battle, facing Tillman's Creek in front of the camp of Birge's Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio, the right of the division being in front of the latter, and the left in front of the former; and that it came in actual contact with the "Sharpshooters," who occupied their camp that night and received the new-comers with cheers. This is clearly and more circumstantially explained by General Force in his book entitled "From Fort Henry to Corinth," page 163. He was present and commanded the right regiment of Lew. Wallace's division on that occasion. The position thus assigned to Wallace must have taken his left well up to the cross-road at McArthur's headquarters, and covered the entire field toward the north; for the distance from the cross-road to the right of the camp of the Eighty-first Ohio was only half a mile.

It is particularly to be observed that in no report, either from Sherman's division or from Lew. Wallace's, is there any mention of actual contact or of any definite proximity of these two divisions on the evening of the sixth, or earlier than ten o'clock on the morning of the

seventh. The inference is, that at the time of Wallace's arrival and subsequently, no part of Sherman's division was on the River road, or anywhere along the heights of Tillman's Creek north of McArthur's headquarters. General Sherman, in his report, says: "General Wallace arrived from Crump's Landing shortly after dark, and formed his line to my right and rear." That relative position could only exist by assuming that Sherman's command was on the road leading to the landing east of McArthur's headquarters, and nearly at right angles with Wallace,— a supposition which is strengthened by the condition indicated in Sherman's revised map, that Birge's Sharpshooters were on his right — not entirely in his front, as they would have been if his front had been on the River road. It is also sustained by General Buckland's statement in the "Journal of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee" for 1881, p. 82: "About dark," he says, "General Wallace's division commenced arriving, and formed to the right of my brigade." Buckland states in his report and in the "Journal" that he lay "on the road." If he had been on the River road, Wallace would have come in contact with him, and when he formed in line would have been entirely in his front — not in rear or on his right. Buckland seems to know nothing about Birge's Sharpshooters. The probable explanation is that when he came along the road from the bridge they were on the west side of the road, in the field near McArthur's headquarters. After Lew. Wallace arrived and formed in front of them, they probably retired to their camp on the east side of the road. The explanation of Buckland's position is that, after the retreat across Tillman's Creek from the west side, he found himself, as he says, near Snake Creek bridge "late in the afternoon, after the repulse of the right of the line," entirely apart from the rest of the army, and that to reëstablish his connection with it he started on the road to the Landing, where one of his regiments actually went and remained over night; and that he came upon the outer flank of the new line where General Sherman soon after found him, east of McArthur's headquarters, and thus placed himself where he is described by Sherman as being, between Birge's Sharpshooters and the rest of the line.

The Confederate reports mention a considerable appearance of force in a camp opposite their extreme left in the afternoon, evidently referring to McArthur's camp. The student of the reports will not be misled by this appearance. It was caused by the force that clustered with Sherman on McClernand's right near McArthur's headquarters; by the Ninth Illinois, Eighty-first Ohio, and Birge's Sharpshooters, all belonging to McArthur's brigade; and by the movement of Buckland's regiments from the bridge as already explained. The Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio had been posted at the bridge, and returned to their camps probably at the time of the retreat from the west side of Tillman's Creek. The Ninth Illinois had during the morning been engaged on the extreme left under its brigade commander. It had lost two hundred and fifty men out of five hundred and fifty, and was ordered to its camp "to replenish cartridge-boxes, clean guns, and be ready for action." While there at three o'clock it was ordered "to support the right wing of General Sherman's division," as the report expresses it, and in the subsequent engagements retired to within half a mile of the Landing. Birge's Sharpshooters retained their position at or in front of their camp. The movements of the Eighty-first Ohio are not very clearly defined, but in the advance next morning, it is found on McClernand's left. The "ten or twelve guns" mentioned by General Sherman in his map-presentation speech as being near a ravine on his left, Sunday afternoon, were Taylor's battery, as it was called, though commanded by Captain Barrett, and Bouton's battery. The former had retired for ammunition from McClernand's camp, probably to near McArthur's headquarters, but afterwards evidently went near the river, where it received "one lieutenant and twenty-four men with three horses" from Fitch's battery. Bouton's battery was taken into action in the field in front of McClernand's right about four o'clock, and was forced to retire, its support helping to draw off its guns. Both the battery and the support went back toward the river, for in the advance next morning the support is found on McClernand's left, and the battery was brought into service with McCook in the afternoon. Sherman had no artillery with him on Monday until about ten o'clock. Major Taylor then brought up three pieces of an Illinois battery under Lieutenant Wood, not belonging to Sherman's command. The final retreat from McClernand's seventh position, Sunday evening, undoubtedly carried with it all of the fragments connected with Sherman near McArthur's headquarters, along the road toward the river, where I found him about dark, excepting Birge's Sharpshooters, the Thirteenth Missouri, and the Forty-third Illinois. The latter belonged to McClernand's Third Brigade, but remained with the Thirteenth Missouri Sunday night. After crossing Tillman's Creek next morning, both were brought into line on McClernand's left, and

did not form with Sherman, though the Thirteenth Missouri subsequently joined him.

My own observation as to the position and extent of General Grant's line accords substantially with the evidence of the reports. In the dusk of the evening after the close of the engagement on Sunday, I walked out with my chief-of-staff, following the road and the line of the troops. My object was to gain information by which to determine the formation of my divisions, and I not only observed all that I could see at such an hour, but I made inquiry as I passed along. I came to Hurlbut's left five hundred yards from the river; I passed to the front and came to troops that answered as McClernand's, and which I supposed at the time to constitute his division, but which were probably his First Brigade only; I passed to the front of these troops, and when I turned in toward the road again, I came upon Sherman's line, as it happened, not far from where he was, and I was conducted to him. It was then growing dark. I judge the distance to have been about three-quarters of a mile from the river — less than half a mile from Hurlbut's left, and I think now that it was near the camp of Colonel Sweeny's regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, that I found General Sherman.

The impression made upon my mind by that interview has remained as vivid as the circumstances were peculiar. I had no thought of seeing General Sherman when I set out, but on every score I was glad to meet him, and I was there to gain information. By what precise words I sought and he gave it, I would not pretend at this day to repeat. It is sufficient for the present to say that I learned the nature of the ground in front; that his right flank was some three hundred yards from us; and that the bridge by which Lew. Wallace was to cross Snake Creek was to his right and rear at an angle, as he pointed, of about forty degrees. I do not know whether I asked the question, but I know now that it was a mile and a quarter from his flank, and that he did not cover it in any practical sense, though in advancing Wallace would approach by his right and rear. I also see now that I was mistaken in supposing that these several commands retained a regular organization and had distinct limits; whereas they were in fact much intermixed.

Of course we talked of other incidental matters. In all his career he has, I venture to say, never appeared to better advantage. There was the frank, brave soldier, rather subdued, realizing the critical situation in which causes of some sort, perchance his own fault chiefly, had placed him, but ready, without affectation or bravado, to do anything that duty required of him. He asked me what the plans were for the morrow. I answered that I was going to attack the enemy at daylight, and he expressed gratification at my reply, though apparently not because of any unmixed confidence in the result. I had had no consultation with General Grant, and knew nothing of his purpose. I presumed that we would be in accord, but I had been only a few hours within the limits of his authority, and I did not look upon him as my commander, though I would zealously have obeyed his orders. General Sherman allowed me to take with me the map of which a fac-simile accompanies this article. I never imagined that in the future it would have the interest which now attaches to it, and after the battle it was laid aside and forgotten.

Within two years after that meeting, quite contrary opinions developed themselves between General Sherman and myself concerning the battle of Shiloh, and his Memoirs give a different account of the interview above described. He says that he handed the map to my engineer-officer, Captain Michler, who, in fact, was not present, and complains that it was never returned to him. He says that I grumbled about the stragglers, and that he feared I would not bring my army across the river. One would suppose that his fears would have been allayed by the fact that at that very moment my troops were arriving and covering his front as fast as legs and steamboats could carry them.

In the execution of the retreat described in the reports of McClernand and Sherman, from the west to the east side of Tillman's Creek, there was a quite thorough disintegration of divisions and brigades, lacking nothing but the pressure of a vigorous pursuit to convert it into a complete rout. In its seventh position, McClernand's division recovered some force, and preserved a recognized organization; but not so with Sherman's. Indeed, in that division the disorganization occurred, as has already been stated, at an earlier period. In Hildebrand's brigade it was almost coincident with the enemy's first assault. With McDowell's it commenced with the unsuccessful attempt to form line of battle along the Purdy road, and was complete very soon after one o'clock; and these two brigades never recovered their aggregation again until after the battle. With Buckland's brigade also it occurred at the miscarriage at the Purdy road about ten o'clock, but it was not so thorough as in the other brigades — at least it was afterwards partially repaired during the first day, as his report explains. He says, after the retreat from his camp about ten o'clock, " We formed line on

the Purdy road, but the fleeing mass from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd. Colonel Cockerill became separated from Colonel Sullivan and myself, and was afterward engaged with part of his command at McClernand's camp. Colonel Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, but with very poor success. They had become scattered in all directions. We were borne considerably to the left, but finally succeeded in forming a line, and had a short engagement with the enemy, who made his appearance soon after our line was formed. The enemy fell back, and we proceeded to the road where you (General Sherman) found us. At this point I was joined by Colonel Cockerill, and we there formed line of battle and slept on our arms Sunday night. Colonel Sullivan being out of ammunition, marched to the landing for a supply, and while there was ordered to support a battery at that point."

It is only after a close examination of the records that we can understand the full significance of the following passage in General Sherman's report:

> "In this position we rested for the night. My command had become decidedly of a mixed character. Buckland's brigade was the only one with me that retained its organization. Colonel Hildebrand was personally there, but his brigade was not. Colonel McDowell had been severely injured by a fall from his horse, and had gone to the river, and the three regiments of his brigade were not in line. The Thirteenth Missouri, Colonel Crafts J. Wright, had reported to me on the field, and fought well, retaining its regimental organization, and it formed part of my line during Sunday night and all of Monday; other fragments of regiments and companies had also fallen into my division, and acted with it during the remainder of the battle."

It thus appears that from about one o'clock until the time when General Sherman found Colonel Buckland with two regiments on the road from the bridge to the Landing, not a single regiment of his division excepting Cockerill's, and not one prominent individual representative of it excepting that officer and Colonel Hildebrand, was present with him. The only body of troops besides Cockerill's regiment having any recognized organization was the Thirteenth Missouri, which belonged to another division. All the rest were squads or individual stragglers. In all the official reports, not a regiment or part of a regiment is described as being with him at this juncture or for several hours before. Of the nine regiments that composed the three brigades under his immediate command at the church, only five rendered reports, and three of these were from Buckland's brigade. The division did not exist except in the person of its commander. Such is the story of the official reports. The number of men present could not have been large. Less than one thousand, including Buckland's two regiments after they were found, would have told the number that lay on their arms in Sherman's ranks on Sunday night.

This explains the close relation of McClernand and Sherman during the last five hours of Sunday, and the identity of their experiences. General Sherman has nothing to report of his own command distinctively. Everything is conjunctive and general as between McClernand and himself. "*We* held this position, General McClernand and myself acting in perfect concert." "*General McClernand and I*, on consultation, selected a new line." "*We* fell back as well as we could." "The enemy's cavalry charged *us*, and was handsomely repulsed." General McClernand's account of this incident has been quoted on a preceding page. When Colonel Hildebrand lost his brigade, it is not with General Sherman that he is identified, but with McClernand, on whose staff he served part of the day. Hildebrand seems to have been active, but not under the direction of his division commander. "About three o'clock," he says, "I assumed command of a regiment already formed of fragmentary regiments. I marched in a northwestern direction, where I aided a regiment of sharpshooters in defeating the enemy in an attempt to flank our rear." This movement was evidently made from McClernand's and Sherman's seventh position, and the troops assisted were Birge's Sharpshooters. General Sherman makes no mention of this significant if not important occurrence. His right flank was threatened, and the regiment of Sharpshooters posted in the field near McArthur's headquarters met and, in conjunction with Hildebrand's temporary regiment, repelled the danger.

We have in the official reports a good clue to the condition of McClernand's division also. It was in a far better state. It was shattered and worn, but it was represented by at least some recognized following of regiments and brigades. One of the brigades had five hundred men, and another, the commander reports, was "merely nominal," not long before McClernand took up his seventh position. In the last collision, one of the brigades became entirely separated from the division, and did not return to it until after the battle. Fifteen hundred, exclusive of that brigade, would cover the number of men that rested that night under McClernand's colors.

Hurlbut's division was in a somewhat better condition than either of the others. Its loss in killed and wounded was greater than

McClernand's, but it had not like the latter been affected in its organization by oft repeated shocks sustained in a cramped and embarrassing position, and his command had received some accessions from the driftings of other divisions. The estimate which he makes of his force is wholly fallacious. It could not have stood on the space which he occupied. There may have been two thousand men in his line on the night of the 6th. These three divisions, if they may be so called, and Tuttle's command, with Birge's Sharpshooters on the extreme right, and the reserve artillery on the left, which, according to General Grant's report, consisted of "four twenty-pounder Parrott guns and a battery of rifled guns," constituted the line of battle, which extended a mile from the river. Five thousand men occupied it. Other partially organized fragments were crowded together about the river and the camps on the plateau, and with proper effort could have been fitted for good service; but no steps to that end were taken. The defect in the command that opened the way for the disaster, facilitated its progress at every step — the want of a strong executive hand guided by a clear organizing head. Some of these fragmentary commands sought places for themselves in the advance next day. The remnant of the Second Division under Colonel Tuttle was one of these. Indeed it deserves a higher name. It presented itself to me on the field without orders, and rendered efficient service with my divisions. There may have been fifteen hundred or two thousand men of these unrecognized commands that went to the front on Monday without instructions. Seven thousand men at the utmost besides Lew. Wallace's five thousand, were ready Sunday night to take part in the struggle which was to be renewed in the morning. Of the original force seven thousand were killed or wounded, three thousand were prisoners, at least fifteen thousand were absent from the ranks and hopelessly disorganized, and about thirty pieces of artillery were in the hands of the enemy.

The physical condition of the army was an exact type of its moral condition. The ties of discipline, not yet of long enough duration or rigidly enough enforced to be very strong, were in much the largest part of the army thoroughly severed. An unbroken tide of disaster had obliterated the distance between grades, and brought all men to the standard of personal qualities. The feeble groups that still clung together, were held by force of individual character more than by discipline, and a disbelief in the ability of the army unaided to extricate itself from the peril that environed it, was, I do not hesitate to affirm, universal. In my opinion that feeling was shared by the commander himself. A week after the battle the army had not recovered from its shattered and prostrated condition. On the 14th, three days after Halleck's arrival, he instructed Grant: "Divisions and brigades should, where necessary, be reorganized and put in position, and all stragglers returned to their companies and regiments. Your army is not now in condition to resist an attack." We are told that the enemy had stragglers too. Yes, every cause which demands effort and sacrifice will have them; but there is a difference between the straggling which is not restrained by the smile of fortune, and that which tries to elude the pursuit of fate — it is the difference between victory and defeat. The Confederates in their official reports make no concealment of their skeletons, but when the time for action arrived they were vital bodies, and, on Sunday, always in sufficient force to do the work at last.

General McClernand, it will have been observed, ascribes the breaking up of his seventh position to a panic among the troops, but the other reports show a different reason. Colonel Veatch on McClernand's left says:

> "Our men were much encouraged by the strength of our position, and our fire was telling with terrible effect. Our forces were eager to advance and charge him (the enemy), when we were surprised by his driving back the whole left wing of our army, and advancing close to our rear near General Hurlbut's headquarters. A dense mass of baggage wagons and artillery crowded upon our ranks, while we were exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy both in front and rear."

General Hurlbut thus describes the crisis at that stage of the battle:

> "I had hoped to make a stand on the line of my camp, but masses of the enemy were pressing rapidly on each flank, while their light artillery was closing rapidly in the rear. On reaching the 24-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns."

We see here that there was a stern cause for the falling back. It was the tide of defeat and pursuit from the left wing of the army, and was compulsory in the strictest sense. How fortunate that it did not set in an hour earlier, and strike in flank the disorganized material of the right wing as it struggled across the ravines of Tillman's Creek! How more than fortunate that the onward current of the victor was obstructed still an hour longer by the unyielding tenacity of the remaining regiments of W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss! From the self-assuring interview in which, according to one of General Sherman's reminiscences, it was "agreed that the enemy had expended the furor of his attack" at four o'clock, and General Grant told the "anecdote of his Donelson battle," that officer was aroused by the renewal of the din of the strife, and made his way to the river through

the disorganized throng of his retreating army. While those mutual felicitations were in progress, the enemy, a mile to the left, was disarming and marching six captured regiments to the rear. Thus disembarrassed, his *furor* revived, and manifested itself at last at the very Landing. What worse state of affairs than this could have existed when at noon General Grant wrote: "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us."

Under the circumstances here described, General Grant and General Sherman have said that reënforcements other than Lew. Wallace's division were in no wise necessary at the close of the first day, and that, without reference to them, General Grant would have assumed the offensive and defeated the Confederate army next morning. Those who study the subject attentively will find no ground to accept that declaration as regards either the purpose or the result. The former indeed presents an intangible question which it would seem to be useless to discuss. At the time it is alleged to have been entertained, the reënforcements were actually at hand, and their presence gives to the announcement the semblance of a vain boast, which could never have been put to the test of reality. That with the reënforcements from my army, General Grant confidently expected that the enemy would be defeated the following day, it is impossible to doubt; but it was not known Sunday night that the enemy had withdrawn from our immediate front, and the evidence establishes that General Grant had not determined upon or had not promulgated a plan of action in the morning. Not an order was given or a note of preparation sounded for the struggle which, with or without his assistance, was to begin at daybreak. To my certain knowledge, if words and actions were not wholly misleading, General Sherman when I saw him on the night of the 6th, did not consider that any instructions had been given for battle, and if he had such instructions he did not obey them. His report sustains the impression which I derived from our interview. "At daylight on Monday," he says, "I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps." Then only it was that he dispatched several members of his staff to bring up all the men they could find. Is that the way in which General Sherman would have acquitted himself of the obligation of orders received the day before to engage in battle? I answer unhesitatingly, no! The reports of the other division commanders are to the same effect. General McClernand says: "Your (General Grant's) order of the morning of the 7th for a forward movement," etc. The hour of the delivery of this order is indicated approximately by the following passage in the report of Colonel Marsh:

"At daylight on Monday morning the men in line were supplied with some provisions. While this was being done firing opened on our right, afterwards ascertained to come from a portion of General Lew Wallace's command. Directly afterwards, firing commenced to our left and front, both artillery and musketry, supposed by me to be a portion of General Buell's command, who, I had been informed during the night, had taken position on our left and considerably in advance. I now received orders from General McClernand to throw out skirmishers and follow with my whole command."

We must presume that General McClernand proceeded to the execution of General Grant's order as soon as it was received, which must then have been after the commencement of the battle in front of Nelson.

General Hurlbut says: "On Monday, about eight a. m., my division was formed in line close to the river bank, and I obtained a few crackers for my men. About nine a. m., I was ordered by General Grant to move up to the support of General McClernand." Colonel Tuttle, commanding the Second Division, acted without any orders. He says: "On Monday morning I collected all of the division that could be found, and such other detached regiments as volunteered to join me, and formed them in column by battalion closed in mass as a reserve for General Buell." The action of General Lew. Wallace was not the result of orders, but proceeded from his own motion on discovering the enemy in his front at daylight across Tillman's Hollow. While that action was in progress, General Grant came up and gave Wallace "the direction of his attack." Nelson had been in motion an hour, and was sharply engaged before any of these orders were given.

General Grant's official reports of the battle are in accord with the subordinate reports upon this question. In his first telegraphic announcement of the battle to General Halleck, he says:

"Yesterday the rebels attacked us here with an overwhelming force, driving our troops in from their advanced position to near the Landing. General Wallace was immediately ordered up from Crump's Landing, and in the evening, one division of General Buell's army and General Buell in person arrived. During the night one other division arrived, and still another to-day. *This morning, at the break of day, I ordered an attack*, which resulted in a fight, which continued until late this afternoon, with severe loss on both sides, but a complete repulse of the enemy. *I shall follow to-morrow far enough to see that no immediate renewal of an attack is contemplated.*"

In his more detailed report of April 9th he says:

"During the night (Sunday) all was quiet, and *feeling that a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered*

as soon as day dawned. The result was a gradual repulse of the enemy at all parts of the line from morning until probably five o'clock in the afternoon, when it became evident that the enemy was retreating. Before the close of the action the advance of General T. J. Wood's division arrived in time to take part in the action. *My force was too much fatigued from two days' hard fighting and exposure in the open air to a drenching rain during the intervening night, to pursue immediately.* Night closed in cloudy and with heavy rain, making the roads impracticable for artillery by the next morning. General Sherman, however, followed the enemy, *finding that the main part of the army had retreated in good order.*"

Several points worthy of note present themselves in these dispatches of General Grant. There is still, at the close of the second day, the impression of the enemy's overwhelming force, which the day before he "estimated at over one hundred thousand men." He felt on Monday, after the arrival of reënforcements to the number of twenty-five thousand fresh troops, that "a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party." There was, then, a question in his mind, namely, to attack, or to await attack; it was necessary to consider all the advantages, moral and physical; he concluded to secure the former at least, and accordingly gave the order, not on Sunday but on Monday "at break of day," to attack. The severity of the contest on Monday is affirmed in both dispatches; it was of such a nature as to prevent an immediate pursuit, which at any rate he would only make the next morning after the battle, far enough to see that no immediate renewal of the attack was contemplated. The pursuit was made on that plan, and found "that the main part of the army had retreated in good order." If the fact were not duly authenticated, one would wonder whether these dispatches were actually written by an officer who, twenty-three years afterwards, said with boastful assurance over his own signature, "Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support!"

With this tedious but necessary review of the results of the first day, I take up the story of the second.

THE engagement was brought on, Monday morning, not by General Grant's order, but by the advance of Nelson's division along the River road in line of battle, at the first dawn of day, followed by Crittenden's division in column. The enemy was encountered at 5:20 o'clock, and a little in advance of Hurlbut's camp Nelson was halted while Crittenden came into line on his right. By this time the head of McCook's division came up and was formed on the right of Crittenden. Before McCook's rear brigade was up the line moved forward, pushing back the enemy's light troops, until Nelson and Crittenden reached the very position occupied by Hurlbut, Prentiss, and W. H. L. Wallace at four o'clock the previous day where the enemy was found in force. McCook was on the north side of the western Corinth road, and eventually swept across half of McClernand's camp and released his headquarters. "The Hornets' Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade; and "the peach orchard" and the ground where Albert Sidney Johnston fell were in front of Nelson.

Without following the vicissitudes of the struggle in this part of the field, I enter with a little more detail, but still cursorily, upon the operations of Grant's troops, which have not been connectedly explained in any official report. The action here was commenced by Lew. Wallace, one of whose batteries at half-past five o'clock opened fire on the enemy, who was discovered on the high ground across Tillman's Hollow. There is some diversity of statement among the official reports as to the priority of artillery firing in front of Nelson and Wallace. Colonel Hovey, who was in immediate support of Wallace's battery, gives the priority to Nelson, while Colonel Marsh, who was half a mile farther to the left, gives it to Wallace. But this is unimportant. Nelson was in motion three-quarters of an hour before that time, and had been engaged with the enemy's light troops. The first artillery fire was from the enemy, Nelson at first having no artillery. Wallace's action was not yet aggressive, no orders having been given for his advance; but while the firing was in progress General Grant came up, and gave him his "direction of attack, which was formed at a right angle with the river, with which at the time his line ran almost parallel." The enemy's battery and its supports having been driven from the opposite height by the artillery of Wallace, the latter moved his line forward about seven o'clock, crossed the hollow, and gained the crest of the hill almost without opposition. "Here," he says, "as General Sherman's division, next on my left, had not made its appearance to support my advance, a halt was ordered for it to come up." Wallace was now on the edge of the large oblong field which was in front of the encampment of McClernand's right brigade.

The next of Grant's commands to advance was McClernand's. The orders to that effect have already been cited, and their execution is explained by Colonel Marsh, into whose brigade what was present of McClernand's division seems to have merged. He says:

"Moving steadily forward for half a mile, I discovered a movement of troops on the hill nearly a quarter of a mile in front. Dispatching scouts to ascertain who they were, they were met by a message from Colonel

Smith, commanding the left brigade of the Third Division (Wallace's), informing me that he would take position on the right and wait my coming up."

Sherman, it thus appears, was not yet in motion. Hurlbut moved out about nine o'clock, and formed one brigade on McClernand's left.

When Lew. Wallace advanced across Tillman's Hollow, followed next on the left by McClernand, the force opposed to him fell gradually back upon reënforcements beyond the field on the edge of which was the encampment of McClernand's First Brigade; the enemy's left then clinging a little to the bluffs of Owl Creek in that quarter, but yielding without a very stubborn resistance, chiefly because of McCook's vigorous pressure along the western Corinth road, until it fell into a general line running through the center of McClernand's camp, and nearly parallel with the Hamburg and Purdy road. This swinging back of the enemy's left, and the direction of the Owl Creek bluffs, naturally caused a change in the direction of Wallace's front, until about ten o'clock it faced south at right angles to its direction in the beginning. A sharp artillery contest and some infantry fighting had been going on all the time. It was at ten o'clock, according to Sherman's report, that McClernand formed line obliquely in rear of the camp of his First Brigade, to advance against the enemy's position. Here for the first time Sherman's division appears in the movement, from which its absence at an earlier period is mentioned by both McClernand and Wallace. The statement in General Sherman's report in regard to its movements, is as follows:

"At daylight I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps. I dispatched several members of my staff to bring up all the men they could find, and especially the brigade of Colonel Stuart, which had been separated from the division all the day before; and at the appointed time the division, or, rather, what remained of it, with the Thirteenth Missouri and other fragments, marched forward and reoccupied the ground on the extreme right of General McClernand's camp, where we attracted the fire of a battery located near Colonel McDowell's former headquarters. Here I remained patiently waiting for the sound of General Buell's advance upon the main Corinth road. About ten a. m. the heavy firing in that direction and its steady approach satisfied me, and General Wallace being on our right flank with his well-conducted division, I led the head of my column to General McClernand's right, formed line of battle, facing south, with Buckland's brigade directly across the ridge, and Stuart's brigade on its right in the woods, and thus advanced slowly and steadily under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery."

The contest thus inaugurated in and around McClernand's camp involved the whole of Grant's available force and McCook's division of the Army of the Ohio, and continued with great violence from ten until four o'clock. The significant facts connected with it are, the narrowness of the space covered by the interior divisions,— McClernand's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's,— the lapping over them by McCook, so as to form, in fact, a connection with the division of Wallace on the extreme right, and the decisive part ascribed to McCook's division in that part of the field in the reports of McClernand, Wallace and Sherman. McClernand says:

"Here one of the severest conflicts ensued that occurred during the two days. We drove the enemy back . . . to the edge of a field . . . where reserves came to his support. Our position at this moment was most critical, and a repulse seemed inevitable; but fortunately the Louisville Legion, forming part of General Rousseau's brigade, came up at my request and succored me. Extending and strengthening my line, this gallant body poured into the enemy's ranks one of the most terrible fires I ever witnessed. Thus breaking his center, he fell back in disorder, and thenceforth he was beaten at all points."

General Wallace mentions particularly an important service rendered to the left of his division at a crisis in its operations, by one of McCook's regiments.

Colonel McGinnis, of the Eleventh Indiana, whose regiment was on Wallace's extreme left, describes this incident as follows:

"At 2:30 o'clock I discovered that the Federal forces on our left were falling back and the rebels advancing, and that they were nearly in rear of our left flank. I immediately notified you (the brigade commander) of their position, changed front with our left wing, opened our fire upon them, and sent to you for assistance. During this the most trying moment to us of the day, I received your order to fall back if it got too hot for us. . . . Fortunately and much to our relief, at this critical moment the Thirty-second Indiana, Colonel Willich, came up on our left, and with their assistance the advancing enemy was compelled to retire."

General Sherman says:

"We advanced until we reached the point where the Corinth road crosses the line of McClernand's camp, and here I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact columns of General Buell's Kentucky forces, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less-disciplined forces. Here I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water-oaks and thicket behind which, I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style. Then arose the severest musketry fire I ever heard, which lasted some twenty minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back. This green point of timber is about five hundred yards east of Shiloh Meeting House, and it was evident that here was to be the struggle. The enemy could be seen forming his lines to the south. . . . This was about two o'clock p. m. . . . Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beautifully, deployed, and entered this dreaded woods. . . . Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it."

This occurred in front of Sherman, who was between McClernand and Wallace, for he says: "I ordered my Second Brigade . . . to form on its right, and my Fourth Brigade, Colonel Buckland, on its right, all to advance abreast with this Kentucky brigade." Of the action of McCook's division, General Sherman further says: "I concede that General McCook's

splendid division from Kentucky drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great central line of this battle."

The conclusion to be drawn from these several reports is that at this stage of the battle McCook's division reached across and practically connected the Army of the Ohio with Wallace's division, which formed the extreme right of Grant's force, and that its steady valor and effective service, not without the coöperation of McClernand's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's commands, decided the issue of the conflict on that portion of the field. The result, however, was not brought about without the concurrence of decisive action, at other points.

While the battle was going on in McClernand's camp, it raged with great fury from an earlier hour in front of Nelson and Crittenden on the left, and vigorously but with less destructive effects in front of Wallace on the right. As soon as the enemy's right began to yield, the splendid batteries of Mendenhall and Terrill directed an enfilading fire upon the Confederate batteries playing fiercely upon McCook, and they were soon silenced. General Sherman ascribes that result to the action of two pieces of artillery to which he says he gave personal direction, but it is probable that he mistook the principal cause. A Confederate view of the contest in front of Nelson and Crittenden is seen in the report of Colonel Trabue, whose brigade at a certain stage of the battle (about one o'clock) was moved with Anderson's brigade to their right, in front of Crittenden. The report describes the conflict at this point as terrific, the ground being crossed and recrossed four times in the course of it. I refer to it, chiefly because in some accounts of the battle it has erroneously been identified with McCook's front, where Trabue's brigade was first engaged.

Without going further into details in which the official reports abound, it may be sufficient to add briefly, that at four o'clock the flag of the Union floated again upon the line from which it had been driven the previous day, and General Grant's troops at once resumed their camps.

What more need be said? Must I sketch the scenes with twenty thousand of the soldiers of the Army of the Ohio left out of their place in the combat, as it is described by General Grant and his own officers? Shall I not, indeed, already have wearied the reader with the citation of evidence to substantiate a view of the case which unbiased intelligence is forbidden to deny?

But if the Army of the Ohio had not arrived, and General Grant had remained on the defensive, what then? Some of those who frankly acknowledge the reality of their discomfiture on Sunday, like now to believe with natural pride and the difficulties that beset them then far in the past, that they would have been more successful the second day; and it has been argued that the withdrawal of the Confederates from their advanced positions on the night of the 6th threw doubt upon the final result. A newspaper interviewer has even said for General Grant that they were then preparing to retreat. The inconsistency of that observation is evident. A general who stops to fight a fresh army is not likely to have had it in contemplation to flee before one that he had already defeated on the same ground. The published reports show that the withdrawal on Sunday night did not proceed from any faltering of the Confederate commander. On the contrary, he believed the victory to have been substantially won, and that the fruit would certainly be gathered the following day. His confidence in that respect was shared in the fullest manner by his entire army, backed by a particularly able body of high officers. All demanded to be led against the last position: not one doubted the result. We can imagine the effort such an army would have put forth when animated by such a spirit.

With the usual apologies for defeat on Monday, they rated their strength at 20,000 men, but with the fruits of victory in view, it will be safe to say they would have brought at least 25,000 into action; and it has been claimed that 25,000, according to the Confederate method of computation, would have been equal to about 28,000 according to the Federal method. Their relative strength would have been materially increased by the large accession of captured cannon. They had also improved their condition by exchanging their inferior arms for better captured ones. Comparatively, the enemy was in a more efficient state than before the battle.

The Union ranks might have been swelled to 15,000 — not more. That force could not on such ground have ventured to cover a line of more than a mile — its left at the river and its right near the ravines of Tillman's Creek. The high ground beyond the creek would have enfiladed it, and the ravines would have afforded a lodgment and shelter for the enemy. Dill's ravine on the left might also have proved an element of weakness, and though that flank could not be turned, the peculiar advantage of position that aided the Union troops on the left so much on Sunday would not have existed on Monday.— The field of action in front was a uniform wooded surface.

Nowhere in history is the profane idea that

in a fair field fight, Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions, more uniformly sustained than in our Civil War. It presents no example of the triumph of 15,000 or even 20,000 men against 25,000. It affords some such instances where the stronger force was surprised by rapid and unexpected movements, and still others where it was directed with a want of skill against chosen positions strengthened by the art of defense; but nowhere else. The weaker force is uniformly defeated or compelled to retire. In this case the missiles of the assailant would have found a target in the battle-line of the defense and in the transportation and masses of stragglers crowded together about the Landing. The height of the bluff would have rendered the gun-boats powerless—the example of Belmont could only have been partially repeated, if at all—the bulk of the defeated force must have laid down its arms. There are those who have met the question with the argument that General Grant's personal qualities were a guarantee for his triumph. That is a poor sort of logic, and there are thousands of patriotic citizens, not unfriendly to General Grant, who would draw back in alarm from the contemplation of any contingency that would have deprived the Union cause of its superior numbers at more than one period of his career.

In the usual extravagant newspaper dispatches from the field of battle there was a statement of charges led by General Grant and his staff, which were assumed to have decided the fate of the day on Monday, or at least to have given a crowning touch to the victory. It would be a satire to reproduce that statement in its original form at this time. Its adoption, however, by various books and sketches, and especially the reference to such an incident by General Grant in his recent CENTURY article, makes it properly an object of inquiry. Such an act as leading a charge is a conspicuous incident rarely resorted to by the commander of an army. General Grant in some former newspaper interview is made to assume that General Sidney Johnston lost his life under such circumstances, from which he argues the failing fortune of the Confederate attack on Sunday. General Johnston's conduct in that affair is described in the Confederate reports. It was an outburst of impatient valor not caused by any crisis in the battle, though an attack at a certain point had been repulsed. He did not lose his life in the act, and the most substantial successes of the Confederates were achieved at a later hour. We likewise naturally look in the official reports for a circumstantial account of the charge said to have been led by General Grant, for no colonel of a regiment is likely to overlook the honor of having been led in a charge by the commander of the army.

In the report of Colonel Veatch of Hurlbut's division there occurs the following passage: "Maj.-Gen. Grant now ordered me forward to charge the enemy. I formed my brigade in column of battalions, and moved forward in double-quick through our deserted camps and to the thick woods beyond our lines in pursuit of the retreating enemy, following until we were in advance of our other forces, and were ordered to fall back by General Buell." It is proper to remark that I witnessed this movement. I was in advance on the line toward which it was made, and understand its bearing. It does not answer the description of a charge led by General Grant, since he is not said to have been present in it.

In the report of General Rousseau occurs the following:

> "When thus repulsed, the enemy fell back and his retreat began; soon after which I saw two regiments of government troops advancing in double-quick time across the open fields in our front, and saw that one of them was the First Ohio, which had been moved to our left to wait for ammunition. I galloped to the regiment and ordered it to halt, as I had not ordered the movement, but was informed that it was advancing by order of General Grant, whom I then saw in rear of the line with his staff. I ordered the regiment to advance with the other, which it did some two or three hundred yards farther, when it was halted, and a fire was opened upon it from one of our camps, then occupied by the enemy. The fire was instantly returned, and the enemy soon fled, after wounding eight men of the First Ohio."

There is in the official reports no other mention of such an occurrence. This must have been the charge referred to, though it does not satisfy the description, since it appears that General Grant was not taken into the enemy's fire; and there is nothing in it which fills the definition of a charge. The professional soldier at least understands that the term implies something more serious than a movement of troops upon the field of battle, even at a rapid pace, in the presence of an enemy. But putting out of the question all appropriate distinctions in the use of terms, there was nothing in the occasion or in these simple movements which promised any advantage, or entitled them to the slightest prominence. The enemy had retired from the last line, and was believed to be in retreat; but he had withdrawn in good order, and it is known that he halted a half-mile beyond, fully prepared to repel a careless pursuit. The topographical feature of larger fields and intervening woods made the left and left-center of the battle-field more difficult for attack than the ground about McCler-

nand's camp, as was illustrated by the battle of the previous day. The antagonists, except when in immediate contact, were kept at a greater distance apart, and were more screened from the observation of each other. The resistance, quelled for the moment, would be renewed unexpectedly by reënforcements or on a new line with increased vigor, and did not always allow the assailant to retain the advantage he had gained.

Nelson and Crittenden were working their way step by step over this difficult ground, when the cheers of victory commenced on the right where the enemy could be better observed. It was my misfortune to know nothing about the topography in front, and when at that moment the enemy on the left was found to be yielding readily to our advance, it was my mistake to suppose that the retirement was more precipitate and disordered than proved to be the case. On that supposition Nelson was ordered rapidly to the lower ford of Lick Creek, by which I supposed a part of the enemy had advanced and would retreat, and was thus out of position for the state of the case as it turned out. The last attack of Crittenden was made through thick woods, and his division had become a good deal scattered; but a brigade of Wood's division came up just then and was pushed forward on the eastern Corinth road. It soon came upon and engaged the enemy's skirmishers, and was attracting a flank fire from a battery a considerable distance off on the right. The orderly withdrawal of the enemy was now discovered, and indicated that a single brigade unsupported would be insufficient for a pursuit. Wood's brigade was therefore halted while its skirmishers occupied the enemy's cavalry, and orders were sent to McCook and Crittenden to form on the new line. Just at that moment a feeble column was seen to the right and rear of Wood's brigade, moving in a direction which would bring it into the flank fire of the enemy's artillery on the right. I therefore ordered it to be halted until other dispositions were made; but misapprehending the object of the order, or deeming perhaps that enough had been done for one day, it withdrew altogether, and like the rest of Grant's troops, retired to its camp. Following the same example, and most probably with General Grant's authority, McCook's division had started to the river. Before these misconceptions could be corrected, and my divisions got into position, night came on, and the time for a further forward movement passed for the day. Indeed, while my troops were being called up, I received from General Grant, who had retired to the Landing, the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS DIST. OF W. TENN., PITTSBURG, April 7, 1862. Major-General D. C. Buell, Gen.: When I left the field this evening, my intention was to occupy the most advanced position possible for the night, with the infantry engaged through the day, and follow up our success with cavalry and fresh troops expected to arrive during my last absence on the field. The great fatigue of our men—they having been engaged in two days' fight, and subject to a march yesterday and a fight to-day—would preclude the idea of making any advance to-night without the arrival of the expected reënforcements. My plan, therefore, will be to feel out in the morning, with all the troops on the outer lines, until our cavalry force can be organized (one regiment of your army will finish crossing soon), and a sufficient artillery and infantry support to follow them are ready for a move. Under the instructions which I have previously received, and a dispatch also of to-day from Major-General Halleck, it will not then do to advance beyond Pea Ridge, or some point which we can reach and return in a day. General Halleck will probably be here himself to-morrow. Instructions have been sent to the division commanders, not included in your command, to be ready in the morning either to find if an enemy was in front, or to advance. Very respectfully, Your obedient Servant, U. S. Grant, Major-General Commanding."

This letter implies the hypothesis expressed also in General Grant's dispatch of the same evening to General Halleck, that the enemy might still be in our front with the intention of renewing the attack. I make no comment on that point further than to contrast it with the later pretensions with which the battle has been reviewed by General Grant and his friends. The idea is again indicated in his orders to his division commanders on the eighth:

"I have instructed Taylor's cavalry to push out the road toward Corinth to ascertain if the enemy have retreated. . . . Should they be retreating, I want all the cavalry to follow them."

Something in the same vein, which I would by no means be understood as dwelling upon censoriously, is seen in a dispatch of the next day to Halleck

"I do not" [he says] "like to suggest, but it appears to me that it would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reënforcements."

The passage is chiefly noteworthy as showing that the fault of Shiloh was not in an excess of rashness or contempt for the adversary, and that the lesson of the occasion had not yet pointed out a means of security other than in reënforcements or retreat. The introduction of the evidence is not to be ascribed to any motive of disparagement. It is entirely pertinent to the subject under consideration.

General Grant has recently admitted that a pursuit ought to have been made, and vaguely intimates that somebody else than himself was responsible that it was not done. The reason given in his letter to me is, of course, insufficient. General McCook may have told him that his men were hungry and tired; but if the order had been issued, both McCook

and his troops would cheerfully have shown how much tired and hungry soldiers can do when an emergency demands it. If General Grant meant to imply that I was responsible that the pursuit was not made, I might perhaps answer that it is always to be expected that the chief officer in command will determine the course to be pursued at such a juncture, when he is immediately upon the ground; but I inwardly imposed upon myself the obligation of employing the army under my command as though the whole duty of the occasion rested upon it. There was no doubt in my mind or hesitation in my conduct as to the propriety of continuing the action, at least as long as the enemy was in our presence, as I considered him still to be; and I make no attempt to excuse myself or blame others when I say that General Grant's troops, the lowest individual among them not more than the commander himself, appear to have thought that the object of the battle was sufficiently accomplished when they were reinstated in their camps; and that in some way that idea obstructed the reorganization of my line until a further advance that day became impracticable.

MUCH harsh criticism has been passed upon General Lew. Wallace for having failed to reach the field in time to participate in the battle on Sunday. The naked fact is apt to be judged severely, and the reports made a year afterward by General Grant's staff-officers — the report of Colonel Rawlins especially — are calculated to increase the unfavorable impression. But some qualification of that evidence must be made, on account of the anxiety produced in the minds of those officers by their peculiar connection with the exciting circumstances of the battle. The statement of Rawlins is particularly to be received with reservation. They found Wallace on a different road from the one by which they expected him, and assumed that he was wrongfully there. Rawlins pretends to give the words of a verbal order that would have taken him to a different place. Wallace denies that version of the order, and the circumstances do not sustain it. He was on the road to and not far from the upper ford of Owl Creek, which would have brought him on the right flank of the Federal line, as it was in the morning, and as he presumed it still to be. It would have been at least an honest if not a reasonable interpretation of the order that took him to a point where the responsibility and danger were liable to be greatly increased. The impression of Major Rowley, repeated more strongly by General Grant in his CENTURY article, that when found he was farther from the battle-field than when he started, the map shows to have been incorrect. The statement of Rawlins that he did not make a mile and a half an hour, is also not correct of the whole day's march. He actually marched nearly fifteen miles in six hours and a half. That is not particularly rapid marching, but it does not indicate any loitering. At the same time it must be said that, under the circumstances, the manner in which the order was given to Wallace is liable to unqualified disapproval, both as it concerned the public interest and the good name of the officer.

To these qualifying facts it must be added that a presumption of honest endeavor is due to Wallace's character. He did good service at Donelson, and at Shiloh on the 7th, and on no other occasion have his zeal and courage been impugned. The verdict must perhaps remain that his action did not respond to the emergency as it turned out, but that might fall far short of a technical criminality, unless under a more austere standard of discipline than prevailed at that, or indeed at any other, period of the war. If he had moved energetically after McPherson and Rawlins arrived and informed him of the urgency of the occasion, no just censure could be cast upon his conduct. The reports of those officers imply that he did not do so, but McPherson, who was most likely to be correct, is least positive on that point. It would probably be easy in any of the armies to point to similar examples of a lack of ardent effort which led to grave disappointment without being challenged, and to many more that would have been attended with serious consequences if any emergency had arisen. It was a defect in the discipline which it was not possible at that time to remedy completely.

WHEN this article was urged upon me by the recent revival of the discussion, I was advised by friends in whose judgment I have great confidence, to write an *impersonal* account of the battle. The idea was perfectly in harmony with my disposition, but a moment's reflection showed me that it was impracticable. It would ignore the characteristics which have made the battle of Shiloh the most famous, and to both sides the most interesting of the war. The whole theme is full of personality. The battle might be called, almost properly, a personal one. It was ushered in by faults that were personal, and the resistance that prolonged it until succor came was personal. This does not pretend to be a history of it, but only a review of some of the prominent facts which determined its character and foreshadowed its result. Even

this fragmentary treatment of the subject would be incomplete without a revision of the roll of honor. The task is not difficult, for the evidence is not meager or doubtful. It says of McClernand, that, crippled at the start by the rudeness of the unexpected attack and the wreck of the division in his front, before he had time well to establish his line, he struggled gallantly and long with varying fortune to keep back the columns of the enemy; and though he failed in that, he was still able to present an organized nucleus which attracted the disrupted elements of other divisions: of Hurlbut, that he posted the two brigades under his immediate command, not in the strongest manner at first, but with judgment to afford prompt shelter to the defeated division of Prentiss, and maintained his front with some serious reverses to his left flank, for seven hours and until his left was turned, with a greater list of mortality than any other division sustained: of W. H. L. Wallace, that, never dislodged, he sacrified his life in a heroic effort with Prentiss to maintain his front between the enemy and the Landing: of Prentiss, that with the rawest troops in the army his vigilance gave the earliest warning of the magnitude of the danger, and offered a resolute resistance to its approach; that, though overwhelmed and broken in advance, he rallied in effective force on the line of Hurlbut and Wallace, and firmly held his ground until completely surrounded and overpowered: and of Sherman, that he too strove bravely, but from an early hour with a feeble and ineffective force, to stay the tide of disaster for which his shortcoming in the position of an advanced guard was largely responsible; but it discloses no fact to justify the announcement of General Halleck that he "saved the fortune of the day on the 6th." On the contrary it shows, that of all the division commanders, not one was less entitled to that distinction. This will be a strange and may seem like a harsh utterance to many readers, but it is the verdict of the record. The similar indorsement of General Grant a year later that "he held the key-point to the Landing" is equally alien to the evidence, and still further without intelligent meaning. If the key-point was any other than the Landing itself, it was on the left where the attack was strongest and the resistance longest maintained.

Into the list of brave men in the inferior grades — captains and even lieutenants who for the moment led the wrecks of regiments and brigades, and field-officers who represented brigades and divisions, and who poured out their lives on the field or survived its carnage — I cannot here pretend to enter, though it is a most interesting chapter in the battle.

And of Grant himself — is nothing to be said? The record is silent and tradition adverse to any marked influence that he exerted upon the fortune of the day. The contemporaneous and subsequent newspaper accounts of personal adventure are alike destitute of authenticity and dignity. If he could have done anything in the beginning, he was not on the ground in time. The determining act in the drama was completed by ten o'clock. From Sherman's report and later reminiscences we learn that he was with that officer about that hour, and again, it would seem, at three and five o'clock, and he was with Prentiss between ten and eleven; but he is not seen anywhere else in front. We read of some indefinite or unimportant directions given without effect to straggling bodies of troops in rear. That is all. But he was one of the many there who would have resisted while resistance could avail. That is all that can be said, but it is an honorable record.

AIRDRIE, KY., June, 1885. *D. C. Buell.*

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Controversies in regard to Shiloh.

A STAFF-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK AND WITHDRAWAL.

AT the time of the battle of Shiloh I was on General Bragg's staff as his chief engineer, with the rank of captain. On the night of April 5th I accompanied him to General Johnston's headquarters, where the last council of war was held. I was not present at the meeting of the generals, but with a number of other staff-officers remained near by. We could hear the low, earnest discussion of our superiors, but could not distinguish the words spoken.

When the council closed, and General Bragg started to his own bivouac, I joined him, and received the following instructions: That as the attack would be made at daylight, the next morning at four o'clock I should proceed to the front along the Bark road, with Lieutenant Steel of the engineers and a squad of cavalry, until I came to the enemy's camp; that I should very carefully and cautiously reconnoiter the camp from where I struck it towards the enemy's left flank; that I should by no means allow any firing by my little force, or do anything to attract attention; that my duty was to get all the information possible about the enemy's position and condition, and send it back by couriers from point to point, as my judgment should suggest. Those orders I carried out the next morning. Lieutenant Steel, now Major Steel, of Nashville, Tenn., had been a civil engineer and surveyor in that section of the country, had already made

several daring and valuable reconnaissances of the Federal camps, and knew the country thoroughly. He was a splendid scout, and as brave a man as ever lived. Under his skillful guidance I reached in safety a point which he said was not more than a few hundred yards from the Federal camps. Here our cavalry escort and our own horses were left, and we two, leaving the road, passed down a narrow valley or gorge, got beyond the Federal pickets, and came within a few rods of a sleepy camp sentinel leaning against a tree. In front of us was a large camp as still and silent as the grave; no signs of life except a few smoldering fires of the last night's supper. Noting these facts, and without disturbing the man at the tree, we returned to our cavalry squad, and I dispatched a courier to General Bragg with a note telling what I had seen. We then moved by our right flank through the woods, from a quarter to half a mile, and repeated our former manœuvre. This time we found the cooks of the camp astir preparing breakfast. While we were watching the process reveille was sounded, and I saw one or two regiments form by companies, answer to roll-call, and then disperse to their tents. Once more I returned to my cavalry and dispatched a courier.

A third time I made a descent from the hills, down a narrow hollow, still farther to our right, and saw Federal soldiers cleaning their guns and accouterments and getting ready for Sunday morning inspection. By this time firing had begun on our left, and I could see that it caused some commotion in the camps, but it was evident that it was not understood. Soon the firing became more rapid and clearer and closer, and I saw officers begin to stir out of their tents, evidently anxious to find out what it all meant. Then couriers began to arrive, and there was great bustle and confusion; the long roll was beaten; there was rapid falling in, and the whole party in front of me was so thoroughly awake and alarmed that I thought my safest course was to retreat while I could and send another courier to the rear.

How long all this took I cannot now recall, but perhaps not more than an hour and a half or two hours. When I reached my cavalry squad I knew that the battle had opened in earnest, but I determined to have one more look at the Federal position and moved once more to the right. Without getting as near as our former positions, I had a good view of another camp with a line of soldiers formed in front of it. Meantime the Confederate troops had moved on down the hills, and I could plainly see from the firing that there was hot and heavy work on my left and in advance of my present position. I then began to fear that the division in front of me would swing around and take our forces in flank, as it was manifest that the Federal line extended farther in that direction than ours. I therefore disposed my little cavalry force as skirmishers, and sent a courier with a sketch of the ground to General Bragg, and urged the importance of having our right flank protected. How long I waited and watched at this point it is hard to say. Finally, becoming very uneasy at the state of affairs, I left Lieutenant Steel with the cavalry and rode to the left myself to make a personal report. In this ride I passed right down the line of battle of the Confederate forces, and saw some splendid duels both of artillery and infantry. Finally, as I have always thought, about eleven o'clock, I came to General A. S. Johnston and his staff standing on the brow of a hill watching the conflict in their front. I rode up to General Johnston, saluted him, and said I wished to make a report of the state of affairs on our extreme right. He said he had received that report and a sketch from Captain Lockett of the engineers. I told him I was Captain Lockett. He replied, "Well, sir, tell me as briefly and quickly as possible what you have to say." When my report was finished he said, "That is what I gathered from your note and sketch, and I have already ordered General Breckinridge to send forces to fill up the space on our right. Ride back, sir, towards the right, and you will probably meet General Breckinridge; lead him to the position you indicate, and tell him to drive the enemy he may find in his front into the river. He needs no further orders." The words are, as near as I can remember them, exactly the ones General Johnston used. I obeyed the order given, met General Breckinridge, conducted him to the place where I had left my cavalry, but found both them and the Federal division gone. I rode with General Breckinridge a few hundred yards forward, and we soon received a volley which let us know that the Federal forces had retired but a very short distance from their original position. General Breckinridge deployed Bowen's and Statham's brigades, moved them forward, and soon engaged the Federal forces. I bade the General good-day and good luck, and once more rode down the line of battle until I found General Bragg. With him I remained, excepting when carrying orders and making reconnaissances under his orders, until the close of the first day's fight.

I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the "hornets' nest." During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, General Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field, to take its colors and carry them forward. "The flag must not go back again," he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him, "General Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear." While talking to him the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterwards I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked, "What are you doing with my colors, sir?" "I am obeying General Bragg's orders, sir, to hold them where they are," was my reply. "Let me have them," he said. "If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell General Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front." It was Colonel Allen, afterwards Governor Allen of Louisiana. I returned, miraculously preserved, to General Bragg, and reported Colonel Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order I think to General Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then General Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Colonel Frank Gardner (afterwards Major-General) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the

front and flanks of that position. The movements were made, and Prentiss was captured.

As Colonel William Preston Johnston says, that capture was a dear triumph to us — dear for the many soldiers we had lost in the first fruitless attacks, but still dearer on account of the valuable time it cost us. The time consumed in gathering Prentiss's command together, in taking their arms, in marching them to the rear, was inestimably valuable. Not only that; the news of the capture spread, and grew as it spread; many soldiers and officers believed we had captured the bulk of the Federal army, and hundreds left their positions and came to see the "captured Yanks." But after a while the Confederates were gotten into ranks, and a perfect line of battle was formed, with our left wing resting on Owl Creek and our right on the Tennessee River. General Polk was on the left, then Bragg, then Hardee, then Breckinridge. In our front only one single point was showing fight, a hill crowned with artillery. I was with General Bragg, and rode with him along the front of his corps. I heard him say over and over again, "One more charge, my men, and we will capture them all." While this was going on a staff-officer (or rather, I think, it was one of the detailed clerks of General Beauregard's headquarters, for he wore no uniform) came up to General Bragg and said, "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gun-boats." General Bragg said, "My God, was a victory ever sufficiently complete?" and added, "Have you given that order to any one else?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "to General Polk, on your left; and if you will look to the left, you will see that the order is being obeyed." General Bragg looked, and said, "My God, my God, it is too late!" and turning to me he said, "Captain, carry that order to the troops on the right"; and to Captain Frank Parker, "You carry it to the left." In a short time the troops were all falling back — *and the victory was lost.* Captain Parker and myself were the only members of General Bragg's staff who were with him at that time. Captain Parker, I think, is still living in South Carolina, and will surely remember all that I have narrated.

In this hasty sketch I have intentionally omitted everything but the beginning and end of that day's operations, to throw what light I can upon the two grand points of dispute: Was the Federal army surprised by our attack? and whose fault was it that the victory was not sufficiently complete on the first day?

In regard to the second day's fight I will touch upon but one point. I, like a great many other staff-officers, was principally occupied in the early hours of the second day in gathering together our scattered men and getting them into some sort of manageable organization. In this duty I collected and organized a body of men about a thousand strong. They were composed of men of at least a half-dozen different regiments. The Seventh Kentucky, with a tattered flag, and the Ninth Arkansas were the most numerously represented. We had not one single field-officer in the command. When I reported to General Beauregard that I had the troops divided into companies, had assigned a captain to duty as lieutenant-colonel and a first lieutenant as major, he himself put me in command of them as colonel. In order that my command might have a name, I dubbed it the "Beauregard Regiment,"—a name that was received with three rousing cheers. Not long after my regiment was thus officered and christened, a message came from General Breckinridge on our extreme right that he was hard pressed, and needed reënforcements. My regiment, which was at the time just behind General Beauregard, held in reserve by his orders, was sent by him to General Breckinridge's assistance. We marched down the line of battle to the extreme right, passed beyond General Breckinridge's right, wheeled by companies into line of battle, and went in with the "rebel yell." The men on our left took up the yell and the charge, and we gained several hundred yards of ground. From this point we fought back slowly and steadily for several hours, until word came that the army was ordered to retreat, that the commands would fall back in succession from the left, and that the right wing would be the rear-guard. This order was carried out, and when night came the right wing was slowly falling back with face to the foe. We halted on the same ground we had occupied on the morning of the 6th, just before the battle began. If there was any "breaking" and "starting," as General Grant expresses it, I did not witness it.

As a sequel I will state that in the retreat of our troops before General Sherman from Jackson to Meridian in 1864, I was lieutenant-colonel and chief engineer of the Confederate forces; and in one of our day's marches to the rear, while I was passing the army to select a defensive position for our next halt, I recognized the captain whom I had made lieutenant-colonel at the battle of Shiloh. He was then a real lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Ninth Arkansas Regiment. We had not met since the battle of Shiloh, and I could not but slacken my pace a little to recall old memories. I have forgotten his name, but I trust he is still alive. He was as brave as a lion, and led the Beauregard Regiment into that charge at Shiloh like a veteran of a thousand battles.

S. H. Lockett.

THE PLAN OF THE BATTLE, AND THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE FIRST DAY.

IN his paper published in THE CENTURY for February, 1885, Colonel William Preston Johnston, assuming to give the Confederate version of the campaign and battle of Shiloh, at which he was not present, has adventured material statements regarding operations on that field, which must have been based on misinformation or misunderstanding in essential particulars, as I take occasion to assert from personal knowledge acquired as an eye-witness and aide-de-camp on the staff of General Beauregard. My personal knowledge runs counter to many of his statements and deductions, but I shall here confine myself to two points.

First, I must dispute that the battle order as promulgated was in any wise different from the one submitted by General Beauregard at his own quarters at Corinth, early in the morning of the 3d of April, to General A. S. Johnston, and which was accepted without modification or suggestion. This assertion I base on these facts: About one o'clock in the morning the adjutant-general of the Confederate forces, Colonel Jordan, aroused me from sleep in my tent, close by General Beauregard's chamber, and desired

me to inform the General at dawn that General Johnston had agreed to his recommendation to move offensively against Pittsburg Landing at meridian that day, and that the circular orders to the corps commanders had been already issued by Colonel Jordan to that effect. Acting upon this request, I found that General Beauregard had already during the night made full notes on loose scraps of paper of the order of march and battle, from which he read aloud for me to copy — my copy being given to Colonel Jordan as soon as completed, as the basis of the official order that he was to frame, and did frame and issue in the name of General Johnston. And that is the order which Colonel Johnston erroneously alleges upon the posthumous authority of General Bragg to differ essentially from the plan settled upon by General Johnston for the battle. This allegation I know to be unfounded, as the order as issued varies in no wise from the notes dictated to me by General Beauregard, excepting the mere verbiage and the details relating to transportation and ordnance service added by Colonel Jordan: that is to say, the plan explained by General Beauregard and accepted by General Johnston at the quarters of the former.

Being limited as to space, I shall pass over a throng of facts within my personal knowledge, which would establish that General Beauregard was as actively and directly handling the Confederate forces engaged in their general conduct of the battle before the death of General Johnston, as he was after that incident. I shall confine myself on this occasion to relating that after General Beauregard became cognizant of the death of General Johnston, he dispatched me to the front with orders that led to the concentration of the widely scattered and disarrayed Confederate forces, which resulted in the capture of General Prentiss and so many of his division after five o'clock on the 6th.

I also, later in the day, carried orders to Hardee, who was engaged on our extreme left or Federal right, where I remained with that officer until almost dark, up to which time no orders had reached him to cease fighting. On the contrary, he was doing his best to force back the enemy in his front. As he was without any of his staff about him for the nonce, I acted as his aide-de-camp. Meantime the gun-boats were shelling furiously, and their huge missiles crushed through the branches of the trees overhead with such a fearful din, frequency, and closeness, that, despite the excitement of our apparently complete victory, there was room left in our minds for some most unpleasant sensations, especially when the top of some lofty tree, cut off by a shell, would come toppling down among the men.

Possibly, had Colonel Johnston been present on the field at that last hour of the battle of the 6th, a witness of the actual fruitless efforts made to storm the last position held by the enemy upon the ridge covering the immediate landing-place, known as Pittsburg, he might be better informed why it was that that position was not carried, and be less disposed to adduce such testimony as that of General Bragg, to the effect that but for the order given by Beauregard to withdraw from action he would have carried all before him.

It so happened that I rejoined General Beauregard at a point near Shiloh Chapel (having escorted General Prentiss from the field to General Beauregard), when General Bragg rode up from the front, and I heard him say in an excited manner: "General, we have carried everything before us to the Tennessee River. I have ridden from Owl to Lick Creek, and there is none of the enemy to be seen." Beauregard quietly replied: "Then, General, do not unnecessarily expose your command to the fire of the gun-boats."

Alexander Robert Chisolm.

The Fourth Regular Infantry at Gaines's Mill.

PROBABLY not much credit attaches to the particular organized force which was the last to cross the Chickahominy River after the battle of Gaines's Mill; but in order to settle the question I desire to state that the cavalry was not the last to cross the river — even if they did leave at the time General Merritt states in the September CENTURY. The Fourth U. S. Infantry was the last organization which crossed, and that regiment passed over about *two hours after daylight* on the morning of the 28th, and a bridge had to be partly relaid to enable it to do so. This regiment was posted on the extreme right flank of the army at the battle of Gaines's Mill, and was ordered to support Weed's battery. Weed was afterwards reënforced by Tidball's battery, and the Fourth Infantry held its position from the commencement of the engagement (about 11 A. M.) until twilight of the 27th, without receiving an order or stirring from its position until Weed reported that he had no more ammunition, and retired from the field by way of the Cold Harbor road, covered by the Fourth Infantry. Night came upon the regiment as it was retiring on this road. It went into bivouac, in line of battle, in the Chickahominy Valley on the road by which it retired from the field. When daylight came we expected orders to renew the engagement, and took up our march to return to the battle-field, about a mile and a half distant. It was then that some wounded were met, who informed that all the army had crossed during the night. We then marched from Grapevine Bridge to Alexander's Bridge, in sight of the enemy's pickets, and when we arrived on the south side we were astonished to find that it was thought we had been captured. We learned afterwards that orders had been sent to the Fourth Infantry during the action but the officer who started with them was killed; another who took them was wounded before they could be delivered, and an orderly who was subsequently dispatched with them did not arrive at his destination, and was never heard of afterwards.

FORT OMAHA, September 8, 1885. *William H. Powell,*
Captain Fourth Infantry, Brevet-Major U. S. A.

A Correction from General Longstreet.

MY attention has just been called to a dispatch of General John Buford, written on August 29th, 1862, at 9:30 A. M., in which he gives information of my troops moving through Gainesville some three-quarters of an hour before his note was written. This would place the head of my column at Gainesville about 9 A. M., and the line deployed and ready for battle at 12 M., which agrees with my recollection, and with my evidence in the F. J. Porter case. It seems that the Washington Artillery was halted some distance in rear to await my selection of the position to which it was assigned,— hence the late hour (11:30) mentioned in the diary from which I quoted, in my article in the February CENTURY, in fixing the hour of our arrival at Gainesville.

James Longstreet.

GAINESVILLE, GA., 8th January, 1886.

IN A VOLUME OF ALDRICH'S POEMS.

WITH evening-star's blue tender radiance, caught
Through northern twilight in the winter-time,
These luminous cameos of beryl wrought
A master-workman in the gems of rhyme.

W. Bliss Carmen.

CASTELAR, THE ORATOR.

THE recent death of the King of Spain has drawn public attention once more to that country of volcanic politics, whose periodical eruptions are liable to settle at any moment into a new form of the administration of the Spanish state. Amid the strife of parties contending for supremacy following the death of the King, the figure of one Spaniard will be apt to rise to the vision of the outside world preëminent above all his fellows, the figure of Don Emilio Castelar. Throughout Christendom ten years ago the name of Castelar was a magic word. It was not that he had achieved the highest fame as an orator, but that as a democrat of the latest nineteenth-century type he had risen to the head of a republic in the most reactionary nation in Europe. Indeed, the fame of Castelar in 1873–4 was a star shining against the black night of Spanish political traditions. When the republic which was his creation fell almost with the suddenness of a star, the light of the man was too great to disappear. In the little more than a decade which has followed, Spain has repeated nearly all the vicissitudes of her fickle politics and parties. Castelar, self-pledged to accept office under nothing less than an absolutely popular government, has been content to remain in comparative political obscurity. But a genius like his is not dependent upon politics for its activity, and again and again, in literary addresses before the Academy of Madrid and in orations on themes of general polity, his eloquence has gone abroad.

In the nineteenth century no country but Spain could have produced Castelar. He is a product of her history, as he is a legitimate son of that fervent clime which has changed its children like its mountains to bronze. "Spain, it is that part of Africa commencing with the Pyrenees," said the wits of Paris a century ago. "It is that country sleeping on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making none upon it — a huge, torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages," wrote Buckle, in the present generation.

Such was or seemed Spain only a few years since, ruled over by a woman still living, Isabella II., who came to the Spanish throne three years earlier than Victoria to that of England. Under her reign one could succeed neither in dying nor in getting born in Spain unless he were a Catholic or had a special indulgence from the Pope,— the adherents of other faiths being refused both baptism and burial. Isabella's motto for ruling Spain was the simple traditional one of the Bourbons — "Pet the priests, rob the revenues, suppress the people." Her reign was a seething vat of anarchy till at last Isabella's government had grown well-nigh intolerable. With the ferment of French revolutions and Italian pronunciamientos for liberty in her blood, and prodded by this sore misrule, Spain was slowly heaving out of the lethargy of centuries, but knew not yet what she wanted. There were Royalists and Republicans, Carlists and Progressists, Primists and Esparteroists, Montpensierists and Isabellists,— thirty-four factions in all, with their infinite subdivisions.

Castelar's boyish entrance on this scene of the turbulent drama of Spanish politics thirty years since has been graphically described by a contemporary. It was literally a *coup de théâtre*. It was a September night in 1854, and ripe revolt was in the streets of the cities. A tempestuous electoral meeting was being held in the Teatro de Oriente in Madrid. Many orators had spoken, it was already late, and the audience was tired. An unknown youth, scarcely more than a boy of twenty, mounted the stage to address it. The assembly, annoyed at the appearance of a new speaker, began to disperse. But the young orator had not spoken many words before a few began to hesitate and call, "Hush!"

Then slowly, as there rang from the speaker's lips an accent and utterance such as never before had been heard in that ancient peninsula, the mass grew agitated to enthusiasm — till at last it burst into thunderous bravos of applause. In an hour the youth, who with his pale face and dark Andalusian eyes had entered as by accident into that assembly,

had become a celebrity. It was the boy Emilio Castelar, who, from his lodgings near the Normal School of Madrid, had wandered toward the theater, attracted thither by the sorrows of his agitated country.

In the morning hundreds of thousands of copies of his speech were winging over the provinces of southern Spain, and falling like autumn leaves in the streets of Madrid. And while the young radical was poring over his books in the Normal School, the journals were seeking his address, and inquiries were flying fast through the city as to his history and personality.

The details of his brief life when collected were soon told. Six years before the birth of his great Gallic compeer, Gambetta, Castelar had been ushered into life in southern Spain, at Cadiz, in the month of September, 1832. Like Gambetta, he was born of a family of trade, and had taken his first lessons at the knee of a mother of extraordinary capacity and courage. His father, Don Manuel Castelar, was an agent of exchange in the town of Alicante, in one of the most romantic of the Spanish south-eastern provinces facing the Mediterranean — Valencia. Being also a man of affairs, he had served at the time of his son's birth as commandant of the national militia, and afterwards as secretary to the revolutionary junta of Cadiz, at the period of the entrance of the Duke of Angoulême.

The families of both parents were passionately devoted to the liberal cause,— Castelar's mother having descended from ancestors traditionally hostile to the Bourbons. Don Manuel, dying in broken fortune, had left to his son, at the age of seven, only the heritage of a magnificent library, and to his noble and devoted wife the care of the son's training for a career of letters.

Placed in the schools of Alicante, young Castelar in his leisure hours at home turned himself loose in the paternal library, whose opulent accumulations of history, travels, science, and political economy he had conquered before the age of sixteen. In Alicante he had become already a prodigy of knowledge. Continuing four years longer in the local academy under the guidance of his mother and a brilliant and beautiful aunt, her sister, Francisca, he had been sent at the age of twenty to complete his education at Madrid.

From that inspired hour of the September night, in the theater of the Orient, Castelar was no longer a school-boy. His name was on hundreds of thousands of lips; the journals vied with each other for the service of his pen in their columns. The storm of the revolt of 1854 blew over, but this ardent boy of Valencia continued to make impassioned speeches at occasional assemblies, poured out eloquent radicalism in the newspapers, and completed, two years later, his literary novitiate. The University of Madrid hastened to secure the renown of his learning to adorn its chair of critical and philosophical history. "At the age of twenty-four he turned the chair of philosophical history of the University of Madrid forthwith into a public tribune from which to disseminate throughout Spain the most advanced sentiments with respect to every question of modern economy. Transforming history into a living philosophy of example, he advocated the emancipation of slaves in Cuba, the abolition of the tie between church and state, universal suffrage, and free education." *

No university, indeed, could have restrained within the limits of methodic routine a genius at once so ardent and so balanced as Castelar's. A little later he added to his professorial functions the editorship of a Madrid journal, as he had already been the contributor to a score of newspapers and reviews, and from that moment assailed the existing Government of Spain with the double might of the literary head of her foremost university and of the most brilliant journalist of the peninsula. Through that obscure providence by which history matches genius with occasion, the rule of Isabella was the foil of Castelar's talent as the reign of Napoleon became that of Gambetta. At the age of thirty he had become in Spain a dreaded force against the stability of the Bourbon throne.

An article in his journal denouncing the advisers of the Queen for claiming the crown lands of the state cost him at last, in 1864, his professorship in the university. In the month of June, 1866, there occurred a bloody and desperate rising of the artillery of Madrid. Castelar was implicated, with hundreds of others. He was arrested by the Government, imprisoned and sentenced by a royal council to death. Escaping from his prison by the aid of friends, he fled from Spain, traveling in France, Italy, and England, supporting himself by his pen, and pouring out on the world in books and essays those superb utterances in whose glow his name first rose over the verge of Christendom.

Two years more, and the Spanish Bourbon had reached her last crisis. Another day, another insurrection; a battle beyond the walls of Madrid in which the generals of the Government were overthrown,— the plethoric Queen looking on, out of breath, from distant

* See article on "Spain of To-day," by the present writer, in September number of the *International Review*, 1881.

San Sebastian — not daring to reënter the gates of her capital, not even for her bandboxes and her poodle dogs. Then Isabella took her ungainly flight over the frontier.

The Spanish Revolution was complete. At its first sound Castelar hastened from exile, like Victor Hugo after Sedan. He had gone out from Spain a convict — he came back in almost Roman triumph. From Barcelona to the gates of the capital, his way through the cities of Spain was an ovation. Twelve thousand republicans assembled in the grand plaza to receive him and hear him speak. He had been martyred into the darling of the democracy. That first hour of Spain's redemption had touched her skies to double brightness. All things seemed possible to Liberty. Madrid, that splendid web of cities, Cordova, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, with a host of other towns, vied with one another to secure the services of Castelar as their representative in the Constituent Cortes. He chose for Saragossa, the heroic. The partisans of democracy believed that under his leading they could at once found the Republic. It was not so determined. The Cortes of '69, which Castelar entered as the most powerful and brilliant member, decreed as the first article of the new Constitution that Spain should continue as a monarchy. Then came an extraordinary spectacle. The crown which had pressed the brows of Ferdinand and Isabella the Great went begging for a head to wear it! After being thrown successively at the feet of seven royal dynasties of Europe and successively spurned, it was offered to a scion of German royalty whose name, it was said, no Spaniard could either pronounce or spell,— the very sound of whose title ignited the fiercest conflagration of modern Europe,— the Teutonic Herr, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen!

At last the much-rejected regal bauble was shuffled on the fatuous brow of Amadeo, the second son of Victor Emanuel of Italy. Amadeo was unfortunate from the first. He was designated by the Spanish nobles as the intruder King. The irreverent populace dubbed him Macaroni I. The republicans assailed him in the Cortes. Castelar, addressing the monarchists, said: "It is a duty I owe my country and my conscience to say that on your work, in spite of its having come from far lands, over so many miles of sea and railway transit, all the world can read these words, 'Glass with care — Glass with care — Glass with care.'" The boys in the streets cried, "Italians to the train!"

Amadeo grew sick of his Spanish estates, and at the end of two years decided to accept the advice of the street gamins. One February morning in 1873 he accordingly took the train for his Italian possessions in the valley of Aosta. Then came at last the awaited hour of the Republic. Castelar held in his brain a ready-made scheme of government — that of the United States. He drew a Constitution in twenty-four hours. In his ardor he believed that it would be a panacea for all the ills of his country; that he could "suddenly engraft on the ancient trunk of Spanish nationality, gnarled and deadened by centuries of superstition and tyranny, the quick buds of liberty."*

He would have builded his republic like that ideal one of Plato, to the sound of music. He rose to its presidency and was to make his trial. The experiment, like the monarchy of Amadeo, was a failure. Jealousies among his own party, the Republicans themselves, crises in the ministry, the priests, and the reactionary factions all conspired against him. The difficulties were overwhelming. "The new government, while offering to Spain for the first time in history the opportunity for freedom, liberated by its very novelty all the lawless elements of the nation. The Spanish people themselves were as yet ludicrously unschooled in the methods of popular government. The Republic and universal suffrage were accepted, in some parts of the country, to mean decorations to be distributed by the Government and worn on Sunday at the bull-fights." *

No human genius could have saved that Republic. But Castelar's figure and bearing through it all, as its animating soul, were magnificent. Disaster was but the setting of his resplendent courage. Against gloom itself his greatness cast a shadow, and before the end the sympathy and admiration of the world were his. Doomed beyond hope to failure, he still upheld for a time by the sheer force of his eloquence the hopes of his Republican countrymen for this ideal shape of human freedom. But there came speedily one of those days familiar to modern Europe — a day of *coup d'état*. On the second of January, 1874, General Pavia, Captain-General of Madrid, invading the Cortes, Cromwell-like, dispersed the assembly at the musket's mouth, and the days of the Republic were over. But its ferment endured in her blood. Castelar's reign had been as the khalifate of Abou Hassan — the reign of a day. The provisional government which ensued offered him a portfolio of office. He refused as haughtily as Cato. "My conscience," he said, "will not allow me to associate with demagogues, and my conscience and my honor keep me aloof from a state of things created by bayonets."

* "Spain of To-day," *International Review*, Sept., 1881.

And then, seeing no further service which in that crisis he could render Spain, he strode with dignity out of it on a second tour through Europe.

Such, until ten years since, when the Spanish Democracy fell, was the career of this great Latin Republican. But Castelar has been something more than the inspired citizen of a political epoch. He is a permanent part of the pride and greatness of his native land. Henceforward the historian must write: "Spain in the sixteenth century produced a cavalier novelist, Cervantes, who, turning his lance into a pen, pierced the bubble of her mediæval society; in the nineteenth century she gave birth to an orator, who, converting eloquence into a sword, hewed down the despotism of her state — Castelar." But the varied talents of this gifted Spaniard have a significance even beyond the bounds of his country: they are cosmopolitan.

Nature would seem to have withheld from him all those defects and rained upon him the excellences with which she has endowed the sons of eloquence since Demosthenes. He is the beau ideal of orators. Bossuet added the force of impassioned utterance to the religious fervors of an epoch. Danton, Mirabeau, and Camille Desmoulins were the mouthpieces of revolutionary tempest. Chatham was the orator of political vehemence and the budget. Webster, the majestic "expounder," was the orator of lawyers. Gladstone, that Saxon Nestor whose winged words are wont to bleach the sordid politics of England in a night, is the most facile of parliamentary polemics. Free from the limitations of these, Castelar adds to their various gifts a cosmic range of conception, a brilliance of expression wholly his own. He is the orator of the universal. Edmund Burke, the Bacon of political generalizers, talked to sleeping senators and empty benches. Castelar, with a passion for general truth more varied, because it is the passion of the poet, holds his audiences bound as with a spell.

The resources of learning which feed the flame of his tongue appear inexhaustible. The data of science and history are at his instant command, employed not as by other orators for rhetorical adornment, but woven in the woof of his thought. So prolonged, so accurate, so minute has been his examination of the past that every age appears to have exhaled to him its secret. As one hears him speak, the winds of the centuries seem blowing across his fervid spirit as over an æolian harp, issuing in solemn music from his lips.

Describing his own consciousness in the presence of the Parliament, he has said: "I no longer see the walls of the chamber; I behold only distant peoples and ages which I have never seen." From Rome, Egypt, Assyria, Palmyra, or Carthage he plucks his arguments and symbols, as if antique empires were but things of yesterday. His prodigious learning is no less at home with the present. The politics and policies, the histories and secret diplomacies, the arts, the literatures, the systems of economy of the European states,— his familiar studies of the closet,— fused in the glowing alembic of his brain, are poured out at will in the amazing flights of his oratory.

Many of the occasions of Castelar's eloquence have been as scenic as the effects of his oratory itself. It was on his visit to Italy in 1875, after having left Spain for the second time in the previous year, that he stood in a magnificent banqueting-hall in Rome. Italy had only recently achieved that scheme of unity and independence born in the dreams of her mediæval poets. An entombed nationality risen from the dust, a specter ripe-veined with life, aglow with color as the dawn over the Apennines, she stood erect, a miracle confronting history. In that Roman banqueting-hall the great chiefs of her resurrection and independence, headed by Mancini, Depretis, and Crispi, had assembled to do honor to the Spaniard. Over them swung the kissing banners of the Italian states mingled with the colors of Spain. To the enthusiastic address of welcome from the lips of the Roman chiefs, Castelar began his memorable response: "Gentlemen, the dream of fifteen centuries is realized. You have done what the Roman Cæsars could not do, nor the Ostrogoths nor the Lombard kings. What Frederic of Suabia and his illustrious descendants could not effect by their death-struggle with the Guelphs and the Angevins,— that which neither Dante nor Petrarch saw in spite of invoking the Emperor of Germany to make the sword of the Holy Empire the axis round which Italy revolved,— that which Julius II. could not effect with his cannon, nor Leo X. with his arts,— that which Savonarola could not make a reality by giving himself to God, nor Machiavelli by giving himself to the Devil, has been done by you. You have made Italy one; you have made Italy free; you have made Italy independent."

On a field night in the Cortes, in the discussion of a proposed constitutional clause establishing universal religious toleration, Castelar was charged by the clerical faction with atheism. The orator sprang to his feet, and advancing to the very front of the chamber startled the deputies by holding in his uplifted hand the fragment of a human skull gathered from the moldering heaps of dust of those victims who had been burned on the grand

plaza of Toledo by the order of the Inquisition in the reign of Philip II., while he invoked the spirits of the countless martyrs to religious intolerance, and with volcanic flashes of eloquence drew the picture of Spain desolated under her centuries of superstition. The occasion was dramatic almost beyond oratorical precedent, and the effect indescribable. The session of the Cortes was abruptly suspended.

Castelar's greatest triumphs in eloquence have been mainly achieved like this one before the Spanish parliamentary assembly. He has long been the acknowledged first orator of that presence. Every deputy readily makes way for him. "Place to Castelar!" is a motto of the assembly. His eloquence has been familiar to Spain now for twenty years, but it is still considered an event in Madrid to hear him speak. His friend, the Italian Edmondo de Amicis, in his "Spain and the Spaniards," has thus graphically described him as he appears before the Cortes: "On the day he is to speak . . . the President arranges matters so that his turn comes when the tribunes are crowded and all the deputies are in their places; his newspapers announce his speech the evening before, so that the ladies may procure tickets. . . . Before speaking he is restless and cannot keep quiet one instant. He enters the chamber, leaves it, reënters, goes out again, wanders through the corridors, goes into the library and turns over the leaves of a book; rushes into the café to take a glass of water; seems to be seized with a fever; fancies he will not know how to put the words together, that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head — he has confused and forgotten everything. 'How is your pulse?' his friends ask smilingly. When the solemn moment arrives, he takes his place with bowed head, trembling and pallid as a man condemned to death, who is resigned to losing in a single day the glory acquired with so many years of fatigue. He gives a glance around him and says, 'Señores.' He is saved! His courage returns. His mind grows clear and his speech comes back to him like a forgotten air. The President, the Cortes, the tribunes disappear. He sees nothing but his gestures, hears nothing but his own voice, and feels naught but the irresistible flame which burns within him, and the mysterious force which sustains and upholds him." His eloquence is music; he has harmony in his mind, and follows it. One must hear him in order to credit the fact that human speech without poetical measure can so closely approach to the harmony of song. His heart is that of an artist as well as his intellect. "He speaks by the hour, and not a single deputy leaves the room; not a person moves in the tribunes, not a voice interrupts him; not even when he breaks the regulations has the President sufficient courage to interrupt him. He displays at his ease the picture of his republic clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not dare protest, because, so clothed, they too find it beautiful. Castelar is master of the assembly; he thunders, lightens, sings, rages, and gleams like fireworks, makes his auditors smile, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, and goes away with his head in a whirl."

Like Cavour, Castelar has drawn his inspirations of liberty from the English Constitution. Solitary among continental statesmen, he understands the genius of the United States — that absolute spirit of liberty which is not Celtic but Saxon, which does not persecute and is without fear. Of this spirit he became, in the epoch after the flight of Isabella, the illumined expositor and apostle, filling Spain with the light of its teaching.

Such is Castelar's place in the history of his country. And not in Spain alone, but in all Europe he has implanted conceptions of democracy which will not die. To him the Continent has been at school. Castelar's dream is the Federal Republic of Europe.

In Spain they never tire of repeating passages from the splendid outbursts of his eloquence during that formative epoch succeeding the Revolution.

"I would wish," he said, "for my country the art of Italy, the thought and science of Germany, the genius and universal spirit of France, the liberty and labor of England, the democracy and the Republic of the United States."

It is against the Spanish priests, and the mighty influence of Rome in his native land, in their hostility to progress and free government, that Castelar has waged his most tremendous warfare. In framing measures of reform he has a hundred times beaten them back, terrifying them into silence in the Parliament, with scorching rebuke. Closing his address in the debate already alluded to, on religious toleration, he gave utterance to one of his most soaring periods: "God is great in Sinai. The thunders precede him, the lightnings attend him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in fragments. But there is a greater God than this. On Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsting, dying, he prays, 'Father, forgive my executioners, pardon my persecutors, for they know not what they do!' Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy. And I, in the name of that religion,— I, in the name of the Gospel,

appeal to you, legislators of Spain, to place in the front of your fundamental constitution liberty, equality, fraternity with all mankind!" Then, facing the clerical deputies, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, you are at war with the Head of your church! Were I a priest, I would pray, 'God bless these legislators, who are enacting on earth thy justice and thy grace!'"

The utterances of Castelar, as strong and rhetorically surpassing as they must be acknowledged to be in any tongue, lose something of their proper cadence and effect in translation. His diction, converted into English, has frequently the appearance of redundance, and even of hyperbole. He should be heard and read in Spanish. No language but the sonorous and poetic speech of Castile, majestic as Homer, musical as the plashings of the Mediterranean on the shores of his native land, could fitly voice his eloquence.*

In the temperature of his opinions Castelar belongs both to the older and newer time. As a mere artist of expression he bears traces of kinship to three literary men of modern Europe besides Victor Hugo. These are Lamartine, Henri Taine, and John Ruskin. His diction more than theirs, however, is instinctively that of the forum. But his utterances, like theirs and unlike the froth of reputed eloquence, will go into the history of literature.

Compared with Gambetta, his only contemporaneous rival as an orator, it may be said that Castelar's genius is far less purely administrative and political than was Gambetta's.

If the effects aimed at by the oratory of Gambetta were more immediate, those produced by Castelar are farther reaching. If there was more terror in the Gaul, there is more grandeur in the Goth. Gambetta spoke always to France; Castelar to the world. The Frenchman was the embodied genius of political force achieving instant ends by the weight of a mighty and aggressive personality; the Spaniard is a scholar, a poet, a philosopher who entrances his fellows with the spell of ideas.

As a statesman Castelar is marked not only by the catholicity but by the sanity of his intellect. With an imagination as radiating as light, a tolerance liberal as air, and a spirit of deathless insurgence against every form of unrighteous authority, he has not been led to the Utopias. He has said, "I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience nor the hope of immortality in the soul."

Defending his favorite idea of government — the government that shall "accord liberty to every manifestation of the human spirit"— he exclaims: "We must have an end of all persecution of ideas. I condemn the governments of France and Prussia when they oppress the Jesuits; I condemn the government of Russia when it oppresses the Jews; I af-

* The following description of Castelar's personal appearance is given by Colonel John Hay, in his "Castilian Days": "On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chantrey's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same pure oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of disputing the field, has retired discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was well-nigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful, convincing momentum of the greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damaskeened with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering in naked blueness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in the delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in very truth, those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, 'It was not the torrent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully.' This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not conned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under proper discipline. He has the world's history at his tongue's end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to do service.

"His action is also most energetic and impassioned. It would be considered redundant in a Teutonic country. If you do not understand Spanish, there is something almost insane in his gesticulation. I remember a French diplomat who came to see him in one of his happiest days, and who, after looking intently at the orator for a half hour, trying to *see* what he was saying, said at last in an injured tone, 'Mais! c'est un polichinelle, celui-là.' It had not occurred to me that he had made a gesture. The whole man was talking from his head to his feet."

firm that to persecute ideas is like persecuting light, air, electricity, or the magnetic fluid,—because ideas escape all persecution; when repressed they explode like powder." But he has ever repelled that delirium of liberty which is the dream of the communist, the socialist, and the intransigeant.

Nothing has more marked the public career of Castelar than his friendship for America. He neglects no opportunity to express with glowing words his admiration of the institutions of the United States. There are single sentences in which he has analyzed to the core the history and character of our Anglo-Saxon democracy, and which contain the most masterful descriptions ever drawn of our national life.*

In addition to the numerous volumes of his speeches, the literary works of Señor Castelar, consisting of novels, dramas, reviews, and essays on government, composed in the hours seized from public duties, constitute a small library in the Spanish language. Those of his writings accessible in English are his essays contributed to English and American magazines, his papers on Byron and Dumas, and a portion of his notable *Recuerdos de Italia*, translated some years since by Mrs. Arthur Arnold, under the title of "Old Rome and New Italy."

In these latter years the utterances of Castelar are listened to by his partisans in Spain with almost that worshipful enthusiasm accorded to those of Victor Hugo in France. It is conceived of him by his countrymen what Cicero said of Ennius, "that with him will die an art of word-painting which no coming man can restore!" The more memorable of Castelar's recent public appearances are the occasions on which from time to time he has delivered addresses before the Royal Academy of Madrid, and those of his speeches on his tours through the provinces.

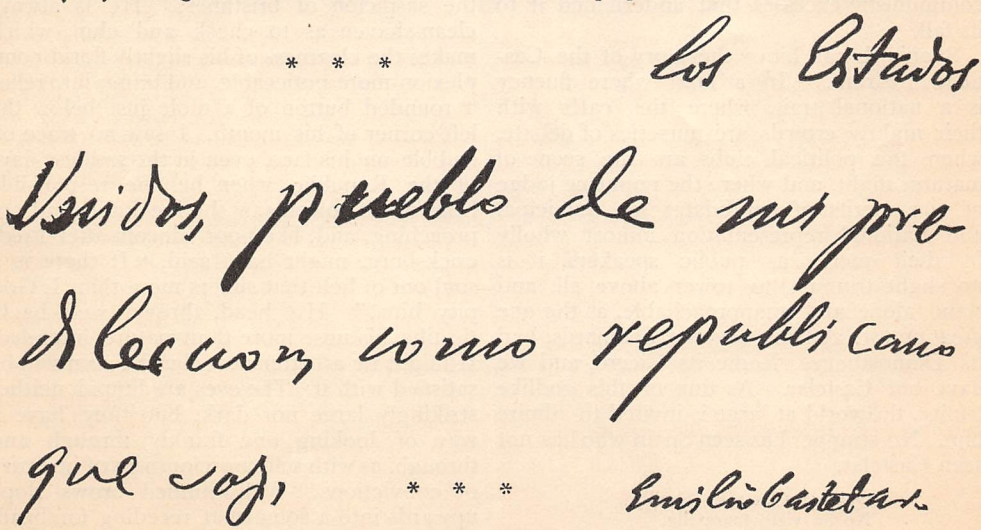
Like Cavour and Gambetta, whom in so many respects of person and career he resembles, Castelar is a bachelor. In a quiet street of Madrid he keeps his modest home, supporting himself, at the age of fifty-three as at thirty, with tireless literary labors. The service of his country has left him rich only in honor. Every worthy book issued from either the English or American press, as from that of the Continent, he acquires for his ample library.

Nine years ago, moved with a consciousness that he might again be of service to his countrymen, Castelar returned to Spain from a two years' absence on his second wanderings over Europe, and took his seat in the Cortes, deputy elect from the republican city of Barcelona. Making a vow to accept himself no office under any form of government save that

* In a recent letter to an American residing in Madrid (as correspondent of the New York *Herald*), answering his request for Señor Castelar's views on the proposed commercial treaty with the United States, he says:

"It pleases me as regards the United States, the nation of my predilection being, as I am, republican, for its stipulations tend toward fuller politico-economic relations, thus inaugurating a new and progressive mercantile policy with the nation which discovered the New World, and which, by reason of that discovery, should justly exert great influence therein. . . . I believe that the United States will esteem Spain the more as their relations with us, here or in the New World, increase. . . . These are my hopes and my desires; for, as when slavery was abolished in Porto Rico during my administration and preparations made for doing away with slavery in Cuba which could not be realized for want of time, and as when initiating and concluding the negotiations in the celebrated *Virginius* case, it has ever been my purpose as a liberal, as a democrat, to strengthen more and more the constant historical friendship between our people and the American people."

* * *



of a republic, with the keen sagacity of a practical statesman he allied himself with Sagasta, chief of the dynastic Liberals, to regain such liberties for his country as were possible under the monarchy of the restored Bourbon. Once more the thunders of his eloquence, rising above the walls of the chamber of the Cortes, rang over Spain in appeal for the lost rights of the Revolution. By that spiral law of history which he confidently invoked, the appeal has been measurably answered. Led by the Latin Gladstone, Sagasta, and cheered on by the Republican chiefs, the forces of Liberty in Spain have made undoubted progress,— though again and again this progress has been doomed to undergo temporary eclipses under such reactionary administrations as those of Cánovas.

William Jackson Armstrong.

REMINISCENCES OF CASTELAR.

MUCH as an enthusiastic collector of art-treasures possesses some inestimable gem, to be carefully guarded from profane touch and exhibited on occasions for the applause and, it may be, the envy of less fortunate collectors, Spain has its Castelar. Next to Cervantes, his name has become known abroad better than that of any other Spaniard. To the people of the United States, especially, it has become endeared; for Castelar is in our eyes the embodiment of the republican idea, in a land where traditional religious faith and ingrained obedience to the extremest tenets of absolutism offered an unpromising soil for the development of democracy. In this stony ground Castelar has long been a tireless worker, but the sowing of the seed has been done by other hands. Orense, Figueras, Pí y Margall were the creators, the prime movers of modern Castilian republicanism; but to the marvelous eloquence of Castelar is due most of the fructifying growth that culminated in the Republic of 1873, and, unfortunately, in the communistic excesses that undermined it to its fall.

Spaniards call him "the glory of the Castilian rostrum." In a land where fluency is a national trait, where the cafés with their nightly crowds are nurseries of debate, where the political clubs are the scene of maturer flight, and where the populace judge of the merits of candidates for municipal and national representation almost wholly by their merits as public speakers, it is no slight triumph to tower above all, and stand alone and unapproachable, as the one great orator. Athens, say the Spaniards, had its Demosthenes, Rome its Cicero, and we have our Castelar. As one of this godlike trinity, the world at large is invited to admire him. No stranger has seen Spain who has not seen Castelar.

> Quien no ha visto Sevilla
> No ha visto maravilla.

It was my good fortune to meet Castelar in the autumn of 1869, when he was flushed with the triumph of "the greatest effort of his life," his fervid speech on the Spanish Constitution. The first impression one has on seeing him is that nature has exhausted herself in building a perfect machine for human vocal utterance. Slightly above the middle height, and stoutly built without positive corpulence, his notably erect carriage gives to his splendidly rounded chest seemingly titanic proportions. The effect is enhanced, perhaps, by his habit of wearing a low-cut waistcoat and a slender necktie, leaving a snowy expanse of linen, on which a rare ink-spot at times attests the absorbing character of his studious pursuits. A low collar shows the prominent sinews of a neck of almost taurine contour. Square, powerful jaws enframe a large, straight-cut mouth. The lips, slightly sensuous in their fullness, are half-hidden by a heavy moustache of wiry, dark-brown hair, curved enough to relieve it from the suspicion of bristliness. He is always clean-shaven as to cheek and chin, which makes the clearness of his slightly florid complexion more noticeable, and brings into relief a rounded button of a mole just below the left corner of his mouth. I saw no trace of stubble on his face, even in the saddest days of the Republic, when he, the responsible head of its power, saw the inevitable end approaching, and, like poor Lincoln after Fredericksburg, might have said, "If there is a soul out of hell that suffers more than I, God pity him!" His head, thrown well back, tip-tilts his nose more than nature intended. It might be a better nose, but he seems to be satisfied with it. The eyes are limpid, neither strikingly large nor dark, but they have a way of looking one frankly through and through, as with self-consciousness of integrity of convictions. Well-rounded brows slope upwards into a somewhat receding forehead,

made more conspicuous by baldness. One looks, and sighs for the superhuman frontal bulk of Webster. Castelar's chin, too, is inadequate. It is delicately rounded, but there ought to be more of it. If he had possessed Serrano's forehead and chin, the Spanish Republic might have been a living thing to-day.

But his voice! Like Salvini's, once heard it is never to be forgotten. Whether in the softly modulated tones of conversation, when the peculiar Andalusian accentuation is now and then characteristic, or rising to the sober force of demonstrative declamation, or trembling with feeling, or sweeping all before it in a wild Niagara of invective, it is always resonant. His slightest whisper pierces to the farthest corner of the Hall of Deputies, his fiercest Boanerges-blast is never harsh. This orator found his chiefest implement ready fashioned to his use. *He* never had to fill his mouth with sea-shore pebbles.

I saw him make his famous speech on the bill for Cuban emancipation. Madrid was agog for weeks beforehand. It was announced that Castelar was to make the grandest effort of his life. Tickets for the galleries were eagerly sought. Every deputy was in his seat, every nook was filled. The initial proceedings interested no one. A Spaniard said to me, "All Madrid has come to a Castelar matinée."

His gestures, like those of most Castilian speakers, were ceaseless and somewhat exaggerated. Some seemed to be peculiar to himself. I remember one in particular, when, with fingers loosely interlaced and palms upturned, he seemed to winnow a double handful of nothing for a minute or two. It accompanied a passage of marvelous pathos, descriptive of the sad condition of the slave. Another, which is, I think, a national gesture, consists in taking an idea, as it were, between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, holding it up, turning it around, showing it on this side and that, above and below, as if it were a gem with many facets, and at the last releasing it, high in air, like some living thing, to speed through space. This generally accompanies some didactic demonstration. At times the redundancy of gesture is almost pantomimic. One would, perhaps, then recall Salvini's description of his escape in "La Morte Civile." The grandest part of that emancipation speech was the apostrophe to Lincoln. Step by step he drew the picture of the great emancipator's life and life-work, "until, at the last, that nothing might be wanting to his glory, not even martyrdom, like Socrates, like Christ, like all redeemers, he fell at the foot of his finished work, *his* work, upon which humanity will forever shower its tears and God his benedictions!" And the prolonged thunders of applause that followed did an American heart good.

The speech accomplished little. It passed as a splendid pageant. Castelar advocated immediate emancipation in Cuba and Puerto Rico; the measure for gradual enfranchisement prevailed. Oratory like Castelar's is mostly on the side of the minority, and not, as a rule, to be measured by results. Its faculty seems to be critical and subversive, rather than creative and conservative. If Castelar were not in opposition, he would not be Castelar.

Perhaps the most vivid association I have of Castelar belongs to the memorable night after King Amadeo's abdication, when the Spanish Republic was formed. The Senate and House met in the Hall of Deputies and coalesced, with doubtful constitutionality, to form a Constituent Assembly. The result was known to be a foregone conclusion, and as the hours wore on in routine and in needless debate, the impatience of the Assembly and auditors increased. Castelar spoke but little. As reporter of an appointed committee, he presented a finely turned address to Amadeo, accepting the renunciation of the crown. Later he spoke, urging moderation and the adoption of federal organization. It was late at night when the vote was reached, to choose between the Republic and the monarchy. It was overwhelmingly for the Republic, 259 yeas, 32 nays. Estanislao Figueras, the grand, consistent Federalist, to whom more than any man Spain owes what it has of true democratic teaching, was elected President of the Executive Power of the Spanish Republic. The cabinet was chosen too, Castelar being Minister of State. One by one, as their names were announced, they left their seats in the Assembly to range themselves on the Blue Bench where royal ministers had sat. There was silence in the auditory, save a brief applause as each name was called, but it was a silence of emotion, and strong men hugged each other and wept because the Republic had come at last. And the main figure in my recollection is that of Castelar, more erect than ever, his eyes brimming, his hands tightly closed, moving down the central passageway from the seat he modestly occupied on the left at the rear, and entering the Blue Bench next after Figueras. His dream had come true!

A few days later General Sickles was formally received by Figueras as envoy of the United States. The President was surrounded by his cabinet, after the traditional Spanish fashion, Castelar on his right. The speeches made and hands shaken, Castelar violated all

rules of ministerial decorum by hugging me, in the odd Castilian way, patting my back with one hand, and crying, "We have lived to see this day at last!"

We lived to see other and darker days for the Republic. Administration succeeded administration with the shifting indistinctness of a nightmare. The phantasm of Carlism loomed ominously on the northern horizon. The work of framing a Constitution aroused hopeless dissensions in the party. Castelar's idea was a true federation, each of the old kingdoms of Spain to be a sovereign state, and all banded in a common pact. Of the ultra states-rights doctrine was born the hydra of communistic secession. It was Castelar's fate to be chosen President in season to confront the Commune of Murcia. His rule was undeniably weak. Contrary to all the teachings of his life, he found himself reduced to the obnoxious resort of a centralized military autocracy, and compelled to lean for aid on generals of royalist proclivities. To add to his perplexity came the disastrous incident of the *Virginius*. He did his best to avert a rupture with the United States, but at the cost of prestige at home and in the Antilles. At length, outvoted in the Assembly, he retired to private life with unfeigned relief, and with him the Republic fell. It would have been better for him had he never felt the burden of responsible power.

Since then Castelar's position in the political world of Spain has been anomalous. Opposed by his own party in Barcelona, he has been returned to the Chamber through the toleration of the monarchy. Abstaining from all revolutionary plottings, he has proclaimed himself a "Possibilist," unprepared to actively combat any government which may bring constitutional peace to Spain. Formerly a bitter opponent of army power, and enthusiastic in his admiration of the absence of a great standing army in the United States, he came to advocate a military government like that of Germany as the highest human achievement, and contrasted the compulsory service of the Landwehr and Landsturm with that of England and the United States, whose soldiers he said were "mercenaries and hirelings." Once steadfastly opposed to the death penalty in the army, he later urged it because, he said, "the soldier would not face death unless certain death were behind him if he recoiled."

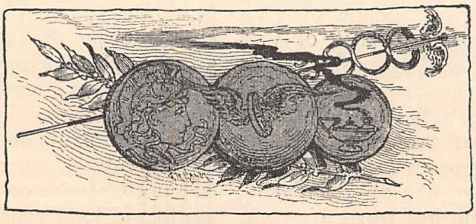
Castelar does not appear to have been regarded by the royalist governments of later Spain as a dangerous opponent. On the contrary, there has been something akin to and perhaps overpassing toleration, in his conservation of a place in the passive minority. He speaks as of old, but rarely, and is ever "the glory of the Spanish rostrum."

Of the character of his oratory it is not easy to speak. His discourses do not bear close analysis. Cánovas, Alonso Martinez, Sagasta, Mártos, and many others are his masters in debate. In fact, Castelar is not a good debater. Set speeches are his peculiar province. I have heard it said that they are written and committed to memory. Taken unawares by a shrewd logician, whom florid generalities will not silence, he does not show to advantage.

His style is, to our more sober Saxon thinking, redundant, and laden with tropes and metaphors. His reasoning is essentially poetical; imagination outweighs logic, and similes and illustrations take the place of argument. His rhetorical manner may be evidenced by a sentence I find in an album,— and, by the way, I know of no man more ready than Castelar to give his autograph, with a sentiment attached:

"Faith," he writes, "may change its aim, but ever remains in the depths of human nature as the supremest virtue, impelling to supreme acts. Life is, and will ever be, a stormy ocean. To cross this ocean, in Faith, and in Faith alone, must we embark. In this bark the prophet Columbus set sail, and, at his journey's end, found a New World. If that World had not existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the waves, if only to reward the faith and constancy of that man. We shall yet behold throughout the world that liberty and equality whose dawnings already shine upon the pure brow of America the virgin, because we are resolute in our search thereof and possess assured faith that we shall find it."

Alvey A. Adee.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook for our Cities.

WHAT De Tocqueville saw so clearly forty years ago is evident now to the wayfaring man, though not a philosopher — the fact, namely, that the crucial problem of American civilization is to be worked out in the cities. If in 1848 the size of our cities and the nature of our population constituted "a real danger," what must be true of them to-day? The most populous of our cities has nearly trebled its population since then; the same is true of Philadelphia and Cincinnati; Brooklyn and St. Louis have increased sixfold; San Francisco has sprung from fifteen or twenty thousand to three hundred thousand, and Chicago from about the same numbers to six hundred thousand; while scores of cities, populous, noisy, full of the most intense and turbulent life, like Minneapolis and St. Paul and Kansas City and Omaha and Denver, had not even a name when De Tocqueville was our honored guest. Less than three millions of our people were then living in cities; now more than twelve millions find their homes in cities whose population exceeds eight thousand. Since 1848 the population of the whole country has trebled, and the fraction which describes the proportion of the urban population to the whole population has been doubled; for then the cities held only one eighth of our people, and now they contain nearly one fourth of a population threefold greater. The size and number of our cities would astonish the French publicist, if he could return to our shores to-day. As to the nature of the population, there is not much reason for believing that it has improved. It is less homogeneous and less orderly now than it was then; the extremes of wealth and poverty are farther apart; discontent is deeper and more threatening; vicious politics are more strongly intrenched; the domination of the rum-power is more arrogant and more absolute; the spirit of mercantilism has constantly encroached upon public spirit, and the men of intelligence and business standing who take active part in municipal politics are relatively fewer now than they were forty years ago. In 1848 our millionaires might have been counted on the fingers of one hand, and we had almost no paupers; now we have millionaires by the hundred and paupers by the hundred thousand, and both these classes are almost confined to the cities. The new rich, with all the vices of their class, with none of the cultivation and discipline which are traditional in a hereditary aristocracy, and with a boundless contempt for everything that money cannot buy, are making a figure in our city life to-day that would have amazed the grandees who were flourishing about the middle of this century. At the other end of the social scale vast multitudes of our city people are huddled together in districts, of which the population is more dense than that of any precinct of Pekin — in tenement houses where the physical conditions make health and comfort and morality and even common decency impossible. It is out of these compost heaps of humanity that the fungi of communism and nihilism spring; and the extent to which these notions have spread among the poorer classes is not, probably, realized by our prosperous and fortunate people.

On the whole the outlook for our great cities is not reassuring; and it is not strange that a congress of churches was lately gathered at Cincinnati to study the problem, and to discover, if possible, some remedies for the increasing evils. The congress is itself a hopeful sign; the disposition to look the facts steadily in the face, to know the worst of the ills that afflict us, is the first condition of successful work for their removal.

Two or three facts may be assumed as fundamental in dealing with this great question. The first is that the unfortunate condition of our cities is aggravated by the absenteeism which is becoming so prevalent. Thousands of the men who are making their fortunes in the cities make their homes elsewhere. Their business enterprises draw together vast numbers of mechanics, operatives, shop-girls, clerks, messengers, who must live in the cities; and they themselves flee to the suburbs and leave the social life of the cities to be shaped by the keepers of the saloons and the proprietors of the theaters and the dance-houses. The class that escapes to the country is, very largely, the class that is most needed in the cities — the "upper middle class," the men of sound sense and steady habits. Their reasons for removing their families to more healthful homes and more quiet neighborhoods are obvious and cogent. The absenteeism of capitalists and employers is affecting the social and political life of our cities and manufacturing towns in much the same way that the absenteeism of landlords has affected the social and political life of Ireland. If men make their gains through the massing of these populations, they are bound to see to it that the people thus gathered together for their profit take no detriment from their associations; and the saving influence can only be exerted by those who live in the midst of the multitudes to be saved, and who helpfully address themselves to the problem of improving the social life of the cities.

The urgent need of a more active and energetic participation in the social, philanthropic, and political life of the cities by the business men now living in them is also obvious. The charitable work of the cities has been left, for the most part, to ministers and women. Some parts of this work can best be done by those to whom it has been surrendered; but there are other departments of it in which the firm judgment and the trained faculty of men of affairs are indispensable. The rapid growth of a pauper class in all our great cities calls for clear thinking and resolute effort.

The same thing is true of the work of the churches. The men of business have been liberal in their gifts of money to the churches, but they have bestowed very little of their time and thought upon their work. The great majority of the male members of the churches take no part in their life beyond the payment of their pew-rent and the attendance upon one service every Sunday. What plans the church may have for extending its

influence, for reaching the outside multitudes, for shaping, through its vital forces, the life of the community, they scarcely know, save as they hear them alluded to now and then from the pulpit. Now, here is an agency that ought to be most efficient in restraining the evils of society and in improving its conditions. In its origin this agency claims to be divine; but, like every other social institution, its usefulness depends upon human coöperation. The church can never be the power that it ought to be while so large a part of the intelligence and the enterprise of the community is withheld from its active service. It is not only in the management of its finances that the church needs these men of affairs, but in the development of its spiritual life and its benevolent work. A more business-like religion — one that takes hold in a practical, common-sense way of the problems of city-evangelization — is a crying need of these times.

The responsibility of the citizens of intelligence and property for the right government of the city is a tiresome commonplace. Nevertheless, it must be constantly reiterated. The power of these citizens to control the government, when they cast off the fetters of party and unite in the interest of public morality, is not doubted. So long as party lines are rigidly maintained in municipal politics, the rascals will always rule; they know how to combine, and they are thus able to control the nominations of one of the political parties, if not of both. But when the honest citizens unite, they always put the rascals to flight. This has been done in all our largest cities — in Brooklyn, in Philadelphia, in New York. The trouble arises from the fact that these uprisings of the people are spasmodic and occasional; they soon go back again to their buying and selling, and leave the field to the bad politicians. The fact to be urged upon citizens of intelligence and property is that they cannot keep the benefits of free government unless they are willing to pay full price for them. The whole duty of the average citizen cannot be discharged in the half hour that is required for the depositing of his ballot once or twice a year, nor by the check wherewith he pays his taxes. Citizenship in our American cities means more than this. Its obligations cannot be honored without devoting a great many hours in every year to study, and consultation, and difficult and disagreeable work.

Cheap Books under International Copyright.

CHIEF among the objections urged against International Copyright has been the allegation that it will make books dear: the people want cheap books, is the cry. The people want cheap beef and cheap bread, but this is not used as an argument for the denial of the protection of the law to the butcher and the baker. At first sight there may seem to be a certain plausibility in the assertion that the granting of copyright to the foreigner will make books dearer. The foreigner whose books we most often reprint is the Englishman, and certain kinds of English books are published originally at high prices. An English novel, for example, is generally issued in two or three volumes at from five to eight dollars; and a few of the lighter books of travel and biography are also published at a prohibitive price. This is because Great Britain is a small, compact country, with a highly organized system of circulating libraries. The English publisher does not expect to sell a novel at seven dollars to a single reader; his large and sure customers are the circulating libraries, who lend it to the reader. But these high prices, even for books of this class, are apparent only and temporary. A successful novel is republished within six months in one volume at from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. And whether republished or not, second-hand copies are generally sold off by the circulating libraries in less than a year at from a quarter to a half of the published price. The English system of high prices is applied only to certain classes of books, and even as to these it is temporary. Professor Lounsbury, after an experience of years in buying for the library of Yale, declares that in the long run English books are cheaper than American books.

There is no danger that English publishers will try to impose on American readers the traditional methods of British bookselling, wholly unsuited to our tastes, to our customs, and to the vast extent of our country. The English are a book-borrowing people; we are a book-buying people; and any attempt to establish in these broad United States the English system of circulating libraries would surely fail. We have no right to assume that any English publisher who should venture to enter the American market would be so foolish as not to adopt American methods and to conform to American conditions. It would be their loss if they did not, and the loss of the English authors whose books they might publish; and they would very soon return to reason. There are now two great English publishing houses having important branches in New York, and both of these carefully adjust prices to suit the American demand and the traditions of the American trade. One of these houses has published a novel of Mrs. Oliphant's in London in three volumes at seven dollars and a half, and at the same time in New York in one volume at a dollar.

The passing of an International Copyright Bill will not make American books any dearer, nor will it in any way affect the prices of books already published; therefore the Greek and Latin classics, the great literatures of Italy, Spain, France, and Germany, the whole of English literature to this year of grace, and all that part of American literature which was in existence in 1844, will be just as cheap as it has been. There will be no change of any kind as far as these things are concerned; and exactly how great a proportion of the books worth reading are included in these various classes it is impossible to say, but it is quite nine-tenths, not to say ninety-nine hundredths. The passing of an International Copyright Bill can raise the price only of the future writings of foreign authors, and these only when they are suitable for republication here in the cheap pamphlet libraries. Now, it is only the lesser part of the work of foreign authors which is reprinted here in the pamphlet libraries at from a dime to a quarter. In the main these pamphlet libraries contain novels, and novels only. In all probability new English novels will not be quite as cheap after international copyright as before. But it is only new English novels which may be any dearer, and these new English novels cannot be much dearer, because they must be published in competition with all the great novels of the past on which there is no copyright, and with the increasing novels of the brill-

iant American school, which have frequently been sold as cheaply as fifty cents.

Rising from details like these to a consideration of the general question, it is not difficult to show that the extension of copyright will not seriously increase the price of books. France, for example, is the country giving perhaps the fullest copyright protection to authors of all nations, without distinction. Literature prospers in France, and French authors are rewarded and honored; there are perhaps half-a-dozen French novelists who can be sure of a sale of fifty thousand copies for any new novel they may write. Yet nowhere are books cheaper than in France; and books have been cheap in France since Michel-Lévy wrought his literary revolution, now nearly half a century ago. A French novel appears generally in one volume at seventy cents, and it is often reprinted later in cheaper form for twenty cents. All the tales of that most delightful of story-tellers, the elder Dumas, can be bought in Paris for twenty cents a volume. American publishing methods are more closely akin to French than to English; and in America as in France the reading public has formed the habit of cheap books, to which no publisher would now dare to run counter.

OPEN LETTERS.

Christian Union.

LETTERS FROM PRESBYTERIAN DIVINES.

From Rev. Dr. Crosby.

THE Rev. Dr. Shields has prescribed a very simple remedy for church separation among Protestants; namely, union on the basis of the Protestant Episcopal liturgy. Coming from a Presbyterian, this is very complimentary to our Episcopal brethren, and very magnanimous for a Princeton man. We have heard of other easy schemes to the same end, as, for example, union on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant.

But the plan is too easy and simple; that is, it is so easy and simple for one denomination that it would be very hard for the rest. The one denomination that would have to do nothing would enjoy the operation, but those that had to do all the changing might find it a very severe process. We only know of two Presbyterian ministers who could be counted on as venturing on this one-sided consolidation — Dr. Shields himself and my excellent friend Dr. Hopkins. I know a little about Presbyterians, and of them only I speak. They are not in love with the Episcopal liturgy. They cannot extol it in the panegyric of Dr. Shields. They like parts of it very well, and count most of it excellent English, but they object to a great deal in it, and could never make use of it.

1. They object to the breaking up of prayer into little fragments, each beginning with an invocation and ending with a formal peroration. They consider this style of prayer too artificial and leading to a mechanical worship.

2. They object to the open-eyed reading of prayer, as tending to withdraw the mind from the unseen.

3. They object to the stereotyped prayer, however excellent.

4. They object to the Litany *in toto*, as putting the believer far off from God, calling on him to *spare* him as a miserable sinner, when, as an accepted child of God, he should reverently call upon God as a dear Father near at hand, ready to bestow his gifts abundantly. The Litany has no feature suited to the "heir of God or joint-heir with Christ." Many of the features of the Litany (like the prayer against sudden death) are but relics of Romanism, and its repetitions are unmeaning.

5. They object to the absolution *declaration*, which is only a toning-down of the Roman absolution *bestowal*. No minister is authorized to pronounce an absolution on the penitent, any more than one who is not a minister. That grand truth is for everybody to know and to proclaim. The minister has no prerogative here, as this section of the prayer-book would imply. It is a remnant of the priestly idea of a Christian minister, while Presbyterians hold that all believers are equally priests, and that a minister is only an ordained leader and ruler.

6. They object to the repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, as if it were a magical formula, which was effective by frequent repetition.

7. They object to the clear remnants of transubstantiation in the Communion Service and of baptismal regeneration in the Baptismal Service — two doctrines which Presbyterians abhor.

With such objections on the part of Presbyterians (in which, I doubt not, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists would largely concur), how can Dr. Shields's plan of union on the Episcopal liturgy be of avail?

The truth is that Christians cannot be made to agree on the points referred to, nor on secondary matters of doctrine and church government, nor is it desirable that they should agree. Down deep in the fundamentals of Christ's divinity, incarnation, sacrifice for sin, the gift of the Spirit, faith, repentance, the new life, Christians of all evangelical creeds and customs agree, and *on these they can unite*, but on nothing else. A visible union can be brought about only with the liberty of each Christian or group of Christians holding his or their differences in creed and custom. The union would be by periodical congress for prayer and conference, and by coöperative work in Christian associations and alliances for general effort against falsehood and infidelity. This union is feasible, and is, indeed, beginning to be a fact through more enlightened Christendom.

I am an out-and-out Presbyterian, but I find it a delight to work with my Episcopal friends in their admirable Church Temperance Society; I have worked side by side with Baptists and Methodists in City Missions and in Young Men's Christian Associations, and it never occurred to any of us to think of denominational differences; I am a member of two ministerial organizations where ministers of all the Protestant

denominations meet every week or fortnight, and the ties of friendship and esteem are equally strong between all. Here is Christian union of the highest sort. In maintaining and fostering such brotherhood we shall arrive at the perfection of Christian union, without touching the individual differences of view regarding the non-essentials of religion; and, furthermore, such a course will inevitably operate in making us all slough off such differences as are inimical in their spirit to true Christian fellowship. It will promote a spirit of yielding as against the spirit of mere prejudice, and establish true liberty in conjunction with solid and effective union.

The liturgy scheme is very pretty, but there is no substance in it. It is too romantic for plain people who wish for reality. It is a holding together the beams of a house with Spalding's glue. It looks very fair while it sticks, but a breath of the zephyr will bring chaos. We must have something that works from the heart outwards if we would have strength and permanency. That which is plastered on from without is deceptive and transitory.

Howard Crosby.

From Professor Hodge.

THERE are only two generically distinct doctrines of the Christian Church. The first maintains that it is essentially an organized society, its outward form as well as its informing spirit determined by the constitution originally imposed upon it by Christ, and this outward form preserved, through the succession of its officers, in unbroken organic continuity from the days of the Apostles until now.

The second doctrine maintains that the Church is a general term for the whole body of regenerated men, whether of past, present, or future generations. These are constituted one spiritual body by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, which unites them to Christ their head, as all the various elements and members of our natural bodies are constituted one by the indwelling of a common soul. The many members of this body being many are one body; and it is all the more one because of the infinitely various relations which the several members sustain to their Lord and to each other, determined by their various natural faculties, historical conditions, and gracious endowments.

A very slight knowledge of history proves that the doctrine of the Church first stated is impossible. It is simply absurd to pretend that any one of the various competing churches of the present or of any former age since the second century is identical in outward form with the societies founded by the Apostles, or that it has preserved its organic continuity intact by an unbroken succession of officers under an unchanged constitution from that age until now. It is, moreover, precisely in the case of those extant churches which most emphasize the absolute necessity of an identity of external form, and of an uninterrupted continuity of succession, that the absurdity of the claim is rendered the most conspicuous and certain, by the facts of their history and the wide contrast existing between their ecclesiastical order and forms of worship and the apostolic literature and monuments. The more thoroughly this theory of the Church, therefore, is put to the test, the more it is found to be inconsistent with all the providential facts of the case.

On the other hand, it is evident that the second doctrine of the Church as above stated is the one which alone justifies the application to it of the common predicates of apostolicity, catholicity, infallibility, perpetuity, and sanctity. The spiritual body is always faithful to the genuine apostolic doctrine in all its essentials; is infallibly preserved from all fatal errors of faith or practice; is set apart from the world as consecrated and morally pure; and endures through all conflicts and changes, as indestructible, and unchangeably one and catholic, embracing in one spiritual union all saints in all parts of the world, in all successive generations.

It is no less visible. When consummated, it is to be the most conspicuously glorious of all created objects, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." It is visible in its essential nature, because it exists in part of men and women living in the flesh, and because these possess a peculiar spiritual nature which is manifested in their lives, so that by the very force of their saintship they are set apart in contrast to the mass of mankind, as "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." Moreover, it belongs to the essential nature of this spiritual church, as composed of intrinsically social beings, who by reason of their saintship are loyal servants of their Master in a hostile world, that it everywhere and always tends to express itself in some external organized form, and so render itself the more definitely visible.

This tendency to self-organization is intrinsic, and therefore constant and universal, and acts always spontaneously, springing from the social nature of man, and from the common needs and aspirations of all its members. All the various forms which thence result have been comprehended in God's design, and are necessary for the spiritual development of the Church, and for the accomplishment of the great tasks it has been commissioned to perform. Yet the permanent results of biblical interpretation unite with the history of his providential and gracious guidance of the churches in proving that Christ never intended to impose upon the Church as a whole any particular form of organization. Neither he nor his apostles ever went beyond the suggestion of general principles, and the actual inauguration of a few rudimentary forms. The history of the churches during all subsequent ages shows that these rudimentary forms have been ever changing in correspondence with the changes in their historical conditions. And in exact proportion to the freedom and fruitfulness of the Church's activity in the service of its Master, the more rapidly and flexibly are these organic forms adapted to the conditions of the sphere in which their especial work is appointed. These various denominational forms of the living Church are all one in their essentials, and differ only in their accidents. These accidents have been determined in each case by conditions peculiar to itself, especially by those resulting from national character, and from political, social, educational, and geographical circumstances. Some have sprung from transient conditions, some from the idiosyncrasies of their founders, and some even from the follies and sins of selfish partisans. Other differences are rooted in far more permanent distinctions of nations and classes, and represent persistent rival tendencies in the thoughts and tastes and habits of man. All of

these, since they exist, and are used as instruments of the Holy Ghost, have in that fact a providential justification. And each one, even the least significant, emphasizes some otherwise too much neglected side of the truth, and is therefore, in its day, necessary to the completeness of the whole.

It is evident, therefore, that while the Church of Christ necessarily tends to self-organization under ordinary conditions, and to different forms of organization under different conditions, nevertheless organization itself is not of its essence. The Church exists antecedently to and independently of any organization, and its far larger part, embracing all mankind of all centuries dying in infancy, extends indefinitely beyond all organizations. All the more it is certain that no special form can be essential to the existence or even to the integrity of the Church.

As the outward form should express the true character of the informing spirit, of course, in an ideally perfect state the essential unity of the Church, as well as all other permanent characteristics, must find expression. All radical diversities, all irreconcilable oppositions, all bigotry, jealousy, alienation, and strife must be eliminated. But all unity implies relation, and all relations imply differences, and the sublime unity of the Catholic Church, of all peoples, and of all generations, implies the harmony of incalculable varieties. The principle of the union is spiritual and vital, and hence must be the result of an internal growth. The more perfect the inward life, the more perfect will be its outward expression in form. The final external form of the Holy Catholic Church will never be reached by adding denomination to denomination. It will come as all growth into organized form, alike in the physiological and in the social world, comes, by the spontaneous action of central vital forces from within.

All living unity implies diversity, and just in proportion to the elevated type and significance of the unity will be the variety of the elements it comprehends. In the barren desert each grain of sand is of precisely the same form with every other grain, and therefore there is no organic whole. The life of the world results from the correlation of earth and sky, of land and sea, of mountains and plains. All social unity springs out of the differences between man and woman, parent and child, men of thought and men of action, the men who possess and the men who need. No number of similar stones would constitute a great cathedral. No number of repetitions of the same musical sound would generate music. Always where the most profound and perfect unity is effected, it is the result of the greatest variety and complexity of parts. This law holds true through all varieties of vegetable, animal, and social organisms, and is revealed equally through all the pages of the geologic records.

Certainly God appears to be preparing to make the ultimate unity of the Church the richest and most comprehensive of created forms in the number and variety of its profound harmonies. It would have been a very simple thing at the first to form a homogeneous society out of the undifferentiated family of Adam, numerically multiplied. But for thousands of years God has been breaking up that family into a multitude of varieties, passing all enumeration. In arctic, torrid, and temperate zones; on mountains, valleys, coasts, continents, and islands; in endlessly drawn-out successions of ages; under the influence of every possible variety of inherited institution; in every stage of civilization, and under every political, social, and religious constitution; through all possible complications of personal idiosyncrasy and of external environment, God has been drawing human nature through endless modifications. All these varieties enter into and contribute to the marvelous riches of the Christian Church, for her members are "redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." And all these are further combined into all the endless varieties of ecclesiastical organizations, monarchical, aristocratical, republican, and democratic, which the ingenuity of man, assisted by all complications of theological controversy and of social and political life, has been able to invent.

Who then shall guide all these multitudinous constituents in their recombination into the higher unity? Shall it be accomplished by a process of absorption into some ancient society claiming to be *the Church?* Shall it be helped forward by the volunteered offices of some self-authorized "Church Congress"? A time can never come when many of these differences so evidently designed will be obliterated. But undoubtedly a time is soon coming when the law of differentiation, so long dominant, shall be subordinated to the law of integration, when all these differences so arduously won shall be wrought into the harmony of the perfect whole. The comprehension of so vast a variety of interacting forces must be left to God. His methods are always historical, and his instruments are all second causes. He alone has been cotemporaneous with the Church under all dispensations, and omnipresent with the churches of every nation and tribe, and with Him "a thousand years are as one day."

The sin of schism is unquestionably very common and very heinous. In its essence it is a sin against the unity of the Church. If this unity were external and mechanical, then all organic division or variety would be schism. But since the principle of unity is the immanent Holy Ghost binding all the members in one life to Christ its source, schism must consist in some violation of the ties which bind us to the Holy Ghost, or to Christ, or to our fellow-members.

Hence all denial of the supreme Godhead and Lordship of Christ is schism. All denial of the body of catholic doctrine, common to the whole confessing Church, and embraced in the great ecumenical creeds, is schism. All sin against the Holy Ghost, every breach of the law of holiness and defect in spiritual-mindedness, tends to the marring and dividing of the body of Christ. All pride, bigotry, and exclusive churchism; all claim that the true Church is essentially identical with a certain external organization or form of organization, or with a definite external succession of officers; all denial of the validity of the ministry and sacraments of any bodies professing the true faith, and bearing evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit, is schism. All party spirit, jealousy, and selfish rivalry; all unnecessary multiplication of denominational organizations; all want of the spirit of fraternal love and coöperation in the service of the common Master, tends to the marring and dividing of the body of Christ.

If this be true, it is evident that the real union of the churches can best be cultivated by promoting the

central spiritual unity of the Church which comprehends them all. For this end all who call themselves Christians must with one purpose seek to bring their whole mind and thought more and more into perfect conformity to the *Word of God* speaking through the sacred Scriptures, and their whole life and activity more and more into subjection to the control of the Holy Ghost dwelling in the whole body and in all its members alike. This process must, of course, proceed entirely from within outward, never in the reverse direction. Organic unity will be the result of the co-operation through long ages of an infinite variety of forces. It cannot be brought about by any system of means working towards it directly as an end in itself. All such unionistic enterprises are prompted by many mixed motives, some of them essentially partisan and therefore wholly divisive in their real effects. But hereafter in God's good time the result will come as an incidental effect of the ripening of all the churches in knowledge and love and in all the graces, and especially of a whole-souled self-forgetful consecration of all to the service and glory of their common Lord.

It appears to us that the very felicity of the title affixed by Dr. Shields to his graceful article renders it all the more illusive. The United States are all similarly organized republics, established in different though adjacent territories. The united churches of these United States, on the contrary, are incongruous ecclesiastical organizations, competing as rivals on the same territory. We differ also from the Doctor in our estimate of the comparative hindrances to union severally presented in the departments of dogmatic profession, of ecclesiastical order and government, and of liturgical culture; and we differ from him seriously in our reading of the tendencies of the age.

In the first place, we believe that doctrinal agreement could much more easily be effected than organic union or liturgical uniformity. Indeed, doctrinal agreement on the basis of a common creed confined to the essentials of the historic catholic Christian faith, relegating all other points of theological opinion to the schools, would be within the limits of English-speaking Protestantism a very hopeful undertaking, if only the great practical questions as to church government and worship were removed out of the way. The most dogmatically conservative and exacting among us freely recognize the common Christian brotherhood of all who cordially accept the essentials of the common faith. This has been practically exhibited on a wide scale, when the simple confession of the Evangelical Alliance received the spontaneous suffrages of all Protestant Christians, whether Lutherans, Arminians, or Calvinists. This dogmatic consensus, although general and confined to fundamentals, must necessarily be in the line of historic catholic orthodoxy. It must recognize a common source and standard of faith in the canon of inspired Scripture, the absolutely and only authoritative and infallible rule of faith and practice. It must embrace not the theories but the great essential facts of the supreme Godhead of Jesus, of his atonement, resurrection, government of the world, of his future and final judgment of all men. There can be no honest mutual toleration between those who hold and those who deny the supreme Godhead of our Lord. If they are right, we are the most gross of idolaters. If we are right, "they have made God a liar, because they believe not the record that God gave of his Son." And the whole scheme of doctrine and life depends upon the conception we form of Jesus, and the consequent attitude we assume to him.

We believe that the difficulty will be found far greater in the department of ecclesiastical constitution and government; and that not because it is felt to be more vitally important than that of dogmatic faith, but because it is concrete and practical, and because it is the very thing involved in this *organic* union it is proposed to bring about. The several competing principles of church constitution involve antagonistic dogmatic principles, which in this sphere of organic union cannot be ignored, while the very situation demands their practical application. It is worth noticing that the most prominent and confident advocates of organic union are Congregationalists or Episcopalians, representatives respectively of the extremes of the utmost possible organic indeterminateness and independency, and of the utmost possible hierarchical authority and organic immutability. Each of these parties appear to believe that the union of the churches can be effected only by the assimilation of all other bodies to their own. On the same principles, the centers being changed, we would all advocate organic union. It is quite certain that neither extreme will prevail in the universal Church. It is safe to predict that the historic Church will never admit the principle of independency, and that the churches of the Reformation will never organize upon any principle that involves the repudiated dogmas that the Christian minister is a priest, that grace is mediated essentially by sacraments, and that the apostolic office is perpetual. In this I am sure that I speak for the forty million non-Episcopal Protestants of the English-speaking world. It appears to be as certainly true, on the other hand, that communities loyal to historic Catholic Christianity can never organize upon any principle involving the exclusion of the children of professing Christians from church membership. In this I am sure that I truly represent the seventy million Catholic and Pedobaptist Protestant Christians in the English-speaking world.

As to the prospects of union in the department of liturgical culture, we think that Dr. Shields has been misled by his tastes and wishes when he judges it to be the tendency of all denominations in the United States to adopt liturgical forms, and predicts that ultimately all will adopt in common the liturgy of the English Episcopal Church. It is not to be denied that such a tendency may be discerned among certain classes of the inhabitants of our large towns. But a wide induction of the changes which have taken place during the last two hundred years among the entire English-speaking population of the world leads to precisely the opposite conclusion. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Protestant inhabitants of the home of our race in Great Britain who adhered to the use of the national liturgy as compared to those who rejected it were in the ratio of five to one. Now, after nearly two hundred years, they stand in the same island in a ratio of rather less than one to one, in the colonies of the empire in the ratio of one to three, and among the "united churches of the United States" at a ratio of a little less than one to twenty-eight. This tendency prevailing among Protestants uniformly

wherever the English-speaking race extends, and for so long a time, seems to render it certain that the churches will not be united through the common use of the liturgy of the English Church.

It is undoubtedly true, as Dr. Shields asserts, that the specific varieties which have subdivided the great generic churches are gradually disappearing, being merged in their respective general masses. But it is also true that the great generic distinctions between the churches, as between Prelatic and Presbyterian, as between Baptist and Pedobaptist, as between Lutheran and Reformed, as between Independents and Churchmen, remain as sharply cut and as rigidly maintained as ever. At the same time new, distinct varieties are being generated among the Africans in our Southern States, and among all the nations of the earth with whom the labors of our missionaries are now beginning to meet with a world-transforming success.

A. A. Hodge.

Timber Famine and a Forest School.

SAVAGES live lavishly as long as their stock of food lasts, although they know they will have to starve afterwards. We say they can never climb out of savagery until they learn to save and to provide for coming want. Yet with respect to the forests — which are, no doubt, the most indispensable product of the soil — we have acted very much as the Comanche does with respect to his store of food.

The value of our forest products is not less than eight hundred millions of dollars a year. Our store of white pine is rapidly approaching exhaustion, and other valuable species will be as ruthlessly wasted when the pine is gone. When the resulting timber famine comes, it will for several reasons be a more serious calamity than would be the failure for ten consecutive years of any other of our crops.

First. No other product has so great a money value.

Second. Any other crop requires only a short time, usually a year, to reach maturity, while a forest needs from thirty to one hundred years.

Third. We know how to raise other crops, but to superintend financially profitable timber-growing requires a long and severe special training, such as is afforded in the state forests of continental Europe and in the professional schools connected with them.

Fourth. Failure, or even great scarcity, of working timber involves the derangement or total ruin of a vast number of important industries which wholly or in part depend upon the forest for their raw material. Some of these are metallurgy, building, wood-turning, tanning and the manufacture of articles made of leather, the making of wagons, carriages, furniture, musical instruments, sewing-machines, etc. In short, almost everything one uses needs wood directly or indirectly for its production.

Fifth. Destruction of the forest, especially upon steep hillsides, causes irregularity in rainfall and other climatic changes very harmful to agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and health, besides the loss from floods, of which during the last few years we have had such sad experience. It is estimated that the last year's great flood in the Ohio cost sixty millions of dollars; and if the harm done by the much higher water of 1884 was less, it was only because that of 1883 did not leave so much property within reach of inundations.

But we shall never keep the hillsides wooded merely as a preventive measure. We must learn how to make timber-culture in such localities profitable; and that can never be done without skilled labor and such professional training for the superintendents of that labor as the forest schools of Europe afford.

The German Empire has nine such schools of a high grade; and France, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden have all made similar provision. In most of these countries there are also schools for training the forest officials of lower grades as well as the workmen.

In Germany graduation from a gymnasium, which is equivalent to the training given in most American colleges, is required before one can enter these higher forest schools. The course lasts from two and one-half to three years, and is so severe that only young men of more than common talent and industry can keep their place in the classes.

Then come ten years or more of hard study and practice in subordinate positions, after which, if one has acquitted himself well, he may hope for an appointment as district forester, but generally will have to wait longer before a vacancy occurs.

This long and arduous novitiate secures, of course, a high social rank for those who pass through it, and this creates so eager a desire for the position that there is never a lack of applicants, many of whom are from the best families. A few years since there were not less than thirty-three barons and knights employed in the crown forests of Prussia.

There are, too, many heirs of large landed estates who take this course so as to be fitted to take charge of their own forests, or at least to see that they are properly administered. Then there are many corporations organized for timber-culture, as it has been found that to be done to the best advantage it must be upon a large scale, since aside from other reasons it is only when so carried on that the services of properly qualified superintendents and workmen can be afforded. People of moderate means, therefore, must associate, if they would compete in the markets with rich proprietors and with the state.

A few words as to the nature and scope of the studies pursued in these schools.

First. Physical sciences. Here come in general and special chemistry, both inorganic and organic, physics, and meteorology, with thorough work in geology and mineralogy.

After this investigation of the "stoff" from which organisms are built comes botany in general and that of forests in particular, with microscopy. Next is zoölogy, vertebrate and invertebrate, with special attention to entomology, since insects are perhaps the worst enemies of trees. Withal, the art of making "preparations" of animal organisms must be mastered.

Second. Besides this work in natural science, which takes up about one-third of the school course, about half as much time is devoted to special mathematics, geodesy, interest and rent accounts, measuring wood, surveying, leveling, and plan-drawing.

Third. After these physics and mathematics, which

fill about half the course, come in such branches as public economy and finance, the culture and implements, the protection, usufruct, and technology of forests, appraising their value, making up statistics, construction of roads, etc.

Fourth. Then follows jurisprudence, civil and criminal, as applied to forests. And in connection with the entire course there are excursions to the woods, so that the knowledge gained shall not be too exclusively bookish.

When shall we treat nature's sylvan gifts with such appreciation as this? We are rapidly nearing a terrible reckoning for the breach of natural law involved in our wasteful treatment of the woods.

We have a great deal of second-growth woodland which, although it may be of value as a means of regulating climate and the flow of water in springs and streams, is producing very little of the timber which we are beginning so sorely to need. If we had a forest school, with a large tract of woodland under its care, it would be easy for farmers' sons to learn in a few weeks of observation, study, and practice how to do the pruning and thinning necessary to change these unsightly and nearly profitless wood-lots into rich and permanent sources of gain. If the proposed Adirondack Reservation is made, as it should be, to yield a large revenue instead of being a heavy and increasing burden and peril to the public, a thoroughly equipped forest school will be one of the first requisites.

S. W. Powell.

"Ex-Presidents."

THE Rev. H. L. Singleton, of Baltimore, writing to us on the suggested life-senatorships for ex-Presidents, holds that, as the Senate is a representative body containing in the official persons of the two senators from each State the States themselves, an ex-President has no more right or relevancy there than any other private citizen. He adds that if an ex-President represents anything — which he does not, however — it is the executive branch of the government; if while President he possessed no rights in the Senate, there are no possible grounds on which those rights could be conferred after he ceased to be President.

In the same communication Mr. Singleton protests against the growing disposition to call the Senate the Upper House, as if it were a House of Lords. The Senate and House, he writes, perfectly maintain the double representation which is essential to a popular government, and can maintain it only by preserving their equality. The integrity of the States is manifest in the Senate, the voice of the people in the House. That the most recent expression of the people's will may be obtained, the membership of the House changes more frequently, and for this reason the authors of the government gave to the House the right and duty of deciding Presidential elections and of electing Presidents, when the electoral votes are not decisive. This, he adds in conclusion, is certainly as high a prerogative as any the Senate holds.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

MOST disputes can be settled by hearing both sides and believing neither.

TO LOVE applause is praiseworthy; to seek it is weakness.

IF "ignorance is bliss," I am more convinced every day there is a great deal of happiness in this world.

SUPERSTITION is the first thing to attach itself to, and the last thing to release its hold upon, man.

THE devil goes for the busy, but the idle meet him half-way.

WHOEVER heard of a miser who was anything else than a miser?

THE days of miracles and martyrdom are over; patent rights have taken the place of miracles, and live men the place of dead ones.

ANY man who can show me a better book can have my Bible.

ABOUT half serpent and half dove is the right mixture for a man; for woman, I would suggest leaving the serpent out.

WE all expect to be remembered long after we are dead, but not one in a thousand of us can tell for what.

Uncle Esek.

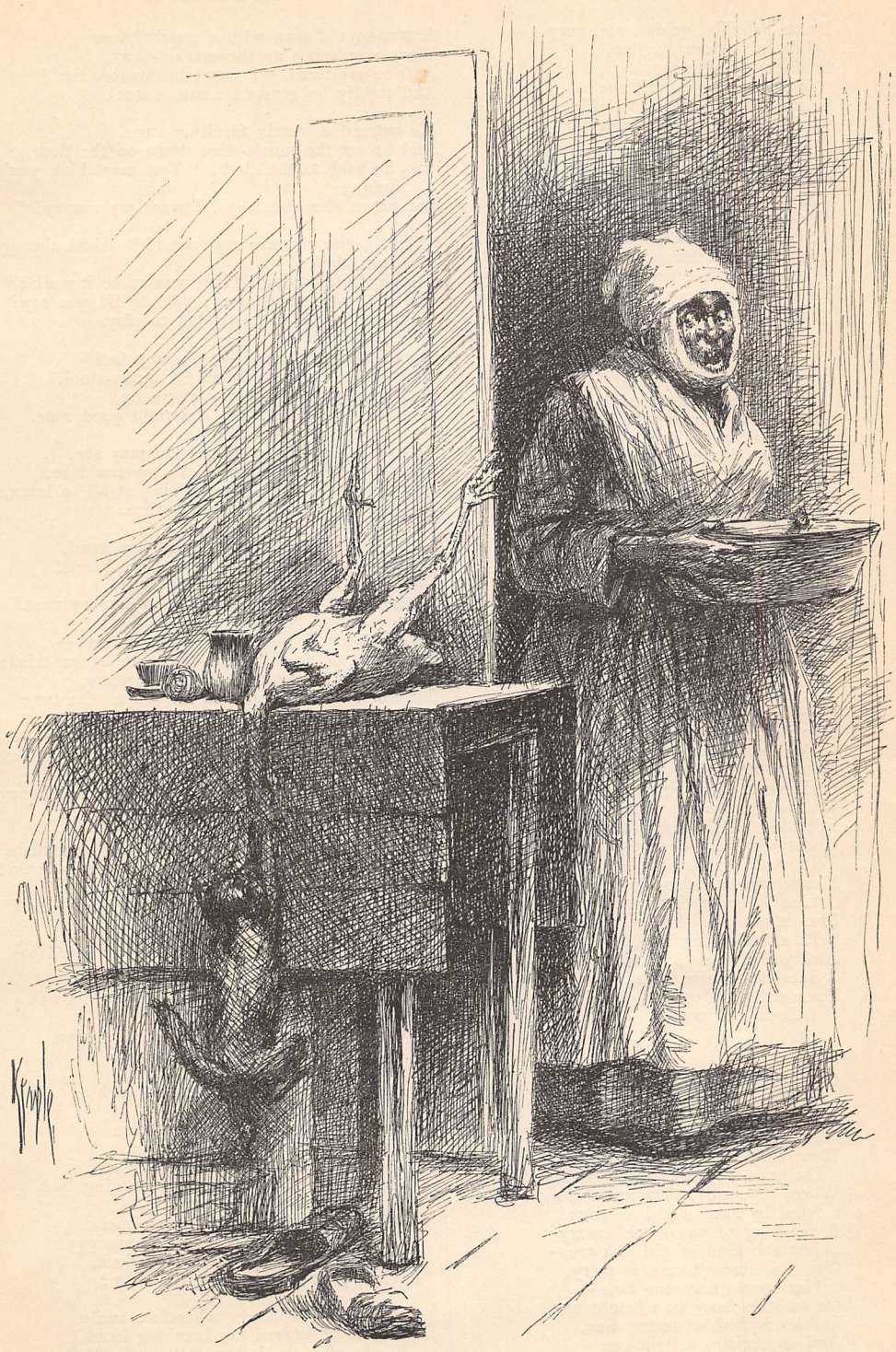
Hog-Killin' Time.

YOU kin talk 'bout yer watermellion red as any rose,
Wid de rin' jes' as green as any grass;
An' de black seeds a-stickin' in de pulp lik' crows,—
But gimme de shoat an' apple-sass.
Fur yer mellion so scrump'shus I wouldn' gib a dime,
But how dis nigga's wishin' fur de hog-killin' time!

You kin argy 'bout yer buckwheat cakes, an' butter mighty hot,
An' 'bout de tas' ob chickins on de spit;
You kin preach 'bout yer possum when you lif' him f'm de pot,—
But yer talk doan' alterfy de ting a bit.
You kin put it in de reg'lar way, or put it in de rhyme,
Dat dis heah nigga's waitin' fur de hog-killin' time!

Jes' tink 'bout de puddin', an' de glo'rous tender chine,
De sassidge an de hominy, an' dat;
Reflec' upon de subjec' ob de spar'-ribs,— my! dese fine,—
An' talk 'bout de bacon lined wid fat.
Dere's udder tings dat's mighty good, dere's meat dat's mighty prime,
But golly! how I'se longin' fur de hog-killin' time!

Duvva Morgan-Smith.



"SPERRITS."

"MY GREAT GABRIEL! LOOK AT DEM LEGS A-WAGGLIN'.—DOAN NEBER TELL ME TURKEYS AIN'T GOT NO SPERRITS."

A Rhyme for Priscilla.

DEAR Priscilla, quaint, and very
  Like a modern Puritan,
Is a modest, literary,
  Merry young American:
Horace she has read, and Bion
  Is her favorite in Greek;
Shakspere is a mighty lion
  In whose den she dares but peek;
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,
  Since of lions she's afraid,—
She prefers a playful spaniel,
  Such as Herrick or as Praed;
And it's not a bit satiric
  To confess her fancy goes
From the epic to a lyric
  On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,
  With a sentimental mind,
Doesn't deign to dip in Dante,
  And to Milton isn't kind;
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso
  Have some merits she will grant,
All the rest is only so-so,—
  Enter Paradise she can't!
She might make a charming angel
  (And she will if she is good,
But it's doubtful if the change'll
  Make the Epic understood):
Honey-suckling, like a bee she
  Goes and pillages his sweets,
And it's plain enough to see she
  Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla,—just the person
  For the Locker whom she loves;
What a captivating verse on
  Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves
He could write in catching measure,
  Setting all the heart astir!
And to Aldrich what a pleasure
  It would be to sing of her,—
He, whose perfect songs have won her
  Lips to quote them day by day.
She repeats the rhymes of Bunner
  In a fascinating way,
And you'll often find her lost in—
  She has reveries at times—
Some delightful one of Austin
  Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,
  Writing of you makes me think,
As I burn my brown Manila
  And immortalize my ink,
How well satisfied these poets
  Ought to be with what they do
When, especially, they know it's
  Read by such a girl as you:
I who sing of you would marry
  Just the kind of girl you are,—
One who doesn't care to carry
  Her poetic taste too far,—
One whose fancy is a bright one,
  Who is fond of poems fine,
And appreciates a light one
  Such as mine.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Music-Stool.

A WEARY old man with a puzzled face
Went wandering up the market-place,
And he muttered, "I won't be made a fool,"
And tightly he grasped a music-stool.

He entered a stately furniture-store,
And he set the music-stool down on the floor,
And he said to the clerk, "You may think you're
  funny;
But here's this cheat, and I want my money!"

"What's the matter, my friend?" asked the gra-
  cious clerk;
"Is anything wrong? Can't you make it work?"
Said the ancient customer: "*What* did you say?
I did not buy it to work, but to play.

"It was ticketed plain — why, any fool
Could have read the ticket, 'A music-stool,'
And I bought it yesterday afternoon,
For we're all of us fond of a right good tune.

"I took it home careful, as you may see,
And they all were pleased as they could be,
And I thought there was nothing at all to learn,
So I set it up and I gave it a turn.

"And I tell you, sir, that, upon my word,
A squeak like a mouse's was all we heard!
The missus, she looked a little vexed,
But she says, quite pleasant, 'Let me try next.'

"Well, to cut it short, we all of us tried—
There's six of the children — and some of 'em cried;
We worked all the rest of the afternoon,
But I'm blest if it gave us the ghost of a tune!

"And I tell you, it's no more a music-stool
Than the old woman's wash-bench. I'm perfectly
  cool,
But you needn't talk none of your butter and honey;
Here it is, I say, and I want my money!"

Said the clerk with much gravity, "Let me explain."
"No, sir! you'll please give me my money again!
I haven't a doubt you can talk like a book,
But I am not so verdant, my friend, as I look!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

Banished Love.

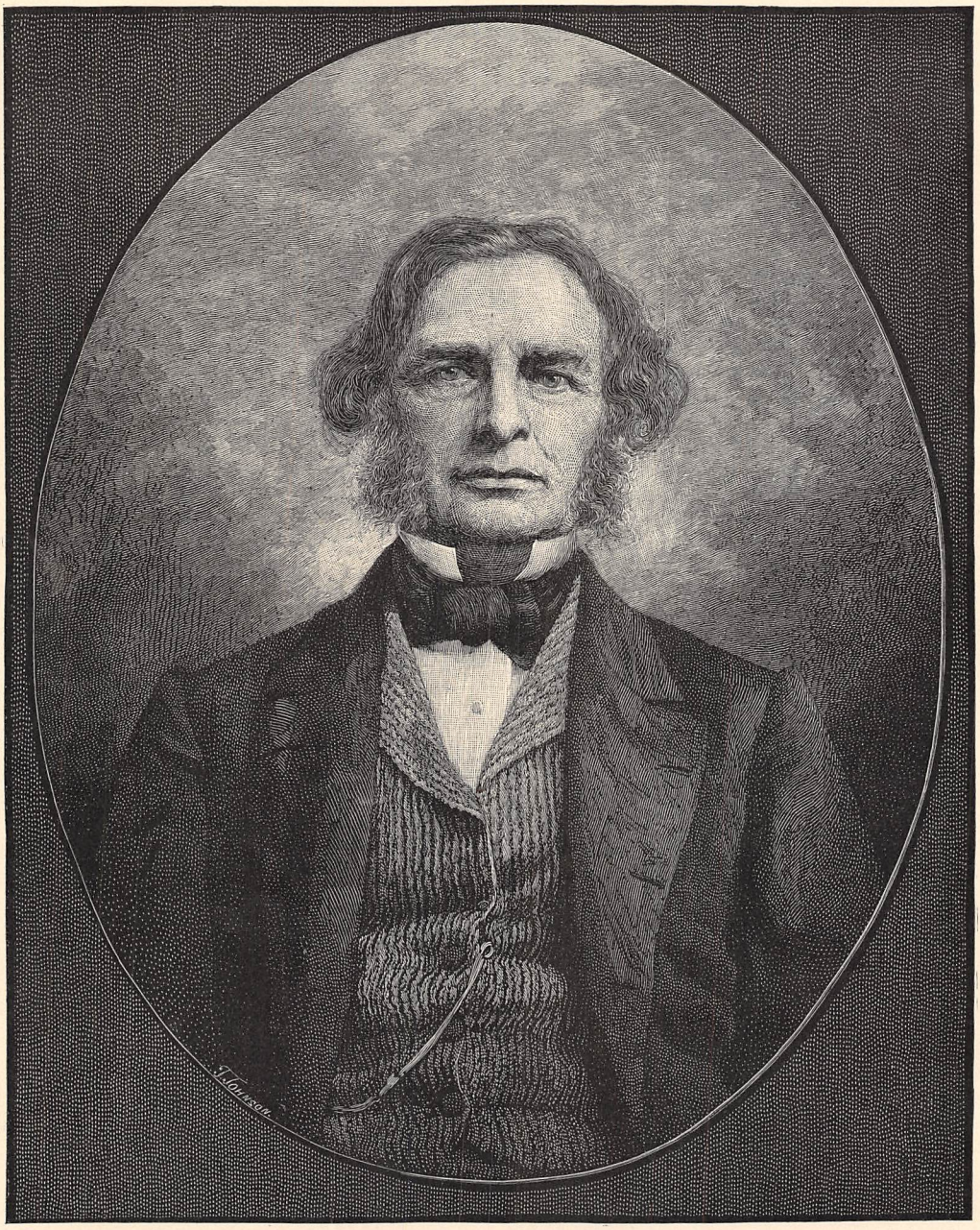
O SHEPHERDS! have ye wandering seen
A wingéd boy with blinded eyes?
I drove him from me yestere'en,
Despite his tears and pleading sighs.

He bears a pretty bow, and keen
Tipped arrows in his quiver lie.
O shepherds, tell me, have you seen
This banished Love come wandering by?

Why shines the sun, regret to mock,
Why flaunt the flowers in hues so gay
Why skip with joy the snowy flock,
When poor lost Love is far away?

Unfeeling shepherds, wherefore smile
And point toward my breaking heart?
What! close behind me all this while?
O sweet! we two no more shall part.

Virginia B. Harrison.



Henry W. Longfellow

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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CREOLE SLAVE SONGS.

I.

THE QUADROONS.

THE patois in which these songs are found is common, with broad local variations, wherever the black man and the French language are met in the mainland or island regions that border the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea. It approaches probably nearer to good French in Louisiana than anywhere in the Antilles. Yet it is not merely bad or broken French; it is the natural result from the effort of a savage people to take up the language of an old and highly refined civilization, and is much more than a jargon. The humble condition and great numbers of the slave-caste promoted this evolution of an African-Creole dialect. The facile character of the French master-caste, made more so by the languorous climate of the Gulf, easily tolerated and often condescended to use the new tongue. It chimed well with the fierce notions of caste to have one language for the master and another for the slave, and at the same time it was convenient that the servile speech should belong to and draw its existence chiefly from the master's. Its growth entirely by ear where there were so many more African ears than French tongues, and when those tongues had so many Gallic archaisms which they were glad to give away and get rid of, resulted in a broad grotesqueness all its own.

We had better not go aside to study it here. Books have been written on the subject. They may be thin, but they stand for years of labor. A Creole lady writes me almost as I write this, "It takes a whole life to speak such a language in form." Mr. Thomas of Trinidad has given a complete grammar of it as spoken there. M. Marbot has versified some fifty of La Fontaine's fables in the tongue. Père Gaux has made a catechism in, and M. Turiault a complete grammatical work on, the Martinique variety. Dr. Armand Mercier, a Louisiana Creole, and Professor James A. Harrison, an Anglo-Louisianian, have written valuable papers on the dialect as spoken in the Mississippi delta. Mr. John Bigelow has done the same for the tongue as heard in Hayti. It is an amusing study. Certain tribes of Africa had no knowledge of the v and z sounds. The sprightly Franc-Congos, for all their chatter, could hardly master even this African-Creole dialect so as to make their wants intelligible. The Louisiana negro's *r*'s were ever being lost or mislaid. He changed *dormir* to *dromi'*. His master's children called the little fiddler-crab *Tourlourou*; he simplified the articulations to *Troolooloo*. Wherever the *r* added to a syllable's quantity, he either shifted it or dropped it overboard. *Po'té ça? Non!* not if he could avoid it. It was the same with many other sounds. For example, final *le*; a thing so needless — he couldn't be burdened with it; *li pas capab'!* He found himself profitably understood when he called his master *aimab' et nob'*, and thought it not well to be *trop sensib'* about a trifling *l* or two. The French *u* was vinegar to his teeth. He substituted *i* or *ei* before a consonant and *oo* before a vowel, or dropped it altogether; for *une*, he said *eine*; for *puis, p'is*; *absolument* he made *assoliment*; *tu* was nearly always *to*; a *mulâtresse* was a *milatraisse*. In the West Indies he changed *s* into *ch* or *tch*, making *songer chongé*, and *suite tchooite*; while in Louisiana he reversed the process and turned *ch* into *ç* — *c'erc'é* for *cherchez* or *chercher*.

He misconstrued the liaisons of correct French, and omitted limiting adjectives where he conveniently could, or retained only their final sound carried over and prefixed to the noun: *nhomme* — *zanimaux* — *zherbes* — *zaf-*

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faires. He made odd substitutions of one word for another. For the verb to go he oftener than otherwise used a word that better signified his slavish pretense of alacrity, the verb to run: *mo courri*,—*mo* always, never *je*,— *mo courri*, *to courri*, *li courri*; always seizing whatever form of a verb was handiest and holding to it without change; *no courri*, *vo courri*, *yé courri*. Sometimes the plural was *no zôtt* — we others — *courri*, *vo zôtt courri*, *yé zôtt courri*; *no zôtt courri dans bois* — we are going to the woods. His auxiliary verb in imperfect and pluperfect tenses was not to have, but to be in the past participial form *été*, but shortened to one syllable. I have gone, thou hadst gone: *mo 'té courri*, *to 'té courri*.

There is an affluence of bitter meaning hidden under these apparently nonsensical lines.* It mocks the helpless lot of three types of human life in old Louisiana whose fate was truly deplorable. *Milatraisse* was, in Creole song, the generic term for all that class, famous wherever New Orleans was famous in those days when all foot-passengers by night picked their way through the mud by the rays of a hand-lantern — the freed or free-born quadroon or mulatto woman. *Cocodrie* (Spanish, *cocodrilla*, the crocodile or alligator) was the nickname for the unmixed black man; while *trouloulou* was applied to the free male quadroon, who could find admittance to the quadroon balls only in the capacity, in those days distinctly menial, of musician — fiddler. Now sing it!

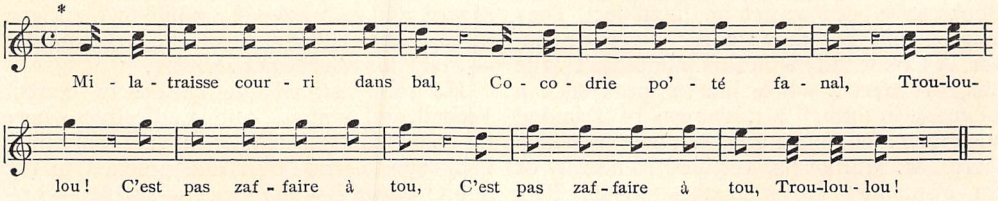


THE FIDDLER.

"Yellow girl goes to the ball;
Nigger lights her to the hall.
Fiddler man!
Now, what is that to you?
Say, what is that to you,
Fiddler man?"

It was much to him; but it might as well have been little. What could he do? As they say, "*Ravette zamein tini raison divant poule*" ("Cockroach can never justify himself to the hungry chicken"). He could only let his black half-brother celebrate on Congo Plains the mingled humor and outrage of it in satirical songs of double meaning. They readily passed unchallenged among the numerous nonsense rhymes — that often rhymed lamely or not at all — which beguiled the hours afield or the moonlight gatherings in the "quarters," as well as served to fit the wild chants of some of their dances. Here is one whose characteristics tempt us to suppose it a calinda, and whose humor consists only in a childish play on words. (Quand Mo 'Te, page 824.)

There is another nonsense song that may or may not have been a dance. Its movement has the true wriggle. The dances were many; there were some popular in the West Indies that seem to have remained comparatively unknown in Louisiana: the *belair*, *bèlè*, or *béla*; the *cosaque*; the *biguine*. The *guiouba* was probably the famed *juba* of Georgia and the Carolinas. (Neg' pas Capa' Marché, page 824.)





CALALOU.

II.

THE LOVE-SONG.

AMONG the songs which seem to have been sung for their own sake, and not for the dance, are certain sentimental ones of slow movement, tinged with that faint and gentle melancholy that every one of Southern experience has noticed in the glance of the African slave's eye; a sentiment ready to be turned, at any instant that may demand the change, into a droll, self-abasing humor. They have thus a special charm that has kept for them a place even in the regard of the Creole of to-day. How many ten thousands of black or tawny nurse "mammies," with heads wrapped in stiffly starched Madras kerchief turbans, and holding *'tit mait'e* or *'tit maitresse* to their bosoms, have made the infants' lullabies these gently sad strains of disappointed love or regretted youth, will never be known. Now and then the song would find its way through some master's growing child of musical ear, into the drawing-room; and it is from a Creole drawing-room in the Rue Esplanade that we draw the following, so familiar to all Creole ears and rendered with many variations of text and measure. (Ah Suzette, page 824.)

One may very safely suppose this song to have sprung from the poetic invention of some free black far away in the Gulf. A Louisiana slave would hardly have thought it possible to earn money for himself in the sugar-cane fields. The mention of mountains points back to St. Domingo.

It is strange to note in all this African-Creole lyric product how rarely its producers seem



A NURSE MAMMIE.

to have recognized the myriad charms of nature. The landscape, the seasons, the sun, moon, stars, the clouds, the storm, the peace that follows, the forest's solemn depths, the vast prairie, birds, insects, the breeze, the flowers — they are passed in silence. Was it because of the soul-destroying weight of bondage? Did the slave feel so painfully that the beauties of the natural earth were not for him? Was it because the overseer's eye was on him that his was not lifted upon them? It may have been — in part. But another truth goes with these. His songs were not often contemplative. They voiced not outward nature, but the inner emotions and passions of a nearly naked serpent-worshiper, and these looked not to the surrounding scene for sympathy; the surrounding scene belonged to his master. But love was his, and toil, and anger, and superstition, and malady. Sleep was his balm, food his reënforcement, the dance his pleasure, rum his longed-for nepenthe, and death the road back to Africa. These were his themes, and furnished the few scant figures of his verse.

The moment we meet the offspring of his contemplative thought, as we do in his apothegms and riddles, we find a change, and any or every object in sight, great or trivial, comely or homely, is wrought into the web of his traditional wit and wisdom. "Vo mié, savon, passé godron," he says, to teach a lesson of gentle forbearance ("Soap is worth more than tar"). And then, to point the opposite truth,— "Pas marré so chien avé saucisse" ("Don't chain your dog with links of sausage"). "Qui zamein 'tendé souris fé so nid dan zoré ç'at?" ("Who ever heard of mouse making nest in cat's ear?") And so, too, when love was his theme, apart from the madness of the dance — when his note fell to soft cooings the verse became pastoral. So it was in the song last quoted. And so, too, in this very African bit, whose air I have not:

"Si to té tit zozo,
Et mo-même, mo té fizi,
Mo sré tchoué toé — boum
Ah! tchère bizou
D'acazou,
Mo laimein ou
Comme cochon laimein la bou!"

Shall we translate literally?

"If you were a little bird
And myself, I were a gun,
I would shoot you — boum!
Ah! dear jewel
Of mahogany,
I love you
As the hog loves mud."

One of the best of these Creole love-songs — one that the famed Gottschalk, himself a New Orleans Creole of pure blood, made use of — is the tender lament of one who sees the girl of his heart's choice the victim of chagrin in beholding a female rival wearing those vestments of extra quality that could only be the favors which both women had coveted from the hand of some one in the proud master-caste whence alone such favors could come. "Calalou," says the song, "has an embroidered petticoat, and Lolotte, or Zizi," as it is often sung, "has a — heartache." Calalou, here, I take to be a derisive nickname. Originally it is the term for a West Indian dish, a noted ragout. It must be intended to apply here to the quadroon women who swarmed into New Orleans in 1809 as refugees from Cuba, Guadeloupe, and other islands where the war against Napoleon exposed them to Spanish and British aggression. It was with this great influx of persons neither savage nor enlightened, neither white nor black, neither slave nor truly free, that the famous quadroon caste arose and flourished. If Calalou, in the verse, was one of these quadroon fair ones, the song is its own explanation. (See Pov' piti Momzel Zizi, page 825.)

"Poor little Miss Zizi!" is what it means — "She has pain, pain in her little heart." "À li" is simply the Creole possessive form; "corps à moin" would signify simply myself. Calalou is wearing a Madras turban; she has on an embroidered petticoat; [they tell their story and] Zizi has achings in her heart. And the second stanza moralizes: "When you wear the chain of love" — maybe we can make it rhyme:

"When love's chains upon thee lie
Bid all happiness good-bye."

Poor little Zizi! say we also. Triumphant Calalou! We see that even her sort of freedom had its tawdry victories at the expense of the slave. A poor freedom it was, indeed: To have f. m. c. or f. w. c. tacked in small letters upon one's name perforce and by law, that all might know that the bearer was not a real freeman or freewoman, but only a free man (or woman) of color,—a title that could not be indicated by capital initials; to be the unlawful mates of luxurious bachelors, and take their pay in muslins, embroideries, prunella, and good living, taking with them the loathing of honest women and the salacious derision of the blackamoor; to be the sister, mother, father, or brother of Calalou; to fall heir to property by sufferance, not by law; to be taxed for public education and not allowed to give that education to one's own children; to be shut out of all occupations that the master class could reconcile with the vague title of gentleman; to live in the knowledge that the law pronounced "death or imprisonment at hard labor for life" against whoever should be guilty of "writing, printing, publishing, or distributing anything having a tendency to create discontent among the free colored population": that it threatened death against whosoever should utter such things in private conversation; and that it decreed expulsion from the State to Calalou and all her kin of any age or condition if only they had come in across its bounds since 1807. In the enjoyment of such ghastly freedom as this the flesh-pots of Egypt sometimes made the mouth water and provoked the tongue to sing its regrets for a past that seemed better than the present. (See Bon D'je, page 826.)

Word for word we should have to render it,— "In times when I was young I never pondered — indulged in reverie, took on care," an archaic French word, *zongler*, still in use among the Acadians also in Louisiana; "mo zamein zonglé, bon D'jé" — "good Lord!" "*Açtair*" is "à cette heure" — "at this hour," that is, "now — these days." "These days I am getting old — I am pondering, good Lord!" etc. Some time in the future, it may be, some Creole will give us translations of these things, worthy to be called so. Meantime suffer this:

"In the days of my youth not a dream had I, good Lord!
These times I am growing old, full of dreams am I, good Lord!
I have dreams of those good times gone by! (*ter*)

When I was a slave, one boss had I, good Lord!
These times when I'm needing rest all hands serve I, good Lord!
I have dreams," etc.

III.

THE LAY AND THE DIRGE.

THERE were other strains of misery, the cry or the vagabond laugh and song of the friendless orphan for whom no asylum door would open, but who found harbor and food in the fields and wildwood and the forbidden

places of the wicked town. When that Creole whom we hope for does come with his good translations, correcting the hundred and one errors that may be in these pages, we must ask him if he knows the air to this:

"Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman,
Qui ça 'ou' zaut' fé pou' gagnein l'a'zanc,[1]
No courri l'aut' bord pou' cercé patt ç'at'[2]
No tournein bayou pou' péç'é patassa;[3]
Et v'là comm ça no té fé nou' l'a'zan.

"Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman,
Qui ça 'ou' zaut' fé, etc.
No courri dans bois fouillé latanié[4],
No vend' so racin' pou' fou'bi' plançé;
Et v'là comm' ça, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
Pou' fé di thé n'a fouillé sassaf'as,
Pou' fé di l'enc' no po'té grain' sougras;[5]
Et v'là, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
No courri dans bois ramassé cancos;[6]
Avé' nou' la caze no trappé zozos;[7]
Et v'là, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
No courri à soir c'ez Mom'selle Maroto,
Dans la rie St. Ann ou no té zoué loto;
Et v'là," etc.

"Little ones without father, little ones without mother,
What do you to keep soul and body together?
The river we cross for wild berries to search;
We follow the bayou a-fishing for perch;
And that's how we keep soul and body together.

"Little ones without, etc.
Palmetto we dig from the swamp's bristling stores
And sell its stout roots for scrubbing the floors;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
The sassafras root we dig up; it makes tea;
For ink the ripe pokeberry clusters bring we;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
We go to the woods *cancos* berries to fetch,
And in our trap cages the nonpareils[8] catch;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
At evening we visit Mom'selle Maroto,
In St. Ann's street, to gamble awhile at keno;
And that's how we keep soul and body together."

Here was companionship with nature — the companionship of the vagabond. We need not doubt that these little orphan vagrants could have sung for us the song, from which in an earlier article we have already quoted a line or two, of Cayetano's circus, probably the most welcome intruder that ever shared with the man Friday and his song-dancing fellows and sweethearts the green, tough sod of Congo Square.

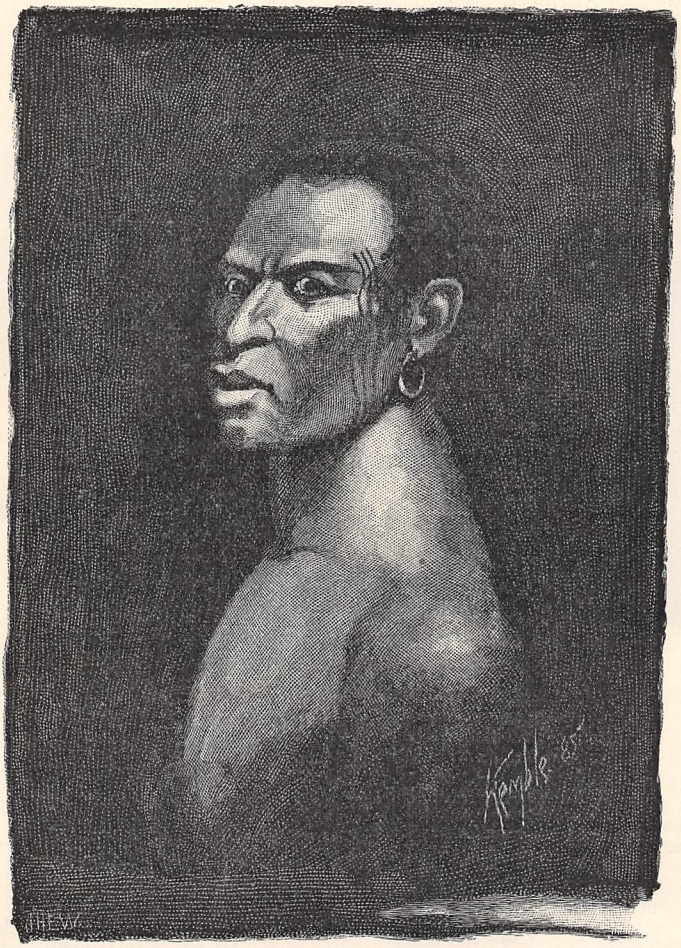
"C'est Miché Cayétane,
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals[9] et so macacs.[10]
Li gagnein ein nhomme qui dancé dans sac;
Li gagnein qui dancé si yé la main;
Li gagnein zaut', à choual, qui boir' di vin;
Li gagnein oussi ein zein, zoli mom'selle,
Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle!
Pou' di' tou' ça mo pas capab';
Mé mo souvien ein qui 'valé sab'!
Yé n'en oussi tou' sort' bétail.
Yé pas montré pou la négrail';
Gniapas là dotchians dos-brilé,[11]
Pou' fé tapaze et pou' hirlé;
Cé gros madame et gros miché,
Qui ménein là tous pitits yé,
'Oir Miché Cayétane,
Qui 'rivé la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs."

Should the Louisiana Creole negro undertake to render his song to us in English, it would not be exactly the African-English of any other State in the Union. Much less would it resemble the gross dialects of the English-torturing negroes of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or the Sea Islands of Carolina. If we may venture —

"Dass Cap'm Cayetano,
W'at comin' fum Havano,*
Wid 'is monkey' an' 'is nag'!
An' one man w'at dance in bag,
An' mans dance on dey han' — cut shine'
An' gallop hoss sem time drink wine!
An' b'u'ful young missy dah beside,
Ridin' 'dout air sadd' aw brid'e;[12]
To tell h-all dat — he cann' be tole.
Man teck a sword an' swall' 'im whole!
Beas'es?[13] ev'y sawt o' figgah!
Dat show ain't fo' no common niggah!
Dey don' got deh no po' white cuss'—
Sunbu'nt back! — to holla an' fuss.
Dass ladies fine, and gennymuns gran',
Fetchin' dey chilluns dah — all han'!
Fo' see Cayetano,
W'at come fum Havano
Wid 'is monkey' an' 'is nag'!"

1 L'argent — money.
2 "We go to the other side" [of the river] "to get cats' paws," a delicious little blue swamp berry.
3 The perch. The little sunfish or "pumpkin seed," miscalled through the southwest.
4 Dwarf palmetto, whose root is used by the Creoles as a scrubbing-brush.
5 Pokeberries. 6 *Cancos*, Indian name for a wild purple berry.
7 Oiseaux, birds.
8 The nonpareil, pape, or painted bunting, is the favorite victim of the youthful bird-trappers.
9 Chevals — chevaux.
10 Macaques.
11 "Gniapas là dotchians dos-brilé."
"Il n'y a pas là des *dotchians* avec les dos brulés."
The *dotchian dos-brilé* is the white trash with sunburnt back, the result of working in the fields. It is an expression of supreme contempt for the *pitits blancs* — low whites — to contrast them with the *gros madames et gros michies*.
12 Riding without e'er a saddle or bridle.
13 Beasts — wild animals.
* To turn final *a* into *o* for the purpose of rhyme is the special delight of the singing negro. I used to hear as part of a moonlight game,—





A CANDJO.

A remarkable peculiarity of these African Creole songs of every sort is that almost without exception they appear to have originated in the masculine mind, and to be the expression of the masculine heart. Untrained as birds, their males made the songs. We come now, however, to the only exception I have any knowledge of, a song expressive of feminine sentiment, the capitulation of some belle Layotte to the tender enticement of a Creole-born chief or *candjo*. The pleading tone of the singer's defense against those who laugh at her pretty chagrin is — it seems to me — touching. (See Criole Candjo, page 826.)

But we began this chapter in order to speak of songs that bear more distinctly than anything yet quoted the features of the true lay or historical narrative song, commemorating pointedly and in detail some important episode in the history of the community.

It is interesting to contrast the solemnity with which these events are treated when their heroes were black, and the broad buffoonery of the song when the affair it celebrates was one that mainly concerned the masters. Hear, for example, through all the savage simplicity of the following rhymeless lines, the melancholy note that rises and falls but never intermits. The song is said to be very old, dating from the last century. It is still sung, but the Creole gentleman who procured it for me from a former slave was not able to transcribe or remember the air.

LUBIN.

Tremblant-terr'[1] vini 'branlé moulin;
Tonnerr' chiel[2] tombé bourlé[3] moulin;
Tou' moun[4] dans moulin là péri.
Temoins vini qui vend'[5] Libin.
Yé dit Libin metté di fé.
Yé hissé saffaud[6] pou' so la tête.[7]

1 Tremblement de terre — earthquake. 2 Ciel. 3 Brulée. 4 Tout le monde. 5 Vendaient — sold, betrayed.
6 Echafaud. 7 So la tête: Creole possessive form for *his head*.



"MISTRESS FLEW INTO A PASSION."

Saïda! m'allé mourri, Saïda!
Mo zamis di comm' ça: "Libin,
Faut to donn' Zilié to bitin[1]."
Cofaire[2] mo sré donnein Zilié?
Pou' moin Zilié zamein lavé;[3]
Zilié zamein 'passé[4] pou moin.
Saïda! m'allé mourri, Saïda!

An earthquake came and shook the mill;
The heavens' thunders fell and burned it;
Every soul in the mill perished.
Witnesses came who betrayed Lubin.
They said he set the mill on fire.
They raised a scaffold to take off his head.
Saïda! I am going to die!
My friends speak in this way: "Lubin,
You ought to give Julia your plunder."
Why should I give it to Julia?
For me Julia never washed clothes;
Julia never ironed for me.
Saïda! I am going to die!

Or notice again the stately tone of lamentation over the fate of a famous negro insurrectionist, as sung by old Madeleine of St. Bernard parish to the same Creole friend already mentioned, who kindly wrote down the lines on the spot for this collection. They are fragmentary, extorted by littles from the shattered memory of the ancient crone. Their allusion to the Cabildo places their origin in the days when that old colonial council administered Spanish rule over the province.

OUARRÂ ST. MALO.

Aïe! zein zens, vini fé ouarrâ
Pou' pôv' St. Malo dans l'embas!
Yé ç'assé li avec yé chien,
Yé tiré li ein coup d'fizi,
. . . . .
Yé halé li la cyprier,
So bras yé 'tassé[5] par derrier,
Yé 'tassé so la main divant;
Yé 'marré[6] li apé queue choual,
Yé trainein li zouqu'à la ville.
Divant michés là dans Cabil'e
Yé quisé[7] li li fé complot
Pou' coupé cou à tout ye blancs.
Yé 'mandé li qui so compères;
Pôv' St. Malo pas di' a-rien!
Zize[8] là li lir' so la sentence,
Et pis[9] li fé dressé potence.
Yé halé choual — ç'arette parti —
Pôv' St. Malo resté pendi!
Eine hèr soleil deza levée
Quand yé pend li si la levée.
Yé laissé so corps balancé
Pou' carancro gagnein manzé.

THE DIRGE OF ST. MALO.

Alas! young men, come, make lament
For poor St. Malo in distress!
They chased, they hunted him with dogs,
They fired at him with a gun,
. . . . . .
They hauled him from the cypress swamp.
His arms they tied behind his back,
They tied his hands in front of him;

1 Butin: literally plunder, but used, as the word plunder is by the negro, for personal property. 2 Pourquoi faire. 3 Washed (clothes). 4 Ironed. 5 Attachée. 6 Amarré, an archaism, common to negroes and Acadians: moored, for fastened. 7 Accusée. 8 Juge. 9 Puis.

They tied him to a horse's tail,
They dragged him up into the town.
Before those grand Cabildo men
They charged that he had made a plot
To cut the throats of all the whites.
They asked him who his comrades were;
Poor St. Malo said not a word!
The judge his sentence read to him,
And then they raised the gallows-tree.
They drew the horse — the cart moved off—
And left St. Malo hanging there.
The sun was up an hour high
When on the Levee he was hung;
They left his body swinging there,
For carrion crows to feed upon.

It would be curious, did the limits of these pages allow, to turn from such an outcry of wild mourning as this, and contrast with it the clownish flippancy with which the great events are sung, upon whose issue from time to time the fate of the whole land — society, government, the fireside, the lives of thousands — hung in agonies of suspense. At the same time it could not escape notice how completely in each case, while how differently in the two, the African has smitten his image into every line: in the one sort, the white, uprolled eyes and low wail of the savage captive, who dares not lift the cry of mourning high enough for the jealous ear of the master; in the other, the antic form, the grimacing face, the brazen laugh, and self-abasing confessions of the buffoon, almost within the whisk of the public jailer's lash. I have before me two songs of dates almost fifty years apart. The one celebrates the invasion of Louisiana by the British under Admiral Cochrane and General Pakenham in 1814; the other, the capture and occupation of New Orleans by Commodore Farragut and General Butler in 1862.

It was on the morning of the twenty-third of December, 1814, that the British columns, landing from a fleet of barges and hurrying along the narrow bank of a small canal in a swamp forest, gained a position in the open plain on the banks of the Mississippi only six miles below New Orleans, and with no defenses to oppose them between their vantage-ground and the city. The surprise was so complete that, though they issued from the woods an hour before noon, it was nearly three hours before the news reached the town. But at nightfall General Jackson fell upon them and fought in the dark the engagement which the song commemorates, the indecisive battle of Chalmette.

The singer ends thus:

"Fizi z'Anglé yé fé bim! bim!
Carabin Kaintock yé fé zim! zim!
Mo di' moin, sauvé to la peau!
Mo zété corps au bord do l'eau;
Quand mo rivé li té fé clair.
Madam' li prend' ein coup d'colère;
Li fé donn' moin ein quat' piquié,
Passequé mo pas sivi mouchié;
Mais moin, mo vo mié quat' piquié
Passé ein coup d'fizi z'Anglé!"

"The English muskets went bim! bim!
Kentucky rifles went zim! zim!
I said to myself, save your skin!
I scampered along the water's edge;
When I got back it was day-break.
Mistress flew into a passion;
She had me whipped at the 'four stakes,'
Because I didn't stay with master;
But the 'four stakes' for me is better than
A musket shot from an Englishman."

The story of Farragut's victory and Butler's advent in April, 1862, is sung with the still lighter heart of one in whose day the "quatre piquets" was no longer a feature of the calaboose. Its refrain is:

"An-hé!
Qui ça qui rivé?
C'est Ferraguitt et p'i Botlair,
Qui rivé."

The story is long and silly, much in the humor of

"Hark! hark!
The dogs do bark."

We will lay it on the table.

IV.

THE VOODOOS.

THE dance and song entered into the negro worship. That worship was as dark and horrid as bestialized savagery could make the adoration of serpents. So revolting was it, and so morally hideous, that even in the West Indian French possessions a hundred years ago, with the slave-trade in full blast and the West Indian planter and slave what they were, the orgies of the Voodoos were forbidden. Yet both there and in Louisiana they were practiced.

The Aradas, St. Méry tells us, introduced them. They brought them from their homes beyond the Slave Coast, one of the most dreadfully benighted regions of all Africa. He makes the word Vaudaux. In Louisiana it is written Voudou and Voodoo, and is often changed on the negro's lips to Hoodoo. It is the name of an imaginary being of vast supernatural powers residing in the form of a harmless snake. This spiritual influence or potentate is the recognized antagonist and opposite of Obi, the great African manitou or deity, or him whom the Congoes vaguely generalize as Zombi. In Louisiana, as I have been told by that learned Creole scholar the late Alexander Dimitry, Voodoo bore as a title of



THE VOODOO DANCE.

greater solemnity the additional name of Maignan, and that even in the Calinda dance, which he had witnessed innumerable times, was sometimes heard, at the height of its frenzy, the invocation—

"Aïe! Aïe!
Voodoo Magnan!"

The worship of Voodoo is paid to a snake kept in a box. The worshipers are not merely a sect, but in some rude, savage way also an order. A man and woman chosen from their own number to be the oracles of the serpent deity are called the king and queen. The queen is the more important of the two, and even in the present dilapidated state of the worship in Louisiana, where the king's office has almost or quite disappeared, the queen is still a person of great note.

She reigns as long as she continues to live. She comes to power not by inheritance, but by election or its barbarous equivalent. Chosen for such qualities as would give her a natural supremacy, personal attractions among the rest, and ruling over superstitious fears and desires of every fierce and ignoble sort, she wields no trivial influence. I once saw, in her extreme old age, the famed Marie Laveau. Her dwelling was in the quadroon quarter of New Orleans, but a step or two from Congo Square, a small adobe cabin just off the sidewalk, scarcely higher than its close board fence, whose batten gate yielded to the touch and revealed the crazy doors and windows spread wide to the warm air, and one or two tawny faces within, whose expression was divided between a pretense of contemptuous inattention and a frowning resentment of the intrusion. In the center of a small room whose ancient cypress floor was worn with scrubbing and sprinkled with crumbs of soft brick—a Creole affectation of superior cleanliness—sat, quaking with feebleness in an ill-looking old rocking-chair, her body bowed, and her wild, gray witch's tresses hanging about her shriveled, yellow neck, the queen of the Voodoos. Three generations of her children were within the faint beckon of her helpless, waggling wrist and fingers. They said she was over a hundred years old, and there was nothing to cast doubt upon the statement. She had shrunken away from her skin; it was like a turtle's. Yet withal one could hardly help but see that the face, now so withered, had once been handsome and commanding. There was still a faint shadow of departed beauty on the forehead, the spark



A VOODOO.

of an old fire in the sunken, glistening eyes, and a vestige of imperiousness in the fine, slightly aquiline nose, and even about her silent, woe-begone mouth. Her grandson stood by, an uninteresting quadroon between forty and fifty years old, looking strong, empty-minded, and trivial enough; but his mother, her daughter, was also present, a woman of some seventy years, and a most striking and majestic figure. In features, stature, and bearing she was regal. One had but to look on her, impute her brilliancies — too untamable and severe to be called charms or graces — to her mother, and remember what New Orleans was long years ago, to understand how the name of Marie Laveau should have driven itself inextricably into the traditions of the town and the times. Had this visit been postponed a few months it would have been too late. Marie Laveau is dead; Malvina Latour is queen. As she appeared presiding over a Voodoo ceremony on the night of the 23d of June, 1884, she is described as a bright mulattress of about forty-eight, of "extremely handsome figure," dignified bearing, and a face indicative of a comparatively high order of intelligence. She wore a neat blue, white-dotted calico gown, and a "brilliant *tignon* (turban) gracefully tied."

It is pleasant to say that this worship, in Louisiana, at least, and in comparison with what it once was, has grown to be a rather trivial affair. The practice of its midnight forest rites seemed to sink into inanition along with Marie Laveau. It long ago diminished in frequency to once a year, the chosen night always being the Eve of St. John. For several years past even these annual celebrations have been suspended; but in the summer of 1884 they were — let it be hoped, only for the once — resumed.

When the queen decides that such a celebration shall take place, she appoints a night for the gathering, and some remote, secluded spot in the forest for the rendezvous. Thither all the worshipers are summoned. St. Méry, careless of the power of the scene, draws in practical, unimaginative lines the picture of such a gathering in St. Domingo, in the times when the "*véritable Vaudaux*" had lost but little of the primitive African character. The worshipers are met, decked with kerchiefs more or less numerous, red being everywhere the predominating color. The king, abundantly adorned with them, wears one of pure red about his forehead as a diadem. A blue ornamental cord completes his insignia. The queen, in simple dress and wearing a red cord and a heavily decorated belt, is beside him near a rude altar. The silence of midnight is overhead, the gigantic forms and shadows and still, dank airs of the tropical forest close in around, and on the altar, in a small box ornamented with little tinkling bells, lies, unseen, the living serpent. The worshipers have begun their devotions to it by presenting themselves before it in a body, and uttering professions of their fidelity and belief in its power. They cease, and now the royal pair, in tones of parental authority and protection, are extolling the great privilege of being a devotee, and inviting the faithful to consult the oracle. The crowd makes room, and a single petitioner draws near. He is the senior member of the order. His prayer is made. The king becomes deeply agitated by the presence within him of the spirit invoked. Suddenly he takes the box from the altar and sets it on the ground. The queen steps upon it and with convulsive movements utters the answers of the deity beneath her feet. Another and another suppliant, approaching in the order of seniority, present, singly, their petitions, and humbly or exultingly, according to the nature of the responses, which hangs on the fierce caprice of the priestess, accept these utterances and make way for the next, with his prayer of fear or covetousness, love, jealousy, petty spite or deadly malice. At length the last petitioner is answered. Now a circle is formed, the caged snake is restored to the altar, and the humble and multifarious oblations of the worshipers are received, to be devoted not only to the trivial expenses of this worship, but also to the relief of members of the order whose distresses call for such aid. Again, the royal ones are speaking, issuing orders for execution in the future, orders that have not always in view, mildly says St. Méry, good order and public tranquillity. Presently the ceremonies become more forbidding. They are taking a horrid oath, smearing their lips with the blood of some slaughtered animal, and swearing to suffer death rather than disclose any secret of the order, and to inflict death on any who may commit such treason. Now a new applicant for membership steps into their circle, there are a few trivial formalities, and the Voodoo dance begins. The postulant dances frantically in the middle of the ring, only pausing from time to time to receive heavy alcoholic draughts in great haste and return more wildly to his leapings and writhings until he falls in convulsions. He is lifted, restored, and presently conducted to the altar, takes his oath, and by a ceremonial stroke from one of the sovereigns is admitted a full participant in the privileges and obligations of the devilish freemasonry. But the dance goes on about the snake. The contortions of the upper part of the body, especially of the neck and shoulders, are such as threaten to dislocate them. The queen shakes the box



MARIE LAVEAU.

and tinkles its bells, the rum-bottle gurgles, the chant alternates between king and chorus —

"Eh! eh! Bomba, honc! honc! *
Canga bafio tay,
Canga moon day lay,
Canga do keelah,
Canga li ——"

There are swoonings and ravings, nervous tremblings beyond control, incessant writhings and turnings, tearing of garments, even biting of the flesh — every imaginable invention of the devil.

St. Méry tells us of another dance invented in the West Indies by a negro, analogous to

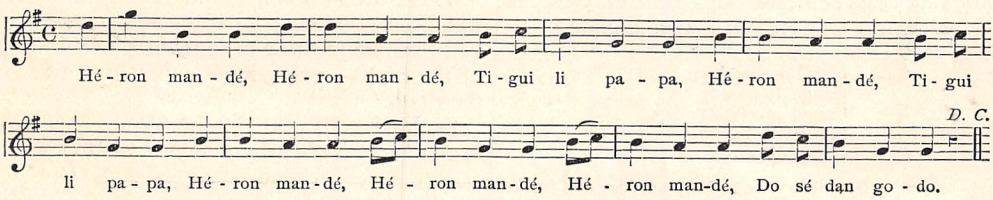
* "Hen! hen!" in St. Méry's spelling of it for French pronunciation. As he further describes the sound in a foot-note, it must have been a horrid grunt.

the Voodoo dance, but more rapid, and in which dancers had been known to fall dead. This was the "Dance of Don Pedro." The best efforts of police had, in his day, only partially suppressed it. Did it ever reach Louisiana? Let us, at a venture, say no.

To what extent the Voodoo worship still obtains here would be difficult to say with certainty. The affair of June, 1884, as described by Messrs. Augustin and Whitney, eye-witnesses, was an orgy already grown horrid enough when they turned their backs upon it. It took place at a wild and lonely spot where the dismal cypress swamp behind New Orleans meets the waters of Lake Pontchartrain in a wilderness of cypress stumps and rushes. It would be hard to find in nature a more painfully desolate region. Here in a fisherman's cabin sat the Voodoo worshipers cross-legged on the floor about an Indian basket of herbs and some beans, some bits of bone, some oddly wrought bunches of feathers, and some saucers of small cakes. The queen presided, sitting on the only chair in the room. There was no king, no snake — at least none visible to the onlookers. Two drummers beat with their thumbs on gourds covered with sheepskin, and a white-wooled old man scraped that hideous combination of banjo and violin, whose head is covered with rattlesnake skin, and of which the Chinese are the makers and masters. There was singing— "*M'allé couri dans déser*" ("I am going into the wilderness"), a chant and refrain not worth the room they would take — and there was frenzy and a circling march, wild shouts, delirious gesticulations and posturings, drinking, and amongst other frightful nonsense the old trick of making fire blaze from the mouth by spraying alcohol from it upon the flame of a candle.

But whatever may be the quantity of the Voodoo *worship* left in Louisiana, its superstitions are many and are everywhere. Its charms are resorted to by the malicious, the jealous, the revengeful, or the avaricious, or held in terror, not by the timorous only, but by the strong, the courageous, the desperate. To find under his mattress an acorn hollowed out, stuffed with the hair of some dead person, pierced with four holes on four sides, and two small chicken feathers drawn through them so as to cross inside the acorn; or to discover on his door-sill at daybreak a little box containing a dough or waxen heart stuck full of pins; or to hear that his avowed foe or rival has been pouring cheap champagne in the four corners of Congo Square at midnight, when there was no moon, will strike more abject fear into the heart of many a stalwart negro or melancholy quadroon than to face a leveled revolver. And it is not only the colored man that holds to these practices and fears. Many a white Creole gives them full credence. What wonder, when African Creoles were the nurses of so nearly all of them? Many shrewd men and women, generally colored persons, drive a trade in these charms and in oracular directions for their use or evasion; many a Creole — white as well as other tints — female, too, as well as male — will pay a Voodoo "*monteure*" to "make a work," *i. e.*, to weave a spell, for the prospering of some scheme or wish too ignoble to be prayed for at any shrine inside the church. These milder incantations are performed within the witch's or wizard's own house, and are made up, for the most part, of a little pound cake, some lighted candle ends, a little syrup of sugar-cane, pins, knitting-needles, and a trifle of anisette. But fear naught; an Obi charm will enable you to smile defiance against all such mischief; or if you will but consent to be a magician, it is they, the Voodoos, one and all, who will hold you in absolute terror. Or, easier, a frizzly chicken! If you have on your premises a frizzly chicken, you can lie down and laugh — it is a checkmate!

A planter once found a Voodoo charm, or *ouanga* (wongah); this time it was a bit of cotton cloth folded about three cow-peas and some breast feathers of a barn-yard fowl, and covered with a tight wrapping of thread. When he proposed to take it to New Orleans his slaves were full of consternation. "Marse Ed, ef ye go on d'boat wid dat-ah, de boat'll sink wi' yer. Fore d'Lord, it will!" For some reason it did not. Here is a genuine Voodoo song, given me by Lafcadio Hearn, though what the words mean none could be more ignorant of than the present writer. They are rendered phonetically in French.





PLANTER AND VOODOO CHARM.

And another phrase: "Ah tingouai yé, Ah tingouai yé, Ah ouai ya, Ah ouai ya, Ah tingouai yé, Do sé dan go-do, Ah tingouai yé," etc.

V.

SONGS OF WOODS AND WATERS.

A LAST page to the songs of the chase and of the boat. The circumstances that produced them have disappeared. There was a time, not so long ago, when traveling in Louisiana was done almost wholly by means of the paddle, the oar, or the "sweep." Every plantation had its river or bayou front, and every planter his boat and skilled crew of black oarsmen. The throb of their song measured the sweep of the oars, and as their bare or turbaned heads and shining bodies, naked to the waist, bowed forward and straightened back in ceaseless alternation, their strong voices chanted the praise of the silent, broad-hatted master who sat in the stern. Now and then a line was interjected in manly boast to their own brawn, and often the praise of the master softened off into tender laudations of the charms of some black or tawny Zilié, 'Zabette, or Zalli. From the treasures of the old chest already mentioned comes to my hand, from the last century most likely, on a ragged yellow sheet of paper, written with a green ink, one of these old songs. It would



THE BLACK HUNTER.

take up much room; I have made a close translation of its stanzas:

ROWERS' SONG.

Sing, lads; our master bids us sing.
For master cry out loud and strong.
The water with the long oar strike.
Sing, lads, and let us haste along.

'Tis for our master we will sing.
We'll sing for our young mistresses.
And sweethearts we must not forget —
Zoé, Mérente, Zabelle, Louise.

Sing, fellows, for our own true loves.
My lottery prize! Zoé, my belle!
She's like a wild young doe, she knows
The way to jump and dance so well!

Black diamonds are her bright, black eyes,
Her teeth and lilies are alike.
Sing, fellows, for my true love, and
The water with the long oar strike.

See! see! the town! Hurrah! hurrah!
Master returns in pleasant mood.
He's going to treat his boys all 'round.
Hurrah! hurrah for master good!

From the same treasury comes a hunting song. Each stanza begins and ends with the loud refrain: "*Bomboula! bomboula!*" Some one who has studied African tongues may be able to say whether this word is one with Bamboula, the name of the dance and of the drum that dominates it. *Oula* seems to be an

infinitive termination of many Congo verbs, and *boula*, De Lanzières says, means to beat. However, the dark hunters of a hundred years ago knew, and between their outcries of the loud, rumbling word sang, in this song, their mutual exhortation to rise, take guns, fill powder-horns, load up, call dogs, make haste and be off to the woods to find game for master's table and their own grosser *cuisine;* for the one, deer, squirrels, rabbits, birds; for the other, *chat oués* (raccoons), that make "*si bon gombo*" (such good gumbo!). "Don't fail to kill them, boys,—and the tiger-cats that eat men; and if we meet a bear, we'll vanquish him! Bomboula! bomboula!" The lines have a fine African ring in them, but—one mustn't print everything.

Another song, of wood and water both, though only the water is mentioned, I have direct from former Creole negro slaves. It is a runaway's song of defiance addressed to the high sheriff Fleuriau (Charles Jean Baptiste Fleuriau, Alguazil mayor), a Creole of the Cabildo a hundred and fifteen years ago. At least one can think so, for the name is not to be found elsewhere.

of operations, and seeking his adventures not so far from the hen-coop and pig-pen as rigid principles would have dictated. Now that he is free, he is willing to reveal these little pleasantries—as one of the bygones—to the eager historian. Much nocturnal prowling was done on the waters of the deep, forest-darkened bayous, in *pirogues* (dug-outs). For secret signals to accomplices on shore they resorted to singing. What is so innocent as music! The words were in some African tongue. We have one of these songs from the negroes themselves, with their own translation and their own assurance that the translation is correct. The words have a very Congo-ish sound. The Congo tongue knows no *r;* but the fact is familiar that in America the negro interchanges the sounds of *r* and *l* as readily as does the Chinaman. We will use both an English and a French spelling. (De Zab, page 827.)

The whole chant consists of but six words besides a single conjunction. It means, its singers avowed, "Out from under the trees our boat moves into the open water—bring us large game and small game!" *Dé zab* sounds like *des arbs*, and they called it French,



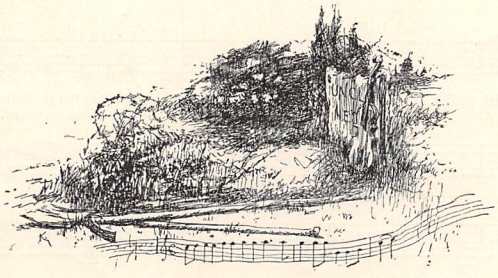
2. Yen a ein counan si la mer } *Bis.*
C'est vrai, etc. }

2. Dey got* one schooner out at sea } *Bis.*
Indeed fo' true, etc. }

but the rest they claimed as good "Affykin." We cannot say. We are sappers and miners in this quest, not philologists. When they come on behind, if they ever think it worth their while to do so, the interpretation of this strange song may be not more difficult than that of the famous inscription discovered by Mr. Pickwick. But, as well as the present writer can know, all that have been given here are genuine antiques.

Sometimes the black man found it more convenient not to run away himself, but to make other articles of property seem to escape from custody. He ventured to forage on his own account, retaining his cabin as a base

* "Dey got" is a vulgarism of Louisiana Creoles, white and colored, for "There is." It is a transfer into English of the French idiom *Il y a.*



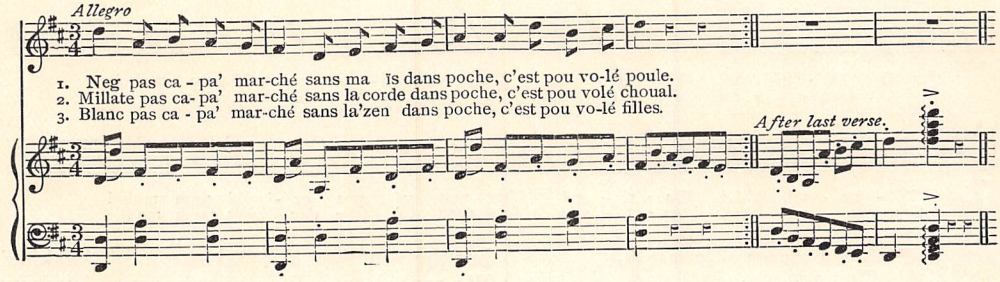
QUAND MO 'TE.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.



NEG' PAS CAPA' MARCHE.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.



AH! SUZETTE.

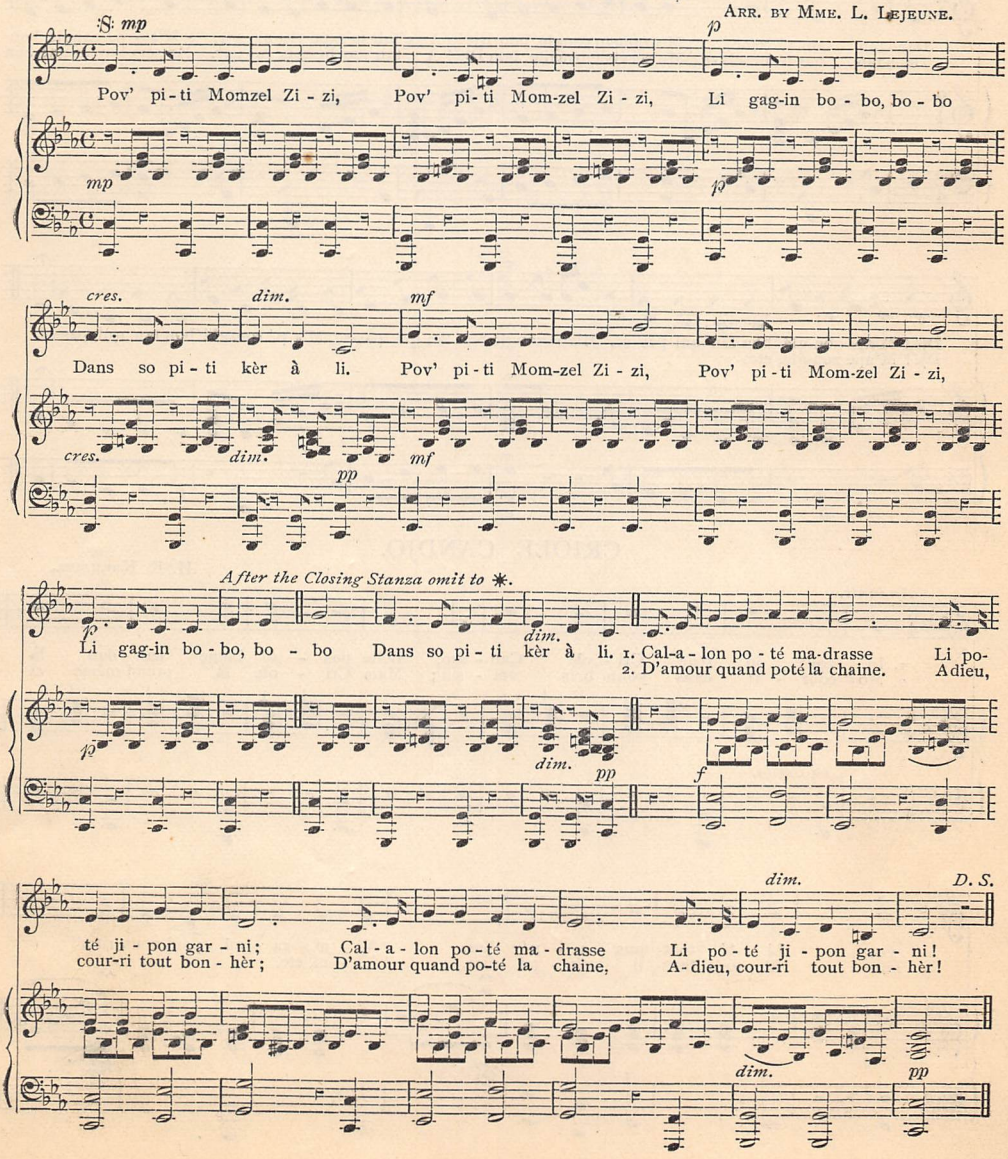
ARR. BY MADAME L. LEJEUNE.





POV' PITI MOMZEL ZIZI.

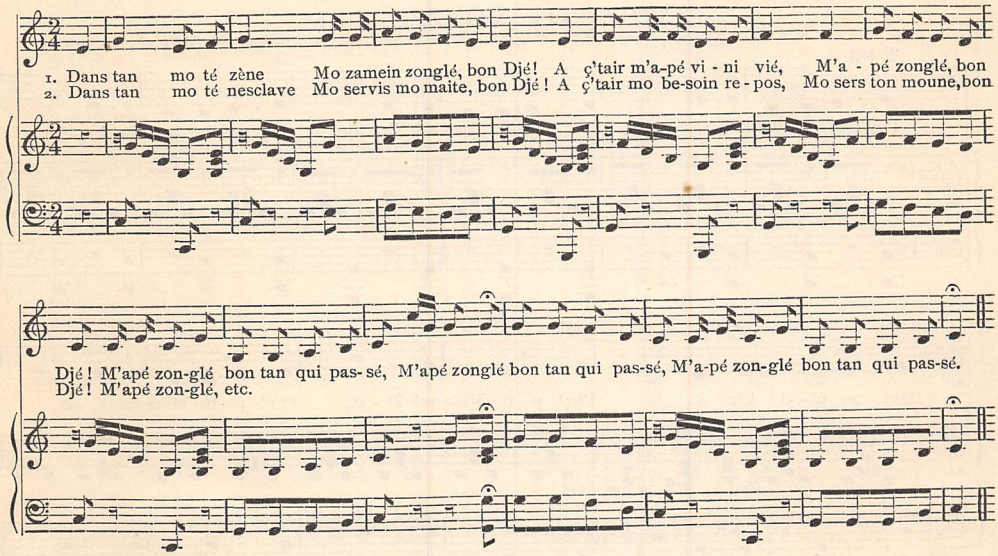
ARR. BY MME. L. LEJEUNE.





BON D'JE.

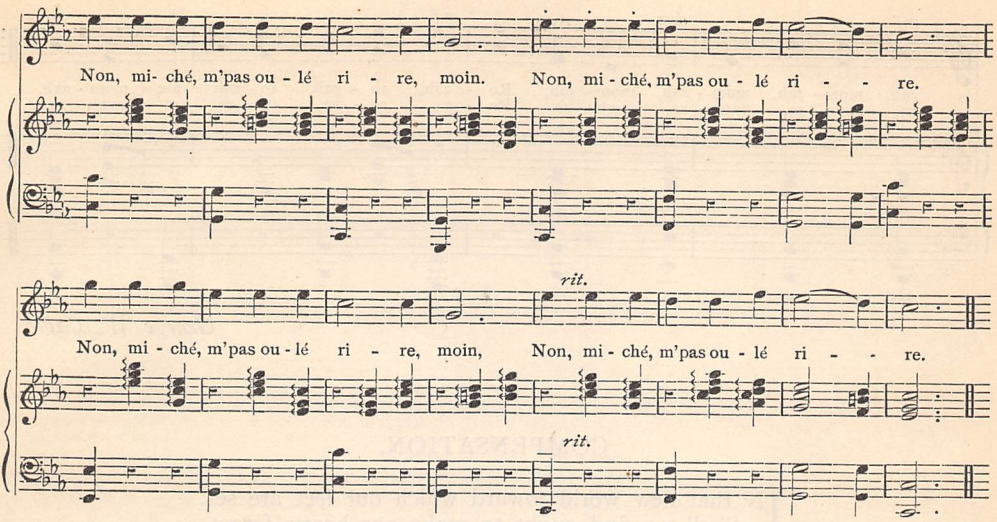
H. E. KREHBIEL.



CRIOLE CANDJO.

H. E. KREHBIEL.





3. Mais li té tant cicané moi,
Pou' li té quitté moin youn fois
Mo té 'blizé pou li dire,
Oui, miché, mo oulé rire.
Oui miché, etc.

4. Zaut tous qu'ap'es rire moin là bas,
Si zaut té conné Candjo là,
Qui belle façon li pou' rire,
Djé pini moin! zaut s'ré dire,
"Oui, miché," etc.

One day one young Creole candio,
Mo' fineh dan sho nuf white beau,
Kip all de time meckin' free —
"Swithawt, meck merrie wid me."
"Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie, me.
Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie."

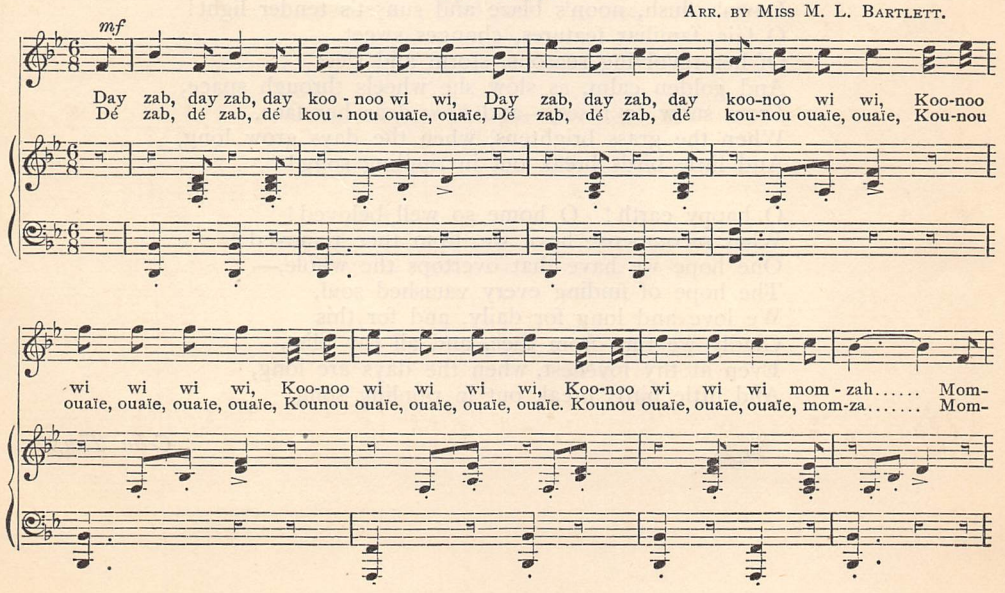
I go teck walk in wood close by;
But Creole tek' sem road, and try
All time, all time, to meck free —
"Swithawt, meck merrie wid me."
"Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie, me.
Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie."

But him slide roun' an' roun' dis chile,
Tell, jis' fo' sheck 'im off lill while,
Me, I was bleedze fo' say, "Shoo!
If I'll meck merrie wid you?
O, yass, I ziss leave meck merrie, me;
Yass, seh, I ziss leave meck merrie."

You-alls w'at laugh at me so well,
I wish you'd knowed dat Creole swell,
Wid all 'is swit, smilin' trick'.
'Pon my soul! you'd done say, quick,
"O, yass, I ziss leave meck merrie, me;
Yass, seh, I ziss leave meck merrie."

DÉ ZAB.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.





George W. Cable.

COMPENSATION.

IN that new world toward which our feet are set,
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sunflecked shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,
From snow to roses,—and how dear her face,
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole,—
The hope of finding every vanished soul,
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

Celia Thaxter.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

XXIII.

IN REBUTTAL.

THE afternoon sitting opened cheerfully with Bodewin's cross-examination. The men with few exceptions, had lunched, and, with vests opened on account of the increasing heat, were prepared to enjoy the baiting of this probably conceited young man, who took such airs of gloomy reticence, and whose information seemed to be so largely in excess of his desire to impart it.

The lawyer for the plaintiff, listening with apparent negligence to Bodewin's account of his capture, saw that it was a tale calling for but little talent in the cross-examination to make ridiculous to a Western jury. It had excited marked surprise in the court-room among those present who knew Bodewin by reputation as a cool fellow and a man of long experience in the West, well acquainted with the risk of solitary journeys in that part of the country, at a time when scarcely a week passed without a stage being stopped and a file of passengers called on to "hold up their hands." The weakness of Bodewin's story was brought out and embellished with local allusions and such wit as the speaker had at his command. He enlarged upon Bodewin's magnanimity, as Mr. Craig had called it, towards his captors. Such magnanimity was certainly unusual, and to a stranger, unacquainted with the character of the witness, seemed to demand some further explanation, besides that transcendent Christian forbearance which the learned counsel on the other side had attributed to his witness.

Was the witness quite sure that he had not some other and more natural, not to say human reason for condoning such a serious and exasperating offense as the restraint of his person and actions, at a time when both were imperatively required elsewhere? Had captivity by chance been sweetened to him? We are commanded to love our enemies, but no law, civil or religious, that the counsel could remember, required a man to keep his enemies' secrets, especially when they were secrets of a nature likely to be damaging to his own character. There were usually two sides to bargains of that kind. "Now as to that message," the plaintiff's counsel asked suddenly, in the hardest of his nasal tones, "might one ask, since it was of so personal a nature, if it was a message from a lady?" There was said to be a lady in every case; the lawyer hoped this case was not to be an ungallant exception to the rule. Bodewin was again supported by the court in his refusal to answer, but the lawyer's wit was of the kind which makes the average juryman grateful to its author. The weightier but less amusing portions of Bodewin's testimony were lost sight of in the story of his capture, which could ill bear the scrutiny Harkins's counsel had succeeded in concentrating upon it, while calling upon the jury to wonder at the witness's reasons for twice refusing to answer the questions put to him. The juror who had been snubbed by the court was in no doubt whatever as to the duplicity of Bodewin's character, and the general feeling was against him, when Mr. Craig said, at the close of his examination:

"Your Honor, this rests the case for the defense."

A mingled stir of relief and expectation had begun to pervade the court-room, when the plaintiff's counsel rose and said that he would like to introduce a few witnesses in rebuttal. People who were leaving the room returned to their seats again, and no one was surprised when the name of James Keesner was called. They would now have the story of the surveys and sale of the Eagle Bird over again from Harkins's side.

James Keesner testified that on the 5th of September, somewhere about noon, John Bodewin came to his cabin in the north woods near the lake, and asked him to let him stay there quietly until the Eagle Bird trial was over. That he had known Bodewin, off and on, for some years, through Colonel Harkins; that Colonel Harkins had said Bodewin would never testify against him on account of something that passed between them at Deadwood three years ago, something about a woman, that Bodewin didn't want talked about. That Bodewin didn't explain to them why he did not wish to go on the trial, but just said he didn't want to and wouldn't, and wanted to stay there till the trial was over. That Bodewin had been to the cabin before, not often, but once or

twice that summer as he was passing through the woods. The cabin had been built three years before, when they were working the claim near it; they had quit work on the claim for a year, and had only been back there since spring. That they lived very quiet in the woods, Bodewin keeping close to the cabin on account of not wanting to be seen by any one passing. That he and the witness's daughter Louisa, called Babe, were always together, he helping her about her work or just sitting around looking at her. That Babe was seventeen and worth looking at. She wasn't used to men like Bodewin, that called themselves gentlemen. That a year or so before Bodewin had sent her his picture in joke like, by Harkins, hearing Harkins say what a beauty she was growing. That he set himself to make her like him. That it was easy done. That he, the witness, had been troubled about the way things looked, but thought it best not to say anything, Bodewin being there for so short a time and Babe as innocent as the day she was born. That he was watching out for them the evening before they went off. Bodewin was sitting on the bench in front of the cabin, talking low with Babe, their heads close together; that he himself kept walking up and down, up and down, pulling on his old pipe, and watching out behind the trees; that when he could not see them any longer for night coming on, he came up short to them and ordered them into the house. Bodewin had looked mad and gone straight to bed. Babe was for going off too, but he had kept her by and given her a talking to.

Perhaps he had been hard on her, but what was a man to do with such foolishness going on, and Babe his only girl and her mother dead? He described the situation of the rooms in the cabin, and went on with his story. How in the morning, early, Tony had gone out for water and found the black horse was missing and they two the only ones left in the cabin. Bodewin was gone, and Babe was gone. Her bed had not been slept in. The boards of the floor had been taken up to make room for Bodewin to crawl up from below. If his girl had gone wrong, it was the fault of Bodewin's ways, different to what she was used to, and his being continually round trying to make her like him, and she having no mother or woman to talk to her. Any one who ever saw his girl could see she was a good girl. She hadn't had any chance, anyhow, to be anything else.

Here Keesner paused and wiped his face and beard. His lean hands were trembling, and his voice was hoarse with the excitement of speech in the presence of so large and attentive an audience. Under his unfeigned trouble, there was the satisfaction of being himself a figure of unwonted importance on an occasion likely to be memorable in that region.

"Did I ever see my girl again?" he repeated. "Never, either living or dead; but plenty saw her. There isn't a man from the camp in this room, I may say, but has seen her, and can speak to what I say, that she was well-grown and handsome, with as good a look to her as any girl need to have. Nobody that ever saw her could take her for any poor truck. She was born a long ways from any of your camps, or cities either. She knew the look of the trees better than she did men's looks. She was easy lied to."

Being recalled to his narrative, Keesner went on to say that Tony, his son, wouldn't eat nor sleep, but was hunting Bodewin, while he himself staid by, in case Babe should come home. That in the afternoon the black horse came straying back through the woods, the saddle on, but the stirrups crossed over the saddle and the bridle hanging from the pommel. That the next afternoon, being the day but one after Babe left, Harkins rode out to the cabin and told him his girl was dead—dead, but first deserted by the man that led her away.

"This day week," said Keesner, "my girl was buried by strangers. She was stoned to death by the emptying of a car while she was crossing the waste-dump up at the Eagle Bird, where she'd come a-huntin' for John Bodewin. Gentlemen," said the witness, turning his red, convulsed countenance upon the jury, "that man Bodewin walked behind my girl's dead body when they carried her up the hill to the mine; he heard all the fuss and the racket, and he never said a word. He saw her layin' there for the whole town to stare at with the very shoes on her feet she'd followed him in away from her home, and he never said a word; never owned to it he'd ever set eyes on her before; never once said she was a good girl, with folks of her own belonging to her. He let them say what they would of her. She was nothin' to him no more."

"Why didn't Colonel Harkins say he knew her?" Keesner repeated in answer to the counsel's question. "Because when he see my daughter layin' there, and nobody to claim her, he knew it meant trouble, the kind of trouble that's better not talked of. He knowed Babe never got in that shape without help. 'Who's the man?' he says to me. 'John Bodewin's the man,' I says. 'You want to git even with him?' he says. 'That's what I'm layin' for,' says I. 'Hold on, then. Wait,' says he, 'your time'll come. Words bite sharper than bullets

when a man's thin-skinned.' And I've hel' on and I've waited, and now I've said my say, and you can ask Anthony, my son there, if every word ain't God's truth."

Mr. Craig sat stupefied, making no effort to impede the witness or arrest his words by timely objections. The case had gone out of his hands and beyond him. It was no longer a question of Mr. Newbold's property, but of John Bodewin's honor. The lady who sat next to Josephine was weeping hysterically. Men were muttering together. Mr. Craig, fearing that Keesner's story might only gain strength on investigation, and seeing that the witness had the whole court with him, waived his right of cross-questioning, and the next witness was called.

In the conference before the trial between Harkins and the Keesners, in the cabin in the wood, Tony had stipulated that "Dad" should "do the lyin'." He "was used to it." As for himself, the less talking they made him do the better. Harkins had accepted Tony's estimate of his own powers, and he was not called upon to corroborate the more fanciful portions of his father's narrative. But the parts which Harkins had supplied, assuring his confederates that they were necessary to complete Bodewin's disgrace, were not the strongest parts of James Keesner's story. There remained enough which Tony could savagely confirm without fear of entanglement.

There was only one more witness for the rebuttal. The friendship between Bodewin and Hillbury was not generally known to the excited group of people who awaited the next development in this singular trial; but to one or two of those whose suspense was keenest, the painfulness of the scene reached its climax when the name of Edward Wales Hillbury was called by the counsel for the plaintiff.

Mr. Craig was sharply roused by it. His old dislike for Bodewin, lately intensified by their mutual relations, had never been inconsistent with respect. He looked at Bodewin keenly, and said to himself, "Here has been some cruel lying. Hillbury will be sorry for what he is going to do, if he could have helped doing it. I'll make him sorry for it!" the perverse little lawyer vowed to himself. Now that there seemed to be abundant cause for distrusting Bodewin, he suddenly felt himself bound to do battle for him. Besides, Bodewin was his witness.

Hillbury's direct examination brought out the fact of his accidental visit to the cabin in the woods and his interview with Babe, including the incident of Bodewin's photograph. Babe had informed her father of this visit in detail, knowing him to be engaged in a plot of some kind against the original of the picture and hoping that it might frighten, or possibly deter him, through fear of discovery. Keesner had treasured up his daughter's communication as likely to be interesting to Harkins. Harkins had found it extremely interesting, and the result of Babe's warning had been Hillbury's summons to testify against his friend.

The counsel then asked Hillbury if Mr. Bodewin had ever said anything to him which would lead him to suppose that Colonel Harkins had any hold upon him. Hillbury replied with evident reluctance that Mr. Bodewin had once said that he was under an obligation to Colonel Harkins. Repeated questions forced from him the admission that Mr. Bodewin had spoken of the obligation as a delicate and strenuous one, but added that Mr. Bodewin often used extravagant expressions in speaking of quite simple matters, and declared that he had attached no particular importance to the words.

"At the time," the counsel suggested.

"At the time," Hillbury allowed the suggestion.

"At any subsequent time did you regard them more seriously?"

"When Mr. Bodewin was suddenly missing, I naturally recalled everything, even the slightest noteworthy thing connected with him that had happened near the time of his disappearance, this conversation among others."

Hillbury then identified the unknown girl who was killed at the Eagle Bird mine as the one he had seen and talked with in the cabin. When asked if Mr. Bodewin had ever spoken to him of this girl or of the cabin, the witness replied that he had not.

"You were then greatly surprised to find his photograph there, were you not?" the counsel asked.

"I was."

"Did you ever question him about it?"

"I did not."

"Why not?"

"For one reason, there was no opportunity to do so, between the time of my visit to the cabin and Mr. Bodewin's disappearance."

"You have had opportunities since his return to speak to him about it, have you not?"

"I have."

"Still you made no allusion to this incident which was such a matter of surprise to you?"

"No, not directly."

"Have you ever in any way invited his confidence on this subject?"

"In a general way I have invited his confidence on this and other subjects."

"Did he respond?"

"He did not. But it may be that my manner was at fault. One is not always happy

on such occasions; and it has never been my habit to press inquiries of a personal nature upon my friends."

"And you wish I would be equally considerate with you," the counsel concluded with a flourish of courtesy. "That will do, Mr. Hillbury."

Mr. Craig began his cross-examination by asking Hillbury how long he had known Mr. Bodewin.

"Fifteen years," was the reply.

Had their relations during that time been friendly?

"Yes."

"Invariably?"

"Yes."

What were their relations at the present time? Hillbury's momentary hesitation was covered by an objection promptly raised by the opposite counsel. The question was allowed, and Hillbury replied that he was not in a position to say how Mr. Bodewin might regard him at that moment; but the answer had the effect of an evasion, and Mr. Craig felt that he had gained his first point. How was it, he next asked, that a friend of Mr. Bodewin's, one who had been his friend for fifteen years, had made no search for him when he was missing under circumstances calculated to excite the gravest apprehensions for his safety?

Mr. Hillbury replied that the organized search set on foot by the town stood a better chance of success, in cases of that kind, than would a single individual, even with the stimulus of his friendship for the object of the search.

"The organized search," Mr. Craig retorted, "consisted of three or four men who rode about the country, and drank a little more whisky than usual for a few days; the search then resolved itself into gossip about Bodewin's character and intentions, and bets as to his probable fate. Was that enough to satisfy a friendship of fifteen years?"

"I did not say that it was," Mr. Hillbury replied.

"Well, was it?"

"In my own case, it was not."

"What further effort, if any, did you make to find your friend?"

"I went in search of him myself."

"Oh, indeed! And how much time, pray, did you give to this individual search?" asked Mr. Craig, who knew that Hillbury had been seen in camp or its neighborhood nearly every day during Bodewin's absence.

"A little more than half a day."

"I suppose you found him?" Mr. Craig said, with an ironical glance at the jury.

Mr. Hillbury made no response to this supposition.

"Were you satisfied with the result of your half-a-day's search?"

"In one sense, yes."

"In what sense was that?"

"In the sense that I found him."

A sensation in the court, in the midst of which Mr. Craig's irony was extinguished.

"Where did you find him?" he asked mechanically, while desperately trying to arrange his future questions, in case Hillbury's answer should turn out to be as bad as he feared.

"In the cabin in the North woods."

"Which cabin?"

"The one I have already described, where I saw the photograph of Mr. Bodewin."

"What was Mr. Bodewin doing when you found him, as you say?" Mr. Craig was now trusting to the chance of getting the witness involved by rapidly multiplying unimportant questions. Hillbury's pale countenance facing him began to show signs of distress. Mr. Craig pressed the question.

"What was he doing?"

"I don't know *what* he was doing," said Hillbury, with a kind of violence.

"How near were you to him?"

"Twice as far from him, perhaps, as I am from you."

"Yet you don't know what he was doing! Did you ask him?"

"I did not speak to him."

"You did not speak to him! What did you do, pray?"

"I looked at him, and then went back to my horse, mounted, and rode away."

"A singular and touching interview, truly, between friends of fifteen years, one of whom had been missing for some time under an implication of danger. Was Mr. Bodewin alone when you saw him, and were too much overcome, as I conclude, by your feelings, to speak to him?"

"He was not."

"Who was with him?"

"A young woman."

"Any one else?"

"To all appearances they were alone."

"Were they talking together?"

"No."

"Well, 'to all appearances' what were they doing?" Mr. Craig went on stupidly; but a strange look in Hillbury's face, almost like a warning unspoken, arrested him. "Did Mr. Bodewin see you, or know of your neighborhood?" he hurried on, trying to bury the previous question in a new one.

"I do not think he did," said Hillbury, dropping his eyes. He knew that Craig had understood him at last, and that the ordeal was over.

But Craig could not accept his defeat without one more effort.

"You were there, then, not to find your friend, but to spy upon his actions?"

"I was there to find him, to help him if he needed such help as I alone could give him, to procure additional help if required. Finding him safe and apparently happy, I did not offer my services. The offer of my society it seemed better, under the circumstances, to postpone."

"Have you ever described this incident before?"

"I have never spoken of it until to-day."

"You seem to have saved it carefully for the time when it would be most likely to injure your friend of fifteen years."

"That is your inference, for which I am not responsible."

Hillbury was released, inwardly cursing Craig for a "rash, intruding fool," and writhing under his own revolting part in the day's work. And Craig could think of nothing that would have made things worse, except to have had his wife present to witness his blunders.

XXIV.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE TRIAL.

It was the talk of the town that evening that Harkins had won his suit, Bodewin, the chief witness for the defense, having forsworn himself, and his testimony having been practically set aside by the jury; that there had been shameful disclosures as to his character; that Tony Keesner, brother of the girl he had wronged, was hunting for Bodewin, swearing he would shoot him at sight. Bets were being offered in every drinking-saloon of the city as to the result of the meeting. The town seemed to have emptied itself into the streets, at this hour of coolness and gayety. Children's voices were shrill in the gardened suburbs; the light rush of wheels was loud and low, in quick alternation, on the broad avenues looking outward from the city. A wind from the mountains, setting across the sun-warmed plain, revived with its wild, sweet breath the day's languors.

How many heart-breaks go to make up that song of a city at night! On her bed, that loomed white in the darkened room, Josephine lay and listened to this voice of many voices, dream-like, far away from that burning core of anguish which was the center of her being. Shame could not approach Bodewin as he lived in her thoughts. He had loved the girl who was dead, there had been a necessity for secrecy, everything had been misjudged and misrepresented, and Bodewin had been too proud or too wretched to explain. That he had been base it was out of the power of the woman who loved him to believe. That he loved the girl whose beauty still ached in Josephine's remembrance, she could well believe. That her death had complicated his position in some cruel way, she could understand — or rather she tried to understand nothing; she believed and suffered. But the dumb cry of her anguish was not for herself — it was for Bodewin. Where was he that night? What had been left to him? Everything was gone, and there lived not a soul who could comfort him. She had dreamed that they two were strangely, perhaps perilously sympathetic, but while she had been balancing her maidenly subtleties of conduct, the current of his life had sunk out of sight, like those rivers that run along in sunshine and then suddenly disappear in the quicksands.

About nine o'clock that evening, in one of the thoroughfares of the town, two pistol-shots were heard, fired in quick succession. Word was borne from street to street, with a clamor of voices and a hurry of feet, that Harkins in the hour of his triumph was dead. It reached the great, gas-lit house, with its tiers of balconied windows, open to the night, where Josephine lay; it floated up from smoking-room to parlor, and pervaded the corridors in bursts of excited talk. It reached Josephine's door in a sound of imperative knocking. She started up. Her father spoke to her from the passage. She rose and opened the door. The room was faintly lighted from the street.

"Sitting in the dark, Jose?" her father said, reaching for her hand. "I hoped you were in bed and asleep, but I came up, thinking you might have been wakened by the stir in the house. A dreadful thing has happened. The town is ringing with it! Did you hear the shots?"

Josephine did not answer.

Her father had drawn her down upon his lap, in the great chair he had sunk into. He sighed, and rubbed his handkerchief over his damp forehead.

"That last shot sent Harkins to his account!"

"Who ——" Josephine began, and the great dread in her eyes finished the question.

"He and that young Keesner were in some place drinking together, or Keesner was drinking and Harkins was keeping watch of him. Keesner saw Bodewin pass on the street. He rushed out and fired one shot at him, and missed. Harkins followed him and grabbed him from behind, before he could shoot again. Keesner whirled, and in the struggle Harkins got the second barrel. They fell together,

Harkins underneath. He never spoke. Keesner's friends got him away before the police came up. But Harkins got what was meant for Bodewin. Why, Josephine!"

Josephine was sobbing on her father's neck. "Thank God!" she whispered, not knowing that she had spoken.

Bodewin had brought his horse down from the mountains, intending to leave him on a ranch for the winter. He had himself expected to go East after the trial; but now he had no plans, only to get out of the town as quickly as possible, and alone. Across the plains many roads and trails led towards the distant mountain passes, to the south and west.

Baldy had found a trail and was following it, with his head low, his ears playing backwards and forwards, knowing that his master had given him the direction of their course, and intelligently responsive to the trust.

Where he was going, what he was going to do, Bodewin did not yet know. It was enough for the present that he was in motion. But the motion was not so rapid or so exciting as to take the place of thought. The darkness was peopled with faces, poignant with wounded surprise or reproach or contempt, their looks all concentrated upon himself as in a nightmare. Babe Keesner's face he saw more constantly and vividly than any other. Although he could not definitely accuse himself, his conscience was not clear when he thought of her. Of all who had suffered through him, she had suffered most, and she had lost everything. Now that it was too late he could see the madness of his course with regard to her—the blind pertinacity with which he had kept that wild and foolish promise her death had extorted from him. From the night when he followed the wagon that bore her body to the camp, he had felt that he was marked for trouble; but he had not foreseen that it could involve any one but himself. He might have asked for another hearing at the trial, for Babe's sake if not for his own, but he could not have gone on the witness-stand again without being summoned and questioned by Craig—Craig, who could not know what questions to ask, and whose capacity for blundering might be measured by his cross-examination of Hillbury. He would not have been allowed to tell an uninterrupted story without a running fire of objections from the opposite counsel. He had no proofs to offer that easy and cynical crowd to which his appeal must have been made, except his own word, and that had been broken down before them. These were some of the excuses which Bodewin made for a silence which covered so much wrong and pain; but the true explanation of it lay deeper than all his reasons, in the nature of the man himself. No one who knew him well would have been surprised that he was silent—after hearing his reputation sworn away before an assemblage of men ready, to a man, to believe him guilty—even had he felt that there was a single person present to whom his disgrace mattered more than to Hillbury—Hillbury, whose testimony had completed the case against him.

Bodewin's anguish, when he thought of Josephine, left no room for conjecture as to what she might have felt in witnessing his shame. The trial scene had branded him for life. The infamy of it was known to but a few people, but it would spread. Already he could hear the story of it repeated in every city where he had ever been known. There was nothing to be done but to live it down in the years that were left to him of his life. He felt already old, and yet as if he should never die. In the mean time he would do Babe the justice and give himself the consolation of telling the true story to Josephine. That she would believe him, without proofs, he did not doubt. Such generous belief was one of the necessities of her nature. He would get away into some corner of the world where he was not known, and think it all over and write her a letter. Already there was a strange, poor comfort in the thought.

XXV.

JOSEPHINE AND HILLBURY.

JOSEPHINE had been home nearly a month when Bodewin's letter came. It was a thick letter with the postmark only of some railroad on the envelope. She opened it, with the joyless certainty that she was to read the story of Babe Keesner written by her unhappy lover. There were a number of sheets closely written without date or signature, and within them was a note addressed to herself. She read:

"MY DEAR MISS NEWBOLD: When I asked you on the night of Babe Keesner's death if you could still have faith in me, even if circumstances condemned me, I spoke in weakness, foreseeing what some of the consequences of that night were likely to be, and feeling that the one thing I could not bear was that you should doubt me. It is a consolation to me, even now, to remember how readily and cordially you replied to my presumptuous claim upon your faith. You were in distress yourself that night. I frightened and bewildered you, yet I remember you did not shrink from me or evade my selfish question. You must have thought of it in the court-room, and it must have seemed to you a shameless and paltry advantage for me to have taken of your generosity. I dare not picture to myself all that you must have thought of me that day.

"And yet I know—God knows how I know it—that you will not doubt the truth of what I ask you

here to read — the inclosed story of my unhappy acquaintance with the Keesner family, from the hour of my capture by the father and son, to my last words with the daughter before her death. No one who believed Keesner's story would have believed mine, had I insisted upon telling it in the court-room to save Babe's good name and my own; there were other reasons why I could not tell it there and then.

"I put it in your hands now, to repeat to whom it may concern, or, if you think better, to keep as a trust from one woman to another, conveyed to you by me. For it is not so much *my* story as the story of Babe Keesner. My own story I have already told you — all but the end of it. It ends in my hopeless love for you.

"Yours, JOHN TRISTRAM BODEWIN."

The story Josephine put carefully away for the time when it should be needed; but the letter that was from Bodewin to herself alone she kept always with her, and read over and over the words in which he had called himself her lover. For a little while the joy of knowing as well as trusting that he was guiltless, and the more selfish joy of knowing herself beloved, helped her to bear the thought of his self-exile; but soon she began to ask herself, each day with a sharper anxiety, how long that exile was to last. He had cut himself off from any hope of an answer to his letter. She knew not where he had hidden himself. She searched the papers for personal items from the remotest states and territories, and often her heart stood still at the glimpse of a name, and she feared to read the record of some lonely death, in the tragedy of which she had no part. She could not bring herself to show Bodewin's letter to her father; his justification in that quarter she felt must come through some one else besides herself. Her life was full of duties and little cares that once had made her sufficiently happy, but now it seemed to her like the swollen November currents of the river that flowed past her window — heavily circling and swooning back upon itself, yet borne helplessly onward.

It was about this time that Hillbury, on his way to New York, passed through Kansas City and stopped over one train for the sake of seeing Josephine. He sent her a note from his hotel on the morning of his arrival, asking her permission to call in the afternoon.

Josephine welcomed this opportunity as the one she had long waited for. Hillbury, of all others, was the one whom it most concerned to hear Babe Keesner's story — the one it most behooved to cancel, as far as might be, the wrong that had been done. She would not trust herself with Bodewin's defense. Hillbury should have the story as it had been given to her, in the very words of Bodewin's letter.

In the weeks since the trial, Hillbury had been settling with himself in regard to Josephine. He had come to a decision none the less impassioned that it was tardy and deliberate. He loved her; she was everything his wife should be, except that in some ways she needed development. He felt that he was singularly fitted for the happy task of aiding that development. It was not in Hillbury's nature to be humble, even in his love. Why should he be, indeed? He was thoroughly equipped and disciplined for exact work and refined enjoyment, for appreciation or for judgment: why not for love? Each separate problem of his life as it presented itself had been solved by him in the most satisfactory manner. The problem next in order was this beautiful young woman, whose divine capacity for love he believed in and longed to prove. He had watched the progress of Bodewin's influence over her, at first with curiosity, but later with deepening unrest. That influence was at an end now; it never occurred to Hillbury that it could have survived the revelations of the trial. The juxtaposition of his own happiness, supposing happiness to be in store for him, with his friend's downfall was painful. But life was full of such pain, and the Nemesis that had overtaken Bodewin could not be appeased by any private renunciations of his own.

Did Hillbury but know it, his sorrow for his friend, and the trouble of mind it had cost him, together with his own share in Bodewin's condemnation, had done much to soften his pride of individuality, and to widen the gate of his well-guarded heart for love to creep in.

He was surprised to find how nervous he was becoming, while he waited for Josephine after sending up his card.

He watched her with keen pleasure as she came down the long room to meet him. Her beauty impressed him not more than her earnestness and entire unconsciousness of herself. She did not smile, but her face showed a gladness that was almost exaltation. Hillbury was not humble, but he was honest and clear-sighted. He could not take that unexpected deep joy in her face all to himself. He would have to come many times to see her before he would have earned such a beautiful look of greeting as that. It troubled him to think of the unknown agencies that might be swaying her life away from him, even during these moments she was apparently giving to him. She held a bulky letter, which she kept in her hands, bending and crushing it, while she replied to his inquiries about her father and the incidents of their journey. For some time they talked of indifferent things, carefully on Hillbury's part, avoiding any allusion to their common experiences in the camp, or to any person connected with them. It was Hillbury's intention to commence again on a new basis

with Josephine, ignoring as far as possible the unfortunate beginning of their acquaintance—ignoring it until they had become intimate enough to return to it from a common point of view. Then they would talk of it together, with assured sympathy, as of everything else in both of their lives that had been remembered with pleasure or with pain. This thought stealing into his mind was almost confusing in its sweetness. There was a little silence. Then Josephine bent towards him suddenly, her hands clasped over the letter in her lap. "We are thinking of the same thing, I know. Why should we not speak of it?" she said, looking almost imploringly at Hillbury.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked.

"Of the day when I saw you last. It seems to me I have thought of nothing else ever since." She did not see that her words were a blow to Hillbury. "I know," she went on, "how you must have suffered in doing what they made you do. It was worse for you almost than for your friend. For you believed he had sinned, and he knew that he had not."

She gave Hillbury a moment in which to speak, but he was silent.

"How strange it is," she continued, with an absent look of pain, "that the truth can be more cruelly false even than falsehood itself. The proofs were terrible, but it was the proofs that lied."

"How do you know that?" Hillbury asked, sternly. He felt as if he were now on his own defense.

"I have the true story here, in his own words. All those fatal omissions he was obliged to make—they are all explained here." She half opened the letter and held it towards Hillbury. "You are to read it," she urged, as he made no movement to take it. "You are the one of all others who *must* read it."

Hillbury had recognized the handwriting. "If it is imperative that I should read it, why was it not addressed to me?"

"You forget there was a woman sacrificed with him," said Josephine coldly. "He has written in her defense, not in his own. But her cause and his are inextricable. In telling the truth about her, he shows how he himself has been misjudged."

"If there is anything he could have explained and did not, he has done a great wrong to others besides himself. A man owes the truth about himself to his friends at all times, and at certain times he owes it to all men. The trial was one of those occasions. Bodewin had no right to make omissions in his testimony. It is not the truth that is sometimes false, it is half the truth."

"But one may become involved through sympathy—through tenderness for others. He was bound by a promise to one who was dying, absolutely helpless and at his mercy."

It was unfortunate that these hastily chosen words of Josephine's called up a picture that was almost revolting to a man of Hillbury's stern probity and hatred of morbid sentiment. "I cannot imagine," he replied with deep-toned impatience, "any circumstances that should excuse a man for making an unconditional promise to conceal the truth, or a part of it."

"It is very possible that you cannot," said Josephine; "but that was not the question at the trial. The charges they made against him there are answered in this letter. Your own statements are answered. You owe it to yourself to read it." She offered him the letter again. She was hurt and disappointed by Hillbury's manner. She had expected that he would welcome Bodewin's explanations with unhesitating joy, but now it seemed as if he required some indorsement of the message itself. He took the letter, and was about to put it away in his pocket-book, when Josephine interposed: "Oh, I cannot give it up to you; I must ask you to read it now. There are not many pages."

"I will return it to you promptly," said Hillbury. "I would rather read it, if you please, when I am alone; you think me possibly more indifferent in this matter than I am."

It was impossible for Josephine to explain to Hillbury her feeling of passionate proprietorship in Bodewin's letter. It had come like a revelation, vouchsafed to her alone, out of the sad mystery of his fate. It was, to her simple imagination, the sole and sufficient proof of his innocence. She could not part with it, even for a day. Her pride deserted her in this dilemma; she looked helplessly at Hillbury, with tears in her eyes.

"Read it to me yourself," said Hillbury suddenly. "The words will come home to me more if I hear them uttered." He was not slow to comprehend her feeling. He suspected that he had made a dreary mistake—not the first one of that strange, unhappy summer. He wanted some sure proof of it. There could be none surer than to hear Josephine tell Bodewin's story in his own words.

She hesitated but a moment over the alternative. Then going to the window and seating herself between the heavy partings of the curtains, she began to read. At first her voice trembled and the pages of thin paper rustled slightly in her fingers. But soon she had lost herself in the story. Hillbury listened, but not with joy, for Bodewin's justification was his own sentence, and the final blow to the hope which had brought him there. There was no mistaking the source of this passion for jus-

tice that thrilled in the girl's voice and made the blood in her cheek its witness. He saw the sweet delusion he had been cherishing fade, and in its place he faced only the cold, enduring peace of reparation for a wrong unconsciously committed, but no less cruel in its consequences. He saw where he had failed in his faith towards his friend. Failures or mistakes of any kind were bitter things for Hillbury to acknowledge; but while he silently owned his shortcomings his habit of justice made him just, even to himself. He did not accuse himself extravagantly. He had judged his friend only as he himself would have submitted to be judged by others.

When in the course of the narrative Josephine came to the incident of the photograph, Hillbury interrupted her. He did not understand Bodewin's allusion to his relations with Harkins through the death of his sister. Josephine laid down the letter and repeated to him the story of Ellen Eustace's death.

"Was that the 'obligation' — the 'delicate personal obligation' that Bodewin suffered from?" Hillbury exclaimed. "Poor fellow!" he added gently. Bodewin's family pride and his sensitiveness through his sister would be sure to touch Hillbury far more nearly than any entanglement of sentiment, of gratitude, with a young woman of a class beneath him.

"How strange that he never told you that story!" Josephine murmured in the pause.

"May I add how strange that he told it to you!"

Josephine hung her head. "Before the trial," she explained falteringly, "he had told me many things about himself which our short acquaintance did not entitle me to know. But it came about through my presuming to ask him why he would not be my father's witness." Josephine felt how Hillbury would regard this statement. When the story had progressed as far as the scene on the porch, when Babe had submitted to have her eye treated, the reader laid the letter down and looked at Hillbury. "Is it not true," she said, "that proofs can lie? The only thing that can be trusted is character. A man thirty years old should have one. His friends, I think, should know what it is, and — forgive me — I think they should let no evidence, hardly the evidence of their senses, shake the faith that has once been given."

If Josephine was merciless, it was because Hillbury seemed to her so little moved.

"Spare me," he said in a low voice. "Yours was the better part; but it is possible that only a man can fully measure a man's temptations. And the effect of a thing *seen* is tremendous."

When Josephine had folded the letter, Hillbury rose and walked slowly towards the window where she sat. He still held his hat and gloves, and as he bent over her hand in farewell, he looked merely a perfectly dressed and irreproachable afternoon visitor taking his leave. Yet never in his life before had he been so deeply moved.

"What I have learned from you, Miss Newbold, makes it necessary that I should see John Bodewin as soon as possible. Can you tell me where he is?"

"I have no idea," said Josephine.

"Does his letter give no clew?"

She shook her head. Her overwrought nerves were giving way, and she could not trust herself to speak.

"Wherever he is," said Hillbury slowly, in his fine, sad accent, "I will find him if he be living. When I see him I shall wish to say to him the thing that will be most comforting. He must be very sore ——" He waited a moment. Josephine could not speak. "Your perceptions throughout have been so much truer than mine," he continued, — "can you not give me the right words to say? There must be no more blundering. What shall I say that will be most sure to bring him back to us?"

"Oh," said Josephine, "if you find him tell him I wish to see him; I have something to say to him myself."

"I will find him," Hillbury repeated, "and he will come."

"I will find him, and he will come!" Many times, in the days that followed Hillbury's visit, Josephine repeated these words to herself, and saw again his sad yet satisfied smile of prophecy. She lived upon the words until the promise was fulfilled.

XXVI.

THE DESERT STATION.

ONE day of the following summer an overland train, westward-bound, left two of its passengers at a station on the desert plains, consisting of one frame house, a "dug-out," a section house, and a water-tank. It was not a meal station; no through train would stop there until the following day. A conveyance called a "jerky" would arrive in two hours' time from some obscure habitation of men in the desert, and continue thence to its next stopping-place, thirty miles away. But even this poor chance of rescue was not known to the sympathetic car-load of passengers who were now abandoning two of their number to their fate.

The self-devoted ones were a woman in her first youth and a man, not so young by sev-

eral years. Both were interesting in appearance, and, as if to complete the contrast between herself and her surroundings, the girl was quietly but intelligently dressed in the height of the summer's fashion for young lady tourists, in the world where the fashions are a record of the seasons as they pass. While her companion was directing the porter who carried their hand-luggage, the young woman walked to the end of the short platform and stood there looking before her eagerly. In her happy eyes there was something like recognition of the scene, or a remembrance of some other scene which it vividly recalled. Strongly characterized as it was, there was indeed nothing singular in the view. Hundreds of miles of such country can be seen by the traveler west of the Missouri River. The sage-brush was turning gray with the long summer's deepening dust; the blue of the cloudless sky was darker than the sun-blanched plain; rising afar off where sky and desert meet, a range of peaks showed their snow-covered tops, like white sails on the horizon.

The young girl and her traveling companion stood side by side as the train moved off, watching the little colony, of which they had lately been a part, receding from their gaze down the lessening lines of the track. Two or three heads looked back at them from open windows. A young man sitting on the steps of the rear car waved his hat to them, with the compassion of one who goes with the majority for the pathetic minority left behind.

The two who were in the minority did not respond; they turned and smiled at each other.

"They are *sorry* for us!" said Josephine.

The man on the rear car was a mere speck in the distance. Bodewin stooped and kissed her for the look with which she said those words.

The noise of the train died away, and they were left standing alone on the heated boards of the platform, enfolded in the stillness of the desert. Gradually their stunned ears became accustomed to the fainter range of sounds around them. The ticket agent, who had partially satisfied his curiosity with regard to them, and returned to the solitude of his official duties, could be heard rustling a newspaper and grating a chair across the floor within. The hurried click, click of the telegraph machine asserted itself imperatively, like the voice of the world they had left warning them to come back. The wind from off the desert, blowing in their faces, seemed to call to them from that unknown region whither they were venturing together. Josephine lifted her outstretched arms and welcomed it with a thrill of joy that was keen with the memory of pain. It was the wind of the high valley where she and Bodewin had ridden together; it was the plain's wind that had rattled the dusty lattices outside of the room where she lay, alone with her anguish, the evening after the trial.

Wind of the great Far West, soft, electric, and strong, blowing up through gates of the great mountain ranges, over miles of dry savanna, where its playmates are the roving bands of wild horses, and the dust of the trails which it weaves into spiral clouds and carries like banners before it! Wind of prophecy and of hope, of tireless energy and desire that life shall not satisfy! Who that has heard its call in the desert, or its whisper in the mountain valleys, can resist the longing to follow, to prove the hope, to test the prophecy!

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.

PAST.

THERE, as she sewed, came floating through her head
Odd bits of poems, learned in other days
And long forgotten in the noisier ways
Through which the fortunes of her life now led;
And looking up, she saw upon the shelf
In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,
All uncaressed by her fond eye or hand;
And her heart smote her, thinking how herself
Had loved them once and found in them all good
As well as beauty, filling every need;
But now they could not fill the emptiness
Of heart she felt ev'n in her gayest mood.
She wanted once no work her heart to feed,
And to be idle once was no distress.

Winifred Howells.

WE left the monastery the next morning. It took courage on our part. But we knew it was best to go quickly. Every day we fell more under the dreamy influence of the place and became less willing for action. We must hasten from Monte Oliveto, for the very reason which led Blessed Bernardo to it — to flee temptation. The *Abate* was in our room by half-past seven. Dom Giuseppe was in the church saying mass, but had sent his farewells. He himself had not yet said mass, so he could not drink his coffee with us, but he sat by while we had ours. We would not reach San Quirico till noon, he feared, and we must have something in our pockets to eat in the meantime, and he went to his room and came back with two cakes. He brought besides two letters he had written introducing us to monks at San Pietro in Perugia. Then he came downstairs and out to the stable, though he was fasting and the morning was wet and cloudy and cold. We did not get on the tricycle at once. We remembered the road too well. The *Abate* walked by our side, now and then patting J—— on the back and calling him affectionately, "Giuseppe, Giuseppe," and kept with us until, at some little distance from the gateway, we mounted the machine. After he had said good-bye he stood quietly watching us. Then there came a turn in the road which hid him from us, and when we saw him again he was walking on the foot-path below the cypresses, with two little boys who had come out with him. He was on his way to take Dom Giuseppe's place at the altar. And then we went on sadly, for we knew that we should not come to another resting-place where there was such perfect relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way.

As the road was difficult going up, so was it dangerous coming down, and again we had to walk. To add to our discomfort, before long it began to rain, and it was so cold we had to blow on our fingers to keep them warm. During the night it had snowed on the far mountain ranges. Beyond Buonconvento when we had returned to the post-road we went fast enough, but only for a while. There were more mountains to cross, up which J—— could not go very fast because of the burden, or knapsack, that was on his back. Out of very shame I took my share in pushing and pulling the tricycle. Once or twice we had long coasts; but in places the road in descending wound as often as a small St. Gothard railway, and coasting would have been too great a risk. It rained at intervals, but at times the sun almost broke through the clouds which followed it in long gray sweeps from the white masses which rested on the snow-capped mountains bounding the horizon. To our right, Monte Amiata, bare and rugged and with white top, was always in sight, and once, above it, the clouds rolled away, leaving a broad stretch of greenish-blue sky. There were many crosses by the wayside, and they were different from any we had yet seen. On each, above spear and sponge, was a black cock, rudely carved to look as if it were crowing. Just before we came to San Quirico, and towards noon, we saw at the foot of one of these crosses an old weary-looking peasant, with head bowed, as if he listened for the Angelus.

We were prepossessed against San Quirico before we reached it. Olives with vines hanging from them, in defiance of Virgil, brown fields, and red and yellow trees could not reconcile us to the long climb up the mountain. It was worth our trouble, however, if only to see the cathedral. We left the tricycle at the *trattoria*, and at our leisure looked at the portal and its pillars, with quaintly carved capitals of animals and birds, and those others, joined together with a Celtic-like twist and resting on leopards, and the two sea-monsters above. And while we looked at the grotesque gargoyles on the walls and the two figures for columns and the lions on the side doorway, two *carabinieri* from a neighboring window examined us as if we were equal curiosities. This fine building is an incongruity in San Quirico, which, for our first impressions proved right, is at best but a poor place. We were cheated in it as we had never been before. When we went back to the *trattoria* four men were eating their dinner inside the fire-place in the kitchen. But we were ushered into what I suppose was the best room. It was dining-room and bed-chamber combined. On one side was a long table, on the other the bed. The dressing-table served as buffet, and the *padrona* brought from its drawers the cheese and apples for our dessert. In the garden below, for we were in the second story, weeds like corn grew so tall that they shaded the window. What happened in that room, and the difference that arose between the *padrona* and ourselves, are facts too unpleasant to recall!

After San Quirico there was the same barrenness. We turned aside to visit Pienza,

because we were so curious to see the cathedral and palaces Pius II. built there in the fond hope of turning his native village into an important town. We saw the great brown buildings, marked with the fine crescents of the Piccolomini and the papal tiara and keys, as out of place in Pienza as the cathedral in San Quirico. We looked closer at the old stone well and its beautiful wrought-iron work; J—— made a sketch of a fine court-yard, and then we were on our way again. Near Montepulciano we came to a thickly wooded country, and all the bells rang out as if in welcome when, after working up the long road, so winding that at times the city was completely hidden, we rode into its now dark and cold streets.

It was in this high hill town that one of the pilgrims fell by the way. For two days J—— was too ill to ride, and we feared our pilgrimage had come to an end. We staid at the albergo Marzocco. It was on the fifth floor of an old palace, and the entrance was through the kitchen. The *padrone* had a *pizzicheria*, or pork-shop, across the street. When anything was wanted at the albergo, it was brought from the shop. Every time I went to my window I saw messengers on their way between the two establishments. But no man can serve two masters. The *pizzicheria* drove a more thriving trade, and the albergo suffered in consequence. It was left in charge of a youth of unparalleled stupidity, who seldom understood what we asked for, and when he did declared it was something not to be had. But a friend was sent to us in our need.

It happened in this way. The first morning we went out for a walk, and while we were sitting in a caffé the door opened and a young Italian, dressed *à l'Anglaise*, even to his silver-headed cane, came in. He took a seat at the table next to us. When his coffee was brought he asked the *cameriere* if he had seen the English lady and gentleman who had arrived the evening before on a *velocipede*. No, the *cameriere* had not; he knew nothing of these *forestieri*. There was a pause while the young Italian sipped his coffee. But presently he turned to us and said in good English, but with a marked accent:

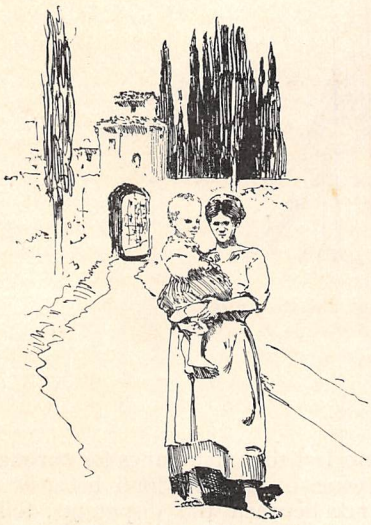
"I beg pardon, sare, but was it not you who came to Montepulciano on a tricycle?"

"Yes," J—— said, rather curtly.

"Ah, I thought so!" the Italian continued, well satisfied with the answer. "I have seen it — a Humber. It is a beautiful machine. I myself do ride a bicycle, the *Speecial Cloob*, You know it? I do belong to the 'Cyclists' Touring *Cloob*,' and to the *Speedvell Cloob*. All the champions belong to that *Cloob*. I did propose some one for director at the last meeting; you will see my name on that account in the papers. Here is my card, but in the country around Montepulciano all call me Sandro or Sandrino. I have ridden from Florence to Montepulciano in one day. I have what you call the wheel-fever," and he smiled apologetically and stopped, but only to take breath.

We were fellow-cyclers, and that was enough. He was at once our friend, though our greeting in return was not enthusiastic, and though our record would have disgusted the *Speedvell Cloob*. He was sorry J—— was not well. He could sympathize. He was feeling *vary bad* himself, because the day before he had gone on his bicycle as far as Montalcino with a gun to *keel the leetle birds*. It was too far even for a champion. But he had taken the water — Janos — he had great faith in the waters. The cognac had by this time made J—— better, and we started to leave the caffé. Sandrino, to give him his Montepulciano name, insisted on paying for everything. We must let him have that favor, he said, and also another. He was not a native of the town. He was a Roman, as he supposed we could see by his nose. But still he would like to do us the honors of the place. He would take us to see so fine a church. We could not but be pleased with it. It was only a step. Foolishly we went. The step was a long one. It took us half-way down the mountain-side to the Madonna di San Biagio. But J—— was by this time really too wretched to look at anything, and we turned back at once. As we walked slowly up again Sandrino explained that he had lived in England several years, and it turned out that he had the English as well as the wheel fever. All his clothes were from London, he said, even his flannels, and he pulled down his sleeve that we might see. He smoked English tobacco. A friend sent it to him, and he showed us the small paper box tied with a string in which he kept it. And most of his news was English, too. His friends wrote him. He had just had a letter — see — and he opened it.— There had been fearful riots in England. He cared much for the politics of the country. But the refrain to all he said was praise of cycling. He offered to ride with us when we left Montepulciano. He could go any day but the next, which was his twenty-first birthday, and when he was to have a great dinner and many friends and much wine. He would call, if we would allow him, and with profession of great friendship he left us at the door of the albergo.

He was true to his word. He came twice the following day. The first time he had stopped, he said, to tell us he did hear from friends



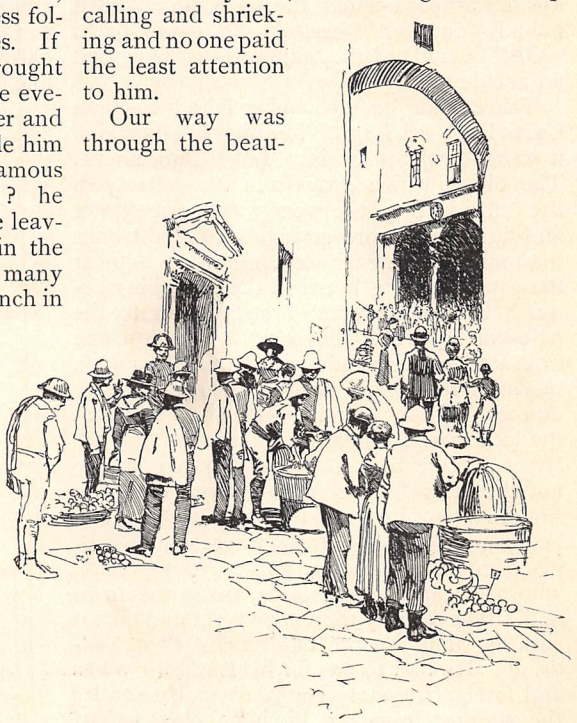
THE GATE OF SAN QUIRICO.

in Castiglione del Lago who, if we would ride to-morrow, would be glad to see us at lunch. "There will be nothing much," he concluded. "They will make no preparations. We just take whatever they have. It will be some leetle thing." Though in the first glory of his twenty-one years, he went with me to a druggist's to act as interpreter. But I think he was repaid by his pleasure in carrying back a bottle of his favorite waters. The *cameriere*, when he saw it, with his usual cleverness followed into the room with three glasses. If we had asked for three, he would have brought one. Sandrino's second visit was in the evening, after he had eaten his great dinner and drunk much wine, which had again made him feel *vary bad*. Had we ever tasted the famous Montepulciano, "king of all wine"? he asked. No? Well, then, we must before leaving the town. It was not to be had in the shops. He had been presented with many bottles. He repeated his invitation to lunch in Castiglione, and it seemed that other friends in a villa near Cortona would also be charmed to see us, and to give us wine if we were tired. He was very lavish with the hospitality of his friends.

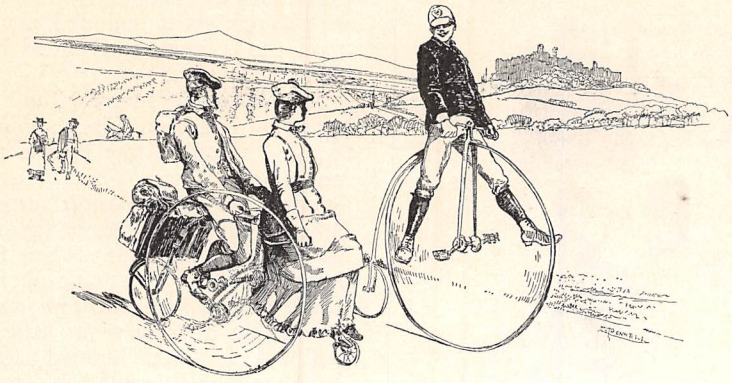
The next morning J—— was much better, and we decided to ride. Sandrino arrived at half-past seven and breakfasted with us. In the uniform of the *Speedvell Cloob*, its monogram in silver on his cap, he was even more English than he had been the day before. Our last experience at the albergo was characteristic. The *cameriere*, overcome by Sandrino's appearance, became incapable of action. We called for our coffee and rolls in vain. Finally we all, our guest included, made a descent upon the kitchen and forced him to bestir himself.

It was Sunday morning, and the news of our going had been noised abroad. The aristocracy as well as the people turned out to see us off. Many of Sandrino's friends lingered in the barber-shop across the street. Others waited just without the city gate with his mother and sister. When Sandrino saw the crowd here, he sprang upon his *Special Cloob*, worked with one foot and waved the other in the air, rode to the little park beyond and back, and then jumped off, hat in hand, at his mother's side with the complacent smile of a champion. Indeed, the whole ride that day savored of the circus. He went down hills with his legs stretched straight out on either side. On level places he made circles and fancy figures in the road. Whenever we passed peasants, and there were many going to church, he shrieked a warning, shrill as a steam-engine whistle. No wonder he said he had no use for a bell! He spoke to all the women, calling them his "beautiful cousins." And in villages the noise he made was so great that frightened people, staring at him, could not look behind, so that several times we all but rode over men and women who walked backward right into our wheels. And all the while J——, like the ring-master, kept calling and shrieking and no one paid the least attention to him.

Our way was through the beau-



MONTEPULCIANO MARKET.



LEAVING MONTEPULCIANO.

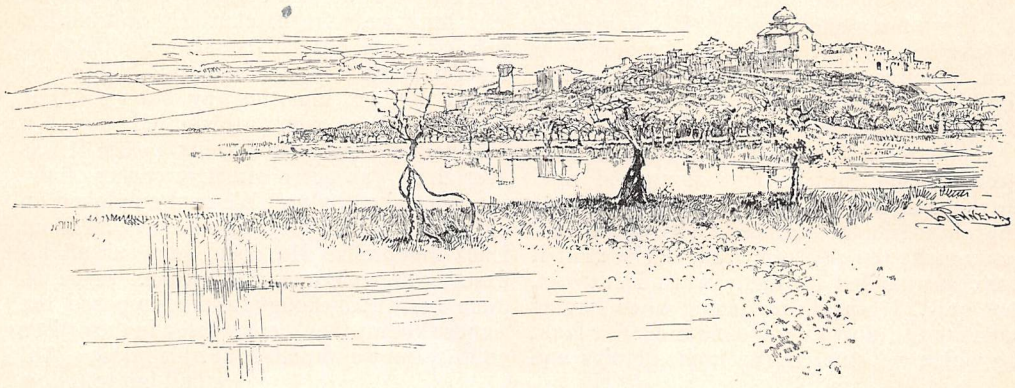
tiful Val di Chiana, no longer pestilential and full of stenches as in Dante's day, but fresh and fair, and in places sweet with clematis. There were no fences or hedges, and it stretched from mountains to mountains, one wide lovely park. About half-way to Castiglione we came to the boundary line between Tuscany and Umbria, a canal with tall poplars on its banks, throwing long reflections into the water below, where a boat lay by the reeds. We stopped there some little time. Sandrino was polite, but I could see he did not approve. What would the *Speedvell Cloob* have thought? Farther on, when we waited again, near a low farm-house under the oaks, he wheeled quickly on. But presently he came back. "Oh," he said, "I thought you must have had an accident!"

There could be no lovelier lake town than Castiglione del Lago. The high hill on which it stands projects far into Lake Thrasimene. The olives, which grow from its walls down the hillside into the very water, are larger and finer with more strangely twisted trunks than any I have ever seen. As we came near the town we rode between them, looking beneath their silvery-gray branches out to the pale-blue, quiet lake beyond. A woman came from under their shade with a bundle of long reeds on her head. A priest passed us on a donkey. We left our machines in a stable at the foot of the hill, and walked through the streets. Here Sandrino's invitation came to nought. His friends were away. Whatever *leetle thing* we had must be found elsewhere. So we went to a *trattoria*, where another of his friends, a serious, polite young man, who, we learned afterwards, owns the town and all the country thereabouts, sat and talked with us while we ate our lunch. Poor Sandrino! He had to pay for his English clothes and foreign friends! The *padrona*, backed by the *padrone* from the kitchen below, asked him no less than five francs for our macaroni and wine. A dispute, loud because of the distance between the disputants, followed; but in the end Sandrino paid four francs, though half that sum would have been enough. It was some consolation for us to know that we, *forestieri*, had never been cheated so outrageously.

It was pleasant wandering through the town, with the grave young man as guide, to the Palazzo Communale, where the red and white flag of the Duke of Cornia waving outside was the same as that painted in the old frescoes within, and where councilmen, holding council, bowed to us as we passed; and then to the old deserted castle which, with its gray battlemented walls and towers, was not unlike an English ruin. But it was pleasanter



IN THE VAL DI CHIANA.

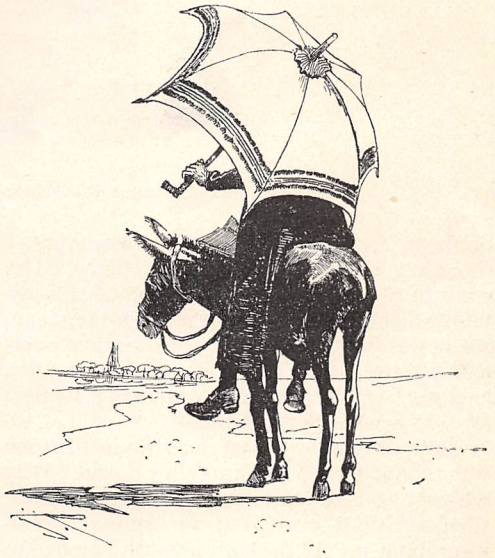


CASTIGLIONE DEL LAGO.

when, Sandrino having kissed his friend, we were on the road again, riding between yellow mulberries by the side of the lake. Sheep were grazing in the swamps. Donkeys and oxen were at rest in the meadows. But the peasants, mass heard, were at work again. Women on ladders were stripping the mulberries of their leaves; men on their knees were digging in the fields.

At the villa, Sandrino's friends were at home. At the gate the gay bicycler gave his war-cry. A young lady ran out between the roses and chrysanthemums in the garden and by the red wall where yellow pumpkins were sunning, to welcome him. Then her mother and sister came and also gave him greeting. They received us with courtesy. We were led into the drawing-room, a bare, barn-like place with cold brick floor, where there were three or four chairs, a table, an old piano, faded cretonne curtains hung on rough sticks at the windows, and small drawings, which might have been torn from a child's drawing-book, pinned on the wall. A man in blue coat and trousers, such as the peasants wear, followed us in and sat down by the young ladies. He was one of her men, the signora explained. Then we had the wine Sandrino promised, and we became very friendly. One of the daughters knew a little English, but when we spoke to her she hid her face in her hands and laughed and blushed. She never, never would dare to say a word before us, she declared. She was very arch and girlish. One minute she played a waltz on the piano; the next she teased Sandrino, and there was much pleasantry between them. The mother spoke French after a fashion, but when she had anything to say she relapsed into Italian. She lived in Rome, she said. We must come and see her there. But would we not now stay at her villa all night, instead of in Cortona? Then she squeezed my hand. "*Vous êtes bien sympathique!*" she said, and I think she meant to compliment me. Her husband, it seems, was a banker in Rome, and would be pleased, so she told us through Sandrino's interpretation, to do anything and everything for us.

Mother and daughters, men and maids, all walking amiably together, came to the garden-gate with us. The signora here squeezed my hand a second time. The skittish young lady said "good-bye" and then hid behind a bush, and her sister gave us each some roses. It was here, too, we were to part with Sandrino. He must be in Montepulciano by six. More friends were coming. Would we write him postal cards to tell him of the distance and time we made? And that



BY LAKE THRASIMENE.

map of Tuscany we said we would give him, would we not remember it? He was going to take some great rides, and it would help him. Then we turned one way, and he, riding his best for the young ladies, the other, to be seen by us no more.

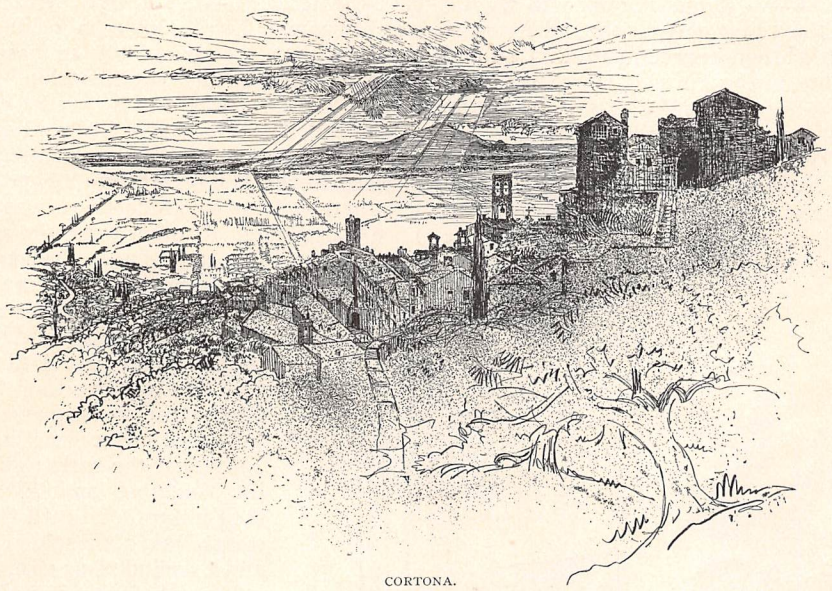
It was roses all the way to Cortona. They grew in villa gardens and along the road up the mountain; there were even a few among the olives, on the terraces whose stone supports make the city look from below as if it were surrounded by many walls instead of one only. It was disheartening when, having come to the albergo, we found the lower floor, by which we entered, the home of pigs and donkeys and oxen. The major was right, I thought; Cortona was a rough place. The contrast when, on the third floor of this establishment, we were shown into a large, clean, really well-furnished room, with window overlooking the valley, made us neglect to drive a close bargain with the *padrona*, a neglect for which we suffered later.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

The principal event of our stay in Cortona was a hunt for Luca Signorelli's house. Why we were so anxious to find it I did not know then, nor do I now; but we were very earnest about it. At the start a youth pursued us with the persistence of a government spy. It was useless to try and dodge him. No matter how long we were in churches or by what door we came out, he was always waiting in exactly the right place. In our indignation we would not ask him the way, but we did of some other boys, who forthwith led us such a wild-goose chase that I think before it was over there was not a street or corner of the town unvisited by us. We next employed an old man as guide. Of course he knew all about Luca Signorelli. He could show us all his frescoes and pictures in Cortona. Some of them were bad enough, as he supposed the signore knew; they were painted in the artist's youth. But we wanted to see his house? Ah! we had but to follow him, and he led us in triumph to that of Pietro da Cortona. As this would not do, he consulted with an old woman who recommended a visit to a certain *padre*. The *padre* was in his kitchen. He had never heard of Signorelli's house, and honestly admitted his ignorance. But could he show us some fine frescoes or sell us antiquities? This failing, our guide hunted for some friends who, he declared, knew everything. But they were not in their shop, nor in the *caffé*, nor on the piazza, and in despair he took us to see another priest. The latter wore a jockey-cap and goggles, and was a learned man. He had heard of a life of Signorelli by a German. He had never read it, nor indeed could he say where it was to be had; but he knew there was such a book. He was certain our hunt was useless, since Signorelli had lived in so many houses the city could not afford to put tablets on them all, and so not one was marked. He himself was a professional letter-writer, and if the signore had any letters he wished written — ? We then gave up the search and dismissed the old man with a franc, though he declared himself still willing to continue it. It was in this way we saw Cortona.

For the last few days we had begun to be



CORTONA.

haunted by the fear of the autumn rains. If they were as bad as Virgil says and were to fall in dense sheets, tearing the crops up by the roots while black whirlwinds set the stubble flying and vast torrents filled ditches and raised rivers, the roads must certainly be made unrideable. Since the morning we left Monte Oliveto the weather had been threatening, and now in Cortona there were heavy showers. As we sat in our room at the albergo after our long tramp, and J—— made a sketch from the window, we saw the sky gradually covered with dark clouds. The lake, so blue yesterday, was gray and dull. The valley and the mountains were in shadow, save where the sun, breaking through the clouds, shone on a small square of olives and spread a golden mist over Monte Amiata. Before J—— had finished the gold faded into white and then deepened into purple, and we determined to be off early in the morning.

The next day I was tired and in no humor



ON THE HILL.

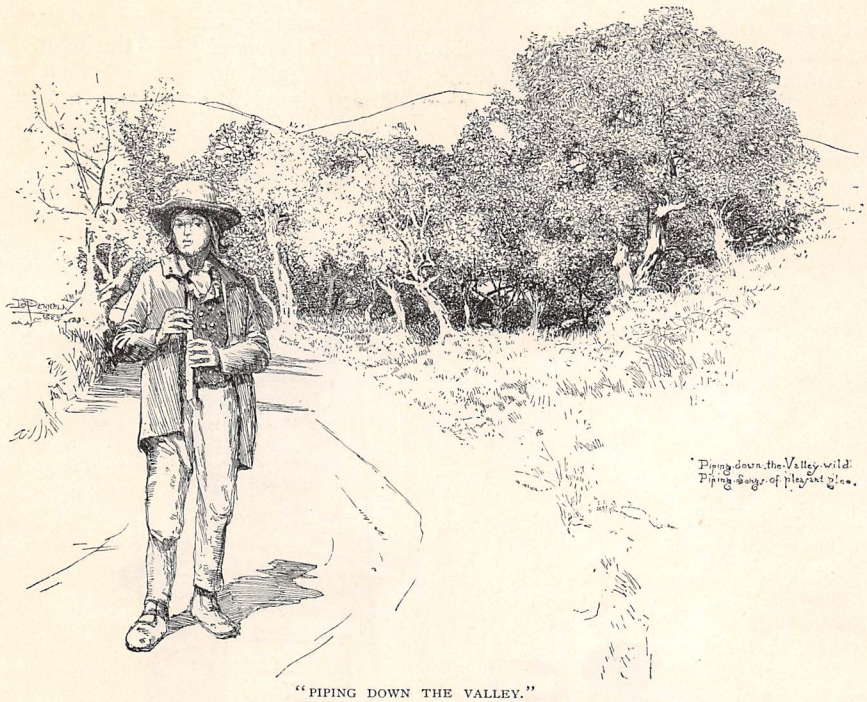
for riding. J—— wanted for once to try the tricycle without luggage over the Italian roads. It was settled then between us that I should go alone by train to Perugia, where we would meet. It was a beautiful coast down the mountain between the olives, four miles with feet up. The clouds had rolled away during the night, and it was bright and warm at the station when J—— left me to go on his way. It was quiet, too, and for some time I was alone with the porters. But presently a young woman, with a child in her arms, came by. She stopped and looked at me sympathetically. I spoke to her, and then she came nearer and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Poverina!" It seems she had seen J—— bring me to the station and then turn back by himself. I do not know what she thought was the trouble, but she felt sorry for me. She was the wife of the telegraph operator and lived in rooms above the station. She took me to them, and then she brought me an illustrated Italian translation of "Gil Blas" to look at, while she made me a cup of coffee. Every few minutes she sighed and said again, "Poverina!" She gave me her card,—Elena Olas, *nata* Bocci, was her name. I wrote mine on a slip of paper, and when the train, only an hour late, came, we parted with great friendship. A regiment of soldiers was on its way to Perugia and made the journey very lively. Peasants, who had somehow heard of its coming, were in wait at every station with apples and chestnuts and wine, over which there was much noisy bargaining. At other times the soldiers sang. As the train carried us by the lake, from which the mountains in the distance rose white and shadowy and phantom-like; and by Passignano, built right in the water with reeds instead of flowers around the houses, and where fishermen were out in their boats near the weirs; and then by Maggiore and Ellera on their hill-tops, I heard the constant refrain of the soldiers' song, and it reminded me of my friend at Cortona, for it was a plaintive regret for "Poverina mia." Then there came a pause in the singing, and a voice called out, "Ecco, Perugia!" I looked from the carriage window, and there far above on the mountain I saw it, white and shining, like a beautiful city of the sun.



AN OLD TEMPLE.

At the station J—— met me. He had been waiting an hour. He had made the thirty-six miles between Cortona and Perugia in three hours and a half! Many officers with their wives were in the station, and in their curiosity so far forgot their usual dignity as to surround him and pester him with questions as to his whence and whither, and what speed he could make. It is a long way from the station up the mountain to the town, but we went faster than we had ever climbed mountain before, for we tied the tricycle to the back of the diligence. J—— rode and steered it, but I sat inside, ending my journey as I had begun it, in commonplace fashion. The driver was full of admiration. We must go to Terni on our *velocipede*, he said, for in the mountains beyond Spoleto we would go down-hill for seven miles. *Ecco!* no need of a diligence then!

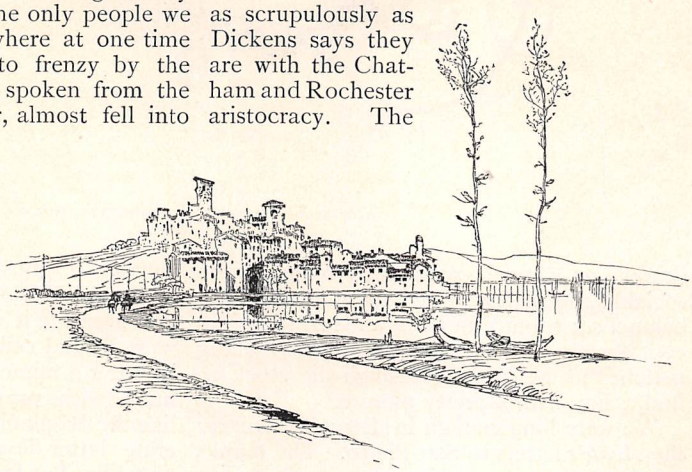
The *padrone* of the albergo at Perugia was a man of parts. He could speak English. When we complimented him on a black cat which was always in his office, he answered, with eyes fixed on vacancy, and pausing be-



"PIPING DOWN THE VALLEY."

tween each word like a child saying its lesson: "Yes–it–is–a–good–cat. I–have–one–dog–and–four–cats. This–cat–is–the–fa–ther–of–the–oth–er–cats. One–are–red–and–three–is–white." And when we had occasion to thank him, he knew enough to tell us we were very much obliged. But we gave him small chance to display his powers. There was little to keep us in the albergo when after a few minutes' walk we could be in the piazza, where the sun shone on Pisano's fountain, and on the Palazzo of the Baglioni and the Duomo opposite. But what a fall was there! A couple of *gendarmes*, priests walking two by two, a few beggars, were the only people we saw in this broad piazza, where at one time men and women, driven to frenzy by the words of Fra Bernardino, spoken from the pulpit by the Duomo door, almost fell into the fire they had kindled to burn therein their false hair and ornaments, their dice and cards; and where at another Baglioni fought, with the young Raphael looking on to later paint one at least of the combatants.

The Grifonettos and Astores who feasted on blood, could they return to life and to their native town, would have little sympathy with the captains and colonels who now drink tamarind water in the *caffés*, booted and spurred though the latter be. The *caffé* is everywhere the lounging-place of Italian officers, but in Perugia it seemed to be their headquarters. There was one on the Corso, a few doors from the Palazzo, which they specially patronized. They were there in the morning even before the shops were opened, and again at noon, and yet again in the evening, while at other times they walked to and fro in front of it, as if on guard. But though the youngest as well as the oldest patronized it, the distinctions of rank between them were observed as scrupulously as Dickens says they are with the Chatham and Rochester aristocracy. The



PASSIGNANO.

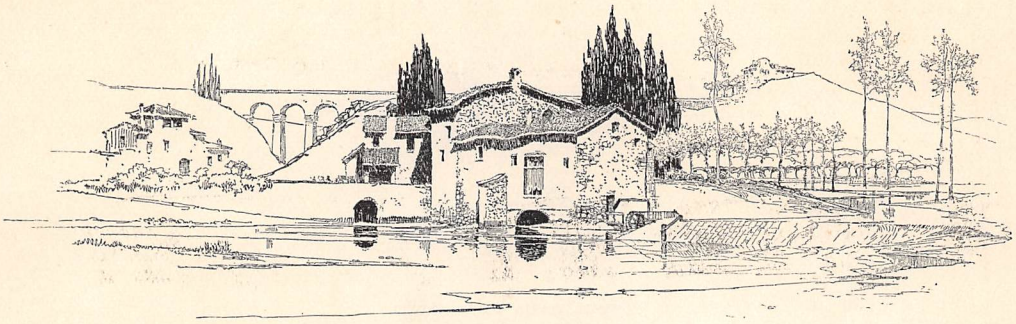
colonel associated with nothing lower than a major, the latter, in turn, drawing the line at the captain, and so it went down to the third lieutenant, who lorded it only over the common soldier. On the whole I think the lesser officers had the best of it; for whether they eat cakes and drank sweet a third came in their place and gave us welcome. He showed J—— the inner cloister, to which I could not go. Women were not allowed there. It was because of my skirts, he said; and yet he, too, wore skirts, and he spread out his cassock on each side. While they were gone I waited in the church. I



THE BRONZE PONTIFF'S BENEDICTION, PERUGIA.

drinks, or played cards, they were always sociable and merry. Whereas, sometimes the colonel sat solitary in his grandeur, silent except for the few words with the boy selling matches as he hunted through the stock to find a box with a pretty picture.

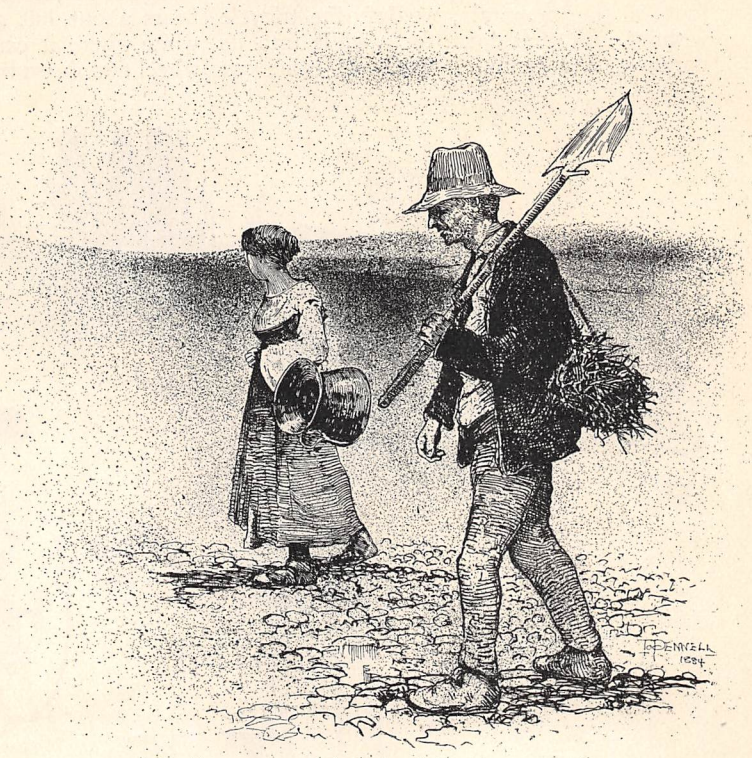
We were long enough in Perugia to carry the *Abate's* letters to San Pietro. The monks to whom they were written were away, but wonder if ghostly voices are never heard within it. The monks, long dead, whose love and even life it was to make it beautiful until its walls and ceilings were rich and glowing, its choir a miracle of carving, and its sacristy hung with prayer-inspiring pictures, have, like the Baglioni, cause to bewail the degenerate latter day. The beauty they created now lives but for the benefit of a handful of



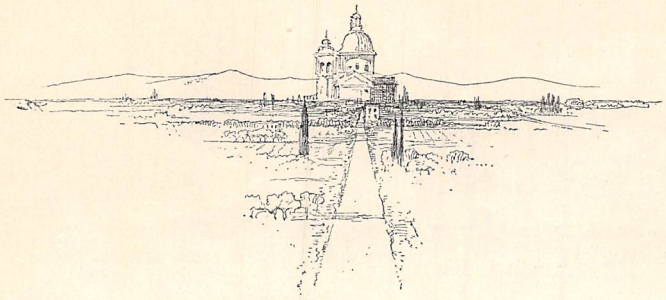
MILLS ON THE TIBER.

monks, whose monastery is turned into a Boys' Agricultural School, and for the occasional tourist. Later from the high terrace of the park opposite San Pietro we saw the boys in their blue blouses digging and hoeing in the fields under the olives, where probably the monks themselves once worked. There is in this little park an amphitheater with archway, bearing the Perugian griffin in the center. It is shaded by dense ilex-trees, from whose branches a raven must once have croaked; for evil has come upon the place, as it has upon the gray monastery so near it. Instead of nobles and knights and men-at-arms and councillors of state, two or three poor women with their babies sat on the stone benches gossiping. And as we lingered there in the late afternoon there came from San Pietro the sound, not of monks chanting vespers, but of some one playing the "Blue Danube" on an old jingling piano. Only the valley below, and the Tiber winding through it, and the mountains beyond are unchanged!

When we left Perugia in the early morning, we passed first by the statue of Julius II., thus receiving, we said to each other, the bronze pontiff's benediction. We imagined this to be an original idea; but it is useless to try to be original. Since then we have remembered the same thought came to Miriam and Donatello when they made the statue their trysting-place. Then we rode through the piazza, where a market was being held, and where at one end a long row of women all holding baskets of eggs stood erect, though all around other women and even men, selling fruit and vegetables, sat comfortably on low stools. Out on the other side of the Porta Romana we saw that while Perugia was bright and clear in the sunlight, a thick white mist



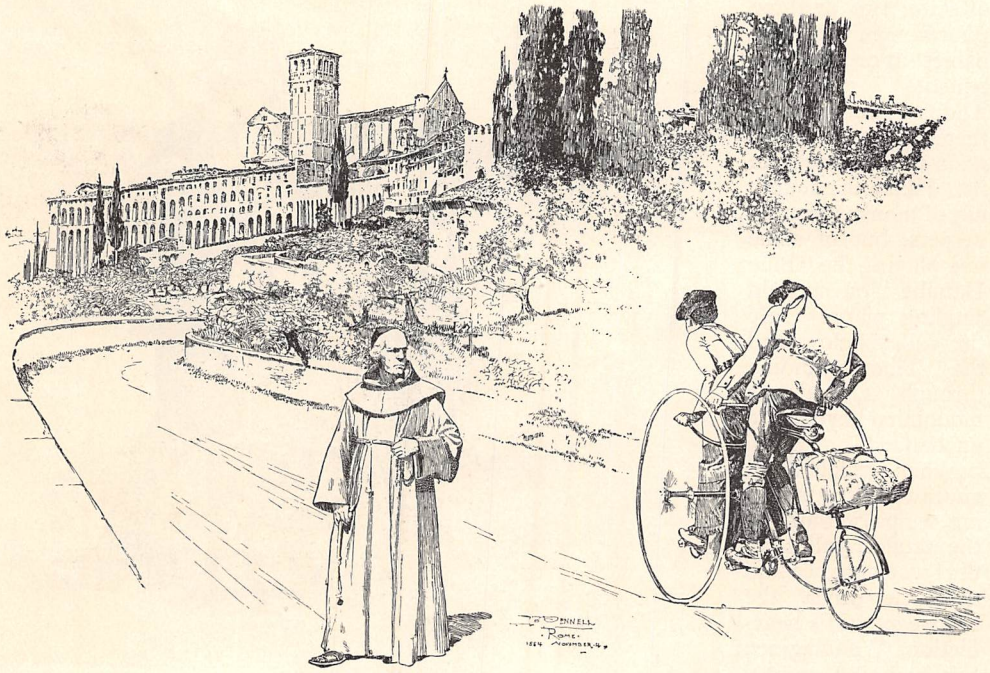
GOING HOME.



SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI.

covered the valley, so that it looked as if a great lake, bounded by the mountains, lay below. The chrysanthemums and marigolds, hanging over high garden walls, and the grass by the roadside glistened with dew. Shining silver cobwebs hung on the hedges. Before many minutes, so fast did we go, we were riding right into the mist. We could see but a few feet in front of us, and the olives on either side, through the heavy white veil, looked like specters. We passed no one but a man carrying a lantern and a cage of owls. It seemed but natural that so uncanny a ride should lead to a home of shadows. And when we came to the tomb of the Volumnii at the foot of the mountain, we left the tricycle without, and went down for a while into its darkness and damp. When we came out the mist had disappeared and the road lay through sunshine.

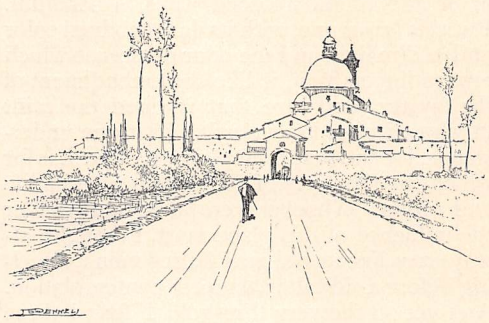
A little farther on we had our first near view of the Tiber. We crossed it by the old Ponte San Giovanni, so narrow that there was not room for us to pass a boy and donkey just in front. J—— called, and the boy pushed his donkey close to the stone wall; but for all that he could not pass. Even as he called he was stopped by a sudden pain in his side, the result probably of his descent into the tomb while he was still warm, for he had back-pedaled coming down the mountain. And so we waited for many minutes on the bridge to see, not the yellow Tiber one always hears about, but a river blue in mid-stream, white where it came running over the mill-wheel and down the dam, and red and yellow



A FROWN OF DISAPPROVAL, ASSISI.

and green where it reflected the poplars and oaks, and the skirts and handkerchiefs of the women washing on its banks. But after the bridge we left the river, for we were bound for Assisi. We had a quiet, peaceful ride for several miles on the Umbrian plain, where in the old times no one dared to go without the permission of the Baglioni, between vineyards and fields where men were plowing, and through insignificant little villages, and until we came out upon the large piazza in front of Santa Maria degli Angeli. It was crowded with peasants, for market was just over, and there came from every side the sound of many voices. When we rode by we were surrounded at once, two or three men keeping close to our side to sing the praises of the hotels at Assisi and shower their cards upon us. They pursued us even into the church and as far as the little hermitage beneath the dome, to tell us that each and all could speak English. If the Umbrians about Assisi were always like this, Saint Francis was a wise man to hide himself in the woods and to make friends with beasts and birds. Over the sunny roads beyond Santa Maria, where he and Fra Egidio walked singing and exhorting men and women to repentance, we wheeled imploring, or rather commanding, them to get out of the way. It was a hard pull up the mountain-side, the harder because the great monastery on its high foundations seemed always so far above us. When almost at the city gate a monk in brown robes, the knotted cord about his waist, passed. He stopped to look, but it was with a frown of disapproval; I think Saint Francis would have smiled.

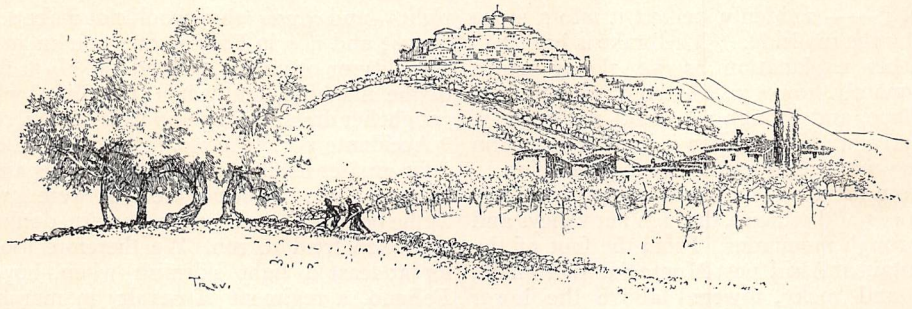
It was just noon when we reached Assisi, but we rode no more that day. We spent the afternoon in the town of Saint Francis. The albergo we selected from the many recommended was without the large cloisters of the monastery. The *cameriere* at once remembered that J—— had been there before, though eighteen months had passed since his first visit. The signore had two ladies with him



FOLIGNO.

then, he said. He was delighted with the *velocipede*. It was the first time in all his life he had seen one with three wheels. Nothing would do but he must show us the finest road to Rome. He spread our map on the table as we eat our dinner, and put on his glasses, for he was a little bad in the eyes, he explained, and then he pointed out the very route we had already decided upon. *Ecco!* here, between Spoleto and Terni, we should have a long climb up the mountain, but then there would be seven miles down the other side. Ah! that would be fine! This long coast to Terni was clearly to make up for the hardships we had already endured on toilsome up-grades.

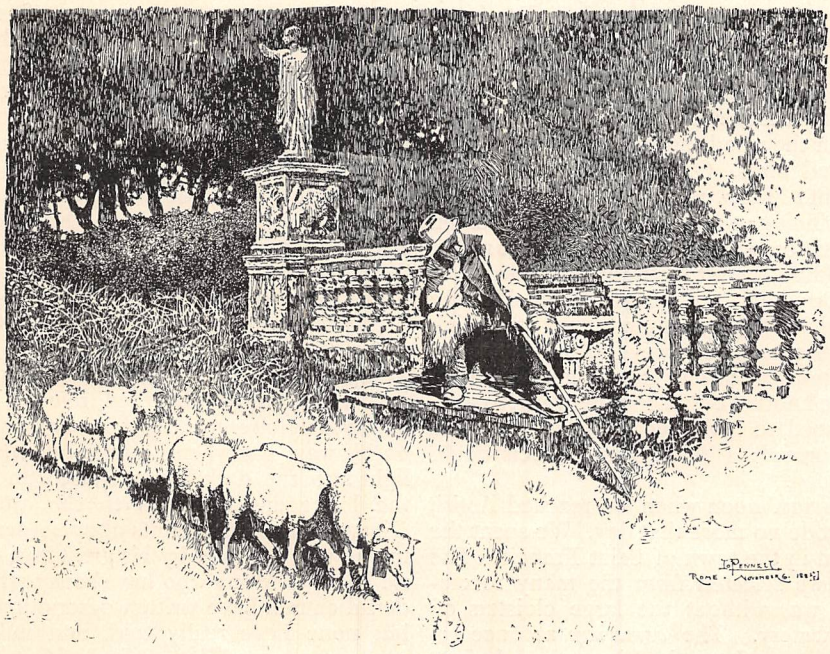
After dinner we went to the church. Goethe, when he was in Assisi, saw the old Roman Temple of Minerva and then, that his pleasure in it might not be disturbed, refused to look at anything else in the town and went quickly on his way. But when I passed out of the sunlight into the dark lower church and under the low rounded arches to the altar with Giotto's angels and saints above, it seemed to me he was the loser by his great love for classic beauty. Many who have been to this wonderful church have written descriptions of it, but none have really told, and indeed no one can ever tell, how wonderful it is. The upper church, with its great lofty nave and many windows through which the light streams



TREVI.

in on the bright frescoed walls, is beautiful. But this lower one, with its dark subdued color and its dim light and the odor of incense which always lingers in it, is like the embodiment of the mystery and love that inspired the saint in whose honor it was built. In it one understands, for the first time perhaps, what it is for which the followers of St. Francis give up life and action. Whoever were to be long under the influence of this place must, I thought, always stay, like an old gray-haired monk, kneeling before a side altar, wrapt in contemplation. And yet on the very threshold I found three or four brothers laughing and joking with two women.

The next morning, as we started down the mountain outside of Assisi, the machine rode by Spello with its old Roman gateway and ruined amphitheater. But the hill here was not steep, and then again there came a level stretch into Foligno, the first lowland town to which we had come since we left Poggibonsi, and which, with its mass of roofs and lofty dome rising high above the city walls, looked little like the Foligno in Raphael's picture. Already in our short ride, for it is but ten miles from Assisi to Foligno, we noticed a great difference in the people. It was not only that many of the women wore bodices and long ear-rings, and turned their handkerchiefs up on top of their heads, but they, and the men as well, were less polite and more stupid than the Tuscans or the Umbrians about Perugia. Few spoke to us, and one woman to whom we said



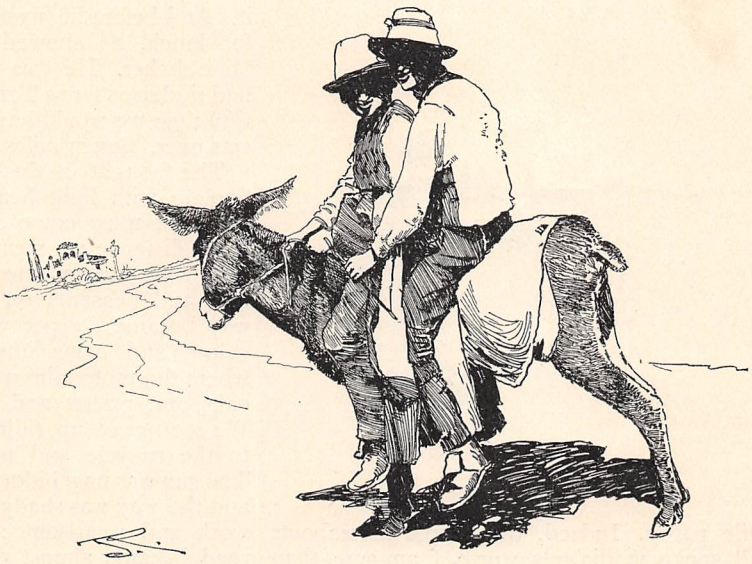
THE SLEEPING SHEPHERD.

seemed to be trying to run away with us, and J—— bade me back-pedal. But for all my hard work it went the faster until, to my surprise, J —— suddenly steered it into a stone pile by the roadside. "The brake is broken!" was his explanation as we slowly upset. Fortunately, however, it had only slipped from its place, and though we could not mend it properly, we could fasten it in after a fashion and so manage to use it for the time being.

From Assisi to Terni was a long day's ride by towns and villages, through fair valleys and over rough mountains. From the foot of the mountain at Assisi, past Monte Subasio, which, bare and rocky, towered above the lower olive-covered hills, the road was level until we

good-morning was so startled that she thanked us in return, as if unused to such civilities. For all J——'s shouts of *a destra!* — to the right — and *eccomi!* they would not make room for us; and now in Foligno one woman, in her stupidity or obstinacy, walked directly in front of the machine, and when the little wheel caught her dress, through no fault of ours, cried "Accidente voi!" the *voi*, instead of *le*, being a far greater insult than the wishing us an accident. Even the beasts we met were stupid as the people. At our coming horses, donkeys, and oxen tried to run. We therefore looked for at least a light skirmish when, beyond Foligno, a regiment of cavalry in marching order advanced upon us. But the soldiers

stood our charge bravely. Only the officer was routed and retreated into the gutter. Then, forgetting military discipline, he turned his back upon his men to see us ride.



WILLING TO RACE.

We were now on the old Via Flaminia and in the valley of Clitumnus, Virgil's country. The poet's smiling fields and tall, stiff oaks, his white oxen and peasants behind the plow or enjoying the cool shade, were on either side. Crossing the fields were many stony beds of streams, now dry, lined with oaks and chestnuts, under whose shade women were filling large baskets with acorns and leaves. The upturned earth was rich and brown. Through the trees or over them we saw the whitish-blue sky, the purple mountains, some pointed like pyramids, and the gray olive hills with little villages in their hollows, and before long Trevi on its high hill-top. And then we came to the temple of the river god Clitumnus, of which Pliny writes, and where the little river, in which Virgil says the white flocks for the sacrifice bathed, runs below, an old mill on its bank and one willow bending over it. At the village of Le Vene, near the source of the stream, we stopped at a wine-shop to eat some bread and cheese. There was no one there but the *padrone* and a dwarf who wore a decent suit of black clothes, and a medallion of the Pope on his watch-chain. He had come in a carriage which waited for him at the door. I think he was a drummer. He drank much wine, and spoke to us in a



GATHERING LEAVES.



TWO CARABINIERI.

vile patois. Indeed, the people thereabouts all spoke in dialects worse, I am sure, than any Dante heard at the mouth of Hell. He had traveled and had been in Florence, where he had seen a *velocipede*, but not like ours. It was finer, or perhaps, he should say, more commodious. The seats were side by side, and it had an umbrella attached, and it was worked by the hands. It went, oh, so fast! and he intimated that we could not hope to rival its speed. I suppose our machine without an umbrella seemed to him like a ship without a sail. But I think he had another tale to tell when, ten minutes later, he having started before we did, we passed him on the road. We were going so fast, I only had time to see that in his wonder the reins fell from his hands.

Then came the small, wretched village of San Giacomo, with its old castle built up with the houses of the poor, and then Spoleto, where we lunched in a *trattoria* of the people which was much troubled by a plague of flies. A company of Bersagliere, red caps on the back of their heads and blue tassels dangling down their backs, sat at one table, ordering with much merriment their soup and meat and macaroni to be cooked *à la Bersagliere*. At another two young men were evidently enjoying an unwonted feast. And at the table with us were three peasants, one of whom had brought his bread in his pocket. He eat his soup for dessert, and throughout the meal used his own knife in preference to the knife and fork laid at his place. Two dogs, a cat, and a hen wandered in from the piazza, and dined on the bits of macaroni dropped by the not over-careful soldiers. The *cameriere* greeted us cordially. He too had a machine, he said, but had never heard of velocipedes with three wheels. His had but two; the signore must see it. And before he would listen to our order for lunch, he showed J—— his bicycle, a bone-shaker. He was very proud of it. He had ridden as far as Terni. Ah! what a beautiful time we would have before the afternoon was over. Seven miles down the mountain!

The thought of this coast made us leave Spoleto with light hearts, though we knew that first must come a hard climb, and for some distance we went by the dried-up bed of a wide stream, meeting many priests on foot and peasants on donkeys. But as the way became steeper we left the stream far below, and came into a desolate country where the mountains were covered with scrub oaks, and priests and peasants disappeared. We soon gave up riding. J—— tied a rope to the tricycle and pulled while I pushed. The sun was now hidden behind the mountain and the way was shady. But still it was warm work and wearisome; for before long the road became almost perpendicular and was full of loose stones. How much more of this was there? we asked a woman watching swine on the hillside. "A mile," was her answer, and yet she must have known there were at least three. Finally, after what seemed hours of toiling, we asked another peasant standing in front of a lonely farm-house how much farther it still was to the top. "You are here now," she said. She at least was truthful. A few feet more, and we looked down a road as precipitous as that up which we had come, and so winding that we could see short stretches of it, like so many terraces, all the way down the mountain. We walked for

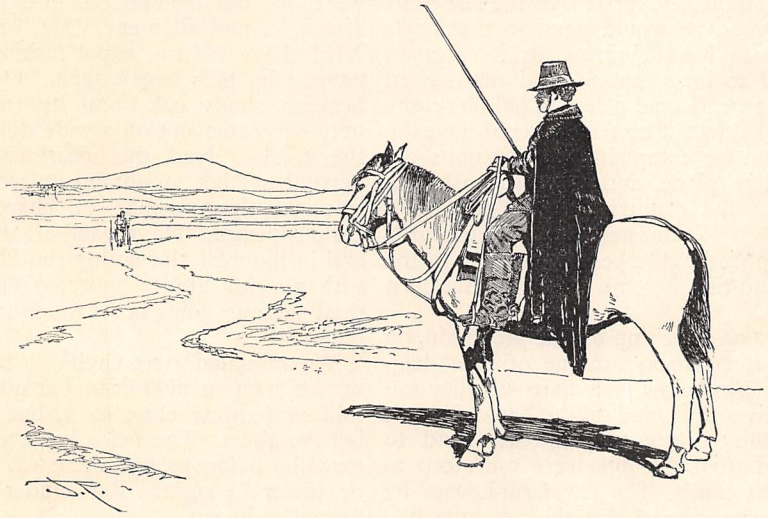


A HAT STORE.

about a hundred yards, and it was as hard to hold back the machine as before it had been to push it. Then we began to ride, but the strain on the brake loosened the handle a second time. We dismounted, and J—— tried to push it back into place. It snapped in two pieces in his hands. Here we were, eight miles from Terni in a lonely mountain road in the evening — the sun had already set — with a brakeless machine. The seven miles' coast to which we had looked forward for days was to be a walk after all.

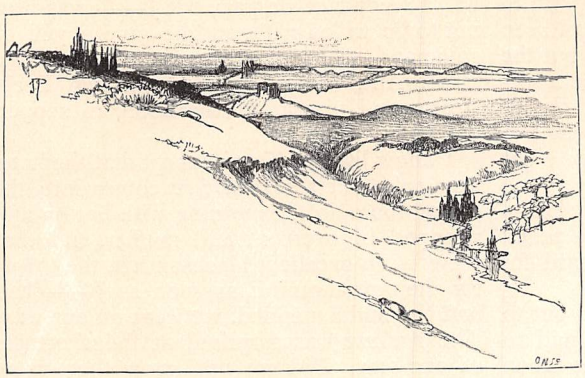
However, there was nothing to do but to walk into Terni. It was so cold we had to put on our heavy coats. Presently the moon rose above the mountains on our left. By its light we could see the white road, the high hills which shut us in on every side, and the sloping banks of the stream below. On and on we walked, all the time holding back the tricycle. But at last we began to meet more people. Men with carts and donkeys went by at long intervals, but they spake never a word, and we too were silent. Now and then we heard the near tinkling of cow-bells, and came to olive gardens, where in the moonlight the black, twisted trunks took grotesque goblin shapes, and the branches threw a net-work of shadows across our path. Then we came to a railroad, and we knew we were at the foot of the mountains, and that Terni was not far off. We were at the end of the seven miles' coast and could ride again. Shortly after the lights of Terni were in sight. Then we wheeled by a foundry, with great furnace in full blast; by a broad avenue with rows of gas-jets, to the gates of the city to find them shut. There was a second of despair, but J—— was now not to be trifled with, and he gave a yell of command, which was an effectual Open Sesame. And so we rode on through lively streets and piazza, to the hotel, to supper, and to bed!

I know little of Terni, except that the hotel is so cold that the *cameriere* comes into the dining-room in the morning with hat on and wrapped in overcoat and muffler, and that there is an excellent blacksmith in the town; for the next morning, as soon as J—— had had the brake mended, we went on our way. The *padrone* was surprised at the shortness of our stay. Did we not know there were waterfalls, and famous ones too, but three miles distant? We could not take the time to visit them? Well, then, at least we must look at their picture, and he showed us a chromo pasted on the hotel omnibus. I am afraid he took us for sad Philistines. But the fear of another kind of waterfall was still a goad to hurry us onwards. Now we were so near our journey's end, no wonder, however great, could have led us from the straight path.



A KNIGHT OF THE CAMPAGNA.

There was a great *festa* that day, and all along the street and out on the country road we met men and women in holiday dress, carrying baskets and bunches and wreaths of pink chrysanthemums. In Narni, on the heights which Martial called inaccessible, men were lounging in the piazza or playing cards in the *caffé*. For the shepherds alone there was no rest from every-day work. Before we reached even Narni, but ten miles across the valley from Terni, we saw several driving their sheep and goats into the broad



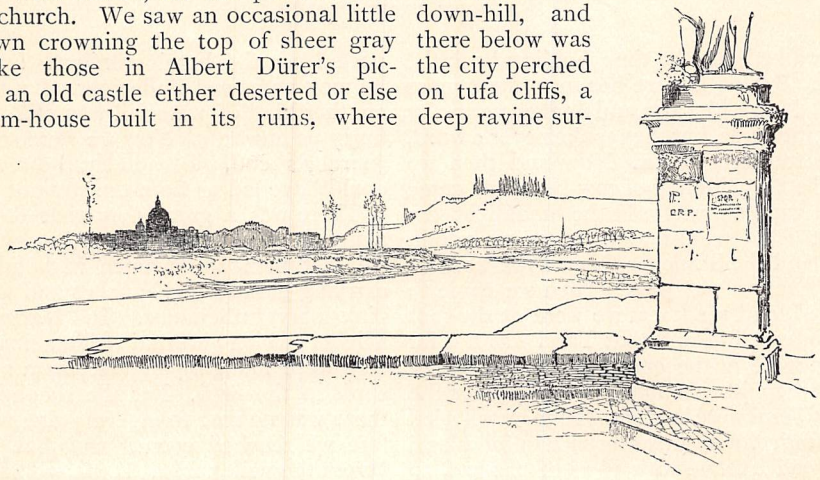
FIRST GLIMPSE OF ST. PETER'S.

meadows. They wore goatskin breeches, and by that sign alone we should have known we were nearing Rome. We lunched at Narni on coffee and cakes, for it was the last town through which we would pass on that day's ride. It was here Quintus, in its Roman days, staid so long that Martial reproached him for his wearisome delay. Could he come to it now, I doubt if his friend would have the same reason for complaint. It did not seem an attractive place, and when we asked a man about the country beyond, he said it was "*bruto*." We did not learn till afterwards that this applied to the people, and not to the country, and that here we ought to have been briganded.

We were now high up on the mountain, on one side steep rocks, on the other a deep precipice. Far below in a narrow valley ran the little river Nar, and on the bank above it the railroad. It was not an easy road to travel, and often the hills were too steep to coast or to climb. The few farm-houses by the way were closed, for the peasants had gone to church. We saw an occasional little gray town crowning the top of sheer gray cliffs, like those in Albert Dürer's pictures, or an old castle either deserted or else with farm-house built in its ruins, where peasants leaned over the battlemented walls. But the only villages through which we rode were Otricoli, just before we descended to the valley of the Tiber, and where we created so great a sensation that an old woman selling chestnuts, cooked, I think, by a previous generation, was at first too frightened to wait on us, and Borghetto, on the other side of the valley, where we saw in the piazza the stage from Cività Castellana, where we were to spend the night.

We went with much content over the plain by the Tiber, where there were broad grassy stretches full of sheep and horses, and here and there the shepherds' gypsy-looking huts. It was such easy work now that we eat our chestnuts as we rode; but beyond the bridge, on which Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. and Gregory XIII. have, in true papal fashion, left their names, the hills began again. On we toiled, beneath shady oaks and by rocky places, until we came out on a wide upland. From the treeless road the meadows rolled far beyond to high mountains on whose sloping side the blue smoke of charcoal-burners curled upward. The moon had already risen, and in the west the setting sun filled the sky with glowing amber light, against which the tired peasants going home were sharply silhouetted.

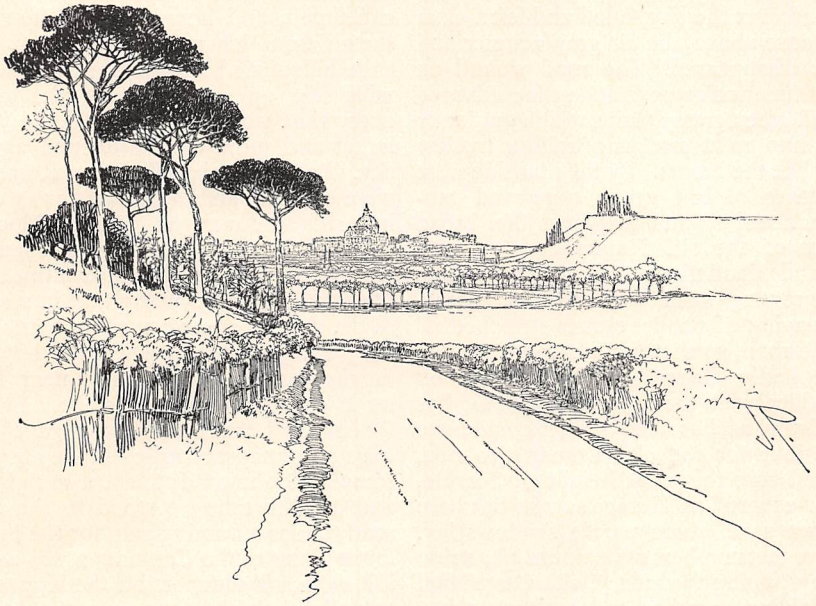
We were glad to see Cività Castellana. One or two men in answer to our questions had told us we were close to it, but we did not believe them. The fields seemed to stretch for miles before us, and there was not a house or tower in sight. But suddenly the road turned and went down-hill, and there below was the city perched on tufa cliffs, a deep ravine sur-



THE PONTE MOLLE.

rounding it. Two *carabinieri*, in cocked hats and folded cloaks like the famous two solitary horsemen, were setting out on their night patrol. Vespers were just over in the church near the bridge, and along the way where happy little Etruscan school-boys once whipped homewards their treacherous school-master, little Italian boys and girls let loose from church ran after us, torturing us with their shrill cries. Soon their elders joined them, and we were closely beset with admirers. The town, too, was in a hubbub about us, and in the streets through which we wheeled men and women came from their houses to follow in our train. At the door of the albergo, where we were detained for several minutes, the entire population collected. We had difficulty in getting a room. The *festa*, the *padrone* said, had brought many country people into the town, and the inns were full to overflowing. If J—— would go with him he would see what could be done for us. The search led them through three houses. In the mean time I kept guard over the machine. It was well I did, for once J—— had gone the natives closed upon me. Toddling infants and gray-haired men, ragged peasants and gorgeous officers pushed and struggled together in their desire to see. Every now and then a stealthy hand was thrust through the crowd and felt the tire or tried the brake. I turned from left to right, crying *Guarda! Guarda!* I lifted exploring hands from the wheels. But in vain. What was one against so many? A man sitting in the doorway took pity on my sad plight. He came out and with a stick mowed the people back. Then J—— returned, having found a room in the first house, which the *padrone* had thought fit to conceal until the last.

The albergo was but a "middling inn." We were lodged in the garret, in a room the size of a large closet. The way to it led through another bed-chamber, long and low, in which four cots were ranged in a row along the wall. When we crossed it on the way downstairs to dinner, I devoutly prayed that on our return four night-caps would not be nodding on the pillows.



FROM VIA FLAMINIA NEAR PONTE MOLLE.

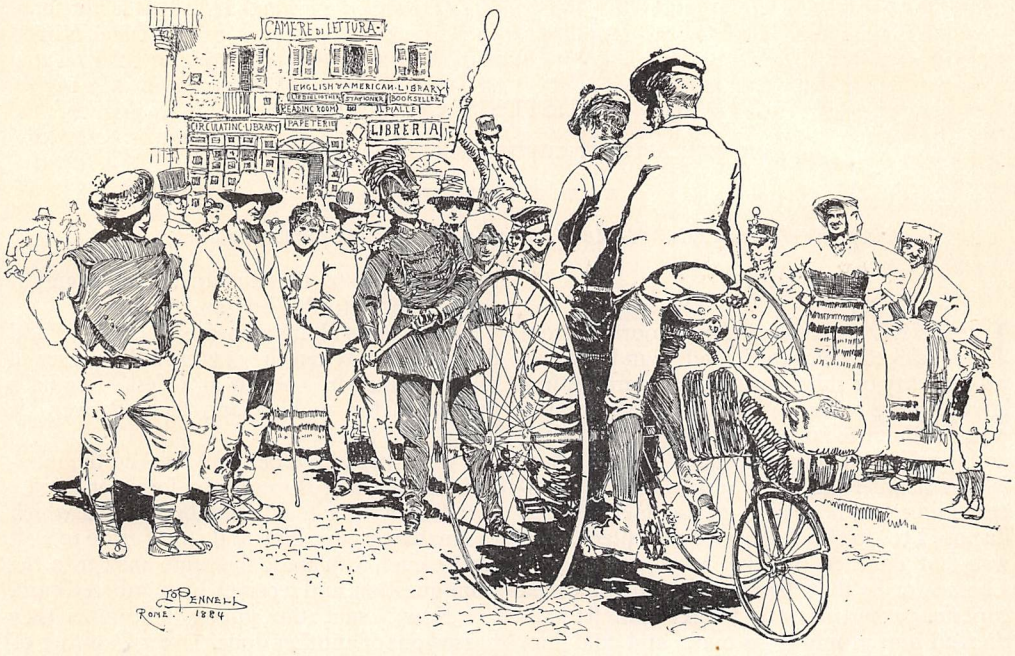
Fortunately we were the first to go to bed in the garret. All through the night, however, for the mattress was hard and I slept little, I heard loud snores and groans, and the sound of much tossing to and fro. We rose early in the morning, but when we opened our door the cots were empty, though they had not been so long. Indeed, early as we were, the whole town was stirring when we came downstairs. But who ever knew the hour when the people of an Italian town were not up and abroad? No sooner had J—— brought the tricycle from the stable, where it had been kept all night, to the albergo, than the piazza was again crowded. On they all came with us, men, women, and children, hooting and shouting, jumping and dancing through the vilely paved streets, and finally sprawling over the walls and on the rocks beyond the gate.

There they all staid until we had gone down the hill over the bridge crossing the

stream at its foot, and up the hill on the opposite side, passing from their sight around the first curve. Soon we were on an upland and now really at the beginning of the Campagna. The morning was cold. For many miles we rode through a champaign gleaming white with frost. But as the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the yellow light, which had at first spread over the sky, faded and left a clear blue expanse above, the air grew warmer and the frost disappeared. The road wound on and on between oak woods and wide cultivated fields, and green grassy plains which gradually changed into great sweeps of rolling treeless country, like the moors. By the roadside were thick bushes of low green sage and tangled blackberries, and in places the broad flagstones of the old Flaminian Way, with weeds and dandelions and pretty purple flowers growing from the crevices. Sometimes a paving of smaller stones stretched all across the road, so that for a minute or two we were badly shaken, or else, coming on them suddenly at the foot of a hill, all but upset. Truly, as has been said, it could have been no joke for the old Romans to ride. To our left rose the great height of Soracte, not snow-covered as Horace saw it, but bare and brown save where purple shadows lay. At first we met numbers of peasants, all astride of donkeys, going towards Cività Castellana, families riding together and eating as they went. Later, however, no one passed but an occasional lonely rider, who in his long cloak and high-pointed hat looked a genuine Fra Diavolo; or else sportsmen and their dogs. It is strange that though we saw many of the latter, we never once heard the singing or chirping of birds. There were hillsides and fields full of large black cattle, or herds of horses, or flocks of sheep and goats. There were shepherds, too, sleeping in the shade, or by the roadside leaning on their staffs or ruling their flock with rod and rustic word as in the days when Poliziano sung. And if there was no bird's song to break the silence of the Campagna, there was instead a loud baaing of sheep led by the shrill, piercing notes of the lambs. If it was to such an accompaniment that Corydon and Thyrsis sang in rivalry, their songs could have been poetical only in Virgil's verse.

How hard we worked now that our pilgrimage was almost ended! We scarcely looked at the little village through which we wheeled and where a White Brother was going from door to door, nor at the ruins which rose here and there in the hollows and on the slopes of the hills; and when at last we saw on the horizon the dome coming up out of the broad, undulating plain, we gave it but a short greeting and then hurried on faster than ever. We would not even go to Castel Novo, which lies a quarter of a mile or so from the road, but eat our hasty lunch in a *trattoria* by the wayside, while a man, an engineer he said he was, showed us drawings he had made on his travels and asked about our ride. How brave it was of the signora to work, he exclaimed, and how brave of the signore to sketch from his *velocipede!* And after this "the hills their heights began to lower," and with feet up we went like the wind, and every time we looked at the dome it seemed larger and more clearly defined against the sky. But about six miles from Rome our feet were on the pedals again and we were working with all our might. Sand and loose stones covered the road, which grew worse until, in front of the staring pink quarantine building, the stones were so many that in steering out of the way of one we ran over another, and the jar it gave us loosened the screw of the luggage-carrier. We were so near Rome we let it go. This was a mistake. But a little farther, and the whole thing gave way and bags and knapsack rolled in the dust. It took some fifteen minutes to set it to rights again; and all the time we stood in the shadeless road, under a burning sun, for the heat in the lower plains of the Campagna was as great as if it were still summer. As the luggage-carrier was slightly broken, we were afraid to put too great a strain upon it, and for the rest of the journey the knapsack went like a small boy swinging on behind.

Like those other pilgrims, we were much discouraged because of the way. But at last, wheeling by pink and white *trattorie*, whose walls were covered with illustrated bills of fare, and coming to an open place where street-cars were going and coming, the Ponte Molle, over a now yellow Tiber, lay before us, and we were under the shadow of the dome we had from afar watched for many hours. Over the bridge we went with cars and carts, between houses and gardens and wine-shops, where there was a discord of many hurdy-gurdies, to the Porta del Popolo, and so into Rome. *Carabinieri* were lounging about the gate, and carriages were driving to the Pincian; but we rode on and up the street on the right of the piazza. When we had gone a short distance we asked a man at a corner our way to the Piazza di Spagna. We should have taken the street to our left, he said, but now we could reach it by crossing the Corso diagonally. As we did so we heard a loud *sst, sst* behind us, and we saw a *gendarme* running up the street; but we went on. When we wheeled into the Piazza di Spagna, however, a second, almost breathless, ran out in front of us, and



"ASPETTO!"

cried, "*Aspetto!*" (wait!) But still we rode. "*Aspetto!*" he cried again, and half drew his sword. In a minute we were surrounded. Models came flying from the Spanish steps; an old countryman carrying a fish affectionately under his arm, bootblacks, clerks from the near shops, young Roman swells,—all these and many more gathered about us.

"*Aspetto!*" the *gendarme* still cried.

"*Perche?*" we asked.

And then his fellow-officer whom we had seen on the Corso came up. "*Descendere!*" he said in fierce tones of command.

"*Perche?*" we asked again.

"*Per Christo!*" was his only answer.

The crowd laughed with glee. Hackmen shouted their applause. It was ignominious, perhaps, but the wisest policy, to get down and walk to our hotel.

What pilgrim of old times thought his pilgrimage really over until he had given, either out of his plenty or his nothing, in alms? Two months later we too gave our mite, not to the church or to the poor, but to the Government; for we were then summoned before a police magistrate and fined ten francs for "*furious* riding on the Corso, and refusing to descend when ordered!"

And so our pilgrimage ended.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE WATER-TEXT.

WATCHING my river marching overland,
By mighty tides transfigured and set free,—
My river, lapped in idle-hearted mirth,
Made at a touch a glory to the earth,
And leaving, wheresoever falls his hand,
The balm and benediction of the sea,—

O soon, I know, the hour whereof we dreamed,
The saving hour miraculous, arrives!
When, ere to darkness winds our sordid course,
Some glad, new, potent, consecrating force
Shall speed us, so uplifted, so redeemed,
Along the old worn channel of our lives.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

VIII.

LEMUEL entered a lighted doorway from a bricked courtyard, and found himself with twenty or thirty houseless comrades in a large, square room, with benching against the wall for them to sit on. They were all silent and quelled-looking, except a young fellow whom Lemuel sat down beside, and who, ascertaining that he was a new-comer, seemed disposed to do the honors of the place. He was not daunted by the reserve native to Lemuel, or by that distrust of strangers which experience had so soon taught him. He addressed him promptly as mate, and told him that the high, narrow, three-sided tabling in the middle of the room was where they would get their breakfast, if they lived.

"And I guess I shall live," he said. "I notice I 'most always live till breakfast-time, whatever else I do, or I don't do; but sometimes it don't seem as if I *could* saw my way through that quarter of a cord of wood." At a glance of inquiry which Lemuel could not forbear, he continued: "What I mean by a quarter of a cord of wood is that they let you exercise that much free in the morning, before they give you your breakfast: it's the doctor's orders. This used to be a school-house, but it's in better business now. They got a kitchen under here, that beats the Parker House; you'll smell it pretty soon. No whacking on the knuckles here any more. All serene, I tell you. You'll see. I don't know how I should got along without this institution, and I tell the manager so, every time I see him. That's him, hollering 'Next,' out of that room there. It's a name he gives all of us; he knows it's a name we'll answer to. Don't you forget it when it comes your turn."

He was younger than Lemuel, apparently, but his swarthy, large-mouthed, droll-eyed face affirmed the experience of a sage. He wore a blue flannel shirt, with loose trousers belted round his waist, and he crushed a soft felt hat between his hands; his hair was clipped close to his skull, and as he rubbed it now and then it gave out a pleasant, rasping sound.

The tramps disappeared in the order of their vicinity to the manager's door, and it came in time to this boy and Lemuel.

"You come along with me," he said, "and do as I do." When they entered the presence of the manager, who sat at a desk, Lemuel's guide nodded to him, and handed over his order for a bed.

"Ever been here before?" asked the manager, as if going through the form for a joke.

"Never." He took a numbered card which the manager gave him, and stood aside to wait for Lemuel, who made the same answer to the same question, and received his numbered card.

"Now," said the young fellow, as they passed out of another door, "we ain't either of us 'Next' any more. I'm Thirty-nine, and you're Forty, and don't you forget it. All right, boss," he called back to the manager; "I'll take care of him! This way," he said to Lemuel. "The reason why I said I'd never been here before," he explained on the way down, "was because you got to say something when he asks you. Most of 'em says last fall or last year, but I say never, because it's just as true, and he seems to like it better. We're going down to the dressing-room now, and then we're going to take a bath. Do you know why?"

"No," said Lemuel.

"Because we can't help it. It's the doctor's orders. He thinks it's the best thing you can do, just before you go to bed."

The basement was brightly lighted with gas everywhere, and a savory odor of onion-flavored broth diffused itself through the whole place.

"Smell it? You might think that was supper, but it ain't. It's breakfast. You got a bath and a night's rest as well as the quarter of a cord of wood between you and that stew. Hungry?"

"Not very," said Lemuel faintly.

"Because if you say you are they'll give you all the bread and water you can hold now. But I ruther wait."

"I guess I don't want anything to-night," said Lemuel, shrinking from the act of beggary.

"Well, I guess you won't lose anything in

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the long run," said the other. "You'll make it up at breakfast."

They turned into a room where eight or ten tramps were undressing; some of them were old men, quite sodden and stupefied with a life of vagrancy and privation; others were of a dull or cunning middle-age. Two or three were as young as Lemuel and his partner, and looked as if they might be poor fellows who had found themselves in a strange city without money or work; but it was against them that they had known where to come for a night's shelter, Lemuel felt.

There were large iron hooks hanging from the walls and ceiling, and his friend found the numbers on two of them corresponding to those given Lemuel and himself, and brass checks which they hung around their necks.

"You got to hang your things on that hook, all but your shoes and stockings, and you got to hang on to *them* yourself. Forty's your number, and forty's your hook, and they give you the clothes off'n it in the morning."

He led the way through the corridor into a large room where a row of bath-tubs flanked the wall, half of them filled with bathers, who chatted in tones of subdued cheerfulness under the pleasant excitement of unlimited hot and cold water. As each new-comer appeared a black boy, perched on a window-sill, jumped down and dashed his head from a large bottle which he carried.

"Free shampoo," explained Lemuel's mate. "Doctor's orders. Only you have to do the rubbing yourself. I don't suppose *you* need it, but some the pardners here couldn't sleep without it," he continued, as Lemuel shrank a little from the bottle, and then submitted. "It's a regular night-cap."

The tramps recognized the humor of the explanation by a laugh, intended to be respectful to the establishment in its control, which spread along their line, and the black boy grinned.

"There ain't anything mean about the Wayfarer's Hotel," said the mate; and they all laughed again, a little louder.

Each man, having dried himself from his bath, was given a coarse linen night-gown; sometimes it was not quite whole, but it was always clean; and then he gathered up his shoes and stockings and went out.

"Hold on a minute," said the mate to Lemuel, when they left the bath-room. "You ought to see the kitchen." And in his night-gown, with his shoes in his hand, he led Lemuel to the open door which that delicious smell of broth came from. A vast copper-topped boiler was bubbling within, and trying to get its lid off. The odor made Lemuel sick with hunger.

"Refrigerator in the next room," the mate lectured on. "Best beef-chucks in the market; fish for Fridays—we don't make any man go against his religion in *this* house; pots of butter as big as a cheese,—none of your oleomargarine,—the real thing every time; potatoes and onions and carrots laying around on the floor; barrels of hard-tack; and bread, like sponge,—bounce you up if you was to jump on it,—baked by the women at the Chardon Street Home. Oh, I tell you we do things in style here."

A man who sat reading a newspaper in the corner looked up sharply. "Hello, there! what's wanted?"

"Just dropped in to wish you good-night, Jimmy," said Lemuel's mate.

"You clear out!" said the man good-humoredly, as if to an old acquaintance, who must not be allowed to presume upon his familiarity.

"All right, Jimmy," said the boy. He set his left hand horizontally on its wrist at his left shoulder and cut the air with it in playful menace as the man dropped his eyes again to his paper. "They're all just so in this house," he explained to Lemuel. "No nonsense, but good-natured. *They're* all right. They know me."

He mounted two flights of stairs in front of Lemuel to a corridor, where an attendant stood examining the numbers on the brass checks hung around the tramps' necks as they came up with their shoes in their hands. He instructed them that the numbers corresponded to the cots they were to occupy, as well as the hooks where their clothes hung. Some of them seemed hardly able to master the facts. They looked wistfully, like cowed animals, into his face as he made the case clear.

Two vast rooms exquisitely clean, like the whole house, opened on the right and left of the corridor, and presented long phalanxes of cots, each furnished with two coarse blankets, a quilt, and a thin pillow.

"Used to be school-rooms," said Lemuel's mate in a low tone.

"Cots thirty-nine and forty," said the attendant, looking at their checks. "Right over there, in the corner."

"Come along," said the mate, leading the way, with the satisfaction of an habitué. "Best berth in the room, and about the last they reach in the morning. You see, they got to take us as we come when they call us, and the last feller in at night's the first feller out in the morning, because his bed's the nearest the door."

He did not pull down the blankets of his cot at once, but stretched himself out on the quilt that covered them. "Cool off a little first," he explained. "Well, this is what I call comfort, mate, heigh?"

Lemuel did not answer. He was watching

the attendant with a group of tramps who could not find their cots.

"Can't read, I suppose," said the mate, a little disdainfully. "Well, look at that old chap, will you!" A poor fellow was fumbling with his blankets, as if he did not know quite how to manage them. The attendant had to come to his help, and tuck him in. "Well, there!" exclaimed the mate, lifting himself on his elbow to admire the scene. "I don't suppose he's ever been in a decent bed before. Hayloft's *his* style, or a board-pile." He sank down again, and went on: "Well, you do see all kinds of folks here, that's a fact. Sorry there ain't more in to-night, so's to give you a specimen. You ought to be here in the winter. Well, it ain't so lonesome now in summer as it used to be. Sometimes I used to have nearly the whole place to myself, summer nights, before they got to passin' these laws against tramps in the country, and lockin' 'em up when they ketched 'em. That drives 'em into the city summers now; because they're always sure of a night's rest and a day's board here if they ask for it. But winter's the time. You'll see all these cots full then. They let on the steam-heat, and it's comfortable; and it's always airy and healthy." The vast room was, in fact, perfectly ventilated, and the poor who housed themselves that night, and many well-to-do sojourners in hotels, had reason to envy the vagrants their free lodging.

The mate now got under his quilt, and turned his face toward Lemuel, with one hand under his cheek. "They don't let *every* body into this room, 's I was tellin' ye. This room is for the big-bugs, you know. Sometimes a drunk will get in, though, in spite of everything. Why, I've seen a drunk at the station-house, when I've been gettin' my order for a bed, stiffen up so 't the captain himself thought he was sober; and then I've followed him round here, wobblin' and corkscrewin' all over the sidewalk; and then I've seen him stiffen up in the office again, and go through his bath like a little man, and get into bed as drunk as a fish; and maybe wake up in the night with the man with the poker after him, and make things hum. Well, sir, one night there was a drunk in here that thought the man with the poker was after him, and he just up and jumped out of this window behind you — three stories from the ground."

Lemuel could not help lifting himself in bed to look at it. "Did it kill him?" he asked.

"Kill him? *No!* You can't kill a *drunk*. One night there was a drunk got loose here, and he run down-stairs into the wood-yard, and he got hold of an axe down there, and it took five men to get that axe away from that drunk. He was goin' for the snakes."

"The snakes!" repeated Lemuel. "Are there snakes in the wood-yard?"

The other gave a laugh so loud that the attendant called out, "Less noise over there!"

"I'll tell you about the snakes in the morning," said the mate; and he turned his face away from Lemuel.

The stories of the drunks had made Lemuel a little anxious; but he thought that attendant would keep a sharp lookout, so that there would not really be much danger. He was very drowsy from his bath, in spite of the hunger that tormented him, but he tried to keep awake and think what he should do after breakfast.

IX.

"COME, turn out!" said a voice in his ear, and he started up, to see the great dormitory where he had fallen asleep empty of all but himself and his friend.

"Make out a night's rest?" asked the latter. "Didn't I tell you we'd be the last up? Come along!" He preceded Lemuel, still drowsy, down the stairs into the room where they had undressed, and where the tramps were taking each his clothes from their hook, and hustling them on.

"What time is it, Johnny?" asked Lemuel's mate of the attendant. "I left my watch under my pillow."

"Five o'clock," said the man, helping the poor old fellow who had not known how to get into bed to put on his clothes.

"Well, that's a pretty good start," said the other. He finished his toilet by belting himself around the waist, and "Come along, mate," he said to Lemuel. "I'll show you the way to the tool-room."

He led him through the corridor into a chamber of the basement where there were bright rows of wood-saws, and ranks of saw-horses, with heaps of the latter in different stages of construction. "House self-supporting, as far as it can. We don't want to be beholden to anybody if we can help it. We make our own horses here; but we can't make our saws, or we would. Ever had much practice with the wood-saw?"

"No," said Lemuel, with a throb of home-sickness, that brought back the hacked log behind the house, and the axe resting against it; "we always chopped our stove-wood."

"Yes, that's the way in the country. Well, now," said the other, "I'll show you how to choose a saw. Don't you be took in by no new saw because it's bright and looks pretty. You want to take a saw that's been filed and filed away till it ain't more'n an inch and a half deep; and then you want to tune it up, just so, like a banjo,—not too tight, and not

too slack,— and then it'll slip through a stick o' wood like — lyin'." He selected a saw, and put it in order for Lemuel. "There!" He picked out another. "Here's *my* old stand-by!" He took up a saw-horse at random, to indicate that one need not be critical in that, and led through the open door into the wood-yard, where a score or two of saws were already shrilling and wheezing through the wood.

It was a wide and lofty shed, with piles of cord-wood and slabs at either end, and walled on the farther side with kindling, sawed, split, and piled up with admirable neatness. The place gave out the sweet smell of the woods from the bark of the logs and from the fresh section of their grain. A double rank of saw-horses occupied the middle space, and beside each horse lay a quarter of a cord of wood, at which the men were toiling in sullen silence for the most part, only exchanging a grunt or snarl of dissatisfaction with one another.

"Morning, mates," said Lemuel's friend cheerfully, as he entered the shed, and put his horse down beside one of the piles. "Thought we'd look in and see how you was gettin' along. Just stepped round from the Parker House while our breakfast was a-cookin'. Hope you all rested well?"

The men paused, with their saws at different slopes in the wood, and looked round. The night before, in the nakedness in which Lemuel had first seen them, the worst of them had the inalienable comeliness of nature, and their faces, softened by their relation to their bodies, were not so bad; they were not so bad, looking from their white night-gowns; but now, clad in their filthy rags, and caricatured out of all native dignity by their motley and misshapen attire, they were a hideous gang, and all the more hideous for the grin that overspread their stubbly muzzles at the boy's persiflage.

"Don't let me interrupt you, fellows," he said, flinging a log upon his horse, and dashing his saw gayly into it. "Don't mind *me!* I know you hate to lose a minute of this fun; I understand just how you feel about it, and I don't want you to stand upon ceremony with *me*. Treat me just like one of yourselves, gents. This beech-wood is the regular Nova Scotia thing, ain't it? Tough and knotty! I can't bear any of your cheap wood-lot stuff from around here. What I want is Nova Scotia wood every time. Then I feel that I'm gettin' the worth of my money." His log dropped apart on each side of his horse, and he put on another. "Well, mates," he rattled on, "this is lovely, ain't it? I wouldn't give up my little quarter of a cord of green Nova Scotia before breakfast for anything; I've got into the way of it, and I can't live without it."

The tramps chuckled at these ironies, and the attendant who looked into the yard now and then did not interfere with them.

The mate went through his stint as rapidly as he talked, and he had nearly finished before Lemuel had half done. He did not offer to help him, but he delayed the remnant of his work, and waited for him to catch up, talking all the while with gay volubility, joking this one and that, and keeping the whole company as cheerful as it was in their dull, sodden nature to be. He had a floating eye that harmonized with his queer, mobile face, and played round on the different figures, but mostly upon Lemuel's dogged, rustic industry as if it really amused him.

"What's your lay after breakfast?" he asked, as they came to the last log together.

"Lay?" repeated Lemuel.

"What you goin' to do?"

"I don't know; I can't tell yet."

"You know," said the other, "you can come back here and get your dinner, if you want to saw wood for it from ten till twelve, and you get your supper if you'll saw from five to six."

"Are you going to do that?" asked Lemuel cautiously.

"No, sir," said the other; "I can't spare the time. I'm goin' to fill up for all day at breakfast, and then I'm goin' up to lay round on the Common till it's time to go to the police court; and when that's over I'm goin' back to the Common ag'in, and lay round the rest of the day. I hain't got any leisure for no such nonsense as wood-sawin'. I don't mind the work, but I hate to waste the time. It's the way with most o' the pardners, unless it's the green hands. That so, pards?"

Some of them had already gone in to breakfast; the smell of the stew came out to the wood-yard through the open door. Lemuel and his friend finished their last stick at the same time, and went in together, and found places side by side at the table in the waiting-room. The attendant within its oblong was serving the men with heavy quart bowls of the steaming broth. He brought half a loaf of light, elastic bread with each, and there were platters of hard-tack set along the board, which every one helped himself from freely, and broke into his broth.

"Morning, Jimmy," said the mate, as the man brought him and Lemuel their portions. "I hate to have the dining-room chairs off a-paintin' when there's so much style about everything else, and I've got a visitor with me. But I tell him he'll have to take us as he finds us, and stand it this mornin'." He wasted no more words on his joke, but, plunging his large tin spoon into his bowl, kept his breath to cool his broth, blowing upon it with easy

grace, and swallowing it at a tremendous rate, though Lemuel, after following his example, still found it so hot that it brought the tears into his eyes. It was delicious, and he was ravenous from his twenty-four hours' fast; but his companion was scraping the bottom of his bowl before Lemuel had got half-way down, and he finished his second as Lemuel finished his first.

"Just oncet more for both of us, Jimmy," he said, pushing his bowl across the board; and when the man brought them back he said, "Now I'm goin' to take it easy and enjoy myself. I can't never seem to get the good of it till about the third or fourth bowl. Too much of a hurry."

"Do they give you four bowls?" gasped Lemuel in astonishment.

"They give you four barrels, if you can hold it," replied the other proudly; "and some the mates *can*, pretty near. They got an awful tank, as a general rule, the pards has. There ain't anything mean about this house. They don't scamp the broth, and they don't shab the measure. I do wish you could see that refrigerator oncet. Never been much at sea, have you, mate?"

Lemuel said he had never been at sea at all.

The other leaned forward with his elbows on each side of his bowl, and lazily broke his hard-tack into it. "Well, I have. I was shipped when I was about eleven years old by a shark that got me drunk. I wanted to ship, but I wanted to ship on an American vessel for New Orleans. First thing I knowed I turned up on a Swedish brig bound for Venice. Ever been to It'ly?"

"No," said Lemuel.

"Well, I hain't but oncet. Oncet is enough for *me*. I run away while I was in Venice, and went ashore — if you can call it ashore; it's all water, and you got to go round in boats, gondolas they call 'em there — and went to see the American counsul, and told him I was an American boy, and tried to get him to get me off. But he couldn't do anything. If you ship under the Swedish flag you're a Swede, and the whole United States couldn't get you off. If I'd 'a' shipped under the American flag I'd 'a' been an American, I don't care if I was born in Hottentot. That's what the counsul said. I never want to see that town ag'in. I used to hear songs about Venice: 'Beautiful Venice, Bride of the Sea'; but I think it's a kind of a hole of a place. Well, what I started to say was that when I turn up in Boston now,— and I most generally do,— I don't go to no sailor boardin'-house; I break for the Wayfarer's Lodge every time. It's a temperance house, and they give you the worth o' your money."

"Come! hurry up!" said the attendant. He wiped the table impatiently with his towel, and stood waiting for Lemuel and the other to finish. All the rest had gone.

"Don't you be too fresh, pard," said the mate, with the effect of standing upon his rights. "Guess if you was on your third bowl, you wouldn't hurry."

The attendant smiled. "Don't you want to lend us a hand with the dishes?" he asked.

"Who's sick?" asked the other in his turn.

"Johnny's got a day off."

The boy shook his head. "No; I couldn't. If it was a case of sickness, of course I'd do it. But I couldn't spare the time; I couldn't really. Why, I ought to be up on the Common now."

Lemuel had listened with a face of interest.

"Don't you want to make half a dollar, young feller?" asked the attendant.

"Yes, I do," said Lemuel eagerly.

"Know how to wash dishes?"

"Yes," answered the boy, not ashamed of his knowledge, as the boy of another civilization might have been. Nothing more distinctly marks the rustic New England civilization than the taming of its men to the performance of certain domestic offices elsewhere held dishonorably womanish. The boy learns not only to milk and to keep the milk-cans clean, but to churn, to wash dishes, and to cook.

"Come around here, then," said the attendant, and Lemuel promptly obeyed.

"Well, now," said his mate, "that's right. I'd do it myself if I had the time." He pulled his soft wool hat out of his hip pocket. "Well, good-morning, pards. I don't know as I shall see you again much before night." Lemuel was lifting a large tray, heavy with empty broth-bowls. "What *time* did you say it was, Jimmy?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Well, I just got time to get there," said the other, putting on his hat, and pushing out of the door.

At the moment Lemuel was lifting his tray of empty broth-bowls, Mr. Sewell was waking for the early quarter-to-eight breakfast, which he thought it right to make — not perhaps as an example to his parishioners, most of whom had the leisure to lie later, but as a sacrifice, not too definite, to the lingering ideal of suffering. He could not work before breakfast,— his delicate digestion forbade that,— or he would have risen still earlier; and he employed the twenty minutes he had between his bath and his breakfast in skimming the morning paper.

Just at present Mr. Sewell was taking two morning papers: the "Advertiser," which he had always taken, and a cheap little one-cent

paper, which had just been started, and which he had subscribed for experimentally, with the vague impression that he ought to encourage the young men who had established it. He did not like it very well. It was made up somewhat upon the Western ideal, and dealt with local matters in a manner that was at once a little more lively and a little more intimate than he had been used to. But before he had quite made up his mind to stop it, his wife had come to like it on that very account. She said it was interesting. On this point she used her conscience a little less actively than usual, and he had to make her observe that to be interesting was not the whole duty of journalism. It had become a matter of personal pride with them respectively to attack and defend the "Sunrise," as I shall call the little sheet, though that was not the name; and Mr. Sewell had lately made some gain through the character of the police reports, which the "Sunrise" had been developing into a feature. It was not that offensive matters were introduced; the worst cases were in fact rather blinked; but Sewell insisted that the tone of flippant gayety with which many facts, so serious, so tragic for their perpetrators and victims, were treated was odious. He objected to the court being called a Mill, and prisoners Grists, and the procedure Grinding; he objected to the familiar name of Uncle for the worthy gentleman to whose care certain offenders were confided on probation. He now read that department of the "Sunrise" the first thing every morning, in the hope of finding something with which to put Mrs. Sewell hopelessly in the wrong; but this morning a heading in the foreign news of the "Advertiser" caught his eye, and he laid the "Sunrise" aside to read at the breakfast-table. His wife came down in a cotton dress, as a tribute to the continued warmth of the weather, and said that she had not called the children, because it was Saturday, and they might as well have their sleep out. He liked to see her in that dress; it had a leafy rustling that was pleasant to his ear, and as she looked into the library he gayly put out his hand, which she took, and suffered herself to be drawn toward him. Then she gave him a kiss, somewhat less business-like and preoccupied than usual.

"Well, you've got Lemuel Barker off your mind at last," she divined, in recognition of her husband's cheerfulness.

"Yes, he's off," admitted Sewell.

"I hope he'll stay in Willoughby Pastures after this. Of course it puts an end to our going there next summer."

"Oh, I don't know," Sewell feebly demurred.

"*I* do," said his wife, but not despising his insincerity enough to insist that he did also. The mellow note of an apostle's bell — the gift of an æsthetic parishioner — came from below, and she said, "Well, there's breakfast, David," and went before him down the stairs.

He brought his papers with him. It would have been her idea of heightened coziness at this breakfast, which they had once a week alone together, not to have the newspapers; but she saw that he felt differently, and after a number of years of married life a woman learns to let her husband have his own way in some unimportant matters. It was so much his nature to have some sort of reading always in hand, that he was certainly more himself, and perhaps more companionable, with his papers than without them.

She merely said, "Let me take the 'Sunrise,'" when she had poured out his coffee, and he had helped her to cantaloupe and steak, and spread his "Advertiser" beside his plate. He had the "Sunrise" in his lap.

"No, you may have the 'Advertiser,'" he said, handing it over the table to her. "I was down first, and I got both the papers. I'm not really obliged to make any division, but I've seen the 'Advertiser,' and I'm willing to behave unselfishly. If you're very impatient for the police report in the 'Sunrise,' I'll read it aloud for you. I think that will be a very good test of its quality, don't you?"

He opened the little sheet, and smiled teasingly at his wife, who said, "Yes, read it aloud; I'm not at all ashamed of it."

She put the "Advertiser" in her lap, and leaned defiantly forward, while she stirred her coffee, and Sewell unfolded the little sheet, and glanced up and down its columns. "Go on! If you can't find it, I can."

"Never mind! Here it is," said Sewell, and he began to read:

"'The mill opened yesterday morning with a smaller number of grists than usual, but they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity.'

"Our friend's metaphor seems to have weakened under him a little," commented Sewell, and then he pursued:

"'A reasonable supply of drunks were dispatched ——'

"Come, now, Lucy! you'll admit that this is horrible?" he broke off.

"No," said his wife, "I will admit nothing of the kind. It's flippant, I'll allow. Go on!"

"I can't," said Sewell; but he obeyed.

"'A reasonable supply of drunks were dispatched, and an habitual drunk, in the person of a burly dame from Tipperary, who pleaded not guilty and then urged the "poor childer" in extenuation, was sent down the harbor for three months; Uncle Cook had been put in

charge of a couple of young frailties whose hind name was woman ——'

"How do you like that, my dear?" asked Sewell exultantly.

Mrs. Sewell looked grave, and then burst into a shocked laugh. "You must stop that paper, David! I can't have it about for the children to get hold of. But it *is* funny, isn't it? That will do ——"

"No, I think you'd better have it all now. There can't be anything worse. It's funny, yes, with that truly infernal drollery which the newspaper wits seem to have the art of." He read on:

"'—' when a case was called that brought the breath of clover-blossoms and hay-seed into the sultry court-room, and warmed the cockles of the habitués' toughened pericardiums with a touch of real poetry. This was a case of assault with intent to rob, in which a lithe young blonde, answering to the good old Puritanic name of Statira Dudley, was the complainant, and the defendant an innocent-looking, bucolic youth, yclept ——'"

Sewell stopped and put his hand to his forehead.

"What is it, David?" demanded his wife. "Why don't you go on? Is it too scandalous?"

"No, no," murmured the minister.

"Well?"

"I *can't* go on. But you must read it, Lucy," he said, in quite a passion of humility. "And you must try to be merciful. That poor boy — that ——"

He handed the paper to his wife, and made no attempt to escape from judgment, but sat submissive while she read the report of Lemuel's trial. The story was told throughout in the poetico-jocular spirit of the opening sentences; the reporter had felt the simple charm of the affair, only to be ashamed of it and the more offensive about it.

When she had finished Mrs. Sewell did not say anything. She merely looked at her husband, who looked really sick.

At last he said, making an effort to rise from his chair, "I must go and see him, I suppose."

"Yes, if you can find him," responded his wife with a sigh.

"Find him?" echoed Sewell.

"Yes. Goodness knows what more trouble the wretched creature's got into by this time. You saw that he was acquitted, didn't you?" she demanded in answer to her husband's stare.

"No, I didn't. I supposed he was convicted, of course."

"Well, you see it isn't so bad as it might be," she said, using a pity which she did not perhaps altogether feel. "Eat your breakfast now, David, and then go and try to look him up."

"Oh, I don't want any breakfast," pleaded the minister.

He offered to rise again, but she motioned him down in his chair. "David, you shall! I'm not going to have you going about all day with a headache. Eat! And then when you've finished your breakfast, go and find out which station that officer Baker belongs to, and he can tell you something about the boy, if any one can."

Sewell made what shift he could to grasp these practical ideas, and he obediently ate of whatever his wife bade him. She would not let him hurry his breakfast in the least, and when he had at last finished, she said: "Now you can go, David. And when you've found the boy, don't you let him out of your sight again till you've put him aboard the train for Willoughby Pastures, and seen the train start out of the depot with him. Never mind your sermon. I will be setting down the heads of a sermon, while you're gone, that will do *you* good, if you write it out, whether it helps any one else or not."

Sewell was not so sure of that. He had no doubt that his wife would set down the heads of a powerful sermon, but he questioned whether any discourse, however potent, would have force to benefit such an abandoned criminal as he felt himself, in walking down his brown-stone steps, and up the long brick sidewalk of Bolingbroke street toward the Public Garden. The beds of geraniums and the clumps of scarlet-blossomed salvia in the little grass-plots before the houses, which commonly flattered his eye with their color, had a suggestion of penal fires in them now, that needed no lingering superstition in his nerves to realize something very like perdition for his troubled soul. It was not wickedness he had been guilty of, but he had allowed a good man to be made the agency of suffering, and he was sorely to blame, for he had sinned against himself. This was what his conscience said, and though his reason protested against his state of mind as a phase of the religious insanity which we have all inherited in some measure from Puritan times, it could not help him. He went along involuntarily framing a vow that if Providence would mercifully permit him to repair the wrong he had done, he would not stop at any sacrifice to get that unhappy boy back to his home, but would gladly take any open shame or obloquy upon himself in order to accomplish this.

He met a policeman on the bridge of the Public Garden, and made bold to ask him at once if he knew an officer named Baker, and which station he could be found at. The policeman was over-rich in the acquaintance of two officers of the name of Baker,

and he put his hand on Sewell's shoulder, in the paternal manner of policemen when they will be friendly, and advised him to go first to the Neponset street station, to which one of these Bakers was attached, and inquire there first. "Anyway, that's what I should do in your place."

Sewell was fulsomely grateful, as we all are in the like case; and at the station he used an urbanity with the captain which was perhaps not thrown away upon him, but which was certainly disproportioned to the trouble he was asking him to take in saying whether he knew where he could find Officer Baker.

"Yes, I do," said the captain; "you can find him in bed, upstairs. But I'd rather you wouldn't wake a man off duty if you don't have to, especially if you don't know he's the one. What's wanted?"

Sewell stopped to say that the captain was quite right, and then he explained why he wished to see Officer Baker.

The captain listened with nods of his head at the names and facts given. "Guess you won't have to get Baker up for that. I can tell you what there is to tell. I don't know where your young man is now, but I gave him an order for a bed at the Wayfarer's Lodge last night, and I guess he slept there. You a friend of his?"

"Yes," said Sewell, much questioning inwardly whether he could be truly described as such. "I wish to befriend him," he added savingly. "I knew him at home, and I am sure of his innocence."

"Oh, I guess he's *innocent* enough," said the captain. "Well, now, I tell you what you do, if you want to befriend him; you get him home quick as you can."

"Yes," said Sewell, helpless to resent the officer's authoritative and patronizing tone. "That's what I wish to do. Do you suppose he's at the Wayfarer's Lodge now?" asked Sewell.

"Can't say," said the captain, tilting himself back in his chair, and putting his quill toothpick between his lips like a cigarette. "The only way is to go and see."

"Thank you very much," said the minister, accepting his dismissal meekly, as a man vowed to ignominy should, but feeling keenly that he was dismissed, and dismissed in disgrace.

At the Lodge he was received less curtly. The manager was there with a long morning's leisure before him, and disposed to friendliness that Sewell found absurdly soothing. He turned over the orders for beds delivered by the vagrants the night before, and "Yes," he said, coming to Lemuel's name, "he slept here; but nobody knows where he is by this time. Wait a bit, sir!" he added to Sewell's fallen countenance. "There was one of the young fellows staid to help us through with the dishes this morning. I'll have him up; or maybe you'd like to go down and take a look at our kitchen? You'll find him there, if it's the one. Here's our card. We can supply you with all sorts of firewood at less cost than the dealers, and you'll be helping the poor fellows to earn an honest bed and breakfast. This way, sir!"

Sewell promised to buy his wood there, put the card respectfully into his pocket, and followed the manager downstairs, and through the basement to the kitchen. He arrived just as Lemuel was about to lift a trayful of clean soup-bowls, to carry it upstairs. After a glance at the minister, he stood still with dropped eyes.

Sewell did not know in what form to greet the boy on whom he had unwillingly brought so much evil, and he found the greater difficulty in deciding as he saw Lemuel's face hardening against him.

"Barker," he said at last, "I'm very glad to find you — I have been very anxious to find you."

Lemuel made no sign of sympathy, but stood still in his long check apron, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbow, and the minister was obliged to humble himself still further to this figure of lowly obstinacy.

"I should like to speak with you. Can I speak with you a few moments?"

The manager politely stepped into the storeroom, and affected to employ himself there, leaving Lemuel and the minister alone together.

X.

SEWELL lost no time. "I want you to go home, Barker. I feel that I am wholly to blame, and greatly to blame, for your coming to Boston with the expectation that brought you, and that I am indirectly responsible for all the trouble that has befallen you since you came. I want to be the means of your getting home, in any way you can let me."

This was a very different way of talking from the smooth superiority of address which the minister had used with him the other day at his own house. Lemuel was not insensible to the atonement offered him, and it was not from sulky stubbornness that he continued silent, and left the minister to explore the causes of his reticence unaided.

"I will go home *with* you, if you like," pursued the minister, though his mind misgave him that this was an extreme which Mrs. Sewell would not have justified him in. "I will go with you, and explain all the circumstances to your friends, in case there should be any misunderstanding — though in that event I should have to ask you to be my

guest till Monday." Here the unhappy man laid hold of the sheep, which could not bring him greater condemnation than the lamb.

"I guess they won't know anything about it," said Lemuel, with whatever intention.

It seemed hardened indifference to the minister, and he felt it his disagreeable duty to say, "I am afraid they will. I read of it in the newspaper this morning, and I'm afraid that an exaggerated report of your misfortunes will reach Willoughby Pastures, and alarm your family."

A faint pallor came over the boy's face, and he stood again in his impenetrable, rustic silence. The voice that finally spoke from it said, "I guess I don't want to go home, then."

"You *must* go home!" said the minister, with more of imploring than imperiousness in his command. "What will they make of your prolonged absence?"

"I sent a postal to mother this morning. They lent me one."

"But what will you do here, without work and without means? I wish you to go home with me — I feel responsible for you — and remain with me till you can hear from your mother. I'm sorry you came to Boston; it's no place for you, as you must know by this time, and I am sure your mother will agree with me in desiring your return."

"I guess I don't want to go home," said Lemuel.

"Are you afraid that an uncharitable construction will be placed upon what has happened to you by your neighbors?" Lemuel did not answer. "I assure you that all that can be arranged. I will write to your pastor, and explain it fully. But in any event," continued Sewell, "it is your duty to yourself and your friends to go home and live it down. It would be your duty to do so even if you had been guilty of wrong, instead of the victim of misfortune."

"I don't know," said Lemuel, "as I want to go home and be the laughing-stock."

Against this point Sewell felt himself helpless. He could not pretend that the boy would not be ridiculous in the eyes of his friends, and all the more ridiculous because so wholly innocent. He could only say, "That is a thing which you must bear." And then it occurred to him to ask, "Do you feel that it is right to let your family meet the ridicule alone?"

"I guess nobody will speak to mother about it more than once," said Lemuel, with a just pride in his mother's powers of retort. A woman who, unaided and alone, had worn the Bloomer costume for twenty years in the heart of a commentative community like Willoughby Pastures, was not likely to be without a cutting tongue for her defense.

"But your sister," urged Sewell; "your brother-in-law," he feebly added.

"I guess they will have to stand it," replied Lemuel.

The minister heaved a sigh of hopeless perplexity. "What do you propose to do, then? You can't remain here without means. Do you expect to sell your poetry?" he asked, goaded to the question by a conscience peculiarly sore on that point.

It made Lemuel blush. "No, I don't expect to sell it now. They took it out of my pocket on the Common."

"I am glad of that," said the minister as simply, "and I feel bound to warn you solemnly that there is absolutely *no* hope for you in that direction."

Lemuel said nothing.

The minister stood baffled again. After a bad moment he asked, "Have you anything particular in view?"

"I don't know as I have."

"How long can you remain here?"

"I don't know exactly."

Sewell turned and followed the manager into the refrigerator room, where he had remained patiently whistling throughout this interview.

When he came back, Lemuel had carried one trayful of bowls upstairs, and returned for another load, which he was piling carefully up for safe transportation.

"The manager tells me," said Sewell, "that practically you can stay here as long as you like, if you work; but he doesn't think it desirable you should remain, nor do I. But I wish to find you here again when I come back. I have something in view for you."

This seemed to be a question, and Lemuel said, "All right," and went on piling up his bowls. He added, "I shouldn't want you to take a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, it's no trouble," groaned the minister. "Then I may depend upon seeing you here any time during the day?"

"I don't know as I'm going away," Lemuel admitted.

"Well, then, good-bye for the present," said Sewell; and after speaking again to the manager, and gratefully ordering some kindling which he did not presently need, he went out, and took his way homeward. But he stopped half a block short of his own door, and rang at Miss Vane's. To his perturbed and eager spirit it seemed nothing short of a divine mercy that she should be at home. If he had not been a man bent on repairing his wrong at any cost to others, he would hardly have taken the step he now contemplated without first advising with his wife, who, he felt sure, would have advised against it. His

face did not brighten at all when Miss Vane came briskly in, with the "*How* d'ye do?" which he commonly found so cheering. She pulled up the blind and saw his knotted brow.

"What is the matter? You look as if you had got Lemuel Barker back on your hands."

"I have," said the minister briefly.

Miss Vane gave a wild laugh of delight. "You *don't* mean it!" she sputtered, sitting down before him, and peering into his face. "What *do* you mean?"

Sewell was obliged to possess Miss Vane's entire ignorance of all the facts in detail. From point to point he paused; he began really to be afraid she would do herself an injury with her laughing.

She put her hand on his arm and bowed her head forward, with her face buried in her handkerchief. "What — what — do you suppose-pose — they did with the po-po-*po*em they stole from him?"

"Well, one thing I'm sure they *didn't* do," said Sewell bitterly. "They didn't *read* it."

Miss Vane hid her face in her handkerchief, and then plucked it away, and shrieked again. She stopped, with the sudden calm that succeeds such a paroxysm, and, "Does Mrs. Sewell know all about this?" she panted.

"She knows everything, except my finding him in the dish-washing department of the Wayfarer's Lodge," said Sewell gloomily, "and my coming to you."

"Why do you come to me?" asked Miss Vane, her face twitching and her eyes brimming.

"Because," answered Sewell, "I'd rather not go to her till I have done something."

Miss Vane gave way again, and Sewell sat regarding her ruefully.

"What do you expect me to do?" She looked at him over her handkerchief, which she kept pressed against her mouth.

"I haven't the least idea what I expected you to do. I expected you to tell me. You have an inventive mind."

Miss Vane shook her head. Her eyes grew serious, and after a moment she said, "I'm afraid I'm not equal to Lemuel Barker. Besides," she added with a tinge of trouble, "I have *my* problem already."

"Yes," said the minister sympathetically. "How has the flower charity turned out?"

"She went yesterday with one of the ladies, and carried flowers to the city hospital. But she wasn't at all satisfied with the result. She said the patients were mostly disgusting old men that hadn't been shaved. I think that now she wants to try her flowers on criminals. She says she wishes to visit the prisons."

Sewell brightened forlornly. "Why not let her reform Barker?"

This sent Miss Vane off again. "Poor boy!" she sighed, when she had come to herself. "No, there's nothing that I can do for him, except to order some firewood from his benefactors."

"I did that," said Sewell. "But I don't see how it's to help Barker exactly."

"I would gladly join in a public subscription to send him home. But you say he won't *go* home?"

"He won't go home," sighed the minister. "He's determined to stay. I suspect he would accept employment, if it were offered him in the right spirit."

Miss Vane shook her head. "There's nothing I can think of except shoveling snow. And as yet it's rather warm October weather."

"There's certainly no snow to shovel," admitted Sewell. He rose disconsolately. "Well, there's nothing for it, I suppose, but to put him down at the Christian Union, and explain his checkered career to everybody who proposes to employ him."

Miss Vane could not keep the laughter out of her eyes; she nervously tapped her lips with her handkerchief, to keep it from them. Suddenly she halted Sewell in his dejected progress toward the door. "I might give him my furnace."

"Furnace?" echoed Sewell.

"Yes. Jackson has 'struck' for twelve dollars a month, and at present there is a 'lock-out,'— I believe that's what it's called. And I had determined not to yield as long as the fine weather lasted. I knew I should give in at the first frost. I will take Barker now, if you think he can manage the furnace."

"I've no doubt he can. Has Jackson really struck?" Miss Vane nodded. "He hasn't said anything to me about it."

"He probably intends to make special terms to the clergy. But he told me he was putting up the rates on all his 'famblies' this winter."

"If he puts them up on me, I will take Barker too," said the minister boldly. "If he will come," he added with less courage. "Well, I will go round to the Lodge, and see what he thinks of it. Of course, he can't live upon ten dollars a month, and I must look him up something besides."

"That's the only thing I can think of at present," said Miss Vane.

"Oh, you're indefinitely good to think of so much," said Sewell. "You must excuse me if my reception of your kindness has been qualified by the reticence with which Barker received mine this morning."

"Oh, do tell me about it!" cried Miss Vane.

"Some time I will. But I can assure you it was such as to make me shrink from another

interview. I don't know but Barker may fling your proffered furnace in my teeth. But I'm sure we both mean well. And I thank you, all the same. Good-bye."

"Poor Mr. Sewell!" said Miss Vane, following him to the door. "May I run down and tell Mrs. Sewell?"

"Not yet," said the minister sadly. He was too insecure of Barker's reception of him to be able to enjoy the joke.

When he got back to the Wayfarer's Lodge, whither he made himself walk in penance, he found Lemuel with a book in his hand, reading, while the cook stirred about the kitchen, and the broth, which he had well under way for the midday meal, lifted the lid of its boiler from time to time and sent out a joyous whiff of steam. The place had really a coziness of its own, and Sewell began to fear that his victim had been so far corrupted by its comfort as to be unwilling to leave the refuge. He had often seen the subtly disastrous effect of bounty, and it was one of the things he trembled for in considering the question of public aid to the poor. Before he addressed Barker, he saw him entered upon the dire life of idleness and dependence, partial or entire, which he had known so many Americans even willing to lead since the first great hard times began; and he spoke to him with the asperity of anticipative censure.

"Barker!" he said, and Lemuel lifted his head from the book he was reading. "I have found something for you to do. I still prefer you should go home, and I advise you to do so. But," he added, at the look that came into Lemuel's face, "if you are determined to stay, this is the best I can do for you. It isn't a full support, but it's something, and you must look about for yourself, and not rest till you've found full work, and something better fitted for you. Do you think you can take care of a furnace?"

"Hot air?" asked Lemuel.

"Yes."

"I guess so. I took care of the church furnace last winter."

"I didn't know you had one," said the minister, brightening in the ray of hope. "Would you be willing to take care of a domestic furnace—a furnace in a private house?"

Lemuel pondered the proposal in silence. Whatever objections there were to it in its difference from the aims of his ambition in coming to Boston he kept to himself; and his ignorance of city prejudices and sophistications probably suggested nothing against the honest work to his pride. "I guess I should," he said at last.

"Well, then, come with me."

Sewell judged it best not to tell him whose furnace he was to take care of; he had an impression that Miss Vane was included in the resentment which Lemuel seemed to cherish toward him. But when he had him at her door, "It's the lady whom you saw at my house the other day," he explained. It was then too late for Lemuel to rebel, and they went in.

If there was any such unkindness in Lemuel's breast toward her, it yielded promptly to her tact. She treated him at once, not like a servant, but like a young person, and yet she used a sort of respect for his independence which was soothing to his rustic pride. She put it on the money basis at once; she told him that she should give him ten dollars a month for taking care of the furnace, keeping the sidewalk clear of snow, shoveling the paths in the back yard for the women to get at their clothes-lines, carrying up and down coal and ashes for the grates, and doing errands. She said that this was what she had always paid, and asked him if he understood and were satisfied.

Lemuel answered with one yes to both her questions, and then Miss Vane said that of course till the weather changed they should want no fire in the furnace, but that it might change any day, and they should begin at once and count October as a full month. She thought he had better go down and look at the furnace and see if it was in order; she had had the pipes cleaned, but perhaps it needed blacking; the cook would show him how it worked. She went with him to the head of the basement stairs, and calling down, "Jane, here is Lemuel, come to look after the furnace," left him and Jane to complete the acquaintance upon coming in sight of each other, and went back to the minister. He had risen to go, and she gave him her hand, while a smile rippled into laughter on her lips.

"Do you think," she asked, struggling with her mirth to keep unheard of those below, "that it is quite the work for a literary man?"

"If he is a man," said Sewell courageously, "the work won't keep him from being literary."

Miss Vane laughed at his sudden recovery of spirit, as she had laughed at his dejection; but he did not care. He hurried home, with a sermon kindling in his mind so obviously that his wife did not detain him beyond a few vital questions, and let him escape from having foisted his burden upon Miss Vane with the simple comment, "Well, we shall see how that will work."

As once before, Sewell tacitly took a hint from his own experience, and, enlarging to more serious facts from it, preached effort in the erring. He denounced mere remorse. Better not feel that at all, he taught; and he declared that what is ordinarily distinguished

from remorse as repentance was equally a mere corrosion of the spirit unless some attempt at reparation went with it. He maintained that though some mischiefs — perhaps most mischiefs — were irreparable so far as restoring the original status was concerned, yet every mischief was reparable in the good will and the good deed of its perpetrator. Do what you could to retrieve yourself from error, and then, not leave the rest to Providence, but keep doing. The good, however small, must grow if tended and nurtured like a useful plant, as the evil would certainly grow like a wild and poisonous weed if left to itself. Sin, he said, was a terrible mystery; one scarcely knew how to deal with it or to attempt to determine its nature; but perhaps— he threw out the thought while warning those who heard him of its danger in some aspects — sin was not wholly an evil. We were so apt in this world of struggle and ambition to become centered solely in ourselves, that possibly the wrong done to another — the wrong that turned our thoughts from ourselves, and kept them bent in agony and despair upon the suffering we had caused another, and knew not how to mitigate — possibly this wrong, nay, certainly this wrong was good in disguise. But, returning to his original point, we were to beware how we rested in this despair. In the very extremity of our anguish, our fear, our shame, we were to gird ourselves up to reparation. Strive to do good, he preached; strive most of all to do good to those you have done harm to. His text was "Cease to do evil."

He finished his sermon during the afternoon, and in the evening his wife said they would run up to Miss Vane's. Sewell shrank from this a little, with the obscure dread that Lemuel might have turned his back upon good fortune, and abandoned the place offered him, in which case Sewell would have to give a wholly different turn to his sermon; but he consented, as indeed he must. He was as curious as his wife to know how the experiment had resulted.

Miss Vane did not wait to let them ask. "My dear," she said, kissing Mrs. Sewell and giving her hand to the minister in one, "he is a pearl! And I've kept him from mixing his native luster with Rising Sun Stove Polish by becoming his creditor in the price of a pair of overalls. I had no idea they were so cheap, and you can see that they will fade, with a few washings, to a perfect Millet blue. They were quite his own idea, when he found the furnace needed blacking, and he wanted to use the fifty cents he earned this morning toward the purchase, but I insisted upon advancing the entire dollar myself. Neatness, self-respect, awe-inspiring deference! — he is each and every one of them in person."

Sewell could not forbear a glance of triumph at his wife.

"You leave us very little to ask," said that injured woman.

"But I've left myself a great deal to tell, my dear," retorted Miss Vane, "and I propose to keep the floor; though I don't really know where to begin."

"I thought you had got past the necessity of beginning," said Sewell. "We know that the new pearl sweeps clean," — Miss Vane applauded his mixed metaphor,— "and now you might go on from that point."

"Well, you may think I'm rash," said Miss Vane, "but I've thoroughly made up my mind to keep him."

"Dear, *dear* Miss Vane!" cried the minister. "Mrs. Sewell thinks you're rash, but I don't. What do you mean by keeping him?"

"Keeping him as a fixture — a permanency — a continuosity."

"Oh! A continuosity? I know what that is in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but I'm not sure that I follow your meaning exactly."

"Why, it's simply this," said Miss Vane. "I have long secretly wanted the protection of what Jane calls a man-body in the house, and when I saw how Lemuel had blacked the furnace, I knew I should feel as safe with him as with a whole body of troops."

"Well," sighed the minister, "you have not been rash, perhaps, but you'll allow that you've been rapid."

"No," said Miss Vane, "I won't allow that. I have simply been intuitive — nothing more. His functions are not decided yet, but it is decided that he is to stay; he's to sleep in the little room over the L, and in my tranquilized consciousness he's been there years already."

"And has Sibyl undertaken Barker's reformation?" asked Sewell.

"Don't interrupt! Don't anticipate! I admit nothing till I come to it. But after I had arranged with Lemuel I began to think of Sibyl."

"That was like some ladies I have known of," said Sewell. "You women commit yourselves to a scheme, in order to show your skill in reconciling circumstances to the irretrievable. Well?"

"*Don't* interrupt, David!" cried his wife.

"Oh, let him go on," said Miss Vane. "It's all very well, taking people into your house on the spur of the moment, and in obedience to a generous impulse; but when you reflect that the object of your good intentions slept in the Wayfarer's Lodge the night before, and in the police station the night before that, and enjoys a newspaper celebrity in connection with a case of assault and battery with intent to rob,— why, then you *do* reflect!"

"Yes," said Sewell, "that is just the point where I should begin."

"I thought," continued Miss Vane, "I had better tell Sibyl all about it, so if by any chance the neighbors' kitchens should have heard of the case — they read the police reports very carefully in the kitchens ——"

"They do in some drawing-rooms," interrupted Sewell.

"It's well for you they do, David," said his wife. "Your protégé would have been in your refuge still, if they didn't."

"I see!" cried the minister. "I shall have to take the 'Sunrise' another week."

Miss Vane looked from one to the other in sympathetic ignorance, but they did not explain, and she went on.

"And if they should hear Lemuel's name, and put two and two together, and the talk should get to Sibyl — well, I thought it all over, until the whole thing became perfectly lurid, and I wished Lemuel Barker was back in the depths of Willoughby Pastures ——"

"I understand," said Sewell. "Go on!"

Miss Vane did so, after stopping to laugh. "It seemed to me I couldn't wait for Sibyl to get home — she spent the night in Brookline, and didn't come till five o'clock — to tell her. I began before she had got her hat or gloves off, and she sat down with them on, and listened like a three-years' child to the Ancient Mariner, but she lost no time when she understood the facts. She went out immediately and stripped the nasturtium bed. If you could have seen it when you came in, there's hardly a blossom left. She took the decorations of Lemuel's room into her own hands at once; and if there is any saving power in nasturtiums, he will be a changed person. She says that now the great object is to keep him from feeling that he has been an outcast, and needs to be reclaimed; she says nothing could be worse for him. I don't know how she knows."

"Barker might feel that he was disgraced," said the minister, "but I don't believe that a whole system of ethics would make him suspect that he needed to be reclaimed."

"He makes me suspect that *I* need to be reclaimed," said Miss Vane, "when he looks at me with those beautiful honest eyes of his."

Mrs. Sewell asked, "Has he seen the decorations yet?"

"Not at all. They are to steal upon him when he comes in to-night. The gas is to be turned very low, and he is to notice everything gradually, so as not to get the impression that things have been done with a design upon him." She laughed in reporting these ideas, which were plainly those of the young girl. "Sh!" she whispered at the end.

A tall girl, with a slim vase in her hand, drifted in upon their group like an apparition. She had heavy black eyebrows with beautiful blue eyes under them, full of an intensity unrelieved by humor.

"Aunty!" she said severely, "have you been telling?"

"Only Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, Sibyl," said Miss Vane. "*Their* knowing won't hurt. He'll never know it."

"If he hears you laughing, he'll know it's about him. He's in the kitchen now. He's come in the back way. Do be quiet." She had given her hand without other greeting in her preoccupation to each of the Sewells in turn, and now she passed out of the room.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

APRIL'S LADY.

IT was fortunate that when the editor of the "Dark Red" magazine first did me the honor to request a story from my pen, I had one ready for him, and one, moreover, with which I was so well satisfied. I had so long vainly desired to be really asked for a contribution, and thus raised from the numerous and indiscriminate company of scribblers who send hopeful manuscripts to the magazines, and in trembling uncertainty await the issue, that it is not strange my bosom swelled with gratified pride, and that I dispatched my copy with so perfect a sense of complacency that I almost seemed to condescend a little in letting the editor have it.

I was fond of that story. I experienced a certain delight in recalling the circumstances under which it was composed, and I felt in it that confidence which an author is sure to have in work which has sprung spontaneously and as it were full-grown from his brain. Every literary worker, down to the veriest penny-a-liner of them all, knows the difference between a tale which makes itself, so to speak, growing unforced into beauty and completeness like a crystal, and a laboriously constructed piece of work, be it contrived never so ingeniously and cleverly. The fiction I sent to the editor of the "Dark Red" was of the former variety. It had come into my head all of itself, as the children say, while I was traveling between New York and Boston, so complete and so distinct that I scarcely seemed to have more to do with its creation than the later putting upon paper.

The circumstances were these:

I had reached the Grand Central depot just in time to catch the morning train; and as the cars swept out of the station, I settled myself into a seat with a comfortable and something too self-satisfied feeling. In the first place, I was glad to be out of New York; partly because it was hot and dusty there, partly because I am not over-fond of Gotham, and partly because I had sundry pleasant bachelor friends and divers good times awaiting me at the Boston end of my journey. I looked out upon the sunny landscape, over which the splendors of an April day cast a glow of warmth and brightness, smiled at the remembrance of a retort I had made at the Century Club on the previous evening which seemed to me rather neat, and then with a sort of mental nod of farewell to all the outside world I took up my book and prepared to follow the fortunes of the woful and wicked, but thoroughly charming French heroine with whose adventures I was at that particular time occupying myself. To my vexation, however, I discovered that instead of the second volume I had taken the first, and as I had no especial desire to peruse again the somewhat detailed account of the heroine's youth, her career at school, her first confession and early marriage,— all these being preliminary to the impropriety and the interest of the book, which, after the reprehensible manner of French novels, began together,— I laid down the volume with a sigh, and resigned myself to a ride of unalleviated dullness.

A resource instantly presented itself, however, in the page which the lady in the seat before me was reading. As I glanced up I saw that she was entertaining herself with poetry, and the next moment a familiar line caught my eye:

"If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May."

"Swinburne," I mused, "or a collection of selected poems, perhaps. Wiseacres would say one ought to know what a reader is like by the book she reads; but in the first place that's nonsense, and in the second place I don't know what book she is reading. She has an exquisite ear, and her hair is something bewildering. 'If you were April's lady.' April's lady should be a capricious creature, all smiles and tears, with winning ways and willful wiles; impulsive and wayward, and thoroughly enchanting. It would not";—my thoughts ran on in a professional turn, while my eyes dwelt appreciatively if somewhat presumptuously upon the lovely curve of my neighbor's neck —"it would not be a bad notion to write a story of such a maiden and call it 'April's Lady.' Let me see, what should it be like?"

And upon this impulse I fell to pondering, when suddenly, as if by magic, a tale presented itself all complete in my mind. My mental action appeared to me more like that of remembering than of creating, so real and so complete was the pretty history. The self-willed, volatile damsel whose fortunes it concerned seemed one whom I had known and whom I might meet again some day. In my mind she assumed, it is true, an outward semblance similar to that of the lady before me, upon whose back I fixed my regards in an absorbed stare, which should have disturbed her could looks make themselves felt. She did not move, however, and as she did not turn the leaf of her book, I fancied she might have fallen into a reverie as deep as my own. I had not been able fully to see her face, although a lucky turn had given me a glimpse of a profile full of character and beauty, and which made me desire to behold more. I did not, however, trouble myself about the exact details of my heroine's features, for every story-teller has a stock of choice personal charms with which to endow his fictitious children, but continued to gloat over my little romance; and so vividly was the tale of "April's Lady" impressed upon my mind that although some weeks elapsed before I found time to put it upon paper, I found not the slightest difficulty in recalling even its most trifling incidents.

Almost the whole of my journey was taken up in turning the story over in my mind, and when we drew into the Boston station, and my neighbor closed her volume to begin the collection of her numerous feminine possessions, I had half a mind to lean forward and thank her for having given me, although unconsciously, so good a story.

It did seem to me, even after I had sent my manuscript off and the dreadful moment came when one realizes that it is too late to make changes and consequently thinks of plenty of things he wishes to alter, that "April's Lady" was the best work I had ever done. I had let a month or two pass between its first writing and the final revision, and I was pretty well satisfied that I had produced a really capital story. I fondly hoped Mr. Lane, the editor of the "Dark Red," would be moved by its excellence to give me further orders; and the eagerness with which I one morning tore open an envelope upon which I recognized his handwriting may be easily enough imagined, at least by members of the literary guild. My impatience gave place to profound astonishment as I read the following note:

OFFICE DARK RED MAGAZINE,
BOSTON, September 27.

MY DEAR MR. GRAY: Can you drop into my office to-morrow about noon? By some odd coincidence I received a story very similar to your "April's Lady,"

and bearing the same title, several days earlier, and should like to talk with you about it.

Very truly yours, J. Q. LANE.

I was utterly confounded. I racked my brains to discover who could possibly have stolen my story, and even suspected the small black girl who dusted my rooms, although the sooty little morsel did not know one letter from another. The first draft of the story had lain in my desk for some time, it was true, yet that any literary burglar should have forced an entrance and then contented himself with copying this seemed, upon the whole, scarcely probable. I ransacked my memory for some old tale which I might unconsciously have plagiarized, but I could think of nothing; and moreover I reflected that the coincidence of names certainly could not be accounted for in this way, even did I recall the germ of my plot.

I presented myself at the office of the "Dark Red" at the hour appointed with a clear conscience, it is true, but with positively no suggestion whatever to offer in regard to the method by which a copy of my story could have reached the editor in advance of my own manuscript.

Mr. Lane received me with the conventionally cordial manner which is as much a part of editorial duties as is the use of the blue pencil, and without much delay came to the business of the call.

"There is something very singular about this affair," he said, laying out my manuscript, and beside it another which I could see was written in a running feminine hand. "If the stories were a little more alike, I should be sure one was copied from the other; as it is, it is inconceivable that they have not at least a common origin. Where did you get your idea?"

"Why, so far as I know," I replied in perplexity, "I evolved it from my inner consciousness, but the germ may have been the unconscious recollection of some incident or floating idea. I've tried to discover where I did get the fancy, but without a glimmer of success. Who sent you the other version?"

"A lady of whose integrity I am as sure as I am of yours. That's the odd part of it. Besides, you are both of you too clever to plagiarize, even if you weren't too honest. The mere similarity of theme isn't so strange; that happens often enough; but that the title of the stories should be identical, and that in each the heroine should be named May ——"

"Is her heroine named May?" I interrupted in astonishment, "Why, then, she must have seen my copy; or," I added, a new thought striking me, "she must have got the name in the same way I did. I took the title of the story and the name of the heroine from a line of Swinburne, and ——"

"And," interrupted the editor in turn, catching up the manuscript before him, "so did she."

And he showed me, written at the head of the page:

"If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May."

"Well," I remarked, with a not unnatural mingling of philosophy and annoyance, "it is all of a piece with my theory that ideas are in the air and belong, like wild geese, to whoever catches them first; but it is vexatious, when I captured a fancy that particularly pleased me, to find that some woman or other has been smart enough to get salt on its tail-feathers before I did."

Mr. Lane smiled at my desperate air, and at that moment his little office-boy, whom I particularly detest because of the catlike stillness and suddenness of his movements, silently produced first himself and then a card.

"Agnes Graham," read Mr. Lane. "Here is your rival to speak for herself. I hope you don't mind seeing her?"

"Oh, by no means," I replied rather ungraciously. "Let us see what she is like and what she will have to say about this puzzle."

The name was not wholly new to me, as I had seen it signed to various magazine articles, concerning which at this moment I had only the most vague and general idea. I was sitting with my back to the door, and in rising I still kept my face half turned away from the lady who entered, but I saw the reflection of her face in a mirror opposite without any sense of recognition. As she advanced a step or two, however, and half passed me, I knew her. The delicate ear, the fine sweep of the neck, the knot of golden brown hair, were all familiar. It was the lady who had sat before me in the cars from New York on that April day.

As she turned in recognition of Mr. Lane's introduction, a faint flush seemed to show that she too recognized me, although I was unable to understand how she should know me, since she certainly had not turned her head once in the entire journey. I set it down to pure feminine intuition, not having wholly freed myself from that masculine superstition which regards woman's instinct as a sort of supernatural clairvoyance.

My sensations on discovering her identity were not wholly unlike those of a man who inadvertently touches a charged Leyden jar.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what a psychological conundrum, or whatever you choose to call it. The whole matter is as plain to me now as daylight."

"Well?" Mr. Lane asked, while Miss Graham regarded me with an air which seemed to question whether my insanity were of a dangerous type.

"Pardon me, Miss Graham, if I cross-question you a little," I went on, becoming somewhat excited. "You came from New York on the morning train on Wednesday, the fifteenth — no, the sixteenth of last April, did you not?"

"Yes," she answered, her color again a trifle heightened, but her appearance being rather that of perplexity than of self-consciousness.

"And on the way you read Swinburne till you came to the line,

'If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May';

and it occurred to you what a capital name for a story 'April's Lady' would be?"

"Yes," she repeated; and then, with a yet more puzzled air, she turned to Mr. Lane to ask, "Is this mind-reading?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned he. "Mr. Gray can best tell what it is."

"And the rest of the way to Boston," I continued, ignoring the interruption, "you were elaborating your story. You took the heroine's name from the same line, and had a pun at the climax about the hero's becoming 'lord of May.'"

"No," Miss Graham retorted, beginning to enter into the spirit of the situation. "I deny the pun, although I acknowledge the rest. The pun I didn't even think of."

"Well, you see I haven't read your manuscript, but I own I fell so low that I put in the pun myself. At least the old gentleman with a scar on his cheek, who sat in the corner of the car, gave you hints for ——"

"The uncle," broke in Miss Graham, with a gleeful laugh at the remembrance of the oddity of the old gentleman's appearance. "But how in the world did you know?"

"Oh, he did me. We evidently had the same mental experience; which proves, I suppose, that we are literary Corsican brothers or something of the sort."

"But the great question to be settled is," Mr. Lane observed, bringing in, after some further talk, the editorial consideration, "whose story this really is."

"Miss Graham's, by all means," I said instantly. "Hers was first in the field, and if I hadn't impertinently looked over her shoulder, I shouldn't have had any share in it whatever."

Miss Graham laughed, showing a delicious dimple, and Mr. Lane, who evidently had no desire to settle the question under discussion, looked inquiringly at her for a response to my words.

"You are very generous, Mr. Gray," she answered; "but in the first place my story has never been accepted for the 'Dark Red,' and in the second, as the stories really ought to stand on their merits, I shall certainly not venture to put mine into competition with yours, but prefer to pocket my manuscript and retire."

"I fear," was my reply, "that I discover rather a tendency to sarcasm in what you say than any true humility. Of course the first point is one for Mr. Lane to settle."

The editor cleared his throat with some embarrassment, but before he found the words he wanted, Miss Graham spoke again.

"I had not the slightest idea of being sarcastic, for, of course, it goes without saying that your story is better than mine; but since you choose to take it in that way, I am willing to leave the whole matter to Mr. Lane. He is at least the only person who has read both manuscripts."

"Really," Mr. Lane said, thus pushed into a corner, "I am extremely sorry to find myself placed in so trying a situation. There are points in which each story excels, and the best result would undoubtedly be attained by welding them together."

"If that could be done," said Miss Graham thoughtfully.

"Now, in Mr. Gray's version," he continued, "the heroine is more attractive and real."

"That," I interpolated, trying to cover the awkwardness I felt by a jest, "is the first time in all my literary experience that the character I thought best in a story I'd written has seemed so to the editorial mind."

The dark eyes of my neighbor gave me a bright, brief glance, but whether of sympathy with my statement or of contempt for the feebleness of my attempts at being jocose, I could not determine.

"While Miss Graham," went on the editorial comment, "has decidedly the advantage in her hero."

Miss Graham flushed slightly, but offered no remark in reply to this opinion beyond a smile which seemed one of frank pleasure. We sat in silence a moment, a not unnatural hesitancy preventing my making a proposition which had presented itself to my mind.

"If it will not seem impertinent to Miss Graham," I ventured at length, "I would propose that we really do try the experiment of collaboration on this story. I have never worked with anybody, but I promise to be tractable; and the thing had so odd a beginning that it is a pity to thwart the evident intention of destiny that we shall both have a hand in it."

To this proposition the lady at first returned a decided and even peremptory negative; but my persuasions, seconded by those of Mr. Lane, who was partly curious and partly anxious to escape from the necessity of arbitrating in the matter, in the end induced her to alter her decision.

The result of the interview was that when we left the office of the "Dark Red" Miss Graham had my manuscript and I hers, and that an appointment had been made for my calling upon her with a view to an interchange of comments and criticisms.

Upon the appointed evening I presented myself at the home of Miss Graham, and almost without the usual conventionalities concerning the weather we proceeded to discuss the stories. We began with great outward suavity and courtesy the exchange of compliments, which were so obviously formal and perfunctory that in a moment more we looked into each other's faces and burst into laughter, which if hardly polite was at least genuine.

"Come," I said, "now the ice is broken and we can say what we really think; and I must be pardoned for saying that that hero of yours, whom Mr. Lane praised, is the most insufferable cad I've encountered this many a day. He can't be set off against that lovely girl in my story. Why, the truth is, Miss Graham, I meant her to be what I fancied you might be. She's the ideal I built up from seeing you in the cars."

"I must say," Miss Graham retorted with spirit, "that if you meant that pert heroine of yours for *me*, I am anything but complimented."

"It is a pity, then, that you didn't intend your hero for me, and we should have been more than quits."

She blushed so vividly that a sudden light burst upon me.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "he does have my eyes and beard; but you didn't see me. It isn't possible ——"

"But it is," interrupted she, desperately. "With a mirror directly before me all the way from New York, do you suppose I could help seeing you! I'm sure you kept your eyes on me steadily enough to give me a good excuse."

I whistled rudely; whereat she looked offended, and we went on from one thing to another until we had got up a very respectable quarrel indeed. There is nothing more conducive to a thoroughly good understanding between persons of opposite sex than a genuine quarrel; and having reached the point where there was no alternative but to separate in anger or to apologize, we chose the latter course, and, having mutually humbled ourselves, after that got on capitally.

"It is my deliberate conviction," she observed, when we at length got upon a footing sufficiently familiar for jesting, "that this story is really mine, and that you purloined it from me by some mysterious clairvoyance."

"That may be," I admitted. "I once guessed that a man was a bartender by the way he stirred his coffee at the steamer table, and that got me a very pretty reputation as a seer for a day or two; and very likely the truth is that I was all the time a mind-reader without knowing it."

She smiled good-naturedly — more good-naturedly, indeed, than the jest deserved; and from that moment our acquaintance got on famously. The story was far from advancing as rapidly, however. A very brief time sufficed to reduce both versions of "April's Lady" to hopeless confusion, but to build from the fragments a new and improved copy was a labor of much magnitude. Circumstances, moreover, conspired to hinder our work. It was necessary that we verify our impressions of material we had used, and to do this we were obliged to attend the theater together, to read together various poems, and together to hear a good deal of music. A little ingenuity, and a common inclination to prolong these investigations, effected so great a lengthening out that it was several months before we could even pretend to be ready to begin serious work upon the story; and even then we were far from agreeing in a number of important particulars.

"Agnes," I remarked, one February evening, when we were on our way home from a concert to which we had boldly gone without even a pretense that it was in the remotest way connected with our literary project, "I fear we are becoming demoralized, and it seems to me the only hope of our ever completing 'April's Lady' is to put everything else aside for the time being and give our minds to it. I can get my work arranged and you can finish those articles for 'The Quill' by the middle of March. Then we can be quietly married and go to some nice, old-fashioned place — say St. Augustine — for a couple of months and get this *magnum opus* on paper at last."

"As to being married," returned she sedately, "have you considered that we could not possibly make a living, since we should inevitably be always writing the same things?"

"Why, that is my chief reason," I retorted, "for proposing it. Think how awkward it is going to be if either of us marries somebody else, and then we write the same things. It is a good deal better to have our interests in common if our inventive faculty is to be so."

"There is something in what you say," Agnes assented; "and it would be especially awkward for you, since the invention is in my head."

"Then we will consider it all arranged."

"Oh, no, George; by no means. I couldn't think of it for a minute!"

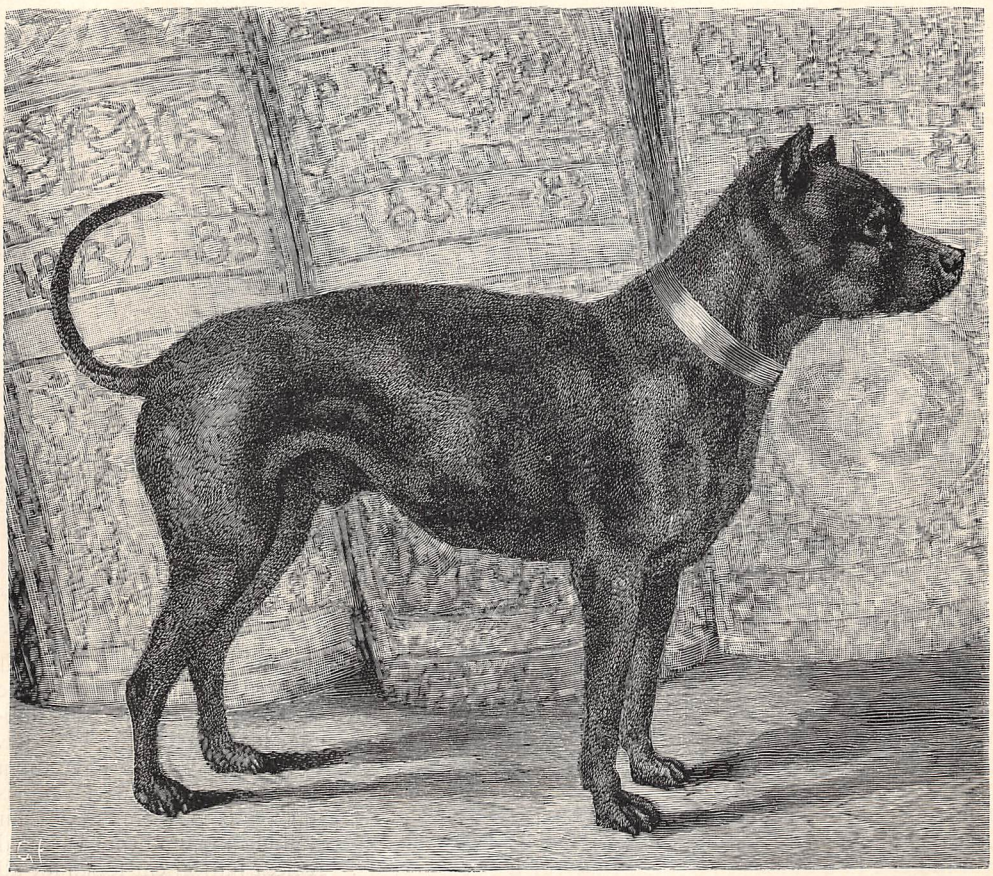
Whether she did think of it for a minute is a point which may be left for the settling of

those versed in the ways of the female mind; certain it is that the programme was carried out—except in one trifling particular. We were quietly married, we did go to St. Augustine, but as for doing anything with the story, that was quite another thing. We did not finish it then, and we have not finished it yet, and I have ceased to have any very firm confidence that we ever shall finish it; although, whenever arises one of those financial crises which are so painfully frequent in the family of a literary man, and we sit down to consider possible resources, one or the other of us is sure sooner or later to observe:

"And then there is 'April's Lady,' you know."

Arlo Bates.

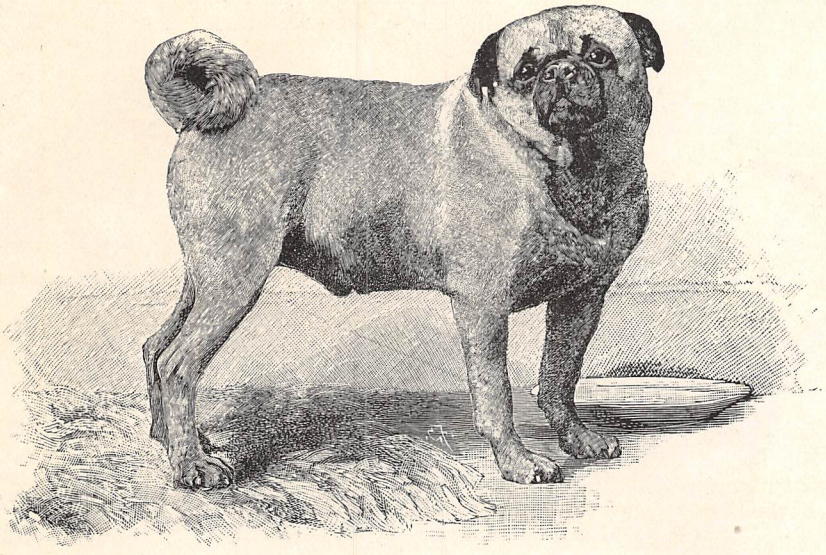
TOY DOGS.



ENGLISH TOY TERRIER. (LIFE SIZE.)

UNDER the general term of toy dogs are classified all the smaller breeds kept as pets of the household. The date of the introduction of these diminutive specimens is as difficult to determine as the origin of the breeds. In the old book of John Caius on "Englishe Dogges," translated into English by Abraham Hening in 1576, he devotes the third section to the "delicate, neate, and pretty kind of dogges called the Spaniel gentle or the Comforter, in Latine Melitæus or Fotor." The Comforter is represented as having its origin in the island of Malta. Fifty years ago the varieties of toy dogs were much more numerous than at present, as we read of the Italian greyhound, the Shock dog, the King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, the Comforter, the Maltese dog, the Lion dog, the Pug, the small Danish dog, the Roquet, the Mopsie, and the Artoise dog. Of those in the foregoing list which have disappeared, the Shock dog was said to have been a cross between the King Charles and small poodle, with long and slightly curled hair. The Comforter was a

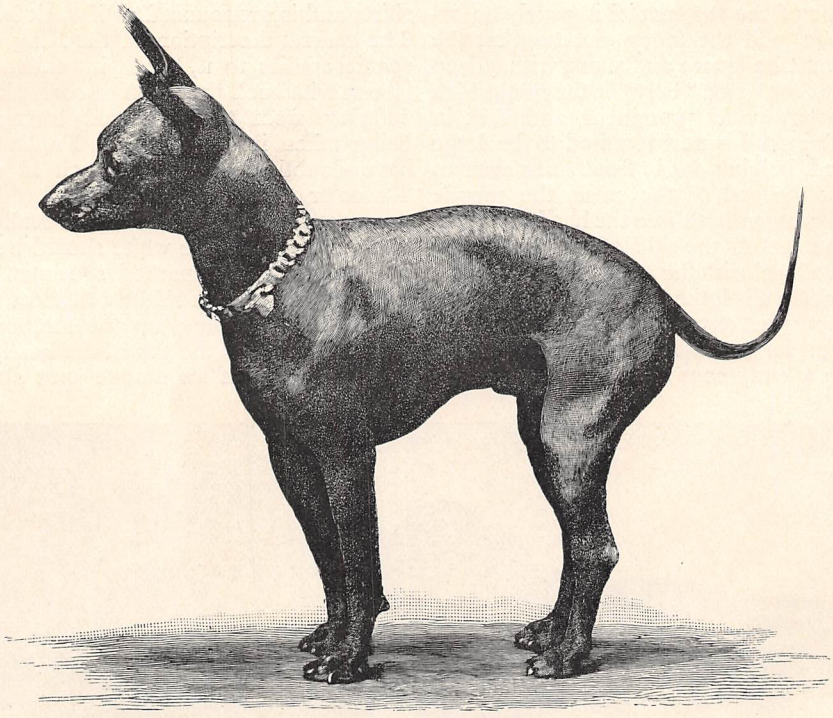
white dog with black or brown patches, long ears, a broad forehead, sharp muzzle, and long hair. It was a very popular dog at the beginning of this present century. The Lion dog had long silky hair about the head, neck, and shoulders, and a tuft at the end of the tail, the body and legs being smooth. The small Danish, Roquet, Mopsie, and Artoise dogs were evidently local names for dogs allied to the pug. Buffon took upon himself the responsibility of subdividing them from their common progenitor the pug.



ENGLISH PUG, "CHAMPION JOE."

THE PUG.

At the present date the old distinct types of Willoughby and Morrison pugs are no longer recognized. The dog is so plastic in the hands of the breeder that it takes but few years before a more perfect dog is produced, combining the best points of different strains. When fanciers can indulge in ecstasies over the beauty of a well-nigh perfect bull-dog, there is no reason why a pug should not be called good-looking. It is perhaps because there are so very few good pugs that many people fail to see anything attractive about the breed. The main point or what is known as the "type" or "character" of this breed is its compact shape. The pug must be broad-chested, thick-bodied, and stand squarely on good, straight legs. A leggy pug with a tucked-up loin, such as one sees every day on Fifth Avenue, is a pug only in name. The head should be large, but the skull must not be domed or "apple-headed," a gentle curve between the ears being all that is permitted to relieve it of squareness. Muzzle short and blunt, cut square down from the nose as if with a knife. The entire muzzle should be jet-black, the color extending to the eyes. The cheek-moles should stand out clear and distinct black spots, and the thumb-mark on the skull, together with the trace or line extending from the head to the tail down the middle of the back, should be as black and as distinctly drawn as possible. Color is very difficult to obtain. If the mask is light, the thumb-mark and trace as well as the black toe-nails are apt to be missing; and if the latter are very dark, then we find the black of the muzzle extending up the forehead, and giving the dog a "dirty" face. The favorite way for the ears is to have them drop over in front like a fox-terrier's. This is known as "button" ears. Others throw their ears back like the bull-dog, and that is called "rose" ears. A neat button ear looks for all the world like a piece of fine black velvet on a well-wrinkled skull, the black lines of the wrinkles showing clear and distinct from the silver or fawn jacket, with the thumb-mark showing diamond-shaped in the center. The eyes are large, prominent, and have a soft, beseeching expression, except when the animal is excited, when they are bright and sparkling. Pugs are very subject to affections of the eyes, which if not cared for will result in blindness. It is a matter of no consequence on which side the tail is carried, so long as it is tightly curled and lies as flat as possible to the hip.

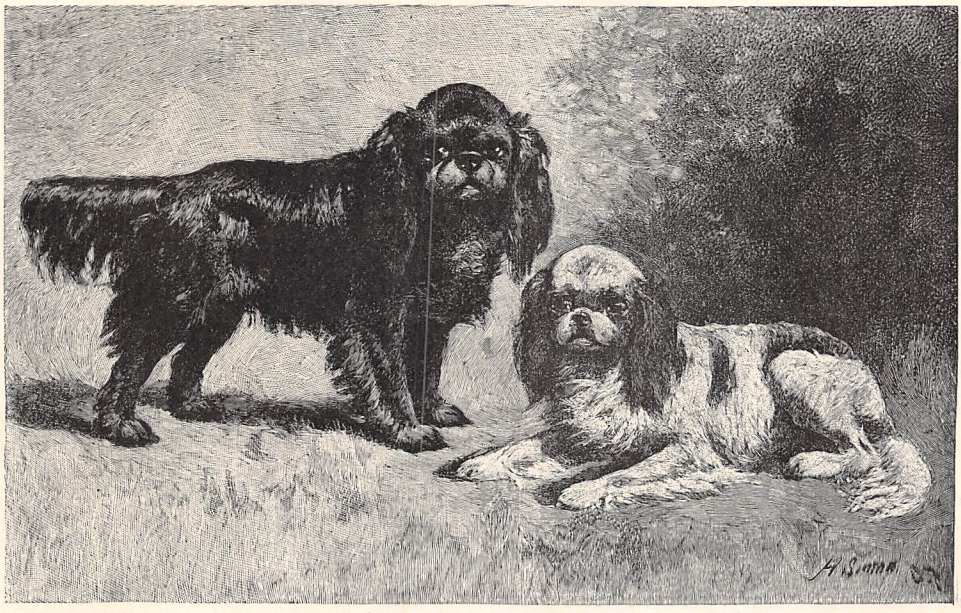


MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG "ME TOO." (OWNED BY MRS. H. T. FOOTE.)

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

As the name implies, this breed is an old and well-established one, having been fashionable in the time of King Charles II.; but since then the breed has undergone many changes. According to Vandyke, the toy spaniels of his day were liver and white, and Lely introduces a small white spaniel with brown spots in his portrait of Mary, the consort of James II. The court ladies of Charles the Second's time preferred the introduction of lambs in their portraits, and Nell Gwynne and the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth are so painted. It is not exactly clear how the present black-and-tan spaniel came by his name if the dogs of King Charles's time were of such a variety of colors as our authorities would have us believe. Sir William Jardine in 1843 says the King Charles spaniel was in general black and white, but he is a poor authority to refer to, as he fails to notice the Blenheim spaniels, spoken of in 1820 in the "Sportsman's Repository" as having been brought to a high degree of perfection by the Duke of Marlborough twenty years before. In Captain Thomas Brown's work published in 1829, he says: "This dog is found of all colors; but those which are black, with tanned cheeks and legs, are considered the purest breed." "Stonehenge," in his earlier editions, says: "The color is black and tan more or less mixed with white, the less the better"; and in a later edition of "Dogs of the British Islands," he says: "A rich black and tan is demanded without white, the black, tan, and white variety being discarded. The Blenheims, on the other hand, must on no account be whole-colored." According to that it would be difficult to say where "Stonehenge" would place the all-red spaniel. On the other hand, the "Book of the Dog" says that white is a perfectly legitimate King Charles color, and laments the partial disappearance of the black, white, and tan dog. This authority also asserts that the red dog is a Blenheim, red being a Blenheim and not a King Charles color. It should be borne in mind, however, that a black-and-tan spaniel with white on its breast is not a tricolor. The latter should have a white muzzle and blaze running well up the skull, white chest and legs, and more or less white on the body, with tan spots above the eyes, and on the muzzle, cheeks, and under side of the tail and ears, and some have ticks on their legs. The black and tan should be of a rich glossy black and deep-red tan, the latter appearing on the muzzle, legs, and under side of the tail, with spots above the eyes and on the side of the cheek; in fact, the markings of a terrier or Gordon setter. The usual color fault is a washy or "clayey" tan, which the fancier corrects by a cross with the red spaniel. The

The shape of the toy spaniel is purely an arbitrary one, and the fancy dictates that the muzzle must be square and short, with a deep indentation or "stop" between the eyes, which must be large and prominent and dark in color. The skull is now required to be large and round, bulging out in front so as even to overhang the end of the nose, the muzzle seemingly driven back into the head. The ears should be set on the side of the head, low down on a level with the eyes, and they should be long and well clothed with long silken hair, as free from curl as possible. The coat should be soft and long and as flat, and straight as possible; a curly coat is a fault which is further aggravated by repeated washings. Careful brushing is much better for the texture and lay of the coat. The legs and tail should be plentifully feathered, the hair growing out from between the toes, which makes the feet appear much larger than they really are. In shape the toy spaniel should be very cobby — short and thick — with a deep and wide chest, short, straight legs, and a short back. So long as the King Charles does not exceed ten pounds and is not too high on the legs, his shape is usually about right, and it can make but little difference in a breed in which fifty per cent. of the points is awarded to head properties and thirty to coat.



KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS.

THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL.

THE name of the breed is obtained from the Duke of Marlborough's estate in Oxfordshire, and is pronounced as if spelt Blen-em. The general description of the King Charles spaniel applies to it, but it is seldom that it is seen with such profusion of coat, although, judging from the increased interest now being taken in the breed in England, they have doubtless improved much in quality. The color of the Blenheim is usually described as red and white, but the red is really more of an orange, and the white should be pearly white. A properly marked specimen should have a white muzzle slightly ticked with red, and a blaze running up the forehead and widening towards the top of the head, in the center of which is an orange spot about the size of a nickel. A good many otherwise excellent specimens are minus the "spot," but it should be obtained if possible. The evener the red markings on the head the better, and the color should cover the cheeks and ears. The fore-legs should be red-ticked, and the body markings most valued are a saddle with one or two large splashes on the side, and another at the root of the tail; the white should greatly preponderate, however. A Blenheim spaniel should weigh from six to ten pounds.

THE JAPANESE SPANIEL.

THE dog-show nomenclature of this country has decided that the small black-and-white spaniel with the pug tail which comes from Japan and China shall be called the Japanese



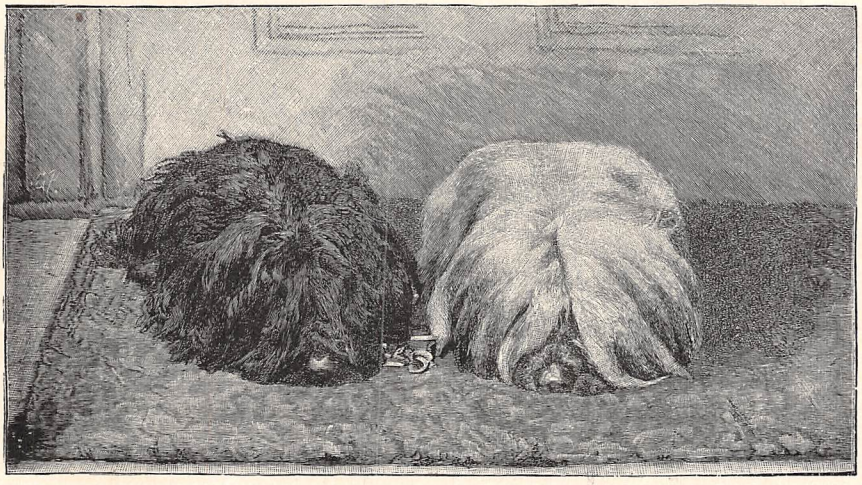
JAPANESE PUG. (BY PERMISSION OF MME. DESNOYERS.)

spaniel, while in England it is sometimes called the Japanese pug. The best specimen I have ever seen was erroneously entered in the miscellaneous class of New York in 1882 as a Pekinese spaniel, it having been brought direct from Pekin. In some of the English papers reference has from time to time been made to Japanese "pugs" other than black and white, but I have never seen any of them. In the absence of any recognized standard, I consider the general characteristics of the toy spaniel ought to govern, and that we should have a much more compact dog with longer coat and more profuse feather than is to be usually seen at our shows. The dog referred to above was of that character, the feather on the fore-legs being at least three inches long, whereas usually it is not over an inch. The ears and tail of the Jap differ materially from the English spaniels, the former being small, V-shaped, and set more like a fox-terrier's. The tail, instead of being carried on a level with the back, as in the case of most spaniels, is tightly curled like a pug dog's. The forehead also is very protuberant, and it is claimed that the Japanese spaniel has been used to produce the present abnormal head development of the English spaniels, a supposition which I take the liberty of questioning for several reasons which need not now be set forth.

THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

THERE is probably no more delicate dog than the Italian greyhound, and on account of the difficulty of rearing them they are extremely scarce. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, notorious as it is for the trying nature of its climate, should be the place where Italian greyhounds are the special fancy. The dogs exhibited at our shows during the last year or two as Italian greyhounds are simply monstrosities. The Italian greyhound should not exceed seven pounds in weight, and should be as much under that as possible; whereas the dogs which now win prizes are ten or twelve pounds weight and but little better than "whippets" or racing dogs. The general outline is that of the English greyhound, but as the

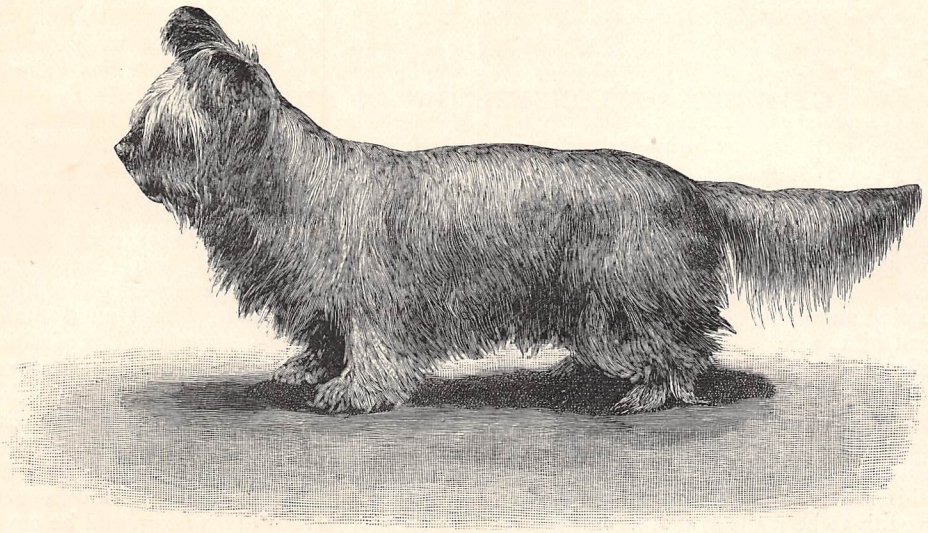
latter is nearly ten times as heavy, there is a marked difference between the two breeds. In the greyhound speed and strength are the characteristics, and in the Italian delicacy; hence, although very light, he is yet rather a tall dog. The smallness of his bones enables him to add inches to his height and enhance the fragility of his appearance. Unlike the toy spaniel, in which fifty per cent. of the standard points go to head properties, we find that forty-five per cent. of the scale for the Italian greyhound is taken up for color, symmetry, and size, and but fifteen per cent. for head. "Stonehenge" gives fifteen points for color, and regulates the color scale as follows: whole golden fawn, 15; whole dove fawn, 14; whole blue fawn, 13, whole stone fawn, 12; whole cream-colored or white with black tips, 10; whole red or yellow with black muzzle, 6; whole black, or plain red or yellow, 5; whole blue, 4; parti-colored, 0. It will not be altogether pleasant to owners who speak of the beautiful white ring around their favorite's neck, or his white chest and feet, to find that these markings deprive their favorite of any value on account of color. The ears should not be pricked, but thrown back,—"rose-eared,"—and they should be very fine in the leather. Mr. Mason imported two good specimens in 1881, but both are now dead; and although every effort has been made to secure a good specimen for illustration, the task had to be abandoned.



YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

THE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

By common consent the title of dandy of the dog world has been given to the little exquisite whose existence we owe to the painstaking breeders of Huddersfield, Bradford, and the surrounding district in Yorkshire, England. Some of our authorities have attempted to throw a great deal of mystery about the origin of the Yorkshire terrier, where none in reality exists. If we consider that the mill operatives who originated the breed by careful selection of the best long-coated small terriers they could find were nearly all ignorant men, unaccustomed to imparting information for public use, we may see some reason why reliable facts have not been easily attained. These early writers show but little knowledge of the possibilities of selection. "Stonehenge," for instance, in his early editions speaks of it as being impossible for a dog with a three-inch coat and seven-inch beard to be a descendant of the soft-coated Scotch terrier without a cross of some kind. The absurdity of this is shown when within a few years of the date of his writing Yorkshire terriers were shown with twelve inches of coat. Then again he speaks of the King Charles spaniel as being employed to give the blue and tan, than which a more ridiculous statement could not have been penned. To get a blue and tan, long, straight, silky coat, breeders were not likely to employ a black-and-tan dog with a wide chest, tucked-up loin, a round bullet head, large protruding eyes, and heavy spaniel ears. The idea is too absurd to entertain for a moment. As arrayed against all the conjectures of theorists, I have in my possession a letter from Mrs. M. A. Foster, of Bradford, England, who in writing of her dog "Bradford Hero," the winner of ninety-seven first prizes, says: "The pedigree of 'Bradford Hero' includes all the best dogs for thirty-five years



SANDERSON'S "JIM"—SKYE TERRIER.

back, and they were all originally bred from Scotch terriers, and shown as such until a few years back. The name Yorkshire terrier was given to them on account of their being improved so much in Yorkshire."

It is no easy task to keep a Yorkshire terrier in show condition; indeed, the show dog leads an unnatural existence. He must be fed from the hand with bread dipped in tea or a little gravy, and every care taken to prevent him from soiling his coat. His hind-feet are tied up in little linen boots so that he cannot scratch himself, and his life is spent in a small inclosure or wire cage, except when liberated for a little run. Before being sent to a show, he is carefully washed to take out of his coat the oil that has been applied to keep the hair from matting. The process of drying him after his bath is a most tedious one, as the comb and brush must be kept in operation till every individual hair is thoroughly dry down to the very root. The coat is then a light silken mass which the least puff of wind will raise up in a fleecy cloud. After the bath, it is usual to touch lightly with oil, but this requires to be very skillfully done, so as to avoid the least appearance of the foreign matter. The use of a brush which has been used on an oiled dog is commonly sufficient. The proper color of the Yorkshire terrier is a blue body, with fawn-colored face shading off into a tan on the legs. The ears, which are usually cropped, show darker than their surrounding head coat. The tail is docked and should be carried straight out, and is well feathered. Fashion ordains that blue and tan shall be the color, but the silver-bodied terrier is decidedly preferred by buyers of house pets here. Dealers are not slow to take advantage of this, and the silvers which are comparatively worthless in England are imported in large numbers to satisfy the popular demand, and a handsome profit realized on them. It is almost unnecessary to state that when kept as a pet, with the free run of the house, the long silky coat of the Yorkshire terrier soon becomes broken and reduced in length, and the constant washings to which his fond mistress subjects him tend still further to curtail the dog's main beauty as well as to bleach out the blue of the body coat.

TOY TERRIERS.

AT shows there are usually two classes given — one for rough-haired toys, and the other for smooths under seven pounds. The former is made up of a lot of little nondescripts, with sometimes a toy Skye terrier included, but for the main part they are mongrel Yorkshires or small broken-haired terriers. In the smooth class, the specimens are nearly all black-and-tan terriers, and it is these alone that require any attention. The neater and smaller the specimen the better, provided it is covered with hair. These diminutive inbred toys are apt to lose their hair, and are then only shivering monstrosities. In markings the toy black-and-tan should approach as nearly as possible the requirements of the large-sized black-and-tan terrier. The head should also approximate in shape to the large terrier, but with diminution in size of body it seems well-nigh impossible to retain the narrow, flat skull, which will run to the "apple-headed" order.

James Watson.

GLIMPSES OF LONGFELLOW IN SOCIAL LIFE.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

THIS sketch of Longfellow, done from life, will preserve, we trust, in spite of its unstudied lines, some features of the man which might be lost in a more labored or more important work. He was himself so simple in the plan and habit of his life that it is well to recall him as he lived and walked among us, before his statue is placed on the pedestal of his just fame.

From his early youth Longfellow was a scholar, and his acquisition of foreign languages was most unusual.

As his reputation widened, he was led to observe this to be a gift as well as an acquirement. It gave him the convenient and agreeable power of entertaining the foreigners who sought his society. He said one evening, late in life, that he could not help being struck with the little trouble it was to him to recall any language he had ever studied, even though he had not spoken it for years. He had found himself talking Spanish, for instance, with considerable ease a few days before. He said he could not recall having even read anything in Spanish for many years, and it was certainly thirty since he had given it any study. Also it was the same with German. "I cannot imagine," he continued, "what it would be to take up a language and try to master it at this period of my life. I cannot remember how or when I learned any of them;—to-night I have been speaking German, without finding the least difficulty."

Hawthorne once said in speaking of his own early life and the days at Bowdoin College, where he and Longfellow were in the same class, that no two young men could have been more unlike. Longfellow, he explained, was a tremendous student, and always carefully dressed, while he himself was extremely careless of his appearance, no student at all, and entirely incapable at that period of appreciating Longfellow. Later in life a warm friendship grew up between them, and I find a little note from Longfellow in which he says he has had a sad letter from Hawthorne, and adds: "I wish we could have a little dinner for him, of two sad authors and two jolly publishers, nobody else!"

Of Longfellow's student-days Mr. Fields once wrote: "I hope they keep bright the little room numbered twenty-seven in Maine Hall in Bowdoin College, for it was in that pleasant apartment, looking out on the pine groves, that the young poet of nineteen wrote many of those beautiful earlier pieces, now collected in his works. These early poems were all composed in 1824 and 1825, during his last years in college, and were printed first in a periodical called 'The United States Literary Gazette,' the sapient editor of which magazine once kindly advised the ardent young scholar to give up poetry and buckle down to the study of law! 'No good can come of it,' he said; 'don't let him do such things; make him stick to prose!' But the pine-trees waving outside his window kept up a perpetual melody in his heart, and he could not choose but sing back to them."

One of the earliest pictures I find of the every-day life of Longfellow when a youth is a little anecdote told by him in humorous illustration of the woes of young authors. I quote from a brief diary.—"Longfellow amused us to-day by talking of his youth, and especially with a description of the first poem he ever wrote, called 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond.' It was printed in a Portland newspaper one morning, and the same evening he was invited to the house of the Chief Justice to meet his son, a rising poet just returned from Harvard. The Judge rose in a stately manner during the evening and said to his son: 'Did you see a poem in to-day's paper upon the Battle of Lovell's Pond?' 'No, sir,' said the boy, 'I did not.' 'Well, sir,' responded his father, 'it was a very stiff production. G——, get your own poem on the same subject, and I will read it to the company.' The poem was read aloud, while the perpetrator of the 'stiff production' sat, as he said, very still in a corner."

Nor did the young author find a speedy pecuniary value accorded to his labors. He amused his friends one day by confessing that Mr. Buckingham paid him one year's subscription of the "Boston Courier," for his translation of the "Coplas de Manrique," and several prose articles. After this he sent his poems to Messrs. Little and Brown, who presented him the volume in which they appeared and sundry other books as compensation.

What a singular contrast was this beginning to his future literary history. Late in life his publisher wrote: "I remember how instantaneously in the year 1839 'The Voices of the Night' sped triumphantly on its way! At

present Longfellow's currency in Europe is almost unparalleled. Twenty-four publishing houses in England have issued the whole or a part of his works. Many of his poems have been translated into Russian and Hebrew. 'Evangeline' has been translated three times into German, and 'Hiawatha' has not only gone into nearly all the modern languages, but can now be read in Latin. I have seen translations of all Longfellow's principal works, in prose and poetry, in French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish. The Emperor of Brazil has himself translated and published 'Robert of Sicily,' one of the poems in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' into his native tongue, and in China they use a fan which has become immensely popular on account of the 'Psalm of Life' being printed on it in the language of the Celestial Empire. Professor Kneeland, who went to the national millennial celebration in Iceland, told me that when he was leaving that far-away land, on the verge almost of the Arctic circle, the people said to him: 'Tell Longfellow that we love him; tell him we read and rejoice in his poems; tell him that Iceland knows him by heart.' To-day there is no disputing the fact that Longfellow is more popular in the best sense than any other living poet; that his books are more widely circulated, command greater attention, and bring more copyright money than those of any other author, not excepting Tennyson, now writing English verse!"

There was always a striking contrast between the perfect modesty and simplicity of Longfellow and the blare of popularity which beset him. Though naturally of a buoyant disposition and fond of pleasure, he lived as far as possible from the public eye, especially during the last twenty years of his life. The following note gives a hint of his natural gayety, and details one of the many excuses by which he always declined to speak in public; the one memorable exception being that beautiful occasion at Bowdoin, when he returned in age to the scenes of his youth and read to the crowd assembled there to do him reverence his poem entitled "Morituri Salutamus." After speaking of the reasons which must keep him from the Burns festival, he adds:

"I am very sorry not to be there. You will have a delightful supper, or dinner, whichever it is; and human breath enough expended to fill all the trumpets of Iskander for a month or more.

"I behold as in a vision a friend of ours, with his left hand under the tails of his coat, blowing away like mad; and, alas! I shall not be there to applaud. All this you must do for me; and also eat my part of the haggis, which I hear is to grace the feast. This shall be your duty and your reward."

The reference in this note to the trumpets of Iskander is the only one in his letters regarding a poem which was a great favorite of his, by Leigh Hunt, called "The Trumpets of Doolkarnein." It is a poem worthy to make the reputation of a poet, and is almost a surprise even among the varied riches of Leigh Hunt. Many years after this note was written, Longfellow used to recall it to those lovers of poetry who had chanced to escape a knowledge of its beauty.

In spite of his dislike of grand occasions, he was a keen lover of the opera and theater. He was always the first to know when the opera season was to begin and to plan that we might have a box together. He was always ready to hear "Lucia" or "Don Giovanni," and to make a festival time at the coming of Salvini or Neilson. There is a tiny notelet among his letters, with a newspaper paragraph neatly cut out and pasted across the top, detailing the names of his party at a previous appearance at a theater, a kind of notoriety which he particularly shuddered at; but in order to prove his determination in spite of everything, he writes below:

"Now for 'Pinafore,' and another paragraph! Saturday afternoon would be a good time."

He easily caught the gayety of such occasions, and in the shadow of the box-curtains would join in the singing or the recitative of the lovely Italian words with a true poet's delight. The strange incidents of a life subject to the taskmaster Popularity are endless. One day he wrote:

"A stranger called here and asked if Shakspere lived in this neighborhood. I told him I knew no such person. Do you?"

Day by day he was besieged by every possible form of interruption which the ingenuity of the human brain could devise; but his patience and kindness, his determination to accept the homage offered him in the spirit of the giver, whatever discomfort it might bring himself, was continually surprising to those who watched him year by year. Mr. Fields wrote: "In his modesty and benevolence I am reminded of what Pope said of his friend Garth: 'He is the best of Christians without knowing it.'"

In one of Longfellow's notes he alludes humorously to the autograph nuisance:

"Do you know how to apply properly for autographs? Here is a formula I have just received on a postal card:

"'DEAR SIR: As I am getting a collection of the autographs of all honorable and worthy men, and think yours such, I hope you will forfeit by next mail. Yours, etc.'"

And of that other nuisance, sitting for a portrait, he laughingly wrote one day: "'Two or three sittings'—that is the illusory phrase. Two or three sittings have become a standing

joke." And yet how seldom he declined when it was in his power to serve an artist! His generosity knew no bounds.

When a refusal of any kind was necessary, it was wonderful to see how gently it was expressed. A young person having written from a Western city to request him to write a poem for her class, he said: "I could not write it, but tried to say 'No' so softly that she would think it better than 'Yes.'"

He was distinguished by one grace which was almost peculiar to himself in the time in which he lived—his tenderness toward the undeveloped artist, the man or woman, youth or maid, whose heart was set upon some form of ideal expression, and who was living for that. Whether they possessed the power to distinguish themselves or not, to such persons he addressed himself with a sense of personal regard and kinship. When fame crowned the aspirant, no one recognized more keenly the perfection of the work, but he seldom turned aside to attract the successful to himself. To the unsuccessful he lent the sunshine and overflow of his own life, as if he tried to show every day afresh that he believed noble pursuit and not attainment to be the purpose of our existence.

In a letter written in 1860 Longfellow says:

"I have no end of poems sent me for candid judgment and opinion. Four cases on hand at this moment. A large folio came last night from a lady. It has been chasing me round the country; has been in East Cambridge and in West Cambridge, and finally came by the hands of Policeman S—— to my house. I wish he had waived examination, and committed it (to memory). What shall I do? These poems weaken me very much. It is like so much water added to the Spirit of Poetry."

And again he writes:

"I received this morning a poem with the usual request to give 'my real opinion' of it. I give you one stanza."

After quoting the verse and giving the subject of the poem, he continues:

"In his letter the author says, 'I did so much better on poetry than I thought I could as a beginner, that I really have felt a little proud of my poems.' He also sends me his photograph 'at sixty-five years of age,' and asks for mine 'and a poem' in return. I had much rather send him these than my 'real opinion,' which I shall never make known to any man, except on compulsion and under the seal of secrecy."

His kindness and love of humor carried him through many a tedious interruption. He generously overlooked the fact of the subterfuges to which men and women resorted in order to get an interview, and to help them out made as much of their excuses as possible. Speaking one day of the people who came to see him at Nahant, he said: "One man, a perfect stranger, came with an omnibus full of ladies. He descended, introduced himself, then returning to the omnibus took out all the ladies, one, two, three, four, and five, with a little girl, and brought them in. I entertained them to the best of my ability, and they staid an hour. They had scarcely gone when a forlorn woman in black came up to me on the piazza, and asked for a dipper of water. 'Certainly,' I replied, and went to fetch her a glass. When I brought it she said, 'There is another woman just by the fence who is tired and thirsty; I will carry this to her.' But she struck her head as she passed through the window and spilled the water on the piazza. 'Oh, what have I done!' she said. 'If I had a floor-cloth, I would wipe it up.' 'Oh, no matter about the water,' I said, 'if you have not hurt yourself.' Then I went and brought more water for them both, and sent them on their way, at last, refreshed and rejoicing." Once Longfellow drew out of his pocket a queer request for an autograph, saying "that the writer loved poetry in most any style, and would he please copy his 'Break, break, break' for the writer?" He also described in a note a little encounter in the street, on a windy day, with an elderly French gentleman in company with a young lady, who introduced them to each other. The Frenchman said:

"'Monsieur, vous avez un fils qui fait de la peinture.'

"'Oui, Monsieur.'

"'Il a du mérite. Il a beaucoup d'avenir.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'c'est une belle chose que l'avenir.'

"The elderly French gentleman rolled up the whites of his eyes and answered:

"'Oui, c'est une belle chose; mais vous et moi, nous n'en avons pas beaucoup!'

"Superfluous information! H. W. L."

It would be both an endless and unprofitable task to recall many more of the curious experiences which Longfellow's popularity brought down upon him. There is a passage among Mr. Fields's notes, however, in which he describes an incident during Longfellow's last visit to England, which should not be overlooked. Upon his arrival, the Queen sent a graceful message, and invited him to Windsor Castle, where she received him with all the honors; but he told me no foreign tribute touched him deeper than the words of an English hod-carrier, who came up to the carriage door at Harrow, and asked permission to take the hand of the man who had written the "Voices of the Night."

There are many letters belonging to the phase of Longfellow's life dwelt upon in this sketch, but they belong more properly to his biography. There is a brief note, however, written in 1849, which gives a pleasant idea of the close relation already existing between him and his publisher. He writes:

"MY DEAR FIELDS: I am extremely glad you like the new poems so well. What think you of the inclosed instead of the sad ending of 'The Ship'? Is it

better? . . . I send you also 'The Lighthouse' once more; I think it is improved by your suggestions. See if you can find anything more to retouch. And finally, here is a letter from Hirst. You see what he wants, but I do not like the idea of giving my 'Dedication' to the 'Courier.' Therefore I hereby give it to you, so that I can say it is disposed of.

"Am I right or wrong?"

There was no break nor any change in this friendship during the passing of the years; but in 1861 there is a note containing only a few words, which shows that a change had fallen upon Longfellow himself, a shadow which never could be lifted from his life. He writes:

"MY DEAR FIELDS: I am sorry to say No instead of Yes; but so it must be. I can neither write nor think; and I have nothing fit to send you but my love, which you cannot put into the magazine."

For ever after the death of his wife he was a different man. His friends suffered for him and with him, but he walked alone through the valley of the shadow of death. They were glad when he turned to his work again, and still more glad when he showed a desire for their interest in what he was doing.

It was not long before he began to busy himself continuously with his translation of the "Divina Commedia," and in the journal of 1863 I find:

"*August.*— A delightful day with Longfellow at Nahant. He read aloud the last part of his new volume of poems, in which each one of a party of friends tells a story. Ole Bull, Parsons, Monti, and several other characters are introduced."

"*September 1st.*— A cold storm by the seashore, but there was great pleasure in town in the afternoon. Longfellow, Paine, Dwight, and Fields went to hear Walcker play the great new organ in the Music Hall for the first time since its erection. Afterwards they all dined together. Longfellow comes in from Cambridge every day, and sometimes twice a day, to see George Sumner, who is dying at the Massachusetts General Hospital."

"*September 19th.*— Longfellow and his friend George W. Greene, Charles Sumner, and Dempster the singer, came in for an early dinner. A very cozy, pleasant little party. The afternoon was cool, and everybody was in kindly humor. Sumner shook his head sadly when the subject of the English ironclads was mentioned. The talk prolonged itself upon the condition of the country. Longfellow's patriotism flamed. His feeling against England runs more deeply and strongly than he can find words to express. There is no prejudice nor childish partisanship, but it is hatred of the course she has pursued at this critical time. Later, in speaking of poetry and some of the less known and younger poets, Longfellow recalled some good passages in the poems of Bessie Parkes and Jean Ingelow. As evening approached we left the table and came to the library. There in the twilight Dempster sat at the piano and sang to us, beginning with Longfellow's poem called 'Children,' which he gave with a delicacy and feeling that touched every one. Afterwards he sang the 'Bugle Song' and 'Turn, Fortune,' which he had shortly before leaving England sung to Tennyson; and then after a pause he turned once more to the instrument and sang 'Break, break, break.' It was very solemn, and no one spoke when he had finished, only a deep sob was heard from the corner where Longfellow sat. Again and again, each time more uncontrolled, we heard the heart-rending sounds. Presently the singer gave us another and less touching song, and before he ceased Longfellow rose and vanished from the room in the dim light without a word."

"*September 27th.*— Longfellow and Greene came in town in the evening for a walk and to see the moonlight in the streets, and afterwards to have supper. . . . He was very sad, and seemed to have grown an old man since a week ago. He was silent and absent-minded. On his previous visit he had borrowed Sidney's 'Arcadia' and Christina Rossetti's poems, but he had read neither of the books. He was overwhelmed with his grief, as if it were sometimes more than he could endure."

"*Sunday, October.*— Took five little children to drive in the afternoon, and stopped at Longfellow's. It was delightful to see their enjoyment and his. He took them out of the carriage in his arms and was touchingly kind to them. His love for children is not confined to his poetic expressions or to his own family; he is uncommonly tender and beautiful with them always."

I remember there was one little boy of whom he was very fond, and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long rows of books in the library, and at length said:

"Have you got 'Jack the Giant-Killer'?"

Longfellow was obliged to confess that his library did not contain that venerated volume. The little boy looked very sorry, and presently slipped down from his knee and went away; but early the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fists. The child had brought him two cents with which he was to buy a "Jack the Giant-Killer" to be his own.

He did not escape the sad experiences of the war. His eldest son was severely wounded, and he also went, as did Dr. Holmes and other less famous but equally anxious parents, in search of his boy.

The diary continues:

"*December 14th.*— Went to pass the afternoon with Longfellow, and found his son able to walk about a little. He described his own arrival at a railway station south of Washington. He found no one there but a rough-looking officer, who was walking up and down the platform. At each turn he regarded Longfellow, and at length came up, and taking his hand said:

"'Is this Professor Longfellow? It was I who translated "Hiawatha" into Russian. I have come to this country to fight for the Union.'"

In the year 1865 began those Wednesday evenings devoted to reading the new translation of Dante. They were delightful occasions. Lowell, Norton, Greene, Howells, and such other Dante scholars or intimate friends as were accessible, made up the circle of kindly critics. Those evenings increased in interest as the work progressed, and when it was ended and the notes written and read, it was proposed to reread the whole rather than to give up the weekly visit to Longfellow's house. In 1866 he wrote to Mr. Fields:

"Greene is coming expressly to hear the last canto of 'Paradiso' to-morrow night, and will stay the rest of the week. I really hoped you would be here, but as you say nothing about it I begin to tremble. Perhaps, however, you are only making believe and will take us by surprise. So I shall keep your place for you.

"This is not to be the end of all things. I mean to begin again in September with the dubious and difficult passages; and if you are not in too much of a hurry to publish, there is still a long vista of pleasant evenings stretching out before us. We can pull them out like a spy-glass. I am shutting up now to recommence the operation."

In December of the same year he wrote:

"The first meeting of the Dante Club Redivivus is on Wednesday next. Come and be bored. Please not to mention the subject to any one yet awhile, as we are going to be very quiet about it."

"*January, 1867.*— Dante Club at Longfellow's again. They are revising the whole book with the minutest care. Lowell's accuracy is surprising and of great value to the work; also Norton's criticisms. Longfellow stands apart at his desk taking notes and making corrections, though of course no one can know yet what he accepts."

Longfellow's true life was that of a scholar and a dreamer; and everything besides was a duty, however pleasurable or beautiful the experience might become in his gentle acceptation. He was seldom stimulated to external expression by others. Such excitement as he could express again was always self-excitement; anything external rendered him at once a listener and an observer. For this reason it is peculiarly difficult to give any idea of his lovely presence and character to those who have not known him. He did not speak in epigrams. It could not be said of him:

"His mouth he could not ope,
But out there flew a trope."

Yet there was an exquisite tenderness and effluence from his presence which was more humanizing and elevating than the eloquence of many others.

Speaking one day of his own reminiscences, Longfellow said, "that however interesting such things were in conversation, he thought they seldom contained legitimate matter for bookmaking; and ——'s life of a poet, just then printed, was, he thought, peculiarly disagreeable, chiefly because of the unjustifiable things related of him by others. This strain of thought brought to his mind a call he once made with a letter of introduction, when a youth in Paris, upon Jules Janin. The servant said her master was at home, and he was ushered immediately into a small parlor, in one corner of which was a winding stairway leading into the room above. Here he waited a moment while the maid carried in his card, and then returned immediately to say he could go up. In the upper room sat Janin under the hands of a barber, his abundant locks shaken up in wild confusion, in spite of which he received his guest, quite undisturbed, as if it were a matter of course. There was no fire in the room, but the fire-place was heaped with letters and envelopes, and a trail of the same reached from his desk to the grate. After a brief visit Longfellow was about to withdraw, when Janin detained him, saying: 'What can I do for you in Paris? Whom would you like to see?'

"'I should like to know Madame George Sand.'

"'Unfortunately that is impossible! I have just quarreled with Madame Sand!'

"'Ah! then, Alexandre Dumas—I should like to take him by the hand!'

"'I have quarreled with him also, but no matter! *Vous perdriez vos illusions.*'

"However, he invited me to dine the next day, and I had a singular experience; but I shall not soon forget the way in which he said, 'wous perdriez vos illusions.'

"When I arrived on the following day I found the company consisted of his wife and himself, a little red-haired man who was rather quiet and cynical, and myself. Janin was amusing and noisy, and carried the talk on swimmingly with much laughter. Presently he began to say hard things about women, when his wife looked up reproachfully and said, 'Déjà, Jules!' During dinner a dramatic author arrived with his play, and Janin ordered him to be shown in. He treated the poor fellow brutally, who in turn bowed low to the great power. He

did not even ask him to take a chair. Madame Janin did so, however, and kindly too. The author supplicated the critic to attend the first appearance of his play. Janin would not promise to go, but put him off indefinitely, and presently the poor man went away. Longfellow said he tingled all over with indignation at the treatment the man received, but Janin looked over to his wife, saying, 'Well, my dear, I treated this one pretty well, didn't I?'

"'Better than sometimes, Jules,' she answered."

Altogether it was a strange scene to the young American observer.

"*July, 1867.*—Passed the day at Nahant. As Longfellow sat on the piazza wrapped in his blue camlet cloak, he struck me for the first time as wearing a venerable aspect. Before dinner he gathered wild roses to adorn the table, and even gave a careful touch himself to the arrangement of the wines and fruits. He was in excellent spirits, full of wit and lively talk. Speaking of the use and misuse of words, he quoted Chateaubriand's mistake (afterwards corrected) in his translation of 'Paradise Lost,' when he rendered

'Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God'

as

'Le ruisseau de Siloa qui coulait rapidement.'"

In talking about natural differences in character and temperament, he said of his own children that he agreed with one of the old English divines who said, "Happy is that household wherein Martha still reproves Mary!"

In February, 1868, it was decided that Longfellow should go to Europe with his family. He said that the first time he went abroad it was to see places alone and not persons; the second time he saw a few persons, and so pleasantly combined the two; he thought once that on a third visit he should prefer to see people only; but all that was changed now. He had returned to the feeling of his youth. He was eager to seek out quiet places and wayside nooks, where he might rest in retirement and enjoy the beautiful country sights of Europe undisturbed.

The following year found him again in Cambridge, refreshed by his absence. The diary continues: "He has been trying to further the idea of buying some of the low lands in Cambridge for the colleges. If this can be done, it will save much future annoyance to the people from wretched hovels and bad odors, besides holding the land for a beautiful possession forever. He has given a good deal of money himself. This might be called 'his latest work.'"

"*January, 1870.*— Longfellow and Bayard Taylor came to dine. Longfellow talked of translators and translating. He advanced the idea that the English from the insularity of their character were incapable of making a perfect translation. Americans, French, and Germans, he said, have much larger adaptability to and sympathy in the thought of others. He would not hear Chapman's Homer or anything else quoted on the other side, but was zealous in enforcing this argument. He anticipates much from Taylor's version of Faust. All this was strikingly interesting, as showing how his imagination wrought with him, because he was arguing from his own theory of the capacity of the races and in the face of his knowledge of the best actual translations existing to-day, the result of the scholarship of England.

"Longfellow speaks of difficulty in sleeping. In his college days and later he had the habit of studying until midnight and rising at six in the morning, finding his way as soon as possible to his books. Possibly this habit still prevents him from getting sufficient rest. However light may be the literature in which he indulges before going to bed, some chance thought may strike him as he goes up the stairs with the bedroom candle in his hand which will preclude all possibility of sleep until long after midnight.

"His account of Jules Janin during this last visit to Europe was an odd little drama. He had grown excessively fat, and could scarcely move. He did not attempt to rise from his chair as Longfellow entered, but motioned him to a seat by his side. Talking of Victor Hugo and Lamartine, 'Take them for all in all, which do you prefer?' asked Longfellow.

"'Charlatan pour charlatan, je crois que je préfère Monsieur de Lamartine,' was the reply.

"Longfellow amused me by making two epigrams:

"'What is autobiography?
It is what a biography ought to be.'

And again:

"'When you ask one friend to dine,
Give him your best wine!
When you ask two,
The second best will do!'

"He brought in with him two poems translated from Platen's 'Night-Songs.' They are very beautiful.

"'What dusky splendors of song there are in King Alfred's new volume,' he said. 'It is always a delight to get anything new from him. His "Holy Grail" and Lowell's "Cathedral" are enough for a holiday, and make this notable.'"

When Longfellow talked freely as at this dinner, it was difficult to remember that he was not really a talker. The natural reserve of his nature made it sometimes impossible for him to express himself in ordinary inter-

course. He never truly made a confidant of anybody except his Muse.

"I never thought," he wrote about this time, "that I should come back to this kind of work. It transports me to my happiest years, and the contrast is too painful to think of." And again in calmer mood: "The 'ruler of the inverted year' (whatever that may mean) has, you perceive, returned again, like a Bourbon from banishment, and is having it all his own way, and it is not a pleasant way. Very well, one can sit by the fire and read, and hear the wind roar in the chimney, and write to one's friends, and sign one's self 'yours faithfully,' or as in the present instance, 'yours always.'"

His sympathetic nature was ever ready to share and further the gayety of others. He wrote one evening:

"I have been kept at home by a little dancing-party to-night. . . . I write this arrayed in my dress-coat with a rose in my buttonhole, a circumstance, I think, worth mentioning. It reminds me of Buffon, who used to array himself in his full dress for writing 'Natural History.' Why should we not always do it when we write letters? We should, no doubt, be more courtly and polite, and perhaps say handsome things to each other. It was said of Villemain that when he spoke to a lady he seemed to be presenting her a bouquet. Allow me to present you this postscript in the same polite manner, to make good my theory of the rose in the buttonhole."

How delightful it is to catch the intoxication of the little festival in this way. In his endeavor to further the gayeties of his children he had received again a reflected light and life which his love for them had helped to create.

"*December 14, 1870.*—Taylor's 'Faust' is finished, and Longfellow is coming with other friends to dinner to celebrate the ending of the work. . . .

"A statuette of Goethe was on the table. Longfellow said Goethe never liked the statue of himself by Rauch, from which this copy was made. He preferred above all others a bust of himself by a Swiss sculptor, a copy of which Taylor owns. He could never understand, he continued, the story of that unpleasant interview between Napoleon and Goethe. Eckermann says Goethe liked it, but Longfellow thought the Emperor's manner of address had a touch of insolence in it. The haunts of Goethe in Weimar were pleasantly recalled by both Longfellow and Taylor, to whom they were familiar; also that strange portrait of him taken standing at a window, and looking out over Rome, in which nothing but his back can be seen.

"I find it impossible to recall what Longfellow said, but he scintillated all the evening. It was an occasion such as he loved best. His *jeux d'esprit* flew rapidly right and left, often setting the table in a roar of laughter, a most unusual thing with him."

There was evidently no such pleasure to Longfellow as that of doing kindnesses. One of many notes bearing on such subjects belongs to this year, and begins:

"A thousand thanks for your note and its inclosure. There goes a gleam of sunshine into a dark house, which is always pleasant to think of. I have not yet got the senator's sunbeam to add to it; but as soon as I do, both shall go shining on their way."

"*January, 1871.*—Dined at Longfellow's, and afterwards went upstairs to see an interesting collection of East Indian curiosities. Passing through his dressing-room, I was struck with the likeness of his private rooms to those of a German student or professor; a Goethean aspect of simplicity and space everywhere, with books put up in the nooks and corners and all over the walls. It is surely a most attractive house!"

Again I find a record of a dinner at Cambridge: "The day was spring-like, and the air full of the odors of fresh blossoms. As we came down over the picturesque old staircase, he was standing with a group of gentlemen near by, and I heard him say aloud unconsciously, in a way peculiar to himself, 'Ah, now we shall see the ladies come downstairs!' Nothing escapes his keen observation —as delicate as it is keen."

And in the same vein the journal rambles on:

"*Friday.*—Longfellow came in to luncheon at one o'clock. He was looking very well; . . . his beautiful eyes fairly shone. He had been at Manchester-by-the-Sea the day before to dine with the Curtises. Their truly romantic and lovely place had left a pleasant picture in his mind. Coming away by the train, he passed in Chelsea a new soldiers' monument which suggested an epigram to him that he said, laughingly, would suit any of the thousand of such monuments to be seen about the country. He began somewhat in this style:

"'The soldier asked for bread,
But they waited till he was dead,
And gave him a stone instead,
Sixty and one feet high!'

"We all returned to Cambridge together, and being early for our own appointment elsewhere, he carried us into his library and read aloud 'The Marriage of Lady Wentworth.' E——, with pretty girlish ways and eyes like his own, had let us into the old mansion by the side door, and then lingered to ask if she might be allowed to stay and hear the reading too. He, consenting, laughingly lighted a cigar and soon began. His voice in reading was sweet and melodious, and it was touched with tremulousness, although this was an easier poem to read aloud than many others, being strictly narrative. It is full of New England life and a beautiful addition to his works. He has a fancy for

making a volume, or getting some one else to do it, of his favorite ghost stories, 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Peter Rugg,' and a few others."

On another occasion the record says:

"Passed the evening at Longfellow's. As we lifted the latch and entered the hall-door, we saw him reading an old book by his study lamp. It was the 'Chansons d'Espagne,' which he had just purchased at what he called the massacre of the poets; in other words, at the sale that day of the library of William H. Prescott. He was rather melancholy, he said: first, on account of the sacrifice and separation of that fine library; also because he is doubtful about his new poem, the one on the life of our Saviour. He says he has never before felt so cast down.

"What an orderly man he is! Well-ordered, I should have written. Diary, accounts, scraps, books — everything where he can put his hand upon it in a moment."

"*December, 1871.*— Saturday Mr. Longfellow came in town and went with us to hear twelve hundred school children sing a welcome to the Russian Grand Duke in the Music Hall. It was a fine sight, and Dr. Holmes's hymn, written for the occasion, was noble and inspiring. Just before the Grand Duke came in I saw a smile creep over Longfellow's face. 'I can never get over the ludicrousness of it,' he said. 'All this array and fuss over one man!' He came home with us afterwards, and lingered awhile by the fire. He talked of Russian literature — its modernness, and said he had sent us a delightful novel by Tourguéneff, 'Liza,' in which we should find charming and vivid glimpses of landscape and life like those seen from a carriage window. We left him alone in the library for a while, and returning found him amusing himself over the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' He was reading the 'Coronation of Victoria,' and laughing over Count Froganoff, who could not get prog enough, and was found eating underneath the stairs. He wants to have a dinner for Bayard Taylor, whose coming is always the signal for a series of small festivities. His own 'Divine Tragedy' is just out, and everybody speaks of its simplicity and beauty."

"*April.*— In the evening Longfellow came in town for the purpose of hearing a German gentleman read an original poem, and he persuaded me to go with him. The reader twisted his face up into frightful knots, and delivered his poem with vast apparent satisfaction to himself if not to his audience. It was fortunate on the whole that the production was in a foreign tongue, because it gave us the occupation, at least, of trying to understand the words — the poem itself possessing not the remotest interest for either of us. It was in the old sentimental German style familiar to the readers of that literature. Longfellow amused me as we walked home by imitating the sing-song voice we had been following all the evening. He also recited in the original that beautiful little poem by Platen, 'In der Nacht, in der Nacht,' in a most delightful manner. 'Ah,' he said, 'to translate a poem properly it must be done into the meter of the original, and Bryant's "Homer," fine as it is, has this great fault, that it does not give the music of the poem itself.' He came in and took a cigar before walking home over the bridge alone. . . .

"Emerson asked Longfellow at dinner about his last visit to England, of Ruskin and other celebrities. Longfellow is always reticent upon such subjects, but he was eager to tell us how very much he had enjoyed Mr. Ruskin. He said it was one of the most surprising things in the world to see the quiet, gentlemanly way in which Ruskin gave vent to his extreme opinions. It seems to be no effort to him, but as if it were a matter of course that every one should give expression to the faith that is in him in the same unvarnished way as he does himself, not looking for agreement, but for conversation and discussion. 'It is strange,' Ruskin said, 'being considered so much out of harmony with America as I am, that the two Americans I have known and loved best, you and Norton, should give me such a feeling of friendship and repose.' Longfellow then spoke of Mrs. Matthew Arnold, whom he liked very much — thought her, as he said, 'a most lovely person.' Also of the 'beautiful Lady Herbert,' as one of the most delightful of women. . . .

"Longfellow came in to an early dinner to meet Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. William Warren, and Dr. Holmes. He said he felt like one on a journey. He had left home early in the morning, had been sight-seeing in Boston all day, was to dine and go to the theater with us afterwards. The talk naturally turned upon the stage. Longfellow said he thought Mr. Charles Mathews was entirely unjust in his criticisms upon Mr. Forrest's *King Lear*. He considered Mr. Forrest's rendering of the part as very fine and close to nature. He could not understand why Mr. Mathews should underrate it as he did. Longfellow showed us a book given him by Charles Sumner. In it was an old engraving (from a painting by Giulio Clovio) of the moon, in which Dante is walking with his companion. He said it was a most impressive picture to him. He knew it in the original; also there is a very good copy in the Cambridge Library among the copies of illuminated manuscripts."

There is a little note belonging to this period full of poetic feeling and giving more than a hint at the wearifulness of interrupting visitors:

"I send you the pleasant volume I promised you yesterday. It is a book for summer moods by the seaside, but will not be out of place on a winter night by the fireside. . . . You will find an allusion to the 'blue borage flowers' that flavor the claret-cup. I know where grows another kind of bore-age that embitters the goblet of life. I can spare you some of this herb, if you have room for it in your garden or your garret. It is warranted to destroy all peace of mind, and finally to produce softening of the brain and insanity.

"'Better juice of vine
Than berry wine!
Fire! fire! steel, oh, steel!
Fire! fire! steel and fire!'"

The following, written in the spring of the same year, gives a hint of what a festival season it was to him while the lilacs which surround his house were in bloom:

"Here is the poem, copied for you by your humble scribe. I found it impossible to crowd it into a page of note-paper. Come any pleasant morning, as soon after breakfast or before as you like, and we will go on with the 'Michael Angelical' manuscript. I shall not be likely to go to town while the lilacs are in bloom."

The rambling diary continues: "To-day Longfellow sent us half a dozen bottles of wine, and after them came a note saying he had sent them off without finding time to label them. 'They are wine of Avignon,' he added, 'and should bear this inscription from Redi:

"'Benedetto
Quel claretto
Che si spilla in Avignone.'"

About this period Longfellow invited an old friend, who had fallen into extreme helplessness from ill health, to come and make him a visit. It was a great comfort to his friend, a scholar like himself, "to nurse the dwindling faculty of joy" in such companionship, and he lingered many weeks in the sunshine of the old house. Longfellow's patience and devoted care for this friend of his youth was a signal example of what a true and constant heart may do unconsciously, in giving expression and recognition to the bond of a sincere friendship. Long after his friend was unable to rise from his chair without assistance or go unaccompanied to his bedroom, Longfellow followed the lightest unexpressed wish with his sympathetic vision and performed the smallest offices unbidden. "Longfellow, will you turn down my coat-collar?" I have heard him say in a plaintive way, and it was a beautiful lesson to see the quick and cheerful response which would follow many a like suggestion.

In referring to this trait of his character, I find among the notes made by Mr. Fields on Longfellow: "One of the most occupied of all our literary men and scholars, he yet finds time for the small courtesies of existence, those minor attentions that are so often neglected. One day, seeing him employed in cutting something from a newspaper, I asked him what he was about. 'Oh,' said he, 'here is a little paragraph speaking kindly of our poor old friend Blank; you know he seldom gets a word of praise, poor fellow, nowadays, and thinking he might not chance to see this paper, I am snipping out the paragraph to mail to him this afternoon. I know that even these few lines of recognition will make him happy for hours, and I could not bear to think he might perhaps miss seeing these pleasant words so kindly expressed.'"

"*May Day, 1876.*— Longfellow dined with us. He said during the dinner, when we heard a blast of wintry wind howling outside, 'This is May day enough; it does not matter to us how cold it is outside.' He was inclined to be silent, for there were other and brilliant talkers at the table, one of whom said to him in a pause of the conversation, 'Longfellow, tell us about yourself; you never talk about yourself.' 'No,' said Longfellow gently, 'I believe I never do.' 'And yet,' continued the first speaker eagerly, 'you confessed to me once——' 'No,' said Longfellow, laughing, 'I think I never did.'"

And here is a tiny note of compliment, graceful as a poet's note should be:

"I have just received your charming gift, your note and the stately lilies; but fear you may have gone from home before my thanks can reach you.

"How beautiful they are, these lilies of the field; and how like American women! Not because 'they neither toil nor spin,' but because they are elegant and 'born in the purple.'"

There is a brief record in 1879 of a visit to us in Manchester-by-the-Sea. Just before he left he said, "After I am gone to-day, I want you to read Schiller's poem of the 'Ring of Polycrates,' if you do not recall it too distinctly. You will know then how I feel about my visit." He repeated also some English hexameters he had essayed from the first book of the Iliad. He believes the work may be still more perfectly done than has ever yet been achieved. We drove to Gloucester wrapped in a warm sea-fog. His enjoyment of the green woods and the sea-breeze was delightful to watch. "Ay me! ay me! woods may decay," but who can dare believe such life shall cease from the fair world!

Seeing the Portland steamer pass one night, a speck on the horizon, bearing as he knew his daughter and her husband, he watched it long, then said, "Think of a part of yourself being on that moving speck."

The Sunday following that visit he wrote from Portland:

"Church-bells are ringing; clatter of church-going feet on the pavement; boys crying 'Boston Herald'; voices of passing men and women; these are the sounds that come to me at this upper window, looking down into the street.

"I contrast it all with last Sunday's silence at Man-

chester-by-the-Sea, and remember my delightful visit there. Then comes the thought of the moonlight and the music and Shelley's verses,

> "'As the moon's soft splendor
> O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
> Is thrown;'

and so on

> "'To some world far from ours,
> Where moonlight and music and feeling
> Are one.'

"How beautiful this song would sound if set to music by Mrs. Bell, and chanted by her in the twilight."

Later he inclosed the song, which is as follows, and I venture to reprint it because it is seldom found among Shelley's poems:

AN ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

To a lady singing to her accompaniment on the guitar.

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken,
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

He added:

"I find the song in my scrap-book, and send it to save you the trouble of hunting for it.

"H. W. L."

It was first reprinted in "The Waif," a thin volume of selections published by Longfellow many years ago. "The Waif" and "The Estray" preserved many a lovely poem from oblivion, till it should find its place at length among its fellows.

Already in 1875 we find Longfellow at work upon his latest collection of poems, which he called "Poems of Places." It was a much more laborious and unrewarding occupation than he had intended, and he was sometimes weary of his self-imposed task. He wrote at this period:

"No politician ever sought for Places with half the zeal that I do. Friend and Foe alike have to give Place to Yours truly "H. W. L."

Again he says:

"What evil demon moved me to make this collection of 'Poems of Places'? Could I have foreseen the time it would take, and the worry and annoyance it would bring with it, I never would have undertaken it. The worst of it is, I have to write pieces now and then to fill up gaps."

More and more his old friends grew dear to him as the years passed and "the goddess Neuralgia," as he called his malady, kept him chiefly at home. He wrote in 1877:

"When are you coming back from your Cottage on the Cliffs? The trees on the Common and the fountains are calling for you.

> "'Thee, Tityrus, even the pine trees,
> The very fountains, the very
> Copses are calling.'

Perhaps also your creditors. At all events I am, who am your debtor."

The days were fast approaching when the old things must pass away. He wrote tenderly:

"I am sorry to hear that you are not quite well yourself. I sympathize with you, for I am somebody else. It is the two W's, Work and Weather, that are playing the mischief with us. . . . You must not open a book; you must not even look at an inkstand. These are both contraband articles, upon which we have to pay heavy duties. We cannot smuggle them in. Nature's custom-house officers are too much on the alert."

In 1880 he again wrote, describing the wedding of the daughter of an old friend:

"A beautiful wedding it was; an ideal village wedding, in a pretty church, and the Windmill Cottage of our friend resplendent with autumnal flowers. In one of the rooms there was a tea-kettle hanging on a crane in the fire-place.

"So begins a new household. But Miss Neilson's death has saddened me, and yesterday Mrs. Horsford came with letters from Norway, giving particulars of Ole Bull's last days, his death and burial. The account is very touching. All Bergen's flags at half-mast; telegrams from the King; funeral oration by Björnson. The dear old musician was carried from his island to the mainland in a steamer, followed by a long line of other steamers. No Viking ever had such a funeral."

And here the extracts from letters and journals must cease. It was a golden sunset, in spite of the increasing infirmities which beset him; for he could never lose his pleasure in making others happy, and only during the few last days did he lose his own happiness among his books and at his desk. The influence his presence gave out to others, of calm good cheer and tenderness, made those who knew him feel that he possessed, in larger measure than others, what Jean Paul Richter calls "a heavenly unfathomableness which makes man godlike, and love towards him infinite." Indeed this "heavenly unfathomableness" was a strong characteristic of his nature, and the gracious silence in which he often dwelt gave a rare sense of song without words. Therefore, perhaps on that day when we gathered around the form through which his voice was never again to utter itself, and heard his own words upon the air saying, "Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me. I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone, and you shall have another friend in heaven," it was impossible not to believe that he was with us still, the central spirit, comforting and uplifting the circle of those who were most dear to him.

Annie Fields.

SISTER TABEA.

TWO weather-beaten stone buildings at Ephrata, in Pennsylvania, remain as monuments on this side of the water of the great pietistic movement in Germany in the early part of the eighteenth century. One of these was called "Bethany," the other "Sharon." A hundred and thirty or forty years ago there were other buildings with these, and the softening hand of time had not yet touched any of them. The doorways were then, as now, on the ground level, the passages were just as narrow and dusky, the cells had the same little square windows to let in the day. But the stones in that day had a hue that reminded one of the quarry, the mortar between them was fresh, the shingles in the roof had gathered no moss and very little weather-stain; the primeval forests were yet within the horizon, and there was everywhere an air of newness, of advancement, and of prosperity about the Dunkard Convent. One sees now neither monks nor nuns in these narrow hallways; monks and nuns are nowhere about Ephrata, except in the graveyard where all the brethren of Bethany, and all the sisters who once peopled Sharon, sleep together in the mold. But in the middle of the eighteenth century their bare feet shuffled upon the stairs as, clad in white hooded cloaks descending to the very ground, they glided in and out of the low doors, or assembled in the little chapel called "Zion" to attend service under the lead of their founder, Conrad Beissels. In the convent, where he reigned supreme, Beissels was known as Brother Friedsam; later he was reverently called Father Friedsam Gottrecht, a name that, like all their convent names, had plenty of mystical significance attached to it.

But monks and nuns are men and women; and neither cloister life, nor capuchin hoods and cloaks, nor bare feet, nor protracted midnight services, can prevent heart-burnings and rivalries, nor can all of these together put down — what is most to be dreaded in a monastery — the growth of affection between man and woman. What could be done to tame human nature into submission, to bring it to rejoice only in unearthly meditations, and a contented round of self-denial and psalm-singing, Brother Friedsam had tried on his followers with the unsparing hand of a religious enthusiast. He had forbidden all animal food. Not only was meat of evil tendency, but milk, he said, made the spirit heavy and narrow; butter and cheese produced similar disabilities; eggs excited the passions; honey made the eyes bright and the heart cheerful, but did not clear the voice for music. So he approved chiefly of those plain things that sprang direct from the earth, particularly of potatoes, turnips, and other roots, with a little bread-soup and such-like ghostly diet. For drink he would have nothing but what he called "innocent clear water," just as it flowed from the spring.

But even a dish of potatoes and turnips and beets and carrots, eaten from wooden trenchers, without milk or butter or meat, was not sufficient to make the affections and passions of men and women as ethereal as Friedsam wished. He wedded his people in mystic marriage to "the Chaste Lamb," to borrow his frequent phrase. They sang ecstatically of a mystical city of brotherly and sisterly affection which they, in common with other dreamers of the time, called Philadelphia, and they rejoiced in a divine creature called in their mystical jargon *Sophia*, which I suppose meant wisdom, wisdom divorced from common sense. These anchorites did not eschew social enjoyment, but held little love-feasts to which the sisters now invited the brethren, and next the brethren entertained the sisters — with unbuttered parsnips and draughts of innocent clear water, no doubt.

That which was most remarkable at Ephrata, and that out of which grows my story, was the music. Brother Friedsam, besides his cares of organization, finance, and administration, and his mystical theological speculations, was also a poet. Most of the songs sung in the little building called "Zion" were written by him — songs about "the lonesome turtle-dove in the wilderness," that is, the church; songs in praise of the mystical marriage of virgins with the chaste Lamb; songs about the Philadelphian brotherhood of saints, about the divine Sophia, and about many other things which no man can understand, I am sure, until he has first purified himself from the gross humors of the flesh by a heavenly diet of turnips and spring water. To the brethren and sisters who believed their little community in the Pennsylvania woods to be "the Woman in the Wilderness" seen by St. John, these words represented the only substantial and valuable things in the wide universe; and they sang the songs of Conrad Beissels with as much fervor as they could have sung the songs of heaven itself.

Beissels — the Friedsam of the brotherhood — was not only the poet but the composer of the choral songs, and a composer of rare merit. The music he wrote is preserved as it was copied out with great painstaking by the brethren and sisters. In looking over the wonderful old manuscript note-book, the first impression is one of delight with the quaint symbolic illuminations wrought by the nuns of Ephrata upon the margins. But those who know music declare that the melodies are lovely, and that the whole structure of the harmonies is masterful, and worthy of the fame they had in the days when monks and nuns performed them under the lead of Brother Friedsam himself. In the gallery of Zion house, but concealed from the view of the brethren, sat the sisterhood, like a company of saints in spotless robes. Below, the brethren, likewise in white, answered to the choir above in antiphonal singing of the loveliest and most faultless sort. Strangers journeyed from afar over rough country roads to hear this wonderful chorus, and were moved in the depths of their souls with the indescribable sweetness and loftiness of the music, and with the charm and expressiveness of its rendering by these pale-faced other-worldly singers.

But their perfection of execution was attained at a cost almost too great. Brother Friedsam was a fanatic, and he was also an artist. He obliged the brethren and sisters to submit to the most rigorous training. In this, as in religion, he subordinated them to his ideals. He would fain tune their very souls to his own key; and he exacted a precision that was difficult of attainment by men and women of average fallibility and carelessness. The men singers were divided into five choruses of five persons each; the sisters were classified, according to the pitch of their voices, into three divisions, each of which sang or kept silent, according to the duty assigned to it in the note-book. At the love-feasts these choruses sat side by side at the table, so as to be ready to sing together with perfect precision whenever a song should be announced. At the singing-school Brother Friedsam could not abide the least defect; he rated roundly the brother or sister who made any mistake; he scourged their lagging aspirations toward perfection. If it is ever necessary to account for bad temper in musicians, one might suggest that the water-gruel diet had impaired his temper and theirs; certain it is that out of the production of so much heavenly harmony there sprang discord. The brethren and sisters grew daily more and more indignant at the severity of the director, whom they reverenced as a religious guide, but against whom, as a musical conductor, they rebelled in their hearts.

The sisters were the first to act in this crisis. At their knitting and their sewing they talked about it, in the kitchen they discussed it, until their hearts burned within them. Even in illuminating the note-book with pretty billing turtle-doves, and emblematic flowers such as must have grown in paradise, since nothing of the sort was ever known in any earthly garden — even in painting these, some of the nuns came near to spoiling their colors and their page with tears.

Only Margaretha Thome, who was known in the convent as "Sister Tabea," shed no tears. She worked with pen and brush, and heard the others talk; now and then, when some severe word of Brother Friedsam was repeated, she would look up with a significant flash of the eye.

"The Hofcavalier doesn't talk," said Sister Thecla. This Thecla had given the nickname of "Hofcavalier," *noble courtier*, to Tabea at her first arrival in the convent on account of her magnificent figure and high carriage.

"You shouldn't give nicknames, Sister Thecla."

The last speaker was a sister with an austere face and gray eyes which had no end of cold-blooded religious enthusiasm in them.

"I need not give you a nickname," retorted Thecla to the last speaker; "Brother Friedsam did that when he called you Jael. You are just the kind of a person to drive a tent-nail through a man's head."

"If he were the enemy of the Church of God," said Jael, in a voice as hard as it was sincere.

Then the talk drifted back to the singing-school and Brother Friedsam's severity.

"But why doesn't the Hofcavalier speak?" again persisted Thecla.

"When the Hofcavalier speaks, it will be to Brother Friedsam himself," answered Tabea.

The temerity of this proposition took Thecla's breath, but it set the storm a-going more vigorously than before among the sisterhood, who, having found somebody ready to bell the cat, grew eager to have the cat belled. Only Sister Jael, who for lack of voice was not included in either of the three choruses of the sisterhood, stoutly defended Brother Friedsam, thinking, perhaps, that it was not a bad thing to have the conceit of the singers reduced; indeed, she was especially pleased that Tabea, the unsurpassed singer of the sisters' gallery, should have suffered rebuke.

At length it was agreed that Tabea should tell Brother Friedsam that the sisters did not intend to go to singing-school again.

Then Tabea lifted up her dark head and regarded the circle of women in white garments about her.

"You are all brave now, but when Brother Friedsam shakes his finger at you, you will every one of you submit as though you were a set of redemptioners bought with his money. When I tell Brother Friedsam that I shall not come to singing-school, I shall stick to it. He may get his music performed by some one else. He will not call me a 'ninny' again."

"There spoke the Hofcavalier," giggled Thecla.

"Sister Tabea," said Jael, "if you go on as you are going, you will end by leaving the convent and breaking your vows. Mark my words."

"I am going to finish this turtle-dove first, though," said Tabea, gayly.

It was finally agreed that if Tabea would speak to the Director on behalf of the sisterhood, the sisters would resolutely stand by their threat, and that they would absent themselves from Brother Friedsam's music-drills long enough to have him understand that they were not to be treated like children. To the surprise of all, Tabea left her work at once, covered up her head with the hood attached to her gown, and sought the lodge of Brother Friedsam, which stood between Bethany and Sharon.

When Tabea was admitted to the cell, and stood before the revered Friedsam, she felt an unexpected palpitation. Nor was Beissels any more composed. He could never speak to this girl without some mental disturbance.

"Brother Friedsam," she said, "I am sent by the sisters to say that they are very indignant at your treatment of them in the rehearsals, and that they are not going to attend them hereafter."

Beissels's sensitive lips quivered a moment; this sudden rebellion surprised him, and he did not at first see how to meet it.

"You suggested this course to them, I suppose?" he said after a pause.

"No, Brother Friedsam, I had nothing to do with it until now. But I think they are right, and I hope they will keep to their word. You have been altogether too hard on us."

The Director made no reply, but wearily leaned his pale, refined face upon his hand and looked up at Tabea. This look of inquiry had something of unhappiness in it that touched the nun's heart, and she was half sorry that she had spoken so sharply. She fumbled for the wooden latch of the door presently, and went out with a sense of inward defeat and annoyance.

"The Hofcavalier does not come back with head in the air," murmured Thecla. "A bad sign."

"I gave the message," said Sister Tabea, "and Brother Friedsam did not say whether the four parts sung by the men would be sufficient or not. But I know very well what he will do; he will coax you all back within a week."

"And you will leave the convent and break your vows; mark my words," said Sister Jael, with sharpness.

"It will be after I get this page finished, I tell you," said Tabea. But she did not seem in haste to finish the page, for, not choosing to show how much she had been discomposed by Brother Friedsam's wistful and inquiring look, she gathered up her brush, her colors, and the note-book page on which she had been at work, and went up the stairs alongside the great chimney, shutting herself in her cell.

Once there, the picture of Friedsam's face came vividly before her. She recalled her first meeting with him at her mother's house on the Wissahickon, and how her heart had gone out to the only man she had ever met whose character was out of the common. I do not say that she had consciously loved him as she listened to him, sitting there on the home-made stool in her mother's cabin, and talking of things beyond comprehension. But she could have loved him, and she did worship him. It was the personal fascination of Brother Friedsam and her own vigorous hatred of commonplace that had led her three years before to join the sisterhood in the Sharon house. She did not know to what degree a desire for Beissels's companionship had drawn her to accept his speculations concerning the mystical Sophia and the Philadelphian fellowship. But the convent had proved a disappointment. She had seen little of the great Brother Friedsam, and he had given her, instead of friendly notice and approval, only a schoolmaster's scolding now and then for slight faults committed in singing a new piece.

As she sat there in gloomy meditation Jael's evil prediction entered her mind, and she amused herself with dreams of what might take place if she should leave the convent and go out into the world again.

In putting away her papers a little note fell out.

"The goose at it again," she said.

She had that day received some blank paper from the paper-mill of the community, and Daniel Scheible had put this little love-letter into the package of which he was the bearer. He had sent such letters before, and Tabea, though she had not answered them, had kept them, partly because she did not wish to inform those in authority of this breach of rule, partly because so much defiance of the law of the place gave a little zest to a monotonous life, and partly because she was a young woman, and therefore not displeased with affection, even from a youth in whom she had no more than a friendly interest.

Scheible's parents had been Dunkards, persecuted in Europe, who had sought refuge from their troubles by the bad expedient of taking ship for Philadelphia, with an understanding that they were, according to custom, to be sold for a term of years to pay the fare. Among a multitude who died on the passage from the overcrowding and bad food were Daniel's father and mother, and the little lad was sold for the rest of his minority to pay his own fare as well as that of the dead members of his family. As a promising boy, he had been bought by the Ephrata brotherhood and bred into the fraternity. With the audacity of youth he had conceived a great passion for Tabea, and now that his apprenticeship was about to expire he amused her with surreptitious notes. To-day, for the first time, Tabea began to think of the possibility of marrying Scheible, chiefly, perhaps, from a vague desire to escape from the convent, which could not but be irksome to one of her spirit. Scheible was ambitious, and it was his plan, as she knew, to go to Philadelphia to make his fortune; and she and he together, what might they not do? Then she laughed at herself for such a day-dream, and went out to do her share of household duties, singing mellifluously, as she trod barefoot through the passages, a mystic song of hope and renunciation:

"Welt, packe dich;
Ich sehne mich
Nur nach dem Himmel.
Denn droben ist Lachen und Lieben und Leben;
Hier unten ist Alles dem Eiteln ergeben."

Which rendered may read:

"World, get you gone;
I strive alone
To attain Heaven.
There above is laughter, life, and love;
Here below one must all vanity forego."

But though to-day she sang of the laughter that is above, she was less unworldly on the morrow. Brother Friedsam, as she had foreseen, began to break down the rebellion about the singing-school. He was too good a strategist to attack the strong point of the insurrection first. He began with good-natured Thecla, who could laugh away yesterday's vexations, and so one by one he conquered the opposition in detail. He shrank from assailing the Hofcavalier until he should win the others, knowing well the obstinacy of her resolution. And when all the rest had yielded he still said nothing to Tabea, either because he deemed it of no use, or because he thought neglect might do her rebellious spirit good. But if this last were his plan, he had miscalculated the vigor of her determination.

"Do you know," said the good-hearted, gossipy little Sister Persida, coming into Tabea's cell two or three days later, "that the sisters have all yielded to Brother Friedsam? He coaxed and managed them so, you know. Has he talked to you?"

"No."

"You'll have to give up when he does. Nobody can resist Brother Friedsam."

"I can."

"You always scare me so, Sister Tabea; I wouldn't dare hold up my head as you do."

But when Persida had gone out, the high head of the Hofcavalier went down a little. She felt that the man whom she in some sort worshiped had put upon her a public slight. He did not account it worth his while to invite her to return. She had missed her chance to refuse. Just what connection Brother Friedsam's slight had with Daniel Scheible's love-letters I leave the reader to determine. But in her anger she fished these notes out of a basket used to hold her changes of white raiment, and read them all over slowly, line by line, and for the first time with a lively interest in their contents. They were very ingenious; and they very cleverly pictured to her the joys of a home of her own with a devoted husband. She found evidences of very amiable traits in the writer. But why should I trace in detail the curious but familiar process by which a girl endows a man with all the qualities she wishes him to possess?

The very next day Scheible, who had been melancholy ever since he began to send to Tabea letters that brought no answer, was observed to be in a mood so gleeful that his companions in the paper-mill doubted his sanity. The fountain of this joy was a note from Tabea stowed away in the pocket of his gown. She had not signed it with her convent title, but with the initials M. T., for her proper name, Margaretha Thome. There were many fluctuations in Tabea's mind and many persuasive notes from Scheible before the nun at length promised to forsake the convent, now grown bitter to her, for the joys of a home. Even then Daniel could not help feeling insecure in regard to a piece of good fortune so dazzling, and he sent note after note to urge her to have the day for the wedding fixed.

Meantime the young man created but little sensation by leaving the mill, as his term of apprenticeship had expired, and he had never professed much attachment to the brotherhood.

Sister Tabea had persistently omitted the rehearsals, and so the grand chorals were now given on the Sabbaths without her voice, and Jael had felt no little exultation at this state of things. At length, after much wavering, Tabea made a final resolution to leave the convent, and to accept the love of the ad-

venturous youth who had shown so persistent an affection for her.

As soon as the day of the wedding was arranged by means of the surreptitious notes which she continued to exchange with Scheible, she prepared to leave Sharon and Ephrata. But nothing could be farther from her plans than the project proposed by her lover that she should elope with him at night. Tabea meant to march out with all her colors flying.

First of all she went to see the sinister prophetess, Sister Jael.

"I've finished that turtle-dove, Sister Jael, and now I am going to leave the sisterhood, and marry Daniel Scheible."

Nothing is so surprising to a prophet as the fulfillment of his most confident prediction. Jael looked all aghast, and her face splintered into the most contradictory lines in the effort to give expression to the most conflicting emotions.

"I'm astonished at you," she said reprovingly, when she got breath.

"Why, I thought you expected it," replied Tabea.

"Will you break your vow?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't a woman break a vow made by a girl? And so, good-bye, Sister Jael. Can't you wish me much joy?"

But Jael turned sharply away in a horror that could find no utterance.

Thecla laughed as was her wont, and wished Tabea happiness, but intimated that Daniel was a bold man to undertake to subdue the Hofcavalier. Sister Persida's woman's heart was set all a-flutter, and she quite forgot that she was trying to be a nun, and that she belonged to the solitary and forsaken turtle-dove in the wilderness. She whispered in Tabea's ear: "You'll look so nice when you're married, dear, and Daniel will be so pleased, and the young men will steal your slipper off your foot at the dinner-table, and how I wish I could be there to see you married. But oh, Tabea! I don't see how you dare to face them all. I'd just run away with all my might if I were in your place."

And so each one took the startling intelligence according to her character, and soon all work was suspended, and every inmate of Sharon was gathered in unwonted excitement in the halls and the common room.

When Tabea passed out of the low-barred door of Sharon she met the radiant face of Scheible, who had tied his two saddle-horses a little way off.

"Come quickly, Tabea," he said with impatience.

"No, Daniel; it won't do to be rude. I must tell Brother Friedsam good-bye."

"No, don't," said Daniel, turning pale with terror. "If you go in to see the Director, you will never come with me."

"Why won't I?" laughed the defiant girl.

"He's a wizard, and has charms that he gets out of his great books. Don't go in there; you'll never get away."

Daniel held to the Pennsylvania Dutch superstitions, but Tabea only laughed and said, "I am not afraid of wizards." She looked the Hofcavalier more than ever as she left the trembling fellow and went up to the door of Brother Friedsam's lodge.

"She isn't afraid of the *devil*," muttered Scheible.

Tabea knocked at the door.

"Come in and welcome, whoever thou art," said the Director within.

But when she had lifted the latch and pushed back the door, squeaking on its wooden hinges, Tabea found that Friedsam was engaged in some business with the Prior of the convent, the learned Dr. Peter Miller, known at Ephrata as Brother Jabez. Friedsam did not at first look up. The delay embarrassed her; she had time to see, with painful clearness, all the little articles in the slenderly furnished room. She noticed that the billet of wood which lay for a pillow, according to the Ephrata custom, on a bare bench used for a bed, was worn upon one side with long use; she saw how the bell-rope by means of which Friedsam called the brethren and sisters to prayers at any hour in the night, hung dangling near the bench, so that the bell might be pulled on a sudden inspiration even while the Director was rising from his wooden couch; she noted the big books; and then a great reverence for his piety and learning fell upon her, and a homesick regret; and Scheible and the wedding frolic did not seem so attractive after all. Nevertheless she held up her head like a defiant Hofcavalier.

After a time Brother Jabez with a kind greeting passed her, and the Director, looking up, said very gently:

"I wish you a very good day, Sister Tabea."

"I am no longer Sister Tabea, but Margaretha Thome. I have said adieu to all in Sharon, and now I come to say good-bye to Brother Friedsam. I am going to lay aside these garments and marry Daniel Scheible."

She held out her hand, but Friedsam was too much stunned to see it.

"You have broken your vow! You have denied the Lord!"

There was no severity in his despondent rebuke; it had the vibration of an involuntary cry of surprise and pain.

Tabea was not prepared for this. Severity she could have defied; but this cry of a prophet awakened her own conscience, and

she trembled as though she was in the light of a clear-seeing divine judgment.

"You can speak so, Brother Friedsam, for you have no human weaknesses. I am not suited to a convent; I never can be happy here. I am not submissive. I want to be necessary to somebody. Nobody cares for me here. You do not mind whether I sing in the chorals or not, and you will be better pleased to have me away, *and I am going.*" Then, finding that the Director remained silent, she said, with emotion: "Brother Friedsam, I have a great reverence for you, but I wish you knew something of the infirmities of a heart that wants to love and to be loved by somebody, and then maybe you would not think so very hardly of Tabea after she has gone."

There was a tone of beseeching in these last words which Tabea had not been wont to use.

The Director looked more numb now than ever. Tabea's words had given him a rude blow, and he could not at once recover. His lips moved without speaking, and his face assumed a look betokening inward suffering.

"Great God of wisdom, must I then tell her?" said Friedsam when he got breath. He stood up and gazed out of the square window in indecision.

"Tabea," he said presently, turning full upon her and looking in her now pale face upturned to the light, "I thought my secret would die in my breast, but you wring it from me. You say that I have no infirmities — no desire for companionship like other men or women. It is the voice of Sophia, the wisdom of the Almighty, that bids me humble myself before you this day."

Here he paused in visible but suppressed emotion. "These things," he said, pointing to his wooden couch, "these hardships of the body, these self-denials of my vocation, give me no trouble. I have one great soul-affliction, and that is what you reproach me for lacking; namely, the longing to love and to be loved. And that trial you laid upon me the first time I saw your face and heard your words in your mother's house on the Wissahickon. Oh, Tabea, you are not like the rest! you are not like the rest! Even when you go wrong, it is not like the rest. It is the vision of the life I might have led with such a woman as you that troubles my dreams in the night-time, when, across the impassable gulf of my irrevocable vow, I have stretched out my hands in entreaty to you."

This declaration changed instantly the color of Tabea's thoughts of life. Daniel Scheible and his little love-scrawls seemed to her lofty spirit as nothing, now that she saw herself in the light thrown upon her by the love of the great master whose spirit had evoked Ephrata, and whose genius uttered itself in angelic harmonies. She loathed the little life that now opened before her. There seemed nothing in heaven or earth so desirable as to possess the esteem of Friedsam. But she stood silent and condemned.

"I have had one comfort," proceeded Brother Friedsam after a while. "When I have perceived your strength of character, when I have heard your exquisite voice uttering the melodies with which I am inspired, I have thought my work was sweeter because Tabea shared it, and I have hoped that you would yet more and more share it as years and discipline should ripen your spirit."

The Director felt faint; he sat down and looked dejectedly into the corner of the room farthest away from where Tabea stood. He roused himself in a few moments, and turned about again, to find Tabea kneeling on the flagstones before him.

"I have denied the Lord!" she moaned, for her judgment had now come completely round to Friedsam's stand-point. His condemnation seemed bitterer than death. "Brother Friedsam, I have denied the Lord!"

Friedsam regarded the kneeling figure for a moment, and then he reached out his hands, solemnly placing them on her head with a motherly tenderness, while a tremor went through his frame.

"Thou, dear child, shalt do thy first work over again," he said. "Thou shalt take a new vow, and when thou art converted then shalt thou, like Peter, strengthen the others." And withdrawing his hands, he said: "I will pray for you, Tabea, every night of my life when I hear the cock crow."

Tabea rose up slowly and went out at the door, walking no longer like a Hofcavalier, but like one in a trance. Dimly she saw the sisters standing without the door of Sharon; there was Thecla, with half-amused face, and there was Persida, curious as ever; there were Sister Petronella and Sister Blandina and others, and behind all the straight, tall form of austere Jael. Without turning to the right or left, Tabea directed her steps to the group at the door of Sharon.

"No! no! come, dear Tabea!" It was the voice of Daniel Scheible, whose existence she had almost forgotten.

"Poor Daniel!" she said, pausing and looking at him with pity.

"Don't say '*Poor* Daniel,' but *come*."

"Poor boy!" said Tabea.

"*You are bewitched*," he cried, seizing her and drawing her away. "I knew Friedsam would put a charm on you."

She absently allowed him to lead her a few

steps; then, with another look full of tender pity and regret at his agitated face, she extricated herself from his embrace, and walked rapidly to the door. Quickening her steps to escape his pursuing grasp, she pushed through the group of sisters and fled along the hallway, and up the stairs, closing the door of her cell and fastening down the latch.

Scheible, sure that she was under some evil spell, rushed after her, shook himself loose from the grip of Sister Jael, who sought to stop him, and reached the door of Tabea's cell. But all his knocking brought not one word of answer, and after a while Brother Jabez came in, and led the poor fellow out, to the great grief of Sister Persida, who in her heart thought it a pity to spoil a wedding.

The sisters who came to call Tabea to supper that evening also failed to elicit any response. Late in the night, when she had become calm, Tabea heard the crowing of a cock, and her heart was deeply touched at the thought that Friedsam, the revered Friedsam, now more than ever the beloved of her soul, was at that moment going to prayer for the disciple who had broken her vow. She rose from her bench and fell on her knees; and if she mistook the mingled feelings of penitence and human passion for pure devotion, she made the commonest mistake of enthusiastic spirits.

But she was not left long to doubt that Friedsam had remembered her; by the time that the cock had crowed the second time, the sound of the monastery bell, the rope of which hung just by Friedsam's bedside, broke abruptly into the death-like stillness, calling the monks and nuns of Ephrata to a solemn night-service. Tabea felt sure that Friedsam had called the meeting at this moment by way of assuring her of his remembrance.

Daniel Scheible, who had wandered back to the neighborhood in the aimlessness of disappointment, heard the monastery bell waking all the reverberations of the forest, and saw light after light twinkle from the little square windows of Bethany and Sharon; then he saw the monks and nuns come out of Bethany and Sharon, each carrying a small paper lantern as they hastened to Zion. The bell ceased, and Zion, which before had been wrapped in night, shone with light from every window, and there rose upon the silence the voices of the choruses chanting an antiphonal song; and disconsolate Scheible cursed Friedsam and Ephrata, and went off into outer darkness.

When the first strophe had been sung below, and the sweet-voiced sisters caught up the antistrophe, Brother Friedsam, sitting in the midst, listened with painful attention, vainly trying to detect the sound of Tabea's voice. But when the second strophe had been sung, and the sisters began their second response, a thrill of excitement went through all as the long-silent voice of Sister Tabea rose distinctly above all, with even more of its old fervor and expression.

And the next Saturday, for the seventh day was the Ephrata Sabbath, Tabea took a new, solemn, and irrevocable vow; and from that time until the day of her death she was called Sister Anastasia — the name signifying that she had been reëstablished. What source of consolation Anastasia had the rest never divined. How should they guess that alongside her religious fervor a human love grew ethereally like an air-plant?

Much of this little story is fact. I have supplied details, dialogue, and passion. For the facts which constitute the groundwork I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Oswald W. Seidensticker's very valuable monograph, entitled "Ephrata, eine amerikanische Klostergeschichte." The reader will find a briefer account of the monastery from the same learned and able writer, in THE CENTURY magazine for December, 1881.

Edward Eggleston.

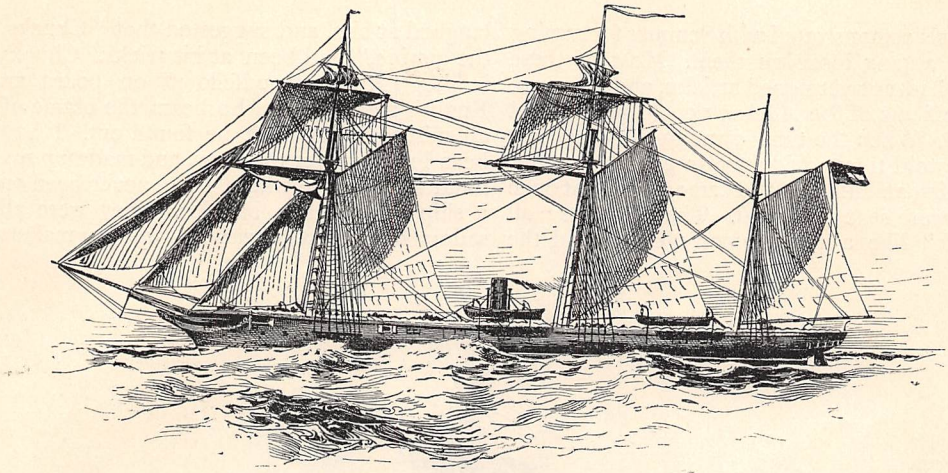
YOUNG LOVE IS LORD.

IT is the fairies' time o' year,
Grim Winter's over, they are here;
Their finger tips the alders tinge,
Rimming the runs with frailest fringe,
While willows from their slumbers shaken,
In leafy fountains playing, waken.

It is the fairies' time o' year,
The skies recede and mountains near;
Each shadow startles, as it passes,
The shy emergence of the grasses;
The Fays are busy: brown and gray—
Behold! they're spirited away!

Young Love is Lord o' earth and air,
Keeps, day and night, his trystings there;
A quickening touch, a vital thrill
Links field to field, and hill to hill:
With downward look th' impassioned hours
Call softly to the coming flow'rs.

John Vance Cheney.



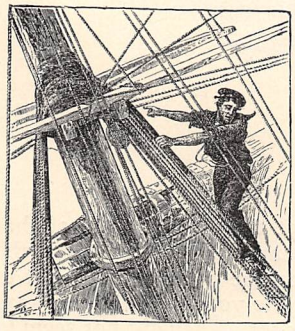
THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "ALABAMA."

This sketch was made from a photograph (of a drawing) which Captain Semmes gave to a friend, with the remark that it was a correct picture of his ship. On the stocks, and until she went into commission, the *Alabama* was known as "No. 290," that being her number on the list of ships built by the Lairds. According to the volume, "Our Cruise in the Confederate States' War Steamer Alabama," she was a bark-rigged wooden propeller, of 1040 tons register; length of keel, 210 feet; length over all, 220; beam, 32; depth, 17. She carried two horizontal engines, each of 300 horse-power; she had stowage for 350 tons of coal. All her standing rigging was of wire. She had a double wheel placed just before the mizzen-mast, and on it was inscribed the motto, "*Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera.*"

The bridge was in the center, just before the funnel. She carried five boats: cutter and launch amidships, gig and whale-boat between the main and mizzen mast, and dingey astern. The main deck was pierced for twelve guns. She was elliptic stem; billet head; high bulwarks; cabin accommodations first-class; ward-room furnished with a handsome suite of state-rooms; the starboard steerage was for midshipmen, the port for engineers. Next came the engine-room, coal-bunkers, etc.; then the berth-deck, capable of accommodating 120 men. Under the ward-room were store-rooms; and under the steerage were shell-rooms; just forward of the firearms came the hold; next, the magazines; and forward of all, the boatswain's and sail-maker's store-rooms; the hold was all under the berth-deck.— EDITOR.

LIFE ON THE "ALABAMA."

BY ONE OF THE CREW.



SHIP AHOY!

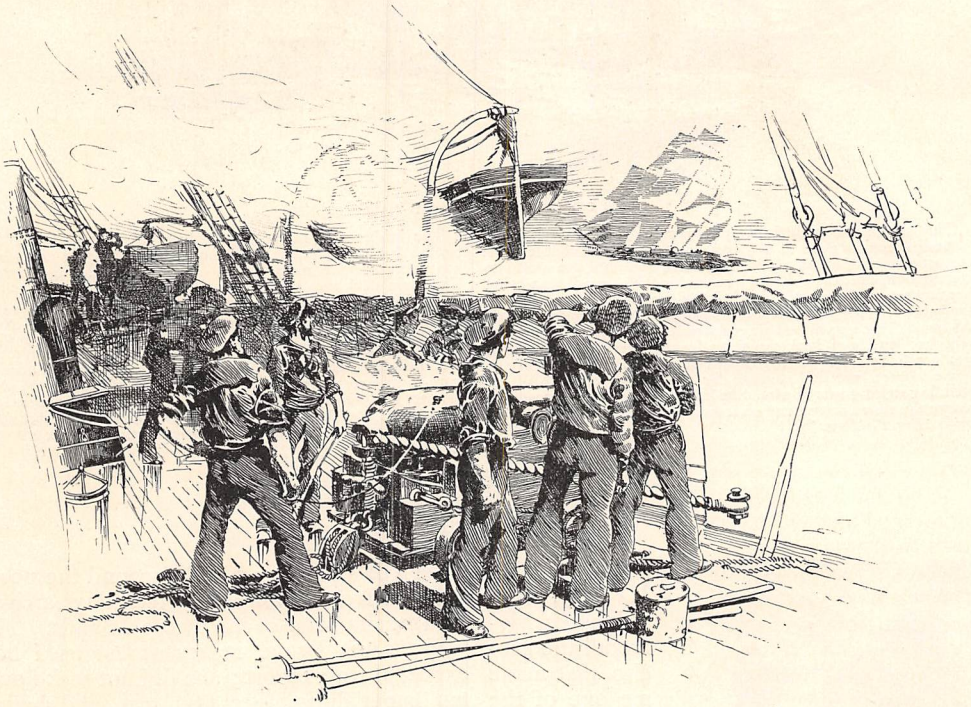
ON the 3d of July, 1862, I signed in Liverpool the articles that made me one of the crew of the "290"—afterwards the *Alabama*. The shipping agent, Campbell, warned me against Yankee spies, and assured me that in three months Great Britain would declare war against the United States. Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything, to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the places for the pivot-guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot-boxes were lying about.

On the 28th of July, the *Alabama* passed out of the Mersey, on a supposed trial-trip, and anchored in a bay on the Welsh coast, where she was joined by most of her crew. We had about one hundred men, half of them sailors, the others being coal-passers, etc. After a day's delay we sailed round the north coast of Ireland, and in thirteen days arrived at Terceira, one of the Azore Islands. The "290" was by no means as fast as I had expected from report; she did not make over ten knots during her first trip, and had a fashion of burying herself when driven to speed, that set everything afloat. Of course her crew, in the "berth-deck," were none the more comfortable for this.

In a few days we were joined by an English bark, loaded with guns and war material, and went to work laying platforms for the heavy guns, and mounting the pivot-guns, one a very fine Blakely rifled hundred-pounder, and the other an eight-inch sixty-eight-pounder, smooth bore. As the Portuguese governor had ordered us out of the harbor, we had to do our work in a rolling sea, three miles from an anchorage. Before we had finished the steamer *Bahama* came in, bringing Captain Semmes and the remainder of the crew, also more guns, and, it was said, a large sum of money.

We all got liberty and went ashore. Familiar as I was with sailors' antics, this surpassed everything. The few policemen of the town were seized and mounted on the men's backs; the authorities were defied, and although no serious outrage was committed, the Portuguese

officials remonstrated with Semmes for turning such a gang loose on them. Most of these men had not yet signed articles, and of course the officers of the *Alabama* could not control them. When the time came for signing they were told they could stay or go; they "quit backing and filling," and came forward at once and were sent on board. The ship was "all adrift" like a midshipman's chest, and the laughed at him, and suggested that "Chucks, the marine," had been at his tricks. Chucks is the "Robin Goodfellow" on board an English man-o'-war, who bears the blame of all mischief that can't be found out. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clew to earing,—no haymakers



INVITATION TO "HEAVE TO."

boatswain's pipe was going all the time. We worked hard to clean the ship, and got her in order in two days. The crew were now divided into watches, and the routine life of a man-o'-war commenced.

We left Angra on a bright Sunday morning in company with the *Bahama*. Our officers came out in "full fig"; the scratch band played "Dixie"; all hands were mustered, and we saw the flag we were to fight under, for the first time, and heard the first of Captain Semmes's exhortations. He told us among other things that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the South from the Yankees, etc. A boatswain's mate behind me growled, "Yass, Providence likely to bless this yer crew!" During the night some one ornamented a bread-bag with a terrific skull and cross-bones and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen-braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only among them,—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the "run" (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a rough, mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no "man-o'-war dickey" from them.

When off watch the men began to overhaul each other's log, and to tell lies about their voyages. I was pleased to find that I had not an old shipmate aboard. The best man in the port watch, to which I belonged, was a Scotchman named Gill. He was about forty, very powerful, and could hold an ordinary man at arm's length clear of the deck. He was saturated with Calvinism, and could quote Scripture and sermons by the hour, but was, all the same, a daring, dangerous ruffian. According to his own account, he had been in numerous mutinies, in one case taking a Span-



LOOTING A PRIZE. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

ish brig, killing the officers, beaching her on the Deseada Key, in the Leeward Islands, and getting to Porto Rico in the launch with the plunder. This man's influence was bad, and he was the cause of much of the insubordination that took place on board.

I hadn't a great deal of admiration for our officers, First Officer Kell being the best; but the truth is, the only officer that sailors respect is a sharp, resolute, driving one. Fear is the best basis for discipline on a ship. The men got it into their heads that our captain had been a parson; and knowing the versatility of the average American, I would not have been surprised, as I had once sailed under an officer who had been an editor, school-master, Baptist preacher, had been in the legislature, and I believe in the penitentiary for slave-trading, and was withal a first-rate sailor. This did not raise Captain Semmes in the regard of the crew, who cursed him for a psalm-singer, and a "jury captain"; but the fact that with such a company he cruised nearly two years and kept his ship, shows that he had both judgment and resolution.

On the 3d of September we took our first prize, a whaling schooner, and for the first time in my life I saw a burning vessel. When the boat returned with the prisoners, there was some excitement, but it soon became a commonplace matter. The prisoners were placed on deck under a spar-rigged sail, and fared badly in stormy weather. Our berth-deck was so crowded that the hammocks touched all over, and this gave opportunities to the rough to annoy their quieter shipmates. My hammock was cut down three times in one night, the knittles being rendered useless, and I had to finish my "turn in" on the deck. As soon as our watch was called I waited for the guilty man at the forward companion-way, and nearly battered the life out of him. I was duly reported and lost my "grog" for ten days, but I was not "dumped" any more.

We were now taking prizes rapidly, being not over four hundred miles from New York, in the "rolling forties" directly in the track of American commerce. The treatment of the prisoners was fairly good and they were

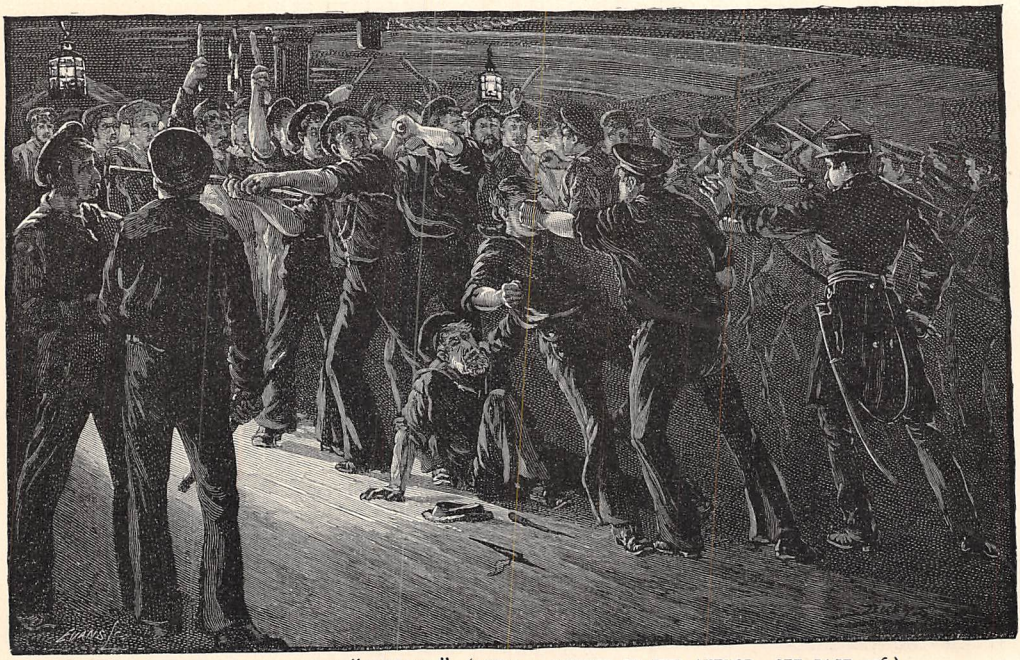


DIVERSION ON DECK.



CHRISTMAS AT ARCAS KEYS. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

not ill-used on board, but the conduct of the boarding-crews was shameful; the officer in charge of the boat had no control over them, and they rushed below like a gang of pirates, breaking open the sailors' chests and taking from the persons of the prisoners everything that took their fancy. I never saw them injure prisoners or use their weapons except to frighten their victims, but the wanton destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful. This sort of thing seriously affected the *morale* of the men, and had we then met an enemy of equal force, but of the usual standard of man-o'-



QUELLING A RIOT ON THE "ALABAMA." (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR. SEE PAGE 906.)

war discipline, we should have made a very poor show. The prisoners were of all nationalities, but their officers all seemed to be Americans by birth and were mostly a fine, gentlemanly lot. The old sea-dog element so common among English skippers in the East does not seem to exist among the American officers of the merchant marine; they might easily be mistaken for clerks, or even professors. Not so the old sailors in command of the "tea wagons" and East Indian ships,—their walk and lingo proclaim them sailors, and nothing else. One of the mates of a whaling-ship we took and burnt was a parson-like man and preached and prayed to his fellows. He was long and lanky, and two of our roughs began to haze him: but they mistook their calling, and in two minutes were so mauled and manhandled that it was reported aft; but the first officer said it served them right, much to the satisfaction of the honest man between decks.

On one of the prizes a man named George Forest was found. He had deserted from the Confederate service on the *Sumter*, and was recognized and put in irons. The same day the *Tonawanda* was taken; she was bonded and not burned. Forest was tried by court-martial, and lost his pay, etc.; then he was sent forward and put in our watch, where he at once fraternized with the Scotchman Gill and began to organize opposition. George Forest was a Yankee Irishman, born on Long Island. He was a first-class sailor, and had he possessed an education would have made his mark. He was tall, powerful, and had considerable manly beauty, and could talk to sailors better than any man I ever knew. He was a born mutineer, but was not as dangerous as old Gill, who could hold his tongue, which Forest could not. Having, as he said, nothing to lose but his life, as his pay was confiscated, he was openly insolent and defiant, and constantly in trouble, while the petty officers were afraid of him and his set. On a regular man-o'-war he would soon have ended his career; but, as Gill argued ingenuously, the *Alabama* had never been in a Southern port and was outside of the law, and it would be no mutiny to take the ship. There must have been something in this, or the officers would never have permitted what they did. In truth the expulsion of a dozen men would have made the captain secure in his authority, and I never could understand his forbearance. One means of maintaining discipline and subordination was wanting on the *Alabama*, and that was constant work. Where officers are enabled to command obedience to orders this is never neglected. "Teasing time" is well understood by merchant skippers, and consists in overhauling the rigging, restowing stores, frequent mustering, and inspecting bags and hammocks. But we were so heavily manned, and so full of stores (a prime necessity in the case of a ship that could not command a port when needed), that we had barely room to swing our hammocks; in fact we could scarcely move without tumbling over somebody. The monotony was dreadful. After we had swept the ocean of prizes we had no excitement, and we cast about in every way to amuse ourselves. The ruffianly por-



AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

tion of the crew found their pleasure in hazing and ill-treating their duller and less resolute shipmates, and there were some fearful examples of this kind of work. We had sparring matches and single-stick playing, in both of which I excelled. Spinning yarns and singing songs were resources that never failed. The starboard watch made every man sing in turn under penalty of a pannikin of salt water, and our poets were kept busy in composing new ditties. One man had a splendid tenor voice; he was well educated and had been, he said, an officer in the Royal Navy, and was, like all disrated gentlemen that I have ever met, a "vicious and irreclaimable blackguard." How strange to hear him sing "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," and "My Mary in Heaven" with taste and feeling, and the next moment disgust even his rude associates by a burst of obscene blasphemy. One sailor, a wonderful story-teller, who generally prefaced his yarns

with "When I sailed in the *Taprobane*, East Ingyman," was known as "Top-robbin." His imagination was prolific of horrors, and his grim and sepulchral visage aided in producing an effect on his hearers. His tales were of phantom ships, that sailed in the teeth of wind and current, and of ghastly women that came aboard in the height of storms, etc., and so realistic and impressive was his delivery that some of the worst ruffians in the watch sought their hammocks in fear and trembling. But the poor fellow came to grief in this wise. It was remarked that he had always missed his "tip" in the singing and had rather avoided the tuneful choir. He was on this particular night ordered to "pipe up" and no more temporizing about it. He put on a look of intense misery, and commenced:

> "How Jerry Lee was hung at sea
> For stabbing of his messmate true,
> And his body did swing, a horrible thing,
> At the sport of the wild sea-mew."

What a voice! — it was at once a squeaky treble and a hoarse bass. With one accord the men yelled to him to stop. He was assured "If you ever sing again in this ere watch while we're off soundings, we'll fire you through a lee port. Such a voice as that would raise a harrycane." Poor Top-robbin seemed glad to quit, remarking that he didn't sing for his own "diversion," and we all agreed with him.

Most of the songs would not look well in print, but they were nearly all squibs on the "Captain and his officers," and were bawled out without mitigation of voice, and no doubt heard in the mess-room aft. The belief that Captain Semmes had been a parson inspired many of these ditties, one of which ran as follows:

> "Oh, our captain said, 'When my fortune's made,
> I'll buy a church to preach in,
> And fill it full of toots and horns,
> And have a jolly Methodee screechin.
>
> "'And I'll pray the Lord from night to morn
> To weather Old Yankee Doodle —
> And I'll run a hinfant Sunday-school
> With part of the Yankee's boodle.'"

The following was the last effort of the Muse and was sung the Saturday night before we left Cherbourg:

> "We're homeward bound, we're homeward bound,
> And soon shall land on English ground;
> But ere that English land we see,
> We first must lick the *Kersar-gee*."

But we didn't lick the *Kersar-gee*, and the poor poet realized the alternative, for I saw him crushed and mangled under a gun, just before I went over the side.

October 17th we struck a spell of bad weather, lasting five days. At one time I thought we should founder. The weather main-brace parted, losing us the main-yard, fore-top and stay-sail. At one time the vessel was fairly on her beam-ends, and the decks were straight up and down. The ship was well handled, but was not, in my opinion, a weatherly craft, and I came to the conclusion that if we ran across one of the fast Yankee cruisers our career would come to an end.

November 18th we arrived at Martinique, and had an "ovation"; the exultation of the French over the disasters to Yankee commerce impressed me. A French corvette lying there gave a dinner to the officers. Gill licked two of the Frenchman's petty officers nearly to death, as his share of the entertainment, and our liberty was stopped in consequence. Forest swam on shore that night, and eluding sharks and lookouts, was hauled into one of the berth-deck ports with five gallons of the worst liquor I ever drank. It set the entire watch crazy. Forest kept comparatively sober, but old Gill "bowsed up his jib" until he could scarcely stand. Such an uproar I never heard; the lanterns were lit in defiance, and when the watch was called, the officer of the deck was saluted with all manner of "skrim-shander." The boatswain was knocked down and hurt by a blow from a belaying-pin, and everything loose was fired aft. The officers and marines, with the sober portion of the crew, now charged forward, and a terrible *mêlée* ensued. Gill knocked a gunner's mate's jaw out of place, and was laid out by a capstan-bar, and finally the drunken men were secured. Forest was identified by a port guard from shore, as the man who got the liquor, and as defiant as ever, was placed in double irons and under guard.

We now heard that a Yankee cruiser, the *San Jacinto*, was outside awaiting us. The general sentiment of the crew was to fight. We were tired of the monotony of hunting merchantmen and, win or lose, wanted a change. But our officers thought otherwise, and by the open and undisguised assistance of the French naval officers and shore authorities, signals were set to mislead the Yankee commander, and a pilot took us out by a route that enabled us to leave the island far astern by daybreak. On the 27th of November we arrived at the island of Blanquilla and coaled. We were about one hundred miles from the coast of South America. Forest was here sentenced to be sent ashore, to lose his pay and to be dismissed the service in disgrace. He snapped his fingers and swore to be even with the officers. We made up eighty dollars for him, and one of the boatmen took it ashore to him. I thought it a good riddance, but kept my opinion to myself.

After looking into Porto Rico we went

through the Mona passage, on the lookout for California steamers, and on the 27th of December we captured the *Ariel*. She was boldly sailed, and only came to, after a shot from our Blakely rifle had barely missed hulling her. As she was full of passengers, she was bonded and let go. We had up to this time taken nineteen prizes. December 24th, we came to the Arcas Keys, desolate sand-banks on the Caribbean Sea. Here we were to coal, and spend our Christmas-day, at liberty on shore. "Liberty on Christmas, the mean pirate!" sang out one of the port watch. "Well, here's for a quiet life — I can lick anything in the starboard watch!" In five minutes the whole front of the island was covered with combatants. Every one hit everybody else, and when the officer of the day sent a guard and boats to bring the men off, they had their hands full. Some of the men were badly hurt, and we had cause to remember our Christmas festivities at Arcas.

Sunday was our busy day. Half our prizes were taken on that day, and now our first action was to take place on Sunday, January 11, 1863. We knew from the orders given that we were in an enemy's vicinity and, accordingly, were at the guns when we saw through the dusk the bows of a small steamer, coming towards us. Her officers had no need to be taken unawares, as any good seaman would have seen that we were at quarters, guns manned. But she came within one hundred yards of us before hailing. We answered: "This is Her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Petrel!*" The answer came back, "This is the United States steamer *Hatteras!*" At the same moment we answered: "This is the Confederate steamer *Alabama!*" In fact, before they could well make out the hail, we gave her the whole broadside of our starboard batteries. We were not more than fifty yards away, and we heard the crash of the shot. She at once returned our fire — but it was evident her armament was light. After ten minutes' rapid firing some one called out, "The enemy is sinking," and we were ordered to stop firing, as the vessel had surrendered. Boats were manned, and in a few strokes of the oars we were alongside. Her bow was in the air, and she was going down stern foremost. In a few minutes her men and wounded were in the boats, and giving a wallow, the *Hatteras* went down. To me she looked more like a flimsy river steamer than a war vessel. Indeed, most Yankee cruisers look slim and slight compared with the more sturdy build of the English men-o'-war.

Much was said of our victory until we learned that the armament of the *Hatteras* had been four thirty-two-pounders, and that we had only killed and wounded five of her crew. With our weight of guns we should have done more harm; but the truth is, that we had but few skilled gunners on board, and they were not at the heavy guns. Our gun drills were farcical, in my opinion. In fact, we never came within distance of man-o'-war drill or discipline.

We now sailed for Jamaica, going into Port Royal, and had a pleasant time. Here something occurred that few knew of. An Irishman called "King-post," from his build, being short and thick, was suspected of giving the officers information of the plans of Forest and his mates. He was closely watched and he knew it, but was on his guard. He took his liberty with the others, and of course got drunk. Seeing Gill and another man leading a third and going toward the suburbs, I followed and made out the third man to be King-post. I missed them, and as I knew that Gill was well acquainted with the Port, I at once conjectured, that he had seen me following them, and had changed his course. An hour after both men came back, and I joined them. I asked where the Irishman was. Gill looked at me with his hard gray eyes, and significantly said: "I dunna know, laddie, but he'll haud his tongue noo; and ye had better say naithing, yir a wise fallou." King-post never came back and was supposed to have deserted; but no doubt he fell a victim to those two ruffians. The crew broke all bounds here and nearly all the petty officers were disrated, much to their satisfaction, as they had no respect from the crew and were responsible for them to their officers. I could have been quartermaster, but declined.

We were now on the coast of San Domingo, a lovely view of wooded mountains and tropical vegetation. On the 2d of July the cry of fire was raised, and after much confusion all was made right. It came from the spirit-room, where one of the petty officers had entered with a naked light. We were making prizes now and then, and burning them, but to-day we were fairly beaten by a sailing vessel. When the lookout saw her it was toward sunset, and we set the English ensign, our usual ruse to deceive Uncle Sam; but this captain was wideawake, and piling on canvas he kept the weather-gauge. We could see that he was using every device that a good sailor knew to beat us. Our boatswain was an old clipper sailor and I asked him whether we were gaining on the chase. "Not an inch, and we are doing our best." The wind freshened and we tried long shot with our rifle-gun, but it was no use. The chase was a cloud of canvas, and was beautifully handled, and in my heart I wished her success. It

was now getting dark, and several times we saw a light and felt assured that we were forereaching on the ship, when our lookout on the yard sang out, "That's a floating light." Our Yankee had fooled us by this old device, for we saw no more of him.

It was a very common thing for the crews that boarded a prize to bring liquor back with them. Once some fifteen bottles of brandy were smuggled aboard, and all hands partook. As usual, there was a terrible time between decks. One petty officer was so badly hurt that it was thought he would die. Many of the men had grape-shot in a netted bag fastened to the wrist by a lanyard, and many a coward blow was given with these.

We hailed a large ship, June 30th, and fired a gun, which was at once returned, when we found that we were trying to bring to a British man-of-war, the *Diomede*. She did not answer our ensign, but kept on her way in apparent disdain. We now left the South American coast and made for the Cape of Good Hope, taking a few prizes on the way, and late in July anchored in Saldanha Bay, about one hundred miles north of Cape Town. Here one of the engineers shot himself by accident and was buried. We sailed for Cape Town and many of the crew deserted. At Simon's Town the entire crew broke away, petty officers and all, and the quartermaster and twelve men left us.

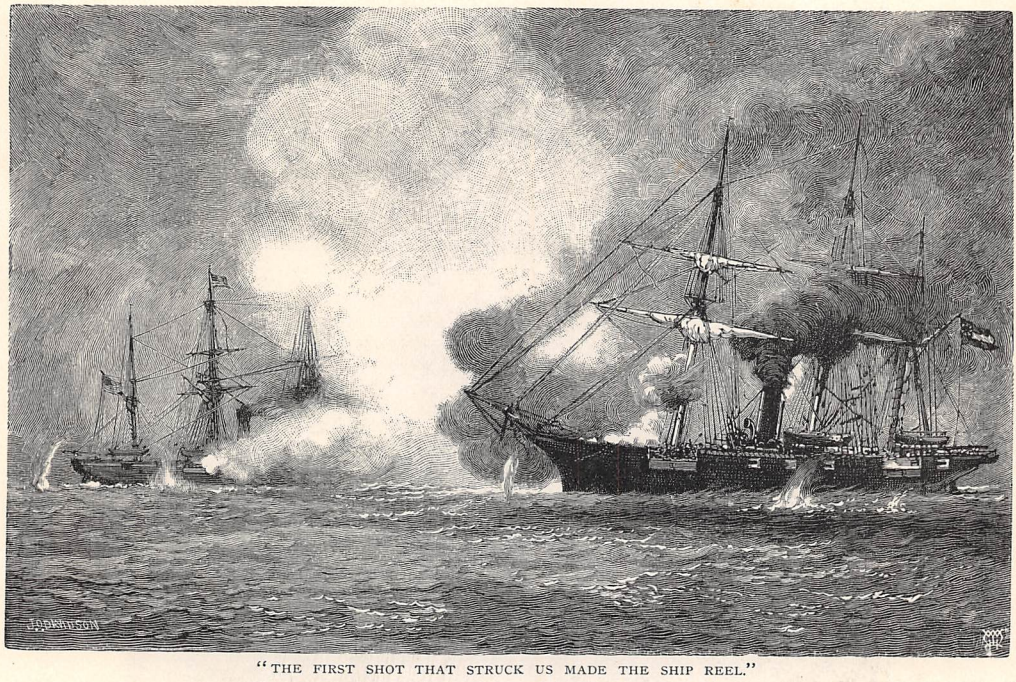
We now sailed for the Eastern seas, and making captures here and there, arrived at Singapore December 22. We had one long chase after a fine clipper ship, the *Contest*, that but for our guns would have outsailed us. Her mate was an Englishman, and was put in irons after knocking down one of the officers and offering to fight any "pirate" on board. At one small island near the Straits of Sunda, garrisoned by Frenchmen, we had a stand-up fight with a gang of large baboons, and two of our men were badly bitten. I had my jacket taken clean off, at one clutch, and was glad to escape so easily. They threw stones and clubs like Tipperary men.

We sailed from Singapore for Table Bay, the weather being fearfully hot, and got there March 13th. I was approached in the middle watch by a man known as "Shakings," from his bushy yellow hair. He was a great crony of Gill's and told me that if I would stand in, they would make a rush aft, on the next night, and that we could easily take the ship; that the American consul would guarantee us one hundred thousand dollars, and see that no harm would come to us. I asked him who were with him, and he said four of the petty officers, and some twenty of the crew. I did not like this man, he had a bad eye, and I said I would think of it. I knew Gill, bad as he was, could be trusted, and I spoke to him. He assured me that we would not be opposed by the petty officers, and one determined rush would do it! I told him that I was sure the officers were on the alert and that as we were going to England soon, it would scarce pay — and that the American consul would repudiate the whole affair and we would bring ourselves in the grip of English law. If we could run her into a Yankee port, it would be different. I thought of the wretched man at Port Royal and kept my own counsel.

We were told that our course was now for England and this had a good effect on the men. The Yankee flag seemed to become a stranger on the seas, and we had a dull time after leaving the African coast. We were off Lizard Point June 8th, with England dim and misty on the port bow. We took a pilot aboard and made Cherbourg on the 13th of June. There is no doubt that the ship needed repairs. She forged through the water, showing that her copper was stripping and that she had become a very tub in sailing. Her engines were out of order, and there was a constant thumping and fizzing in the engine-room. It was generally understood that in all probability her cruising would come to an end, for if she ventured into an English port that would be the last of her, as the English Government would stop her going out again. I do not think that I was ever so glad to get ashore in my life. On shore we soon heard of the U. S. steamer *Kearsarge*, and we were glad that we would have an opportunity of trying our guns on something like our match. The police in Cherbourg being well organized, our men behaved fairly well.

On the 15th of June at an early hour, it was told through the ship that the *Kearsarge* was coming through the east end of the harbor. From the berth-deck ports we had a fair look at her. She seemed low in the water, but was evidently in fighting trim. She steamed past us, at the rate of about nine knots, and out of the west opening. We heard from the gossip of the ward-room servants that Semmes had challenged the American consul. The men who worked the guns had no confidence in any but the Blakely rifle."

We got everything ship-shape and left Cherbourg for our last cruise on a bright Sunday morning, June 19th. We were escorted by a French armored vessel, and when we got outside we could see the *Kearsarge* awaiting us, about four miles away. Captain Semmes made us a short speech which was well received, though it seemed odd to me that an American should appeal to an Englishman's love of glory to animate him to fight the



"THE FIRST SHOT THAT STRUCK US MADE THE SHIP REEL."

speaker's own countrymen. But we cheered, and the French ship leaving us, we steamed straight for the *Kearsarge*. There is no doubt that Semmes was flurried and commenced firing too soon. We were, I should say, nearly a mile away, and I do not think a single shot told. The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards and then she let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over. I was serving on one of the thirty-two-pounders, and my sponger was an old man-o'-war's man, who remarked after a look out of the port, "We might as well fire batter puddens as these pop-guns; a few more biffs like that last and we may turn turtle." He had scarcely spoken when a shell burst under our pivot-gun, tilting it out of range and killing five of the crew. "What is wrong with the rifle-gun?" was asked. "We don't seem to be doing the enemy any harm," while with slow precision came the crash of the heavy shell of the Yankee. One missile that seemed as big as a haystack whizzed over our heads, taking a section of the port bulwarks away, fortunately missing a man that was handling shot. He only remarked that he believed the Yankee was firing "steam-b'ilers" at us. Another shell struck us amidships, causing the ship to list to port so that our gun weighing three tons raced in, pinning one poor fellow against the port-sill. He died before we could get him clear. This was the missile that sunk the *Alabama*. "She's going down!" was the cry, and all was confusion. Another shell struck about the water-line, and the vessel reeled like a drunken man. The dead and wounded were lying about the deck, which was red with blood. Our officers did their duty and the men at once began to get up the wounded. The cutter and launch were in the water, and the officers were trying to keep the men back till the wounded were all in; but certainly many of them were left, for I saw several on the berth-deck when I went below, and the boats were then full and pushing off. When it was certain that the ship was sinking, all order was at an end. I had £10 and a watch in a locker between decks, and I ran below, but they were gone.

"All hands on deck — ship's going down!" was called, and I had just got on the upper step of the forward companion-way when the water, entering the berth-deck ports, forced the air up and almost carried me off my legs. I cast my eyes around for a moment. Old Gill, with his head crushed under the carriage of the eight-inch gun, was lying there, his brawny hands clinching the breast of his jumper. Just as the water came over the stern I went over the port bulwarks. I was a good swimmer, and had not been in the water five minutes when a French pilot-boat came running past, and a brawny fellow in petticoats and top-boots dragged me out of the water. Three of our crew were on board and two more were picked up. One of the men told me that he had been hailed by the doctor to aid him in



CAPTAIN JOHN McINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SOUTHAMPTON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FIGHT.)

bringing a man from the lower deck, but did not wait, as the water was then coming into the lower deck ports. I had seen an officer at the after companion-way just before going over the side, and this was no doubt Dr. Llewellyn, who was drowned.

A steam-yacht was passing westward, which I recognized as the *Deerhound*, having seen her at Cherbourg. I had a good look at the *Kearsarge*, whose boats were approaching, but she did not seem injured in the least. Our French lugger bore away for Cherbourg, landing us about four in the afternoon. I had deposited £90 with a French money-changer before the action, so I was not badly off. We were beset with questions by Englishmen staying there, and I was amazed at their desire to belittle the victory of the *Kearsarge*. One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the Royal Navy and was saved with me, said to the point, "We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned; had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it," and he walked away. The next day I induced an English fishing-smack to take me to England, landing at Portsmouth.

We had inflicted great loss on private owners, but I am sure we did not aid the cause we fought for, in the least. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the *Hatteras*, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hail, and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return — surely, no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the *Kearsarge* however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenseless merchantmen; and the "meteor flag," that Captain Semmes was so proud of, came down with a run.

P. D. Haywood.

CRUISE AND COMBATS OF THE "ALABAMA."

BY HER EXECUTIVE OFFICER.



THE *Alabama* was built by the Lairds, of Birkenhead, England, for the Confederate States Government, and in violation of no law. In the House of Commons the senior partner of the constructors stated "that she left Liverpool a perfectly legitimate transaction." Captain James D. Bulloch, as agent for the Confederacy, superintended her construction. As a "ruse" she was sent on a trial trip, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. A tug met the ship in the channel, and took off the guests, while the two hundred and ninetieth ship built in the Laird yard proceeded on her voyage to the island of Terceira, among the Azores, whither a transport had preceded her with war material. Captain Raphael Semmes, with his officers, carried by the *Bahama*, met her there. Under the lee of the island, outside the marine league, we lashed our ships together, and made the transfer of armament and stores.

Arriving on Wednesday, August 20th, 1862, by Saturday night we had completed the transfer, and on Sunday morning, under a cloudless sky, upon the broad Atlantic, a common heritage, we put in commission the *Alabama*, by authority of the Confederate States Government. Thus empowered, we proceeded to ship such men from the crews of the several ships as were willing to sign the articles. Eighty men signed, and these formed the nucleus of our crew, the full complement being soon made up from the crews of our prizes. From the above date we commenced our cruise of twenty-two months, which was the most successful accomplishment of the work for which she was constructed of any single ship of any nation in any age.

The *Alabama* was built for speed rather than battle. Her lines were symmetrical and fine; her material of the best. In fifteen minutes her propeller could be hoisted, and she could go through every evolution under sail without any impediment. In less time her propeller could be lowered; with sails furled, and yards braced within two points of a head-wind, she was a perfect steamer. Her speed, independent, was from ten to twelve knots; combined, and under favorable circumstances, she could make fifteen knots. When ready for sea she drew fifteen feet of water. She was barkentine rigged, with long lower masts, which enabled her to carry an immense spread of lower canvas, and to lay close to the wind. Her engines were three hundred horse-power, with a condensing apparatus that was indispensable. Since we lived principally upon provisions taken from our prizes, their water-supply was never sufficient. Our condenser enabled us to keep the sea for long periods, we having to seek a port only for coals.

Our armament consisted of eight guns: one Blakely hundred-pounder rifled gun, pivoted forward; one eight-inch solid-shot gun, pivoted abaft the mainmast; and six thirty-two pounders in broadside. Our crew numbered about one hundred and twenty men and twenty-four officers. Captain Semmes, an officer of high standing in the old navy, had studied law, paying particular attention to the international branch, and was admitted to the bar in Alabama, of which State he was a citizen. Thus he was eminently qualified for the position he was now called upon to assume. During the Mexican war he commanded the brig *Somers* in the blockade of Vera Cruz, and lost that unfortunate vessel in chase, during a norther, and narrowly escaped drowning. He afterwards accompanied the army to the city of Mexico, ever foremost in the path of duty and daring heroism. The writer, his executive officer, had served twenty years in the old navy, and had had the good fortune to accompany every expedition of a warlike nature fitted out by the United States during that period. In the Mexican war, on the coast of California, I served ashore and afloat; then with the gallant Commodore Perry, in his expedition to Japan, and again in the Paraguay expedition. Our second lieutenant, R. F. Armstrong, from Georgia, and third lieutenant, J. D. Wilson, from Florida, came out with us in the *Sumter*.



REAR-ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, CAPTAIN OF THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MRS. J. McINTOSH KELL; TAKEN IN ENGLAND AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS SHIP.)

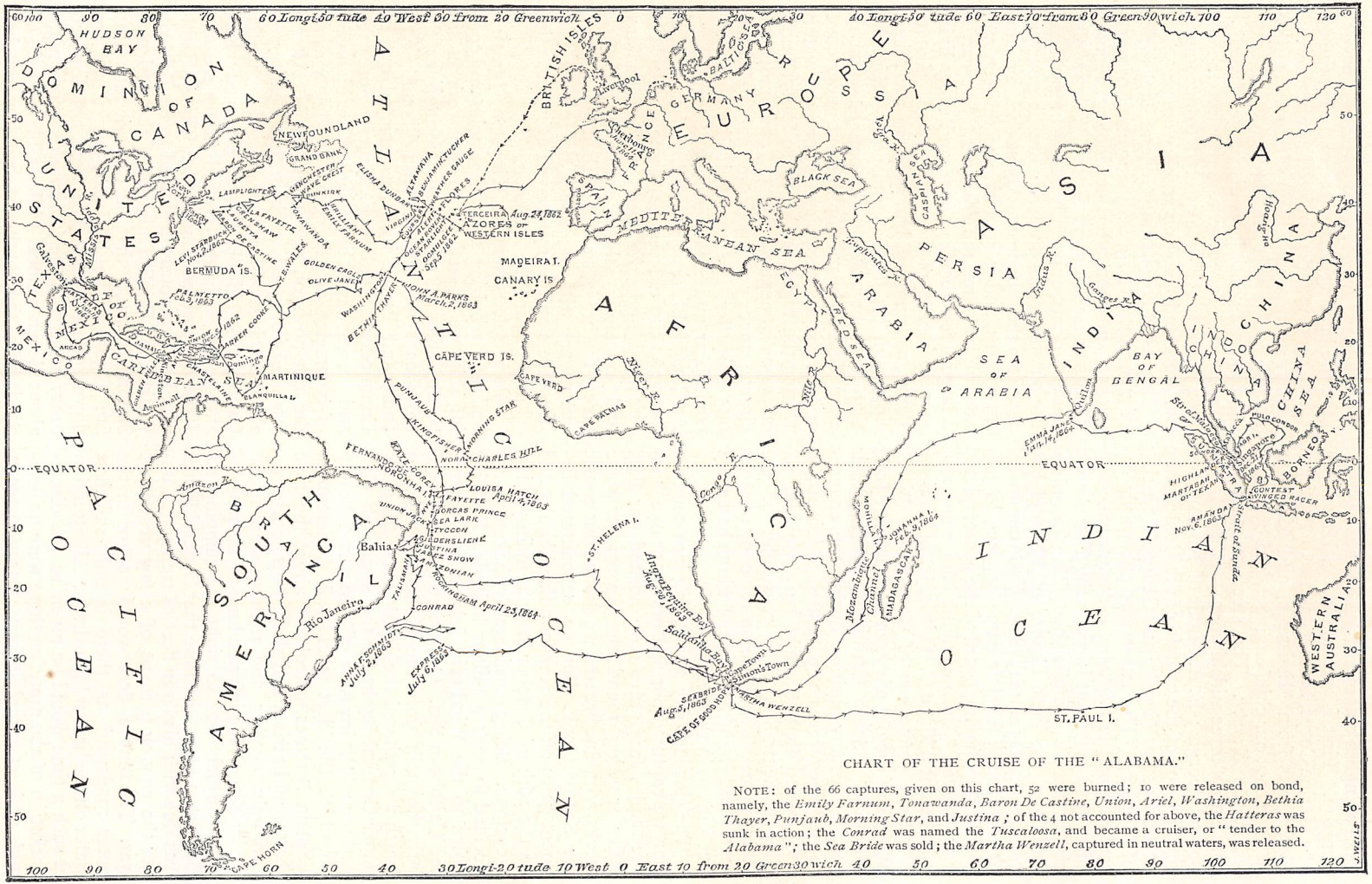
They were just from Annapolis, each having resigned on the secession of their respective States. Both the father and grandfather of our fourth lieutenant, Arthur Sinclair, Jr., of Virginia, had been captains in the United States Navy. Our fifth lieutenant, John Lowe, of Georgia, had seen some service, and was a most efficient officer; our Acting Master I. D. Bulloch, of Georgia, was a younger brother of Captain James D. Bulloch. It will thus be seen that the watch-officers of the ward-room were not ordinary material. A few months' experience in active service gave them confidence, and it may safely be affirmed that older heads could not have filled their places with greater efficiency. The remainder of our ward-room mess was made up of our surgeon, Dr. F. L. Galt, of Virginia, also of the old service; Dr. D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, who, as surgeon, came out in the ship when

under English colors, and joined us as assistant surgeon. First Lieutenant B. K. Howell, of the Marine Corps, brother-in-law to President Davis, was from Mississippi, and Mr. Miles J. Freeman, our chief engineer, had been with us in the *Sumter*. The steerage mess was made up of three midshipmen — E. M. Anderson of Georgia; E. A. Maffit of North Carolina, the son of the captain of the Confederate States steamer *Florida;* and George T. Sinclair of Virginia. The latter was afterwards detached from the *Alabama*, and made executive officer to Lieutenant Lowe on the *Tuscaloosa*, a tender that we commissioned. The *Tuscaloosa* had been the bark *Conrad* of Philadelphia, captured by us June 21, 1863. Upon our arrival at Cherbourg, Sinclair came at once to join his old ship, having heard of the contemplated engagement. Accompanying him came also Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., of Virginia, a gallant young son of Commodore W. C. Whittle of the old navy, and Lieutenant John Grimball, a South Carolinian, offering their services for any position during the engagement. They were not permitted to join us, on the ground that it would be a violation of French neutrality. The remainder of the steerage mess was made up of young master's mates and engineers, most of whom had come out with us in the *Sumter*.

The eleventh day after going into commission we captured our first prize, not one hundred miles from where we hoisted our flag. After working round the Azores for some weeks, with fine breezes, we shaped our course for Sandy Hook. But we encountered frequent gales off the Newfoundland banks, and on the 16th of October lost our main-yard in a cyclone. Being considerably shaken up, we decided to seek a milder latitude. Running down to the Windward Islands, we entered the Caribbean Sea. Our prizes gave us regularly the mails from the United States, from which we gathered the fitting out of the army under General Banks for the attack on Galveston and the invasion of Texas, and the day on which the fleet would sail. Whereupon, Captain Semmes calculated about the time they would arrive, and shaped his course accordingly, coaling and refitting ship at the Arcas Keys. He informed me of his plan of attack, which was to sight the shipping off Galveston about the time that General Banks was due with his large fleet of transports, under the convoy perhaps of a few vessels of war. The entire fleet would anchor in the outer roadstead, as there is only sufficient water on the bar for light-drafts. All attention at such a time would be given to the disembarkation of the army, as there were no enemy's cruisers to molest them; our presence in the Gulf was not even known. We were to take the bearing of the fleet, and after the mid watch was set and all quieted down, we would silently steam among them with both batteries in action, slowly steam through their midst, pouring in a continuous discharge of shell to fire and sink as we went, and before the convoys could move we expected to accomplish our work and be off on another cruise.

But instead of sighting General Banks's fleet of transports we sighted five vessels of war at anchor, and soon after, our lookout reported a steamer standing out for us. We were then under topsails, only, with a light breeze, heading off shore, and gradually drawing our pursuer from the squadron. About dark she came up with us, and in an action of thirteen minutes we had sunk the *Hatteras!* She carried a larger crew than our own, and every living man on board of her was saved. General Banks, as it proved, had gone up the Mississippi with his fleet of transports. Knowing that the squadron would soon be upon us, every light on board ship was put under cover and we shaped our course for broader waters. During the night one of those fearful northers came sweeping after us, and under the circumstances was a welcome gale. Hoisting our propeller, we crowded all the sail she could bear, and soon were out of harm's way. As Captain Blake of the *Hatteras* (whom I had known in the old service) came on deck, he remarked upon the speed we were making, and gracefully saluted me with, "Fortune favors the brave, sir!" I wished him a pleasant voyage with us; and I am sure he, with his officers and men, received every attention while on board the *Alabama*.

We paroled them at Kingston, Jamaica, and after repairing a few shot-holes and coaling ship, we passed on to our work in the South Atlantic, taking our position at the cross-roads of the homeward-bound East India and Pacific trade, as pointed out by Commodore Matthew F. Maury, whose wind and current charts have marked the highways of commerce on the ocean as plainly as do the mile-posts on our public roads. After a few weeks of good work in that locality and along the coast of Brazil, we crossed over to the Cape of Good Hope, where we played "hide and seek" with the United States steamer *Vanderbilt*, whose commander, Captain Baldwin, had generously explained to Sir Baldwin Walker, the English admiral of the station at Simon's Town, "that he did not intend to fire a gun at the *Alabama*, but to run her down and sink her." We were not disposed to try issues with the *Vanderbilt;* so one night about eleven o'clock, while it blew a gale of wind from the south-east, we hove anchor


60 Longitude West from Greenwich
40 Longitude East from Greenwich
30 Longitude West from Greenwich
0 East from Greenwich
HUDSON BAY
DOMINION OF CANADA
NEWFOUNDLAND
GRAND BANK
UNITED STATES
GULF OF MEXICO
MEXICO
BERMUDA IS.
CARIBBEAN SEA
MARTINIQUE
GUADALOUPE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
BRITISH ISLES
Liverpool
FRANCE
GERMANY
EUROPE
RUSSIA
BALTIC SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ASIA
PERSIA
ARABIA
INDIA
CHINA
INDO CHINA
BAY OF BENGAL
SEA OF ARABIA
MADEIRA I.
CANARY IS
CAPE VERD IS.
CAPE VERD
CAPE PALMAS
AZORES OR WESTERN ISLES
TERCEIRA Aug. 24, 1862
EQUATOR
PACIFIC OCEAN
SOUTH AMERICA
Bahia
Rio Janeiro
CAPE HORN
AFRICA
Congo R.
Niger R.
ST. HELENA I.
Angra Pequena Bay
Saldanha Bay
Cape Town
Simons Town
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
Mozambique Channel
MADAGASCAR
INDIAN OCEAN
ST. PAUL I.
AMSTERDAM I.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA
BORNEO
Straits of Sunda
Straits of Malacca
Singapore
Penang
Manilla
Hong Kong
Shanghai
Yokohama
Japan
Kamtschatka
Behring Strait
Aleutian Islands
Sandwich Islands
Honolulu
Galapagos Islands
Juan Fernandez
Valparaiso
Callao
Panama
Galveston
Havana
Key West
Charleston
Wilmington
Norfolk
Boston
Portland
Halifax
Quebec
Montreal
Toronto
Chicago
Detroit
Cleveland
Buffalo
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Richmond
Petersburg
Raleigh
Columbia
Savannah
Charleston
Mobile
New Orleans
Vicksburg
Memphis
Nashville
Louisville
Cincinnati
Indianapolis
St. Louis
Chicago
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Omaha
Kansas City
Denver
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
Portland
Seattle
Victoria
Vancouver
Sit

and steamed out of Simon's Bay. By morning we had made a good offing, and, setting what sail she could carry, hoisted our propeller and made a due south course. We ran down to the fortieth degree south latitude, where we fell in with westerly gales and bowled along nearly due east, until we shaped our course for the Straits of Java. Our long stretch across the Indian Ocean placed us in the China Sea, where we were least expected, and where we soon fell in with the China trade. In a few weeks we had so paralyzed the enemy's commerce that their ships were absolutely locked up in port, and neutrals doing all the carrying trade. Having thus virtually cleared the sea of the United States flag, we ran down to Singapore, coaled ship, and then turned westward through the Straits of Malacca, across to India, thence to the east coast of Africa. Passing through the Mozambique channel, we again touched in at the Cape of Good Hope, and thence crossed to the coast of Brazil.

Among the many prizes we captured and destroyed, we necessarily saw many varieties of the *genus homo* in the guise of the Yankee skipper. While taking the burning of their ships very philosophically as among the fortunes of war, some clung to "creature comforts" regardless of heavier losses. Upon one occasion, going aboard a fine ship, I told the captain "he might bring away his personal effects." He made a most ludicrous scene by earnestly appealing to me "to grant him one request," that he "might be permitted to take with him 'Spurgeon's Sermons' and a keg of very fine whisky." The sermons I granted, but told him the whisky must go overboard. The prisoners on board of the *Alabama* as a general practice were *not* put in irons, but were simply confined to an allotted space with a guard over them. The prisoners of the first half-dozen prizes taken were put in irons, including the captains and mates, at which the captains were very indignant, and remonstrated with Captain Semmes that their position should entitle them to different treatment. Captain Semmes replied that he confined them in irons in retaliation for the manner in which the agents of the U. S. Government had treated the purser of the C. S. steamer *Sumter*. The purser, under orders, was *en route* from Gibraltar to Cadiz in a French merchant steamer. Stopping at Tangier to put off and take on passengers and cargo, the purser walked on shore, and was there, in a neutral country, seized by the U. S. consul at the head of an armed force of Moorish soldiers, and brutally imprisoned, with heavy manacles. From there he was taken in irons by the U. S. armed vessel *Ino*, and finally sent to New York in irons. The purser was a gentleman of unimpeachable character and high position. Again, there were occasions during the cruise when the number of prisoners warranted placing some in irons, but never were captains put in irons after that first measure of retaliation.

Our little ship was now showing signs of the active work she had been doing. Her boilers were burned out, and her machinery sadly in want of repairs. She was loose at every joint, her seams were open, and the copper on her bottom was in rolls. Captain Semmes decided to seek a port in Europe, and to go into dock.

One pleasant day, on the coast of Brazil, we captured a prize, and Captain Semmes said to me, "We will make a target of her. Up to this time we have carried out the instructions of the Department, destroying the enemy's commerce and driving it from every sea we have visited, while avoiding their cruisers. Should we now fall in with a cruiser not too heavy for us, we will give her battle." I at once called all hands to general quarters, and, taking convenient distance from our prize, practiced principally with shell to see the effect. Many of our fuses proved defective. Upon visiting the target I found that one of the hundred-pound shells had exploded on the quarter-deck, and I counted fifteen marks from its missiles, which justifies me in asserting that had the hundred-pound shell which we placed in the stern-post of the *Kearsarge* exploded, it would have changed the result of the fight. I at once examined every fuse and cap, discarding the apparently defective, and at the same time made a thorough overhauling of the magazine, as I thought, but the action with the *Kearsarge* proved that our entire supply of powder was damaged. The report from the *Kearsarge's* battery was clear and sharp, the powder burning like thin vapor, while our guns gave out a dull report, with thick and heavy vapor.

We now set our course for Europe, and on the 11th day of June, 1864, entered the port of Cherbourg, and at once applied for permission to go into dock. There being none but national docks, the Emperor had first to be communicated with before permission could be granted, and he was absent from Paris. It was during this interval of waiting, on the third day after our arrival, that the *Kearsarge* steamed into the harbor, for the purpose, as we learned, of taking on board the prisoners we had landed from our two last prizes. Captain Semmes, however, objected to this on the ground that the *Kearsarge* was adding to her crew in a neutral port. The



A CLIPPER ESCAPING FROM THE "ALABAMA" (SEE PAGE 907.)

authorities conceding this objection valid, the *Kearsarge* steamed out of the harbor, without anchoring. During her stay we examined her closely with our glasses, but she was keeping on the opposite side of the harbor, out of the reach of a very close scrutiny, which accounts for our not detecting the boxing to her chain armor. After she left the harbor Captain Semmes sent for me to his cabin, and said: "I am going out to fight the *Kearsarge;* what do you think of it?" We discussed the battery and especially the advantage the *Kearsarge* had over us in her eleven-inch guns. She was built for a vessel of war, and we for

speed, and though she carried one gun less, her battery was more effective at point-blank range. While the *Alabama* carried one more gun, the *Kearsarge* threw more metal at a broadside; and while our heavy guns were more effective at a long range, her eleven-inch guns gave her greatly the advantage at close range. She also had a slight advantage in her crew, she carrying one hundred and sixty-two all told, while we carried one hundred and forty-nine. Considering well these advantages, we nevertheless decided to engage her as soon as we could coal ship.

Captain Semmes communicated through our agent to the U. S. consul that if Captain Winslow would wait outside the harbor he would fight him as soon as we could coal ship. I at once proceeded to get everything snug for action, and by Saturday night we had finished taking in coals, and had scrubbed the decks. I reported to Captain Semmes that the ship was ready for battle.

The next morning, Sunday, June 19th, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, we weighed anchor, and stood out of the western entrance of the harbor, the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne* following us. The day was bright and beautiful, with a light breeze blowing. Our men were neatly dressed, and our officers in full uniform. The report of our going out to fight the *Kearsarge* had been circulated, and many persons from Paris and the surrounding country had come down to witness the engagement. They, with a large number of the inhabitants of Cherbourg, collected on every prominent point of the shore that would afford a view seaward. As we rounded the breakwater we discovered the *Kearsarge* about seven miles to the northward and eastward. We immediately shaped our course for her, called all hands to quarters, and cast loose the starboard battery. Upon reporting to the captain that the ship was ready for action, he directed me to send all hands aft, and mounting a gun-carriage, he made the following address:

"OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE "ALABAMA": You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy— the first that has been presented to you since you sunk the *Hatteras!* In the mean time you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, one-half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends! Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, which bids defiance to her enemy's whenever and wherever found! Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

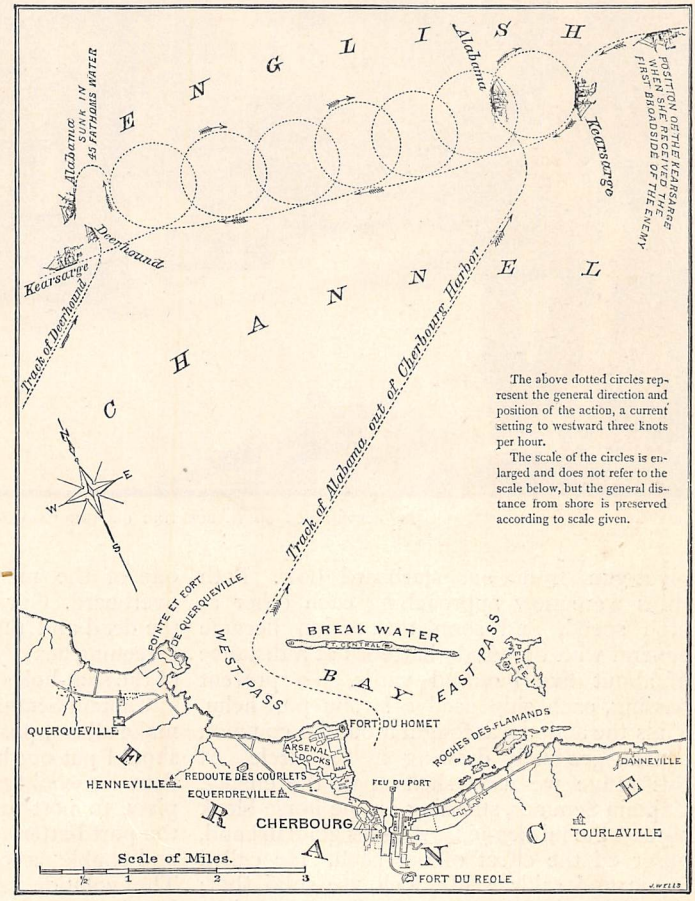


CHART OF THE ACTION.

In about forty-five minutes we were somewhat over a mile from the *Kearsarge*, when she headed for us, presenting her starboard bow. At a distance of a mile, we commenced the action with our one-hundred pounder



AN ELEVEN-INCH SHELL BURSTING ON THE "ALABAMA."

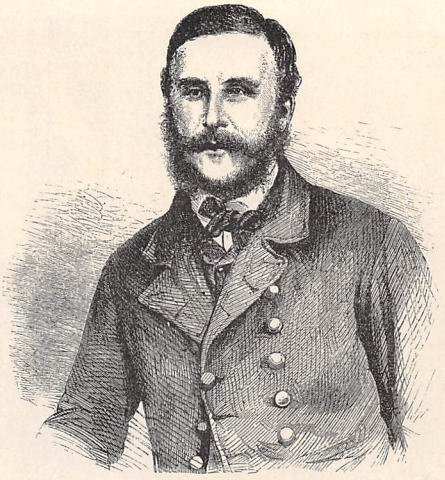
pivot-gun from our starboard bow. Both ships were now approaching each other at high speed, and soon the action became general with broadside batteries at a distance of about five hundred yards. To prevent passing, each ship used a strong port helm. Thus the action was fought around a common center, gradually drawing in the circle. At this range we used shell upon the enemy. Captain Semmes, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast with his glass in hand, observed the effect of our shell. He called to me and said: "Mr. Kell, use solid shot; our shell strike the enemy's side and fall into the water." We were not at this time aware of the chain armor of the enemy, and attributed the failure of our shell to our defective ammunition. After using solid shot for some time, we alternated shell and shot. The enemy's eleven-inch shells were now doing severe execution upon our quarter-deck section. Three of them successively entered our eight-inch pivot-gun port: the first swept off the forward part of the gun's crew; the second killed one man and wounded several others; and the third struck the breast of the gun-carriage, and spun around on the deck, till one of the men picked it up and threw it overboard. Our decks were now covered with the dead and the wounded, and the ship was careening heavily to starboard from the effects of the shot-holes on her water-line.

Captain Semmes ordered me to be ready to make all sail possible when the circuit of fight should put our head to the coast of France; then he would notify me at the same time to pivot to port and continue the action with the port battery, hoping thus to right the ship and enable us to reach the coast of France. The evolution was performed beautifully, righting the helm, hoisting the head-sails, hauling aft the fore try-sail sheet, and pivoting to port, the action continuing almost without cessation.

This evolution exposed us to a raking fire, but, strange to say, the *Kearsarge* did not take advantage of it. The port side of the quarter-deck was so encumbered with the mangled trunks of the dead that I had to have them thrown overboard, in order to fight the after pivot-gun. I abandoned the after thirty-two-pounder, and transferred the men to fill up the vacancies to the pivot-gun under the charge of young Midshipman Anderson, who

in the midst of the carnage filled his place like a veteran. At this moment the chief engineer came on deck and reported the fires put out, and that he could no longer work the engines. Captain Semmes said to me, "Go below, sir, and see how long the ship can float." As I entered the ward-room the sight was indeed appalling. There stood Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn at his post, but the table and the patient upon it were swept away from him by an eleven-inch shell, which opened in the side of the ship an aperture that was fast filling the ship with water.

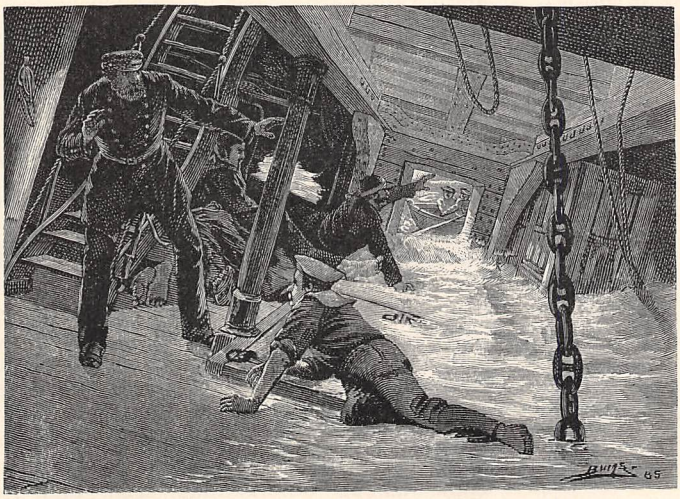
It took me but a moment to return to the deck and report to the captain that "we could not float ten minutes." He replied to me, "Then, sir, cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors; it will never do in this nineteenth century for us to go down, and the decks covered with our gallant wounded." The order was promptly executed, after which the *Kearsarge* deliberately fired into us five shot.* I ordered the men to stand to their quarters, and not flinch from the shot of the enemy; they stood every man to his post most heroically. With the first shot fired upon us after our colors were down, the quartermaster was ordered to show a white flag over the stern, which order was executed in my pres-



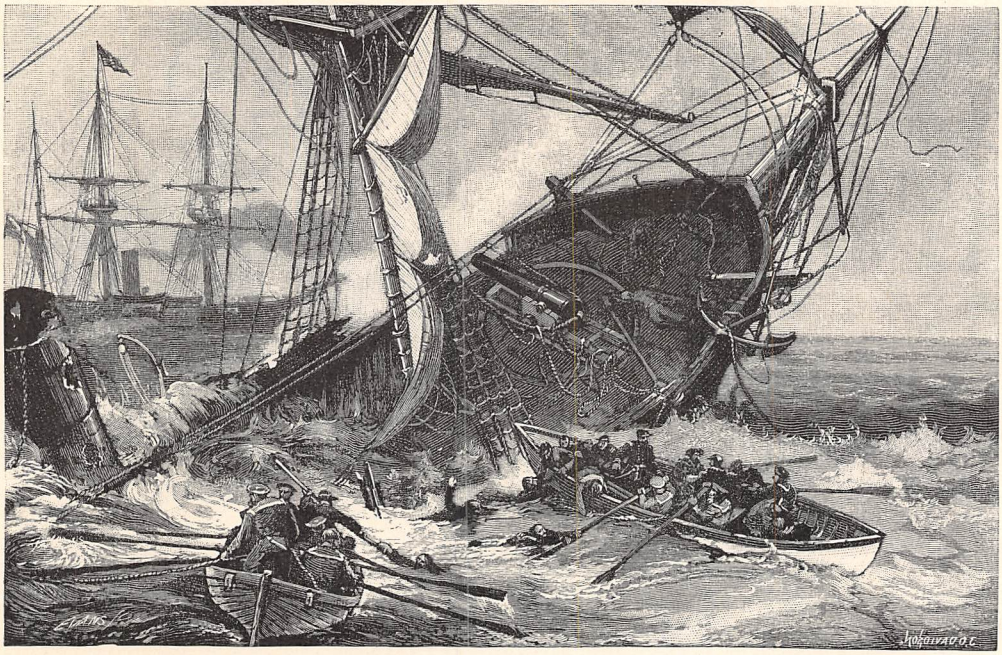
ASSISTANT-SURGEON DAVID HERBERT LLEWELLYN.
(FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE LONDON "ILLUSTRATED NEWS.")

* This unwarranted conduct of Captain Winslow's was evidently the result of a misapprehension on his part, which cannot be admitted as a reasonable excuse. In his letter (dated Cherbourg, June 21, 1864) to the Secretary of the Navy, he says: "Towards the close of the action between the *Alabama* and this vessel, all available sail was made on the former for the purpose of again reaching Cherbourg. When the object was apparent the *Kearsarge* was steered across the bow of the *Alabama* for a raking fire; but before reaching this point the *Alabama* struck. Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was using some *ruse*, the *Kearsarge* was stopped"—and continued his fire, for by his own words he thought Captain Semmes was making some ruse. The report that the *Alabama* fired her guns after the colors were down and she had shortened sail is not correct. There was a cessation in the firing of our guns when we shifted our battery to port, after which we renewed the action. Almost immediately afterward the engineer reported the fires put out, when we ceased firing, hauled down the colors, and shortened sail. There was *no* gun fired from the *Alabama* after that. Captain Winslow may have thought we had surrendered when we ceased firing and were in the act of shifting the battery; but the idle report that junior officers had taken upon themselves to continue the action after the order had been given to cease firing is not worthy of notice. I did not hear after-firing, and the discipline of the *Alabama* would not have permitted it.—J. M. K.

In the letter from which Captain Kell quotes Captain Winslow does not speak of "continuing his fire." But in his detailed report (dated July 30, 1864) Captain Winslow says of the *Alabama*, after she had winded and set sail: "Her port broadside was presented to us, with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterward, to shift over but one. I saw now that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag having been displayed over the stern our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking."—EDITOR.



RETURNING FOR THE WOUNDED.



SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

ence. When the firing ceased, Captain Semmes ordered me to dispatch an officer to the *Kearsarge* to say that our ship was sinking, and to ask that they send boats to save our wounded, as our boats were disabled. The dingey, our smallest boat, had escaped damage. I dispatched Master's-mate Fullam with the request. No boats appearing, I had one of our quarter boats lowered, which was slightly injured, and I ordered the wounded placed in her. Dr. Galt, the surgeon who was in charge of the magazine and shell-room division, came on deck at this moment and was at once put in charge of the boat, with orders to "take the wounded to the *Kearsarge*." They shoved off just in time to save the poor fellows from going down in the ship.

I now gave the order for "every man to jump overboard with a spar and save himself from the sinking ship." To enforce the order, I walked forward and urged the men overboard. As soon as the decks were cleared, save of the bodies of the dead, I returned to the stern-port, where stood Captain Semmes with one or two of the men and his faithful steward, who, poor fellow! was doomed to a watery grave, as he could not swim. The *Alabama's* stern-port was now almost to the water's edge. Partly undressing, we plunged into the sea, and made an offing from the sinking ship, Captain Semmes with a life-preserver and I on a grating.

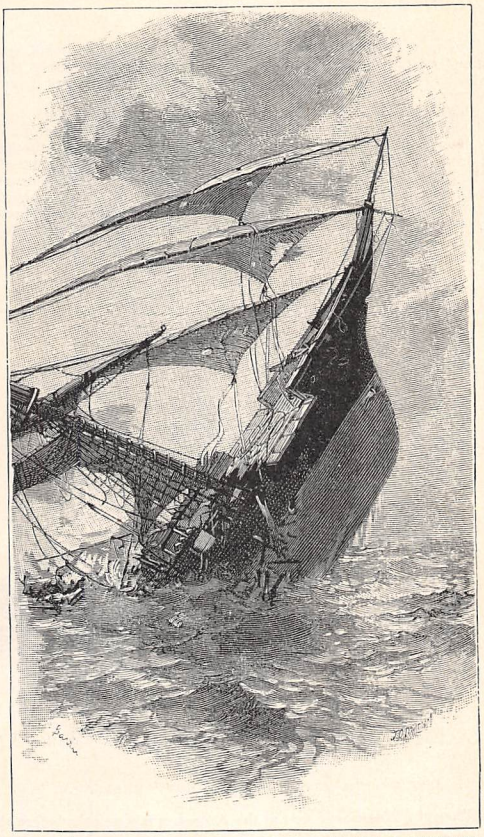
The *Alabama* settled stern foremost, launching her bows high in the air. Graceful even in her death-struggle, she in a moment disappeared from the face of the waters. The sea now presented a mass of living heads, striving for their lives. Many poor fellows sank for the want of timely aid. Near me I saw a float of empty shell-boxes, and called to one of the men, a good swimmer, to examine it; he did so and replied, "It is the doctor, sir, dead." Poor Llewellyn! he perished almost in sight of his home. The young Midshipman Maffit swam to me and offered his life-preserver. My grating was not proving a very buoyant float, and the white caps breaking over my head were distressingly uncomfortable, to say the least. Maffit said: "Mr. Kell, take my life-preserver, sir; you are almost exhausted." The gallant boy did not consider his own condition, but his pallid face told me that his heroism was superior to his bodily suffering, and I refused it. After twenty minutes or more I heard near me some one call out, "There is our first lieutenant," and the next moment I was pulled into a boat, in which was Captain Semmes, stretched out in the stern-sheets, as pallid as death. He had received during the action a slight contusion on the hand, and the struggle in the water had almost exhausted him. There were also several of our crew in the boat, and in a few moments we were alongside a little steam-yacht, which had come among our floating men, and by throwing them ropes saved many lives. Upon

reaching her deck, I ascertained for the first time that she was the yacht *Deerhound*, owned by Mr. John Lancaster, of England. In looking round I saw two French pilot-boats engaged in saving our crew, and finally two boats from the *Kearsarge*. To my surprise I found on the yacht Mr. Fullam, whom I had dispatched in the dingey to ask that boats be sent to save our wounded. He reported to me that our shot had literally torn the casing from the chain armor of the *Kearsarge*, indenting the chain in many places, which explained satisfactorily Captain Semmes's observation of the effect of our shell upon the enemy, "that they struck the sides and fell into the water."

Captain Winslow, in his report, I think, states "that his ship was struck *twenty-eight* times!" and I doubt if the *Alabama* was struck a greater number of times. I may not, therefore, be bold in asserting that had not the *Kearsarge* been protected by her iron cables, the result of the fight would have been different. Captain Semmes felt the more keenly the delusion to which he fell a victim (not knowing that the *Kearsarge* was chain-clad) from the fact that he was exceeding his instructions in seeking an action with the enemy; but to seek a fight with an iron-clad he conceived to be an unpardonable error. However, he had the satisfaction of knowing she was classed as a wooden gun-boat by the Federal Government; also that he had inspected her with most excellent glasses, and so far as outward appearances showed she displayed no chain armor. At the same time it must be admitted that Captain Winslow had the right unquestionably to protect his ship and crew. In justice to Captain Semmes I will state that the battle would never have been fought had he known that the *Kearsarge* wore an armor of chain beneath her outer covering. Thus was the *Alabama* lost by an error, if you please, but, it must be admitted, a *most pardonable* one, and not until "Father Neptune" claimed her as his own did she lower her colors.

The eleven-inch shells of the *Kearsarge* did fearful work, and her guns were served beautifully, being aimed with precision, and deliberate in fire. She came into action magnificently. Having the speed of us, she took her own position and fought gallantly. But she tarnished her glory when she fired upon a fallen foe. It was high noon of a bright, beautiful day, with a moderate breeze blowing to waft the smoke of battle clear, and nothing to obstruct the view at five hundred yards. The very fact of the *Alabama* ceasing to fire, shortening sail, and hauling down her colors simultaneously, must have attracted the attention of the officer in command of the *Kearsarge*. Again, there is no reason given, why the *Kearsarge* did not steam immediately into the midst of the crew of the *Alabama*, after their ship had been sunk, and like a brave and generous foe, save the lives of her enemies, who had fought so nobly as long as they had a plank to stand upon. Were it not for the timely presence of the kind-hearted Englishman and the two French pilot-boats, who can tell the number of us that would have rested with our gallant little ship beneath the waters of the English Channel. I quote the following from Mr. John Lancaster's letter to the London "Daily News": "I presume it was because he *would* not or could not save them himself. The fact is that if the captain and crew of the *Alabama* had depended for safety altogether upon Captain Winslow, not one half of them would have been saved." *

* In his report of June 21, 1864, Captain Winslow said: "It was seen shortly afterwards that the *Alabama* was lowering her boats, and an officer came alongside in one of them to say that they had surrendered and were fast sinking, and begging that boats would be dispatched immediately for the saving of life. The two boats not disabled were at once lowered, and as it was apparent the *Alabama* was settling, this officer was permitted to leave in his boat to afford assistance. An English yacht, the *Deerhound*, had approached near the *Kearsarge* at this time, when I hailed and begged the commander to run down to the



"THE 'ALABAMA' SETTLED STERN FOREMOST, LAUNCHING HER BOWS HIGH IN THE AIR."

When Mr. Lancaster approached Captain Semmes, and said, "I think every man has been picked up; where shall I land you?" Captain Semmes replied, "I am now under the English colors, and the sooner you put me with my officers and men on English soil, the better." The little yacht moved rapidly away at once, under a press of steam, for Southampton. Armstrong, our second lieutenant, and some of our men who were saved by the French pilot-boats, were taken into Cherbourg. Our loss was nine killed, twenty-one wounded, and ten drowned.

It has been charged that an arrangement had been entered into between Mr. Lancaster and Captain Semmes, previous to our leaving Cherbourg, that in the event of the *Alabama* being sunk the *Deerhound* would come to our rescue. Captain Semmes and myself met Mr. Lancaster for the first time when rescued by him, and he related to us the circumstances that occasioned his coming out to see the fight. Having his family on board, his intention was to attend church with his wife and children, when the gathering of the spectators on the shore attracted their attention, the report having been widely circulated that the *Alabama* was to go out that morning and give battle to the *Kearsarge*. The boys were clamorous to see the fight, and after a family discussion as to the propriety of going out on the Sabbath to witness a naval combat, Mr. Lancaster agreed to put the question to vote at the breakfast table, where the youngsters carried their point by a majority. Thus many of us were indebted for our lives to that inherent trait in the English character, the desire to witness a "passage at arms."

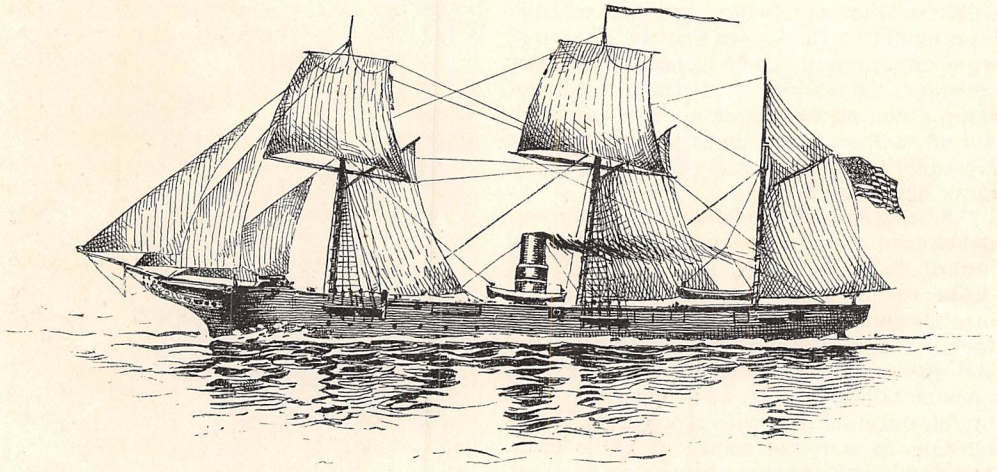
That evening we landed in Southampton, and were received by the people with every demonstration of sympathy and kindly feeling. Thrown upon their shores by the chances of war, we were taken to their hearts and homes with that generous hospitality which brought to mind with tenderest feeling our own dear Southern homes in *ante-bellum* times. To the Rev. F. W. Tremlett, of Belsize Park, London, and his household, I am indebted for a picture of English home life that time cannot efface, and the memory of which will be a lasting pleasure till life's end.

Jno. McIntosh Kell.

SUNNY SIDE, GA., April 16, 1885.

Alabama, as she was fast sinking and we had but two boats, and assist in picking up the men. He answered affirmatively and steamed towards the *Alabama*, but the latter sank almost immediately."

The following is an extract from Mr. John Lancaster's log, dated "Steam-yacht *Deerhound*, off Cowes:" "Sunday, June 19th, nine a. m. Got up steam, and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbor. Half-past ten, observed the *Alabama* steaming out of the harbor toward the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*. Ten minutes past eleven, the *Alabama* commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The *Kearsarge* immediately replied with her starboard guns. A very sharp, spirited firing was kept up, shot sometimes being varied by shells. In manœuvring, both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. At twelve a slight intermission was observed in the *Alabama's* firing, the *Alabama* making head-sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles. At half-past twelve, observed the *Alabama* to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made toward her, and in passing the *Kearsarge* were requested to assist in saving the *Alabama's* crew. At fifty minutes past twelve, when within a distance of two hundred yards, the *Alabama* sunk. We then lowered our two boats, and with the assistance of the *Alabama's* whale-boat and dingey, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At one p. m. we steered for Southampton."—EDITOR.

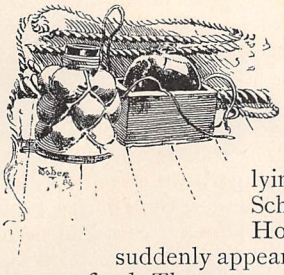


THE UNITED STATES SCREW-SLOOP "KEARSARGE" AT THE TIME OF THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE "ALABAMA."

When the *Kearsarge* was at the Azores, a few months before the fight with the *Alabama*, Midshipman Edward E. Preble made a mathematically correct drawing of the ship, of a photograph of which the above is a sketch copy. After the fight alterations were made in the *Kearsarge* which considerably changed her appearance.—EDITOR.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE."

BY THE SURGEON OF THE "KEARSARGE."



ON Sunday, the 12th of June, 1864, the *Kearsarge*, Captain John A. Winslow, was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland. The cornet suddenly appeared at the fore, and a gun was fired. These were unexpected signals that compelled absent officers and men to return to the ship. Steam was raised, and as soon as we were off, and all hands called, Captain Winslow gave the welcome news of a telegram from Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, announcing that the *Alabama* had arrived the day previous at Cherbourg; hence, the urgency of departure, the probability of an encounter, and the expectation of her capture or destruction. The crew responded with cheers. The succeeding day witnessed the arrival of the *Kearsarge* at Dover, for dispatches; and the day after (Tuesday) her appearance off Cherbourg, where we saw the Confederate flag flying within the breakwater. Approaching nearer, officers and men gathered in groups on deck and looked intently at the "daring rover," that had been able for two years to escape numerous foes and to inflict immense damage on our commerce. She was a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. The surgeon went on shore and obtained *pratique* (permission to visit the port) for boats. Owing to the neutrality limitation which would not allow us to remain in the harbor longer than twenty-four hours, it was inexpedient to enter the port. We placed a vigilant watch by turns at each of the harbor entrances, and continued it to the moment of the engagement.

On Wednesday Captain Winslow paid an official visit to the French admiral commanding the maritime district, and to the U. S. commercial agent, bringing on his return the unanticipated news that Captain Semmes had declared his intention to fight. At first the assertion was barely credited, the policy of the *Alabama* being regarded as opposed to a conflict, and to escape rather than to be exposed to injury, perhaps destruction; but the doubters were half convinced when the so-called challenge was known to read as follows:

"C. S. S. 'ALABAMA,' CHERBOURG, June 14, 1864.
"To A. BONFILS, Esq., CHERBOURG.

"SIR: I hear that you were informed by the U. S. Consul that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the U. S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge*, as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening, or after the morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. SEMMES, *Captain*."

This communication was sent by Mr. Bonfils, the Confederate States commercial agent, to Mr. Liais, the United States commercial agent, with a request that the latter would furnish a copy to Captain Winslow for his guidance. There was no other challenge to combat. The letter that passed between the commercial agents *was* the challenge about which so much has been said. Captain Semmes informed Captain Winslow through Mr. Bonfils of his intention to fight; Captain Winslow informed Captain Semmes through Mr. Liais that he came to Cherbourg to fight, and had no intention of leaving. He made no other reply.

Captain Winslow assembled the officers and discussed the expected battle. It was probable the two ships would engage on parallel lines, and the *Alabama* would seek neutral waters in event of defeat; hence the necessity of beginning the action several miles from the breakwater. It was determined not to surrender, but to fight until the last, and, if need be, to go down with colors flying. Why Captain Semmes should imperil his ship was not understood, since he would risk all, and expose the cause of which he was a selected champion to a needless disaster, while the *Kearsarge*, if taken or destroyed, could be replaced. It was therefore concluded he would fight because he thought he should be the victor.

Preparations were made for battle, with no relaxation of the watch. Thursday passed; Friday came; the *Kearsarge* waited with ports down, guns pivoted to starboard, the whole battery loaded, and shell, grape and canister ready to use in any mode of attack or defense; yet no *Alabama* appeared. French pilots came on board and told of unusual arrangements made by the enemy, such as the hurried taking of coals, the transmission of valuable articles to the shore, such



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. WINSLOW, CAPTAIN OF THE "KEARSARGE."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT, IN POSSESSION OF PAYMASTER-GENERAL J. A. SMITH, U. S. N.)

as captured chronometers, specie, and the bills of ransomed vessels; and the sharpening of swords, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. It was reported that Captain Semmes had been advised not to give battle. He replied he would prove to the world that his ship was not a privateer, intended only for attack upon merchant vessels, but a true man-of-war; further, he had consulted French officers, who all asserted that in his situation they would fight. Certain newspapers declared that he ought to improve the opportunity afforded by the presence of the enemy to show that his ship was not a "corsair," to prey upon defenseless merchantmen, but a real ship-of-war, able and willing to fight the "Federal" waiting outside the harbor. It was said the *Alabama* was swift, with a superior crew, and it was known that the

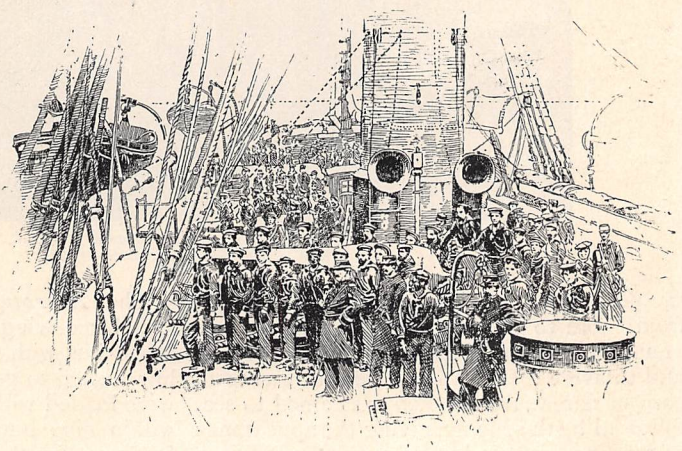
ship, guns, and ammunition were of English make.

A surprise by night was suggested, and precautionary means were taken; everything was well planned and ready for action, but still no *Alabama* came. Meanwhile the *Kearsarge* was cruising to and fro off the breakwater. A message was brought from Mr. Dayton, our minister at Paris, by his son, who with difficulty had obtained permission from the French admiral to visit the *Kearsarge*. Communication with either ship was prohibited, but the permission was given upon the promise of Mr. Dayton to return on shore directly after the delivery of the message. Mr. Dayton expressed the opinion that Captain Semmes would not fight, though acknowledging the prevalence of a contrary belief in Cherbourg. He was told that in the event of battle, if we were successful, the colors would be displayed at the mizzen, as the flag of victory. He went on shore with the intention of leaving for Paris without delay. In taking leave of the French admiral, the latter advised Mr. Dayton to remain over night, and mentioned the fixed purpose of Captain Semmes to fight on the following day, Sunday; and he gave the intelligence that there could be no further communication with the *Kearsarge*. Mr. Dayton passed a part of Saturday night trying to procure a boat to send off the acquired information, but the vigilance along the coast made his efforts useless. He remained, witnessed the battle, telegraphed the result to Paris, and was one of the first to go on board and offer congratulations.

At a supper in Cherbourg on Saturday night, several officers of the *Alabama* met sympathizing friends, the coming battle being the chief topic of conversation. Confident of victory, they proclaimed the intent to sink the "Federal" or gain a "corsair." They rose with promises to meet the following night to repeat the festivity as victors, were escorted to the boat, and separated with cheers and best wishes for a successful return.*

Sunday the 19th came; a fine day, atmosphere somewhat hazy, little sea, light westerly wind. At ten o'clock the *Kearsarge* was near the buoy marking the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, at a distance of about three miles from the entrance. The decks had been holystoned, the bright work cleaned, the guns polished, and the crew were dressed in Sunday suit. They were inspected at quarters and dismissed to attend divine service. Seemingly no one thought of the enemy; so long awaited and not appearing, speculation as to her coming had nearly ceased. At 10:20 the officer of the deck reported a steamer approaching from Cherbourg,—a frequent occurrence, and consequently it created no surprise. The bell was tolling for service when some one shouted, "She's coming, and heading straight for us!" Soon, by the aid of a glass, the officer of the deck made out the enemy and shouted, "The *Alabama!*" and calling down the ward-room hatch repeated the cry, "The *Alabama!*" The drum beat to general quarters; Captain Winslow put aside the prayer-book, seized the trumpet, ordered the ship about and headed seaward. The ship was cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard.

The *Alabama* approached from the western entrance, escorted by the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne*, flying the pennant of the commandant of the port, followed in her wake by a small fore-and-aft-rigged steamer,

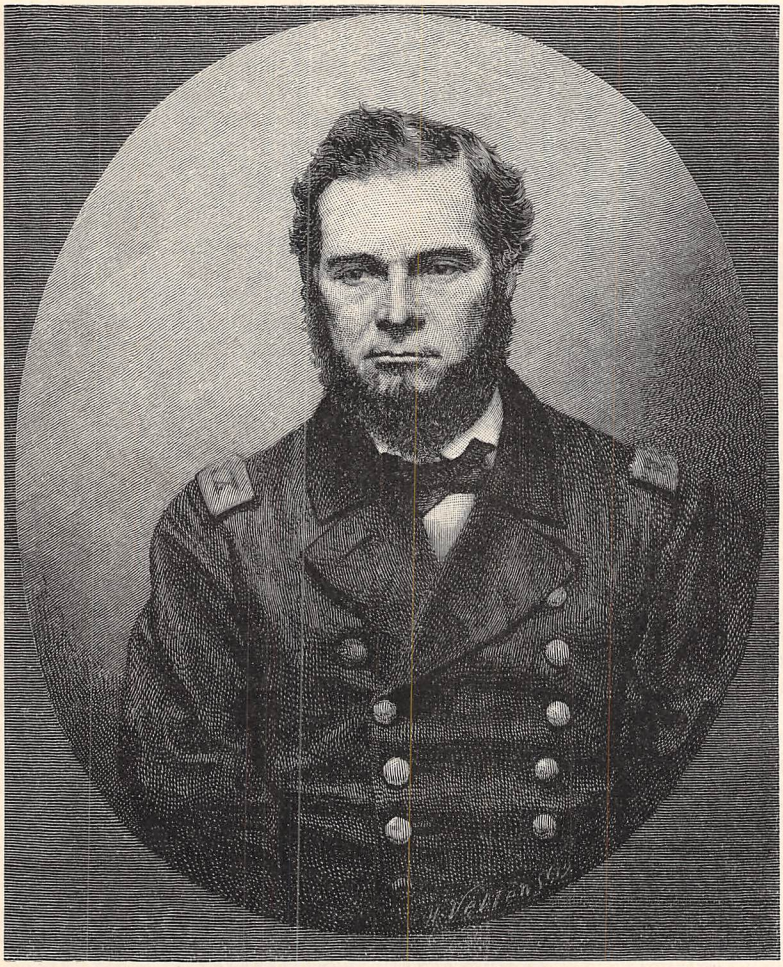


THE CREW OF THE "KEARSARGE" AT QUARTERS.

the *Deerhound*, flying the flag of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. The commander of the frigate had informed Captain Semmes that his ship would escort him to the limit of the French waters. The frigate having convoyed the *Alabama* three marine miles from the coast, put down her helm, and steamed back into port without delay. The steam-yacht continued on, and remained near the scene of action.

Captain Winslow had assured the French admiral that in the event of an engagement

* This incident, and others pertaining to the *Alabama*, were told the writer by the officers who were taken prisoners.—J. M. B.



CAPTAIN JAMES S. THORNTON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "KEARSARGE."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864.)

the position of the ship should be far enough from shore to prevent a violation of the law of nations. To avoid a question of jurisdiction and to avert an escape to neutral waters in case of retreat, the *Kearsarge* steamed to sea, followed by the enemy, giving the appearance of running away and being pursued. Between six and seven miles from the shore the *Kearsarge*, thoroughly ready, at 10:50 wheeled, at a distance of one and a quarter miles from her opponent, presented the starboard battery, and steered directly for her with design to close, or to run her down. The *Alabama* sheered and presented the starboard battery. More speed was ordered, the *Kearsarge* advanced rapidly and at 10:57 received a broadside of solid shot at a range of about eighteen hundred yards. This broadside cut away a little of the rigging, but the shot mostly passed over or fell short. It was apparent that Captain Semmes intended to fight at long range.

The *Kearsarge* advanced with increased speed, receiving a second and part of a third broadside, with similar effect. Captain Winslow wished to get at short range, as the guns were loaded with five-seconds shell. Arrived within nine hundred yards, the *Kearsarge*, fearing a fourth broadside with apprehended raking results, sheered, and broke her silence with the starboard battery. Each ship was now pressed under a full head of steam, the position being broadside and broadside, both employing the starboard guns.

Captain Winslow, fearful that the enemy would make for the shore, determined with a port helm to run under the *Alabama's* stern for raking, but was prevented by her sheering and keeping her broadside to the *Kearsarge*, which forced the fighting on a circular track, each ship, with a strong port helm, steaming around a common center, from a quarter to half a mile apart, and pouring its

fire into its opponent. There was a current setting to westward three knots an hour.

The action was now fairly begun. The *Alabama* changed from solid shot to shell. A shot from an early broadside of the *Kearsarge* carried away the spanker-gaff of the enemy, and caused his ensign to come down by the run. This incident was regarded as a favorable omen by the men, who cheered and went with increased confidence to their work. The fallen ensign reappeared at the mizzen. The *Alabama* returned to solid shot, and soon after fired both shot and shell to the end. The firing of the *Alabama* was rapid and wild, getting better near the close; that of the *Kearsarge* was deliberate, accurate, and almost from the beginning productive of dismay, destruction, and death.* The *Kearsarge* gunners had been cautioned against firing without direct aim, and had been advised to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and to clear the deck of the enemy with the lighter ones. Though subjected to an incessant storm of shot and shell, they kept their stations and obeyed instructions.

The effect upon the enemy was readily perceived, and nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of our men. Cheer succeeded cheer; caps were thrown in the air or overboard; jackets were discarded; sanguine of victory, the men were shouting as each projectile took effect: "That is a good one!" "Down, boys!" "Give her another like the last!" "Now we have her!" and so on, cheering and shouting to the end.

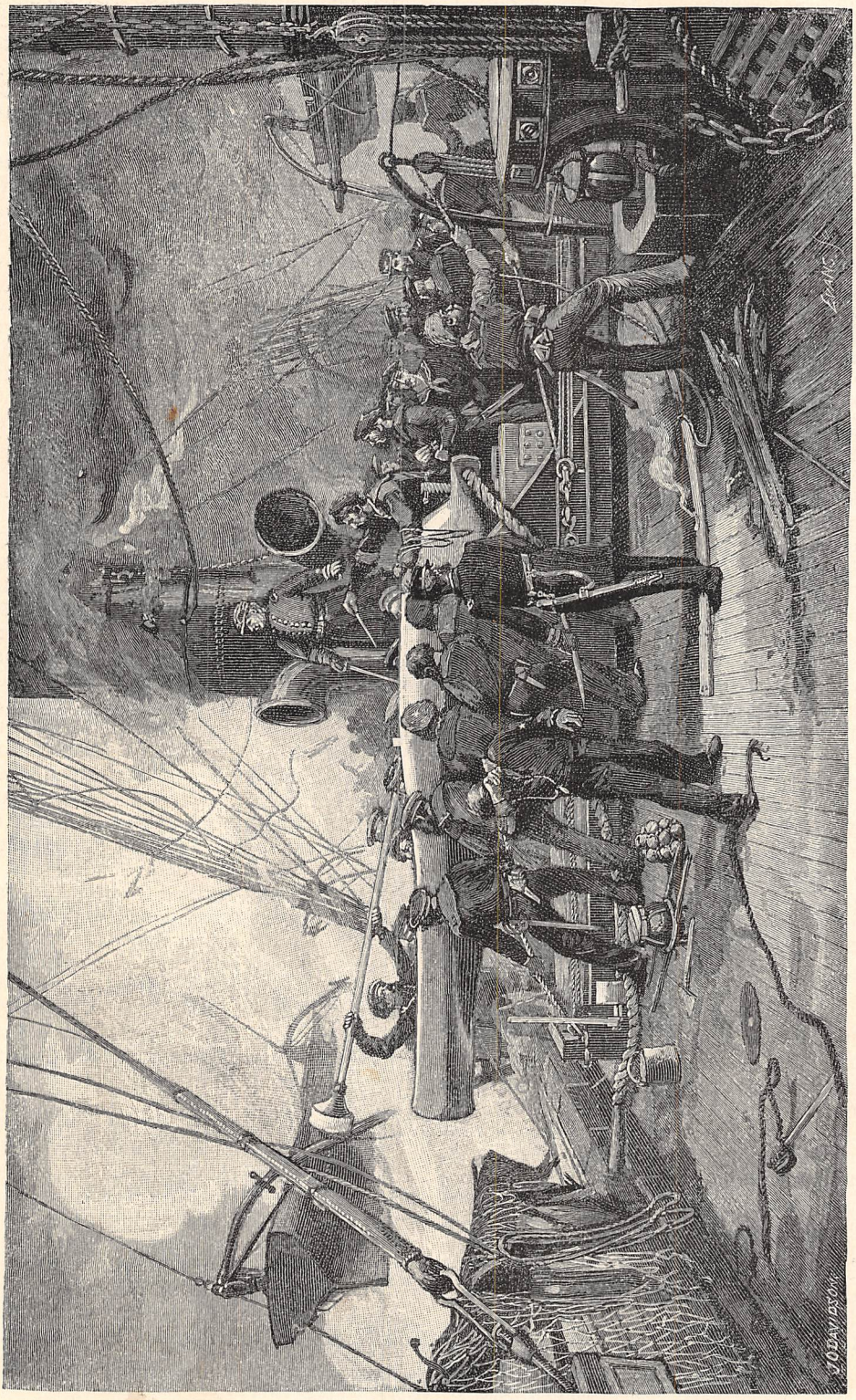
After exposure to an uninterrupted cannonade for eighteen minutes without casualties, a sixty-eight-pounder Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew of the after pivot-gun. With these exceptions, not an officer or man received serious injury. The three unfortunates were speedily taken below, and so quietly was the act done, that at the termination of the fight a large number of the men were unaware that any of their comrades were wounded. Two shots entered the ports occupied by the thirty-twos, where several men were stationed, one taking effect in the hammock-netting, the other going through the opposite port, yet none were hit. A shell exploded in the hammock-netting and set the ship on fire; the alarm calling for fire-quarters was sounded, and men detailed for such an emergency put out the fire, while the rest staid at the guns.

It is wonderful that so few casualties occurred on board the *Kearsarge*, considering the number on the *Alabama* — the former having fired one hundred and seventy-three shot and shell, and the latter nearly double that number. The *Kearsarge* concentrated her fire and poured in the eleven-inch shells with deadly effect. One penetrated the coal-bunker of the *Alabama*, and a dense cloud of coal-dust arose. Others struck near the water-line between the main and mizzen masts, exploded within board, or passing through burst beyond. Crippled and torn, the *Alabama* moved less quickly and began to settle by the stern, yet did not slacken her fire, but returned successive broadsides without disastrous result to us.

Captain Semmes witnessed the havoc made by the shells, especially by those of our after pivot-gun, and offered a reward for its silence. Soon his battery was turned upon this particular offending gun for the purpose of silencing it. It was in vain, for the work of destruction went on. We had completed the seventh rotation on the circular track and begun the eighth; the *Alabama*, now settling, sought to escape by setting all available sail (fore-trysail and two jibs), left the circle, amid a shower of shot and shell, and headed for the French waters; but to no purpose. In winding the *Alabama* presented the port battery with only two guns bearing, and showed gaping sides through which the water washed. The *Kearsarge* pursued, keeping on a line nearer the shore, and with a few well-directed shots hastened the sinking condition. Then the *Alabama* was at our mercy. Her colors were struck and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing. Two of the junior officers, so I was told by our prisoners, swore they would never surrender, and in a mutinous spirit rushed to the two port guns and opened fire upon the *Kearsarge* [see page 919]. Captain Winslow, amazed at this extraordinary conduct of an enemy who had hauled down his flag in token of surrender, exclaimed, "He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside." Again the shot and shell went crashing through her sides, and the *Alabama* continued to settle by the stern. The *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows for raking, and in position to use grape and canister.

Over the stern of the *Alabama* a white flag was shown, and her ensign was half-masted, union down. Captain Winslow for the second time gave orders to cease firing. Thus ended the fight after a duration of one hour and two minutes. Captain Semmes in his report says: "Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck.

* Captain Semmes in his official report says: "The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship."—J. M. B.



THE ELEVEN-INCH FORWARD PIVOT-GUN IN ACTION ON THE "KEARSARGE."



ON THE "KEARSARGE"—A TELLING SHOT.

It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally." He is silent as to the renewal by the *Alabama* of the fight after his surrender, an act which, in Christian warfare, would have justified the *Kearsarge* in continuing to fire until the *Alabama* had sunk beneath the waters.

Boats were now lowered from the *Alabama*. Her master's-mate, Fullam, an Englishman, came alongside the *Kearsarge* with a few of the wounded, reported the disabled and sinking condition of his ship, and asked for assistance. Captain Winslow inquired, "Does Captain Semmes surrender his ship?" "Yes," was the reply. Fullam then solicited permission to return with his boat and crew to assist in rescuing the drowning, pledging his word of honor that when this was done he would come on board and surrender. Captain Winslow granted the request. With less generosity he could have detained the officer and men, supplied their places in the boat from his ship's company, secured more prisoners, and afforded equal aid to the distressed. The generosity was abused, as the sequel shows. Fullam pulled to the midst of the drowning, rescued several officers, went to the yacht *Deerhound*, and cast his boat adrift, leaving a number of men struggling in the water.

It was now seen that the *Alabama* was settling fast. The wounded, and boys who could not swim, were sent away in the quarter boats, the waist boats having been destroyed. Captain Semmes dropped his sword into the sea and jumped overboard with the remaining officers and men.

Coming under the stern of the *Kearsarge* from the windward, the *Deerhound* was hailed, and her commander requested by Captain Winslow to run down and assist in picking up the men of the sinking ship. Or, as her owner, Mr. John Lancaster, reported: "The fact is, that when we passed the *Kearsarge* the captain cried out, 'For God's sake, do what you can to save them': and that was my warrant for interfering in any way for the aid and succor of his enemies." The *Deerhound* was built by the Lairds at the same time and in the same yard with the *Alabama*. Throughout the action she kept about a mile to the windward of the contestants. After being hailed she steamed towards the *Alabama*, which sunk almost immediately after. This was at 12:24. The *Alabama* sunk in forty-five fathoms of water, at a distance of about four and a half miles from the breakwater, off the west entrance. She was severely hulled between the main and mizzen masts, and settled by the stern; the mainmast, pierced by a shot at the very last, broke off near the head and went over the side, the bow lifted high from the water, and then came the end. Suddenly assuming a perpendicular position, caused by the falling aft of the battery and stores, straight as a plumb-line, stern first, she went down, the jib-boom being the last to appear above water. Down sank the terror of merchantmen, riddled through and through,



JAMES R. WHEELER, ACTING MASTER OF THE "KEARSARGE" AND CAPTAIN OF THE FORWARD PIVOT-GUN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OFFICERS TAKEN IN 1864.)

and as she disappeared to her last resting-place there was no cheer; all were silent.

The yacht lowered her two boats, rescued Captain Semmes (wounded in the hand by broken iron rigging), First-Lieutenant Kell, twelve officers, and twenty-six men, leaving the rest of the survivors to the two boats of the *Kearsarge*. Apparently aware that the forty persons he had rescued would be claimed, Mr. Lancaster steamed away as fast as he could directly for Southampton, without waiting for such surgical assistance as the *Kearsarge* might render. Captain Winslow permitted the yacht to secure his prisoners, anticipating their subsequent surrender. Again his confidence was misplaced, and he afterward wrote: "It was my mistake at the moment that I could not recognize an enemy who, under the garb of a friend, was affording assistance." The aid of the yacht, it is presumed, was asked in a spirit of chivalry, for the *Kearsarge*, comparatively uninjured, with but three wounded, and a full head of steam, was in condition to engage a second enemy. Instead of remaining at a distance of about four hundred yards from the *Alabama*, and from this position sending two boats, the other boats being injured, the *Kearsarge* by steaming close to the settling ship, and in the midst of the defeated, could have captured all — Semmes, officers, and men. Captain Semmes says: "There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after the ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then, tardily, another boat."

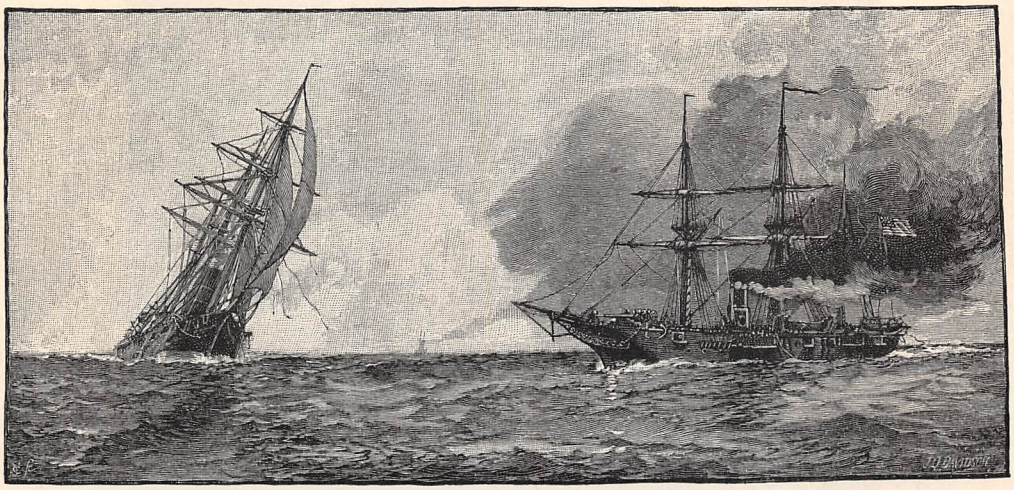
This imputation of inhumanity is contradicted by Mr. Lancaster's assertion that he was requested to do what he could to save "the poor fellows who were struggling in the water for their lives."

The *Deerhound* edged to the leeward and steamed rapidly away. An officer approached Captain Winslow and reported the presence of Captain Semmes and many officers on board the English yacht. Believing the information authentic, as it was obtained from the prisoners, he suggested the expediency of firing a shot to bring her to, and asked permission. Captain Winslow declined, saying "it was impossible, the yacht was simply coming round." Meanwhile the *Deerhound* increased the distance from the *Kearsarge;* another officer spoke to him in similar language, but with more positiveness. Captain Winslow replied that no Englishman who carried the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron could so act. The *Deerhound* continued her flight, and yet another officer urged the necessity of firing a shot. With undiminished confidence, Captain Winslow refused, saying the yacht was "simply coming round," and would not go away without communicating. Without this trust Captain Winslow might have arrested the yacht in her



WILLIAM SMITH, QUARTERMASTER OF THE "KEARSARGE" AND CAPTAIN OF THE AFTER PIVOT-GUN, WHICH IT WAS SAID INFLICTED THE MOST DAMAGE ON THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OFFICERS TAKEN IN 1864.)

flight, if only as a politic measure, reserving final action as to the seizure of the fugitives when time had afforded reflection. Had he regarded the wishes of his officers, he would have done so. The escape of the yacht and

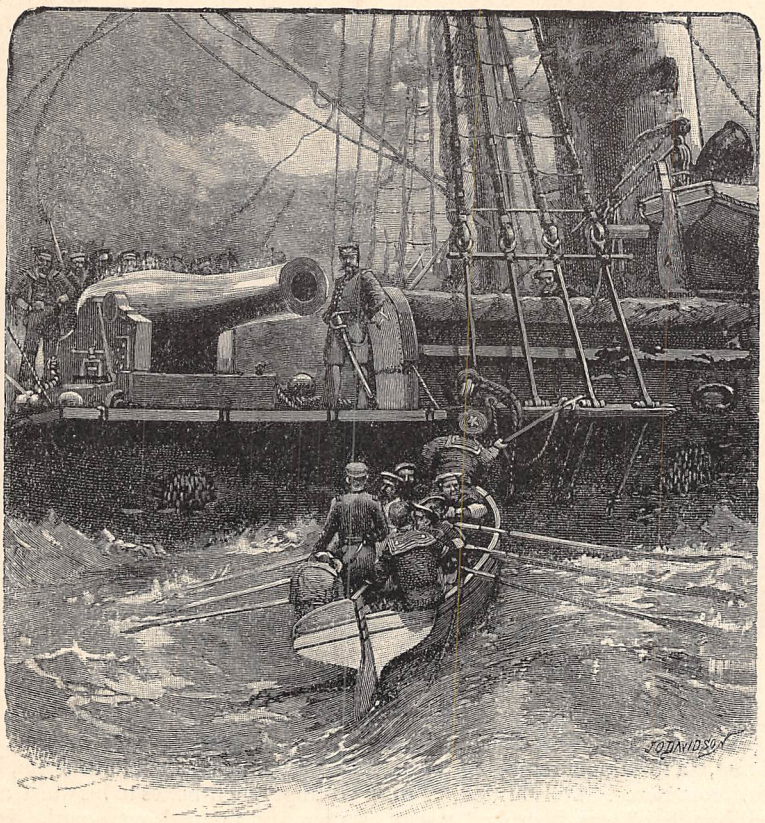


CLOSE OF THE COMBAT — THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE "ALABAMA."

her coveted prize was manifestly regretted. The bitterness of the regret was clear. The famed *Alabama*, "a formidable ship, the terror of American commerce, well armed, well manned, well handled," was destroyed, "sent to the bottom in an hour," but her commander had escaped; the victory seemed already lessened. It was held by the Navy Department that Captain Semmes violated the usages of war in surrendering to Captain Winslow through the agency of one of his officers, and then effecting an escape during the execution of the commission; that he was a prisoner of the United States Government from the moment he sent the officer to make the surrender.

The wounded of the survivors were brought on board the *Kearsarge* for surgical attendance. Seventy men, including five officers (Surgeon F. L. Galt, acting paymaster, Second Lieutenant J. D. Wilson, First Assistant-Engineer M. J. Freeman, Third Assistant-Engineer Pundt, and Boatswain McCloskey), were saved by the *Kearsarge's* boats and a French pilot-boat. Another pilot-boat saved Second Lieutenant Armstrong and some men who were landed at Cherbourg. Lieutenant Wilson was the only officer who delivered up his sword. He refused to go on board the *Deerhound*, and because of his honorable conduct Captain Winslow on taking his parole gave him a letter of recommendation. Our crew fraternized with their prisoners, and shared their clothes, supper, and grog with them. The conduct of the *Alabama's* Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn, son of a British rector, deserves mention. He was unremitting in attention to the wounded during battle, and after the surrender superintended their removal to the boats, refusing to leave the ship while one remained. This duty performed, being unable to swim, he attached two empty shell-boxes to his waist, as a life-preserver, and jumped overboard. Nevertheless, he was unable to keep his head above water.

When the *Kearsarge* was cleared for action every man on the sick-list went to his station. The *Kearsarge* had three wounded, of whom one died in the hospital a few days after the fight. This was William Gowin, ordinary seaman, whose behavior, during and after battle, was worthy of the highest praise. Stationed at the after pivot-gun, he was seriously wounded in the leg by the explosion of a shell; in agony, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he dragged himself to the forward hatch, concealing the severity of his injury so that his comrades might not leave their stations for his assistance; fainting, he was lowered to the care of the surgeon, and when he revived he greeted the surgeon with a smile, saying, "Doctor, I can fight no more, and so come to you, but it is all right; I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*"; and afterwards, "I will willingly lose my leg or my life if it is necessary." Lying upon his mattress, he paid attention to the progress of the fight, so far as could be known by the sounds on deck, his face showing satisfaction whenever the cheers of his shipmates were heard; with difficulty he waved his hand over his head, and joined in each cheer with a feeble voice. When a wounded



THE BOAT FROM THE "ALABAMA" ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER AND ASKING FOR ASSISTANCE.
The picture shows shot-marks in the thin deal covering of the chain armor amidships.

shipmate on either side of him complained, he reproved him, saying, "Am I not worse hurt than you? and I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*." Directly after the enemy's wounded were brought on board he desired the surgeon to give him no further attention, for he was "doing well," requesting that all aid be given to "the poor fellows of the *Alabama*." In the hospital he was patient and resigned, and happy in speaking of the victory. "This man, so very interesting by his courage and resignation," wrote the French surgeon-in-chief, received general sympathy; all desired his recovery and lamented his death. At a dinner given by loyal Americans in Paris to Captain Winslow and two of his officers, a telegram was received announcing the death of Gowin. His name was honorably mentioned, his behavior eulogized, and his memory drunk in silence.

At 3:10 P. M. the *Kearsarge* anchored in Cherbourg harbor close by the ship-of-war *Napoléon*, and was soon surrounded by boats of every description filled with excited and inquisitive people. Ambulances, by order of the French admiral, were sent to the landing to receive the wounded, and thence they were taken to the Hôpital de la Marine, where arrangements had been made for their reception. Dr. Galt and all the prisoners except four officers were paroled and set on shore before sunset, at which Secretary Welles soon after expressed his disapprobation.

An incident that occasioned gratification was the coincidence of the lowering of the enemy's colors by an early shot from the *Kearsarge* already mentioned, and the unfolding of the victorious flag by a shot from the *Alabama*. The *Kearsarge's* colors were "stopped" at the mizzen, that they might be displayed if the ensign was carried away, and to serve as the emblem of victory in case of success. A shot from the last broadside of the *Alabama* passed high over the *Kearsarge*, carried away the halyards of the colors stopped at the mizzen, and in so doing pulled sufficiently to break the stop, and thereby unfurled the triumphant flag.

The *Kearsarge* received twenty-eight shot and shell, of which thirteen were in the hull,

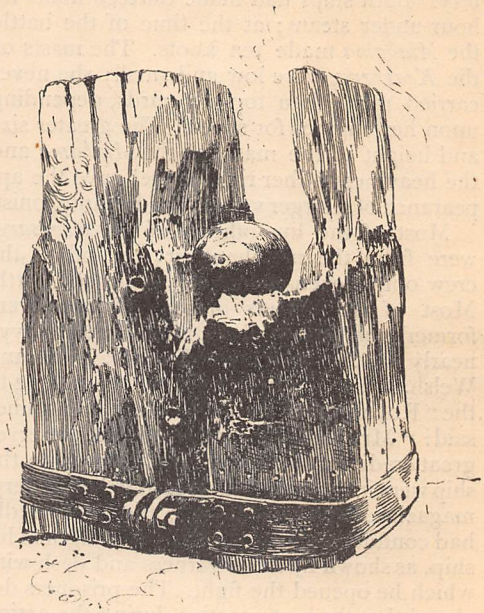
the most efficient being abaft the main-mast. A hundred-pounder rifle shell entered at the starboard quarter and lodged in the stern-post. The blow shook the ship from stem to stern. Luckily it did not explode; otherwise the result would have been serious, if not fatal. A thirty-two-pounder shell entered forward of the forward pivot port, crushing the waterways, raising the gun and carriage, and lodged, but did not explode; else many of the gun's crew would likely have been injured by the fragments and splinters. The smoke-pipe was perforated by a rifle shell, which exploded inside and tore a ragged hole nearly three feet in diameter, and carried away three of the chain guys. Three boats were shattered. The cutting away of the rigging was mostly about the main-mast. The spars were left in good order. A large quantity of pieces of bursted shell was gathered from the deck and thoughtlessly thrown overboard. During the anchorage in Cherbourg harbor no assistance was received from shore, except that rendered by a boiler-maker in patching up the smoke-stack, every other repair being made by our own men.

Captain Semmes in his official report says:

"At the end of the engagement it was discovered, by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded, that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated. The planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad."

The ships were well matched in size, speed, armament, and crew, showing a likeness rarely seen in naval battles.* The number of the ship's company of the *Kearsarge* was one hundred and sixty-three. That of the *Alabama*, from the best information, was estimated at one hundred and fifty; one hundred and thirty are actually reckoned. According to report additional men were taken on board at Cherbourg.

The chain plating was made of one hundred and twenty fathoms of sheet-chains, of one and seventh-tenths inch iron, covering a space amidships of forty-nine and one-half feet in length by six feet two inches in depth, stopped up and down to eyebolts with marlines, secured by iron dogs, and employed for the purpose of protecting the engines when the upper part of the coal-bunkers was empty, as happened during the action. The chains were concealed by inch deal boards as a finish. The chain plating was struck by a thirty-two-pounder shot in the starboard gangway, which cut the chain and bruised the planking; and by a thirty-two-pounder shell, which broke a link of the chain, exploded, and tore away a portion of the deal covering. Had the shot been from the one-hundred-pounder rifle, the result would have been different, though without serious damage, because the shot struck five feet above the water-line, and if sent through the side would have cleared the machinery and boilers. It is proper therefore to assert that in the absence of the chain armor the result would have been nearly the same, notwithstanding the common opinion at the time that the *Kearsarge* was an "iron-clad" contending with a wooden ship. The chains were fastened to the ship's sides more than a year previous to the fight, while at the Azores. It was the suggestion of the executive officer, Lieut.-Commander James S. Thornton, to hang the sheet-chain (or spare anchor-cable) over the sides, so as to protect the midship section, he having served with Admiral Farragut in passing the forts to reach New Orleans, and knowing its benefit on that occasion. The work was done in three days at a cost for material not exceeding seventy-five dollars. In our visits to European ports, the use of sheet-chains for protective purposes had



THE SHELL IN THE STERN-POST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

The charge was withdrawn from the shell which was boxed in, in which condition it remained for months, until the ship reached Boston, where, when the vessel was repaired, a section of the stern-post containing the embedded shell was made and sent to the Navy Department, and was finally deposited in the Ordnance Museum, Navy Yard, Washington.—J. M. B.

*

	Alabama.	*Kearsarge.*
Length over all	220 ft.	232 ft.
Length of keel	210 "	198½ "
Beam	32 "	33 "
Depth	17 "	16½ "
2 Engines of 300 horse-power each	2 of 400 each.	
Tonnage	1040	1031

attracted notice and caused comment. It is strange that Captain Semmes did not know of the chain armor: supposed spies had been on board and had been shown through the ship as there was no attempt at concealment; the same pilot had been employed by both ships, and had visited each during the preparation for battle. The *Alabama* had bunkers full of coal, which brought her down in the water. The *Kearsarge* was deficient in seventy tons of coal of her proper supply, but the sheet-chains stowed outside, gave protection to her partly filled bunkers.

The battery of the *Kearsarge* consisted of seven guns: two eleven-inch pivots, smooth bore, one twenty-eight-pounder rifle, and four light thirty-two-pounders; that of the *Alabama* of eight guns: one-sixty-eight-pounder pivot, smooth bore, one one-hundred-pounder pivot rifle, and six heavy thirty-two-pounders. Five guns were fought by the *Kearsarge* and seven by the *Alabama*, each with the starboard battery. Both ships had made thirteen knots an hour under steam; at the time of the battle the *Alabama* made ten knots. The masts of the *Kearsarge* were low and small; she never carried more than top-sail yards, depending upon her engines for speed. The greater size and height of the masts of the *Alabama* and the heaviness of her rig (barque) gave the appearance of a larger vessel than her antagonist.

Most of the line officers of the *Kearsarge* were from the merchant service, and of the crew only eleven men were of foreign birth. Most of the officers of the *Alabama* were formerly officers in the United States Navy; nearly all the crew were English, Irish, and Welsh, a few of whom were said to belong to the "Royal Naval Reserve." Captain Semmes said: "Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell-rooms"; and he assuredly had confidence in the speed and strength of his ship, as shown by the eagerness and dash with which he opened the fight. The prisoners declared that the best practice during the action was by the gunners who had been trained on board the *Excellent* in Portsmouth harbor. The Blakely rifle was the most effective gun. The *Alabama* fought bravely and obstinately until she could no longer fight or float.

The contest was decided by the superiority of the eleven-inch Dahlgrens, especially the after-pivot, together with the coolness and accuracy of aim of the gunners of the *Kearsarge*, and notably by the skill of William Smith, the captain of the after-pivot, who in style and behavior was the counterpart of Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's "Pilot."

To the disparagement of Captain Winslow, it has been said that Lieutenant-Commander Thornton commanded the ship during the action. This is not true. Captain Winslow, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast, fought his ship gallantly and, as is shown by the result, with excellent judgment. In an official report, he wrote:

> "It would seem almost invidious to particularize the conduct of any one man or officer, in which all had done their duty with a fortitude and coolness which cannot be too highly praised, but I feel it due to my executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Thornton, who superintended the working of the battery, to particularly mention him for an example of coolness and encouragement of the men while fighting, which contributed much towards the success of the action."

THIS Sunday naval duel was fought in the presence of more than fifteen thousand spectators, who upon the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, and rigging of men-of-war, witnessed "the last of the *Alabama*." Among them were the captains, their families, and crews of two merchant ships burnt by the daring cruiser a few days before her arrival at Cherbourg, where they were landed in a nearly destitute condition. Many spectators were provided with spy-glasses and camp-stools. The *Kearsarge* was burning Newcastle coals, and the *Alabama* Welsh coals, the difference in the amount of smoke enabling the movements of each ship to be distinctly traced. An excursion train from Paris arrived in the morning bringing hundreds of pleasure-seekers, who were unexpectedly favored with the spectacle of a sea-fight. A French gentleman at Boulogne-sur-Mer assured me that the fight was the conversation of Paris for more than a week.

John M. Browne.

NOTE: Eleven Confederate cruisers figured in the so-called "*Alabama* Claims" settlement with England. Named in the order of the damage inflicted by each, these cruisers were: the *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, *Sumter*, *Sallie*, and *Boston*. The actual losses inflicted by the *Alabama* ($6,547,609.86, according to claims for ships and cargoes filed up to October 25, 1871) were only about $60,000 greater than those inflicted by the *Shenandoah*. The sum total of the claims filed against the eleven cruisers for ships and cargoes, up to October 25, 1871, was $17,900,633.46, all but about four millions of it being charged to the account of the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*.

On May 8, 1871, the Treaty of Washington was completed, in accordance with which a Tribunal of Arbitration was appointed which assembled at Geneva. It consisted of Count Edward Sclopis, named by the King of Italy; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, named by the President of the Swiss Confederation; Viscount d'Itajuba, named by the Emperor of Brazil; Mr. Charles Francis Adams, named by the President of the United States; and Sir Alexander Cockburn, named by the Queen of England. The Counsel for Great Britain was Sir Roundell Palmer (afterward Lord Selborne). The United States was represented by William M. Evarts and Caleb Cushing.

Claims were made by the United States for indirect and national losses, as well as for the actual losses represented by the nearly eighteen millions on ships and cargoes.

The Tribunal decided that England was in no way responsible for the $1,160,153.95 of losses inflicted by the *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, and *Sumter*; and on September 14, 1871, it awarded $15,500,000 damages for actual losses of ships and cargoes and interest, on account of the other five cruisers. — EDITOR.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

In Vindication of General Rufus King.

IN writing for THE CENTURY his recollections of "The Second Battle of Bull Run," General Pope has, perhaps inadvertently, used the exact language which in 1863, and long after, so bitterly hurt one of his most loyal subordinates. On page 452 of the January number these words appear:

"I sent orders to McDowell (supposing him to be with his command), and also direct to General King, several times during that night and once by his own staff-officer, to hold his ground at all hazards."

Now the casual reader, ignoring the commas before and after the words "and also direct to General King," would say that orders were sent to King several times that night and once by his own staff-officer. Indeed these words have been used as authority in the army, in histories, even in Congressional debate, for the statement that General King received repeated orders to hold his ground on the evening of August 28th, 1862, and abandoned it in spite of them.

No order or message of any kind, sort, or description reached General King that night from General Pope or any other superior officer; no staff-officer of General King saw or heard of General Pope that night; and, in point of fact, no matter how many he may have sent to McDowell, Pope has since admitted he sent none to King.

Early in '63, when those words first met General King's eyes he wrote at once to his late commander to have the error rectified. General Pope claimed that the construction of the sentence proved that McDowell was meant as the one to whom the repeated orders were sent, but at that time he thought he *had* sent *one* message to King by a staff-officer. I quote from his letter now in my possession, the italics being mine:

"It was far from my intention to imply even that any blame attached to you in the matter. . . . The officer came into my camp about ten o'clock looking for McDowell, to report the result of your action. I told him I had no idea where McDowell was, but to return at once to you with the message to hold your ground. He got something to eat, I think with Ruggles, and went off. . . . Whether he was on your staff or not I really do not know though I thought he was your staff-officer.

"Several officers of McDowell's staff came to me during the night looking for him, and to more than one of them I gave the same message *for McDowell.* If McDowell had been with his command as I supposed he was, Sigel and Reynolds could have been brought to your support. I was disappointed, of course, but did not for a moment attach any sort of blame to you. *I never knew whether the aide-de-camp reached you that night or not,* but I felt always perfectly satisfied that whether he did or not you had done the very best you could have done under the circumstances."

Now the aide-de-camp in question was Houston of the Corps of Engineers, serving on McDowell's staff. He had witnessed the severe engagement of King's division, west of Groveton, and sometime after dark had ridden off through the woods in search of his general who had not been seen by King or his officers since two o'clock in the afternoon. McDowell in hunting for Pope got lost in the woods, and Houston, hunting for McDowell, stumbled in on Pope's camp late at night, told there of King's battle, got refreshment, he says, of Ruggles, and went off; but he remembers no message from Pope to King, and if there was one, which he doubts, he did not deliver it, for he never attempted to return to King, but went on in search of McDowell until he found him late the following day. No other officer from King got within range of Pope that night, so far as rigid investigation has ever disclosed, and that none at all came from Pope to King is beyond peradventure. Indeed, in 1878 General Pope declared it was to McDowell that all the orders were sent.

As to King's falling back to Manassas Junction, that was the result of the conference between him and his four brigade commanders, and was vehemently urged upon him as the only practicable way to save what was left of the command after the fierce conflict that raged at sunset. King's orders were to march to Centreville, which was objected to strenuously by Stonewall Jackson's corps, and they were in the majority. The brigade commanders voted for a deflection to the right towards Manassas Junction, General John Gibbon being most urgent, and the following extract from a letter from him to King, also in my possession, gives his views:

"I deem it not out of place to say that that retreat was suggested and urged by myself as a necessary military measure . . . I do not hesitate to say, and it is susceptible of proof, that of the two courses which I considered open to you of obeying your orders to march on Centreville or retreat on Manassas on your own responsibility, the one you adopted was the proper one.

"Having first suggested the movement and urged it on military grounds, I am perfectly willing to bear my full share of the responsibility, and you are at liberty to make any use of this communication you may deem proper."

Charles King,
Captain United States Army.

Government Aid in the Marking of Battle-fields.

THREE members of the faculty of Vanderbilt University recently visited the battle-field of Nashville. They were in possession of an excellent map, upon which all the works, lines, and positions of the two-days' fighting were accurately indicated by a military engineer. They tramped fifteen miles to examine and identify all the points of interest. Windings in the pikes, of which three pierce the field, courses of streams, and bearings of hills and houses were all frequently noted and compared with the map. Inquiries were made of persons living on or near the battle-field, yet the precise fixing of even important localities was, in some instances, impossible. This experience has led me to think that the Federal Government, while participants and eye-witnesses are still living, might devise some simple and inexpensive, but still effective, system of laying off and marking the important battle-fields of the Civil War, so as permanently to aid intelligent investigation by military students and visitors. The persons of whom

mention has been made purpose visiting Donelson, Franklin, Murfreesboro', Shiloh, and Missionary Ridge, thus completing the circuit of the battle-fields of Tennessee; and it is certain, if proper facilities of identification and study were afforded by the Government, that many summer tourists would prefer such excursions to any other entertainment accessible in the South. The expenditure of public money, of which there now seems to be a surplus, would possibly not be greater than that often cheerfully appropriated to the erection of a single custom-house; and the advantages, not only to the general public, but to the future historian, would be incalculable. The changes effected in a few years are surprising. New dwellings are erected, old ones destroyed, fences are changed, woods cleared, pikes and roads opened, ditches and hedges are run, and the topography altered in many ways. Old houses receive new occupants, and these, upon inquiry, are often found in possession of erroneous and impossible traditions concerning the events which took place on the historic ground they occupy. Many of the battle-fields of Europe, I am informed, are so marked with stones that the intelligent visitor finds no difficulty in connecting the battle with the field. Unless steps are speedily taken, on the part of our General Government, to mark the places of the special movements and events of our great battles, the limits and outlines of the fields will soon be lost beyond recovery.

Jno. J. Tigert.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, Dec. 21, 1885.

A Statement from the Confederate Commissary General.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD in the November CENTURY (1884) and Generals Johnston and Imboden in the May CENTURY (1885) criticise the management of my department in the matter of supplies for the army at Manassas both before and after the first battle. In the statements of these generals, there is some conflict, but they all concur in making me appear a preposterous imbecile, and Mr. Davis guilty of retaining such an officer. General Imboden in effect charges Mr. Benjamin with suppressing, in order to shield my incapacity, an official report of a board of officers convened by Johnston.

General Beauregard wrote to his aides, Colonels Chesnut and Miles, on July 29, 1861,— the latter read the letter in Congress,— about his vision of capturing Washington, and laid the foundation of the cabal against Mr. Davis, which made the Confederate Government a "divided house." It produced a resolution of inquiry, followed soon by a standing committee, and afterwards by a unanimous resolution, in secret session of both houses, in January, 1865, to appoint a joint select committee to investigate the condition and management of all the Bureaux of the War Department. The session of this committee on commissary affairs was held on January 23, 1865. The investigations of the standing committee, during the war, into my policy and methods were frequent; several were long taking testimony, for one member, H. S. Foote,— who when I was in prison published me as cruel to Federal prisoners,— was ever zealous to attack. Every investigation ended in approval. I have a letter from Mr. John B. Baldwin, chairman of the joint select committee, stating that he had declared in Congress, as the result of their examination, "that the commissary department of subsistence, under the control of Colonel Northrop, the Commissary General, had been managed with a foresight and sagacity, and a far-reaching comprehensive grasp of its business, such as we had found in no other bureau connected with the army supply, with perhaps a single exception."

The engineer, General Beauregard, neglected his communications, so that "troops for the battle" and "supplies" were "retarded"; but they were at the depot. "Eighteen heavy cannon, called for two weeks before," occupied unloaded cars. Numerous cars were retained as stationary storehouses "for provisions," "useless baggage" and "trunks"; one hundred and thirty-three cars were abstracted by the "military" power from the use of the railroads for two weeks and more before the battle until returned by the Quartermaster-General and Mr. Ashe, the Government agent. There was plenty of lumber available to construct a storehouse. General Beauregard was not "urgent on the Commissary General for adequate supplies before the battle," for there was no ground of complaint. It was *after the battle*, when the vision of capturing Washington had seduced him, that he tried to construct a ground of complaint anterior to the battle.

Beauregard made but *one* demand on me (July 8th, by a telegram which I have) for a commissary of the old service. Colonel Lee was added; no one was removed. On July 6th I ordered Fowle to buy all the corn-meal, and soon after all the bacon he could. July 7th, Beauregard ordered him to keep in advance a two weeks' supply for twenty-five thousand men, and Major Noland was ready to supply *any number* of beeves. The findings of the Board (on which Colonel Lee sat) are incoherent, as stated by Imboden. The interdictions alleged by him are refuted by Colonel Ruffin (my chief assistant), and by all the letters sent officially to me in August, 1861. I have Fowle's detailed report of the rations at Manassas; there was plenty of provision for a march on Washington. If I had removed his commissaries as he alleges, or "interdicted" them as General Imboden states, General Beauregard need not have been hampered, in a country which all the generals have declared abounded in the essentials of food.

General Johnston's comments in the May CENTURY, on the commissariat, are unfounded. *He* "requested" an increase of provisions which his commissary alone could determine, and allowed the accumulation to go on for twelve days, after he knew that he had more than he wanted. When I was informed, I did what he should have had done — telegraphed the shippers to stop. Two weeks before his move he promised my officer, Major Noland, the transportation deemed sufficient, and of which he had assumed direct control. Empty trains passed the meat which had been laid in piles, ready for shipment. Empty trains lay idle at Manassas for days, in spite of Noland's efforts to get them. General Johnston says the stores of the other departments were brought off. He burned up "hundreds of blankets and shoes, and three hundred new cavalry saddles."

L. B. Northrop.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., December 16, 1885.

CHRISTIANITY AND POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE relation of Christianity to popular education is a parental relation. Christianity has always been the originator and promoter of education. Of the church, indeed, this must be said with some qualifications; for there have been periods when nothing in the world was more frightfully unchristian than the ecclesiastical machine. Christianity consists of the teachings of Christ, and of the life, individual and social, which is based upon his teachings and nourished by communion with him. Christian truth and Christian life were in the world when the ecclesiastical powers were the most corrupt and malignant—hiding sometimes in the fastnesses of the mountains, and waiting for the downfall of their persecutors. Even in these days it is a mistake to identify Christianity with the various ecclesiastical machines; the church often happens to be the very thing that needs Christianizing. If, therefore, it is true that the church at certain periods has shown scant favor to other than theological science, it is nevertheless true that the drift of Christian teaching and discipline has been toward the diffusion of learning.

The uniform testimony of the Sacred Scriptures is of this tenor. The value of knowledge is everywhere insisted on. It is, indeed, asserted that knowledge must rank below love; but if the Scriptures seem to disparage knowledge, it is the knowledge that despises virtue. Every careful reader of the Bible knows that the value of intelligence as the foundation of character and the solid basis of national welfare is taught with iteration and emphasis in both Testaments. Neither is the knowledge thus praised exclusively religious knowledge. The man of the Biblical history most renowned for his wisdom, and most applauded for his pursuit of wisdom, was not conspicuously a theologian, but a man who seems to have mastered what was knowable in his time of the "humanities." This wisdom of Solomon's did not keep him from falling into an abyss of sensuality; but the record does not intimate that his fall was the fruit of his learning; it was rather in spite of his learning. His wisdom is always commended and never censured. The Bible, the Christian's text-book, may be claimed as the friend of learning.

Even in the ages of darkness, when the Bible was not in the hands of the people, the churches and the monasteries kept alive what learning was left in the world. Through all this period the councils of the church steadily required the clergy to provide gratuitous instruction for the young. Theodulph, one of Charlemagne's bishops, issued the following instruction to his clergy: "Let the elders establish schools in towns and villages, and if any of the faithful wish to intrust to them their children to be taught letters, let them not decline to receive and teach them, but with the utmost care instruct them. And when they thus teach, let them take from them no recompense for their service, nor accept anything from them, except what parents, in the exercise of charity, of their own accord may offer them." This epistle of Theodulph is a fair sample of numerous admonitions addressed during these times, by councils and dignitaries, to the inferior clergy. Charlemagne himself gave orders that schools be opened everywhere "to teach children to read," and that "in every monastery some one teach psalms, writing, arithmetic, and grammar." The great King's zeal for learning is noteworthy when it is remembered that his literary acquisitions stopped short with the art of reading, and left room for a dispute among the historians as to his ability to write his name. The reasonings of his decree show how closely he connects learning and religion; he urges that, just as good conduct is prescribed by a definite rule, so also must teaching and learning be systematically carried on, "that those who seek to please God by right living may not neglect to please him also by right speaking."

The Reformation was itself at once the effect and the cause of a great revival of learning. Erasmus, the hero of the Renaissance, and Luther, the hero of the Reformation, were both apostles of the new education. The right of private judgment implied the necessity of the universal diffusion of knowledge, and both Luther and Melanchthon wrought strenuously toward this end. The founders of New England, Protestants of the Protestants, by no means forgot this corollary of Protestantism; their history shows on every page how great was the estimation which they placed upon knowledge, and how close was its relation in their minds with religion. Within thirty years of the landing of the Pilgrims education had been made compulsory in every colony except Rhode Island, and this was done, as their law declared, chiefly with the purpose of circumventing "that old deluder Sathan,"

who seeks "to keep men from the use of the Scriptures by persuading them from the use of tongues."

It is scarcely necessary to trace the close connection between the church and the school in the early New England commonwealths. From these came forth the impulse which has made education universal all over the Northern States of this Union; so that its schools are the earliest care and the loudest boast of every sprouting emporium and every noisy mart; so that the pioneer's axe loses its virgin edge upon the timber of which the log school-house is builded; and the ambitious piles of brick or stone, devoted to the education of the people, rival, in all the centers of commerce, the warehouses and the elevators and the factories.

That the motive of education is, in these latter days, much less frankly religious than it was in the days of the Pilgrims, must be admitted. The reasons given in the town meeting and in the city council, when appropriations are urged for public schools, are not the kind of reasons that would have been suggested in Plymouth or in Salem two hundred and fifty years ago. The reasoned basis of popular education in the popular mind is twofold: it includes philanthropy and self-defense. A considerable number of our citizens recognize the latter as the only admissible ground on which a public-school system can rest. Philanthropy they do not believe in; or, at any rate, they contend that the state has no right to go into the business of philanthropy. But the right of self-preservation does belong to the state; and if popular ignorance threatens its security, and even its very existence, then the state has the right to provide and even to require popular education. That this is a valid basis of state action on the subject, so far as rights go, will not be disputed. Whether the education which proceeds from this as the principal motive is likely to be effective in the development of the highest character in the citizens so educated would be an interesting inquiry.

But the philanthropic motive is present in the minds of many of those who advocate the education of the people. Their desire is not merely to avert a peril from the state, but to confer a benefit upon the pupils. Mr. Mill affirms, in his essay "On Liberty," that the failure to provide for a child "instruction and training for its mind is a moral crime both *against the unfortunate offspring* and against society" (p. 204). This is a recognition of the child's rights, and Mr. Mill goes on to say that the state ought to secure to the child his right to education. The love of equal rights, and the disposition to give every human being a fair chance, is still, let us trust, an influential motive in the minds of those who advocate popular education. And this motive is the fruit of Christianity. Look on this picture, painted by the author of *Gesta Christi*, and ponder his comment:

> "Schools are open to all. The rich are forced to give of their abundance for the education of the poor. Not only are common schools open to every class, but higher schools and colleges of learning are provided for the masses. Even laws are made compelling attendance, and provisions are made by individual charity for those who are poor and ill-clad. This is one of the most remarkable fruits of this religion in modern times. It is a forcible distribution of wealth to confer the highest possible blessings on the needy. It is a confession of society that the most ignorant, degraded, and destitute person is a brother of the most fortunate, and must have every opportunity to exert his powers. If one could imagine the proposition made to the archai of Athens to tax the rich in order that the helots might learn to read the Greek classics, or a measure before the Roman Senate to set apart a new revenue for providing teachers for the plebs and the slaves, one could rightly measure the progress of the Christian sentiment of equality in these eighteen centuries."

That popular education, as it exists in this country, is the offspring of the religious sentiment, is matter of history. But, like many another unfilial child, education has shown a strong disposition of late to disown and desert her mother. The tendency has been gaining strength to withdraw education from all association with religion, to eliminate religion wholly from education, and to claim for education all the saving virtues of which society has need. There are those who think that the diffusion of science and literature will prove a sufficient agency for the promotion of the welfare of the state; and that the learning thus diffused not only may be but must be separated from everything that bears the semblance of religion.

I have not mentioned this demand for the entire secularization of our schools for the sake of opposing it at this point in the argument, but rather for the sake of calling attention to a manifest deterioration of public morals which has kept even pace with this secular tendency in education. Twenty-five or thirty years ago most of our public schools were under Christian influences. No attempt was made to inculcate the dogmas of the Christian religion, but the teachers were free to commend the precepts of the New Testament, in a direct, practical way, to the consciences of their pupils; and some of us remember, not without gratitude, the impressions made upon our lives in the school-room by the instructors of our early days. All this has been rapidly changing; and, contemporaneously, it is discovered that something is wrong with society. Grave dangers menace its peace;

ugly evils infest its teeming populations. Pauperism is increasing. The number of those who lack either the power or the will to maintain themselves, and who are therefore thrown upon the care of the state, is growing faster than the population. The cure of this alarming evil is engaging the study of philanthropists in all our cities. Crime is increasing. The only State in the Union that carefully collects its moral statistics brings to light some startling facts respecting the increase of crime within the past thirty years. In 1850 there was one prisoner in Massachusetts to every eight hundred and four of the population; in 1880 there was one to every four hundred and eighty-seven. The ratio of the prisoners to the whole population nearly doubled in thirty years. But it may be said that this increase is due to the rapid growth of the foreign population in Massachusetts. There would be small comfort in this explanation if it were the true one; but it is not the true one. The native criminals are increasing faster than the foreign-born criminals. In 1850 there was one native prisoner to every one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven native citizens; in 1880 there was one native prisoner to every six hundred and fifteen native citizens. The ratio of native prisoners to the native population more than doubled in thirty years.

And this, be it remembered, is in Massachusetts — the State in which education of every kind, public and private, has been longer established, and is more munificently endowed and more thoroughly administered, than in any other State of the Union. Massachusetts expends, through her public schools, for the tuition of every pupil enumerated in her school population, nearly sixteen dollars a year. Added to this public provision is the great array of universities, colleges, academies, and seminaries, amply endowed, far surpassing those of every other State in number and in excellence. What education can do to promote morality has been more thoroughly done for Massachusetts than for any other American State. Nevertheless, the statistics show an alarming increase of the vicious and dependent classes in Massachusetts. There is no room for supposing that the case of Massachusetts is any worse than that of the younger commonwealths. Those who have had opportunities for observing the conditions of society East and West will not be inclined to believe that the morals of the old Bay State are any lower than those of New York, or Ohio, or Illinois. If other States would collect the facts as carefully, and publish them as fully, we should see similar conditions existing everywhere.

Neither is it necessary to draw from these facts any pessimistic inferences as to the general decadence of society. This retrograde movement, we may well believe, is local and temporary. The causes out of which it arises may be discoverable and avoidable. What they are is a question to which the social philosophers, big and little, are devoting much study. Mr. Henry George has his theory of the increase of pauperism; and since pauperism and crime are closely linked together, the one evil cannot be explained without uncovering the causes of the other. The Socialists, not content to stop at Mr. George's half-way house, go far beyond him with their philosophy and their remedy. The Protectionists have their theory of the case, the Free-Traders theirs, the Prohibitionists theirs. Besides these there are not a few who, in looking more deeply for the sources of these increasing curses, are inclined to lay the responsibility for them at the doors of our schools. If the schools were what they ought to be, they say, these streams of baleful influence would be dried up at their sources, instead of overflowing the land. The only radical cure of these mischiefs is the reform of our educational system.

The explanation last named is partial, and the censure which it implies is too sweeping. If any man believes that popular education is the panacea for all political and social disorders, he must, of course, believe that the present disorders are due to a defective system of education; but one who does not expect the regeneration of society from methods purely educational, will not be so ready to arraign the schools as the authors, by commission or omission, of the social depravity now existing. If the methods of education had been faultless, and other causes which have been all the while operating had continued in operation, we should, very likely, have witnessed an increase both of pauperism and of crime. This accursed harvest springs from more than one kind of sowing, and will not be extirpated by any one kind of implement. The growth of the vicious and dependent classes is due to many causes.

A defective industrial system has something to do with it. The relations of capital and labor are not what they ought to be. The strife between them is unnatural, and it has been fostered by a bad political economy which erects selfishness into the supreme rule of human action. Any one who thinks that it makes no difference what men believe is commended to a careful study of the influence of certain economical theories upon the relations between employers and employed. In cases of this nature temper is a great matter; and the temper engendered by the current

economy is the reverse of Christian. The collisions and conflicts that grow out of this evil temper have produced a certain portion of the increase of pauperism and crime.

Another cause is the massing of the populations in cities and in great manufacturing centers, where multitudes are deprived of the sacred restraints of home, and depraved for the want of them.

The great fluctuations of industry produced by changing fashions and by sudden and brief rages of one sort or another, creating demands for labor that quickly blaze up and are as quickly extinguished, will account for part of it. This shifting, uncertain life that our artisan classes are largely compelled to live is not friendly to morality.

The influence of immigration upon morality is suggestively set forth by Mr. W. T. Harris:

> "All parts of Europe and some parts of Asia are sending us their immigrants. Each immigrant brings some peculiar moral habits which clash with our own. The result is that each and all, immigrants and natives, have to learn tolerance. But moral punctilios cannot be trifled with safely. When people are politically compelled to be tolerant of petty customs that they believe to be immoral, there follows a relaxation of genuine morality itself. Even when a false, bigoted prejudice that has rooted itself among the moral virtues is pulled up, the cardinal virtues themselves suffer injury." — *Journal of Social Science*, xviii., 122.

Heredity, too, is a great factor in the production of pauperism and crime. The paupers and the criminals bring forth with great fecundity after their kind, and a careless pseudo-charity has encouraged them to persevere.

Above all, deplore it as we must, it is the historical fact that the rapid increase of wealth in any country is always accompanied by the lowering of the moral standards. The most pernicious class of youth in America to-day is largely recruited from the children of the new rich, who are debauching themselves and corrupting those about them with fearful energy. And the schools are not chargeable with the existence or the mischief of these youthful malefactors. They have little to do with the schools, except to infect them with their own idleness and vice; and the better the schools are, the less likely such pupils are to remain in them for any length of time.

There are reasons enough, therefore, for the deterioration of public morals outside of the school-houses. Against all of these evil tendencies of which we have been speaking the schools, with all their imperfections, lift up a barrier. They promote industry and thrift and self-support. They check, measurably, the increase of crime. Just as they are, they exert a salutary influence upon society.

Nevertheless, it is altogether possible that this depravation of morals is due in part to defects in our systems of education. Our schools have counteracted these evils to some extent, but much less effectively than they might have done. The best possible system of education would not have prevented them all, but it would have prevented more of them. The increase of pauperism and crime would have been less rapid and alarming if our schools had been more wisely organized and conducted.

It may be, therefore, that this unfilial daughter, having learned by experience that she is not sufficient of herself for the regeneration of society, will welcome a word or two of admonition from the mother whose counsels she has of late rather testily rejected. Suffer it she must, if she do not welcome it; for Christianity will by no means abdicate her right to deliver her testimony on this and every other subject that deeply concerns the public welfare.

The first demand that Christianity has to make respecting popular education, is that it be directed toward the formation of character rather than the communication of abstract knowledge. And inasmuch as character is largely developed by work, the intelligent Christian will insist that our public schools ought to give a great deal more attention than they ever have done to industrial training.

It may be supposed that the attempt to make Christianity responsible for such a demand as this is strained and extravagant. Doubtless there is a sentimental sort of Christianity by which "secular" interests of this sort are little regarded, but it is not the Christianity of Christ nor of the apostles. When we reflect that every Jewish boy was compelled to learn a trade; that the Founder of Christianity was himself a carpenter; that the greatest of the apostles maintained himself by the labor of his own hands, and most explicitly laid down the law to the converts in the churches that he founded, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat"; that, in the frankest contrast with the great teachers of Greece, like Plato and Aristotle, who declared all labor to be degrading to a freeman, the Christian fathers, from the very first, sung the praises of self-supporting industry, and pronounced idleness disgraceful, we readily see that the interest of a genuine Christianity in the industrial training of the young is neither affectation nor afterthought.

The feeling that something ought to be done by the public schools in the way of industrial education has been gaining force for several years. "Mercantilism" has laid its hand heavily upon the common schools; and the training provided by them has largely

ministered to the love of trade. Much of this has been unintentional and even unconscious; mercantilism is in the air, and it insensibly pervades our schools, and our school-books, and the traditions and methods of education. A boy comes out of the grammar school pretty well qualified to be a clerk, but with very little preparation for any of the handicrafts. It begins to be a serious question whether the state ought to devote so much time to the training of traders; whether it might not be wiser to afford instruction that shall turn the minds of the young in other directions also. The great majority of the pupils in our grammar schools will earn their livelihood by manual industries of one sort or another. Is it not well to recognize this fact in our systems of education, and to shape our courses of instruction in such a way that they may serve the needs of pupils of this class?

It is sometimes said that the state owes to its children only the rudiments of a general education; that it ought to equip every citizen for the discharge of his political duties, but that it is not under obligation to teach men trades or professions; that the state is going a step too far when it undertakes to make men lawyers, or doctors, or carpenters, or machinists. The objection is valid. It is not the function of the state to furnish technical or professional training. But there is an industrial training which is neither technical nor professional; which is calculated to make better men and better citizens of the pupils, no matter what calling they may afterward follow; which affects directly and in a most salutary manner the mind and character of the pupil, and which will be of constant service to him through all his life, whether he be wage-worker, or trader, or teacher, or clergyman. The training of the eye and of the hand are important and essential elements in all good education. These elements the state is bound to furnish.

The question immediately arises, how much can be done in the common schools to promote industrial education? Some experienced educators insist that nothing can be done; that no time can be found for such instruction in the already over-crowded curriculum of the common school; that the attempt would introduce confusion; that if anything is done, it must be through the establishment, by voluntary agencies, of separate industrial schools, in which pupils may receive training out of school hours, or after they have completed the common-school course.

To these objections it may be answered that a little heroic surgery upon the swollen curriculum of the common school would be extremely healthful. In the graded schools of our cities the average pupil who completes the course spends from eight to ten years in studying arithmetic. It must be possible to reduce this time considerably, by the condensation and simplification of text-books. The same may be said of geography and of grammar. Time enough could thus be gained for such purposes, with great advantage to the schools.

It is sometimes proposed that the industrial training of the public schools should be confined to the pupils of the high schools. But this would greatly restrict the advantages of such training, inasmuch as but a small fraction of those educated by the state reach the high schools. Moreover, the majority of the boys who enter the high schools are already strongly inclined toward commercial or professional callings; and the industrial education there offered them would, for this reason, be less welcome to them, and less influential in guiding them toward skilled or productive industries. It would undoubtedly be well to connect an industrial course with the high school; but the greatest benefit of such instruction would be gained by the pupils of the two highest grades of the grammar schools. The average age at which pupils leave the grammar school is fifteen; between the ages of thirteen and fifteen instruction of this kind can be most successfully imparted. This is precisely the age at which boys are apt to be restless and insubordinate; a little manual work in connection with their studies would afford vent to their surplus energies, and prove a valuable aid in maintaining discipline.

The foundation of this industrial training is drawing, which is now taught in many of our public schools, and which ought to be made compulsory in all of them. No branch of study now included in the common-school curriculum is more "practical" than drawing. At the basis of all mechanical work lies the art of mechanical or projection drawing; at the basis of all industrial art lie the arts of design. The man who is to follow any kind of handicraft, or who is to be engaged in the production of any fabrics or articles that have form or color, whether it be spades or shoes, or chairs or wheelbarrows, or wagons or plows, or hats, or harnesses, or houses, needs to have his eye and his hand trained in learning to draw. A number of young men in a machine-shop lately came to the draughtsman in that shop and asked him to give them lessons in mechanical drawing. They were beginning to see, what neither they nor their parents could have been made to understand while they were in school, that no man can be a first-class mechanic in any of the trades who does not know something of mechanical drawing.

The application of art to industry is steadily extending into all departments of work. The commercial value of almost everything that is made is affected, more or less, by its artistic form. The commonest tool or utensil is more desirable if it is shapely and symmetrical. Therefore, the arts of design are constantly coming into play in all mechanical or manufacturing industries, and every workman needs instruction in them.

Even those who are to follow mercantile or professional callings are finding use, continually, for knowledge and skill of this sort, and are often greatly disabled for the lack of it. Who is there that does not need, every month of his life, the power to make an intelligible representation with the pencil of something that he wishes to describe, or of something that he desires to have constructed? A little elementary training in drawing when he was a child would have given him this power; the want of it is a constant source of regret and annoyance. The notion that drawing is a mere "accomplishment," an ornamental branch of education, can be entertained by none but the ignorant. Nothing is taught in our schools the utility of which is more obvious.

The foundation of industrial education is thus laid in many of our common schools through the introduction of drawing. All that is needed is that the work in this department should be more thoroughly done.

In addition to this, instruction should be given in the use of the common wood-working tools, such as the hammer, saw, plane, chisel, and gouge. One of the rooms of every grammar school should be a shop, fitted up with work-benches and the requisite tools; and a capable mechanic should be placed in charge of it, as one of the regular corps of teachers. From four to six hours a week in the shop would be sufficient for each pupil; and the boys of a large school could be divided into classes, so that a single instructor could easily manage them all. In two years of such training, under a competent teacher, the use of these common tools could be acquired, and a practical skill in construction and in the manipulation of materials, which would be of the greatest advantage to all pupils, no matter what callings they might intend to follow, and which would give to many of them suggestive hints in the choice of a calling.

It is probable that to these simpler wood-working tools lathes might sometimes be added, and that the simplest processes of iron-working might also be taught. The girls in the same schools should receive thorough instruction in plain sewing and in ornamental needlework, and might also learn modeling in clay. The details of the plan are yet to be adjusted; but the need of introducing this kind of instruction into the common schools of our cities is already so obvious that the working plans must soon be forthcoming. In the smaller country district-schools the difficulties would be greater, but there, happily, the need is less. The boys and girls in these schools have plenty of chance for industrial training.

Already the matter has passed beyond the stage of theory, and successful experiments have been made in several places. In connection with Washington University, in St. Louis, is a school for manual instruction in which this plan of giving a broad general training in the various processes of mechanical work has been carried into operation with great success. In this school three hours of every day are devoted to books, one hour to drawing, and two hours to work with tools. The three years' course is about the same as that of the ordinary English high school, with the manual instruction added. In the first year the pupils learn the use of the wood-working tools, including the lathe; in the second year they work at the forge, learning the various manipulations of wrought iron, and also take some practical lessons in molding, casting, soldering, and brazing; in the third year they go into the machine-shop, and are drilled in bench work and fitting, turning, planing, screw-cutting, etc. More than two hundred boys are receiving instruction in this school.

In Toledo, Ohio, a manual training school has been established in connection with the public schools, to which pupils from the senior grammar grade, and from the first year of the high school, are admitted. In Gloucester, Massachusetts, in Boston, and in Montclair, New Jersey, similar schools have been connected with the grammar school, for pupils from eleven to fifteen years of age. The report from all these quarters is highly encouraging. The practicability of combining manual with intellectual training seems to be clearly indicated by these experiments.

The advantages claimed for this combination by Professor Woodward, of the St. Louis school, are briefly these:

"1. Larger classes of boys in the grammar and high schools. 2. Better intellectual development. 3. A more wholesome moral education. 4. Sounder judgments of men and things. 5. Better choice of occupations. 6. A higher degree of material success, individual and social. 7. The elevation of many of the occupations from the realm of brute, unintelligent labor, to one requiring and rewarding cultivation and skill. 8. The solution of 'labor problems.'"

With several of these anticipated results the present discussion is not directly con-

cerned; but they must all be regarded as beneficent; and the reasons given by this distinguished educator for expecting them to follow are based not only on a sound philosophy, but on a large experience. The fact that the intellectual development of pupils thus trained is not retarded but greatly quickened by the combination of manual work with their studies, appears to be established. The boys and girls of the half-time schools in England, who spend part of the school hours in labor outside the schools, easily keep up with those who devote to their studies twice as much time. And these pupils are generally engaged in laborious and monotonous employments, far less attractive and stimulating than those of the manual training school.

One of the best effects of this method is seen in the awakening of pupils who, in their text-book studies, are dull and incapable, but who find in the manual work something in which they can excel. This puts them on better terms with themselves, with their teachers, and with the school; and the self-respect and hope thus inspired lead them to attack their mental tasks with a better resolution. Professor Francis A. Walker, in an excellent paper read before the Social Science Association, speaks strongly of this result of manual training in schools.

That the school discipline would be more easily maintained under this system, I have already suggested. This must result from "a more wholesome moral education"; and Professor Woodward can tell us how surely this is secured by the industrial method:

> "To begin with, I have noted the good effect of occupation. The programme of a manual training school has something to interest and inspire every boy. The daily session is six full hours, but I have never found it too long. The school is not a bore, and holidays, except the name of the thing, are unpopular. I have been forced to make strict rules to prevent the boys from crowding into the shops and drawing rooms on Saturdays and after school hours. There is little tendency, therefore, to stroll about, looking for excitement. A boy's natural passion for handling, fixing, and making things is systematically guided into channels instructive and useful, as parents freely relate. . . . Gradually the students acquire two most valuable habits, which are certain to influence their whole lives for good — namely, precision and method. As Professor Runkle says: 'Whatever cultivates care, close observation, exactness, patience, and method, must be valuable preparation and training for all studies and all pursuits.'"

That the judgment would be educated by such practical lessons; that labor itself would be dignified and elevated; that the skill and facility thus acquired would render him who acquires them more versatile, more fertile in resources, and less liable to be stranded in dull times and when industries are constantly shifting, are predictions that do not greatly tax our faith. That the salutary effect of the introduction of the system upon the moral as well as the material welfare of the whole country would be clearly visible before many years, appears to me indubitable. The French Imperial Commission, appointed several years ago to examine this question, visited Belgium and studied the effects of the apprentice schools then in operation. At that time fifty-four of these schools had been established in that kingdom, and the commission testifies: "The official reports published in Bruges, in 1863, show that everywhere instruction and habits of regular employment have produced the most successful results in improving the morals, not only of the children, but also of the parents, and that mendicity and vagrancy have almost entirely disappeared from those districts" in which these schools have been founded.

This, then, is the first admonition that an intelligent Christianity must leave with those who direct the policy of our schools. You have been building on a foundation too narrow; you must enlarge your basis; you must learn that character is the principal thing, and that character is the result of a harmonious development of all the powers — of the eye and the hand and the practical judgment and the will, as well as of the memory and the logical faculty; and you must not forget that industrial training affords a discipline almost indispensable to the right development of character.

BUT if the Christianity whose chief concern is righteousness has a right to reprove our state educators for having omitted to furnish this indirect but most effective method of moral discipline, much more has it the right to rebuke them for their gross neglect to provide direct and systematic methods of moral education. The failure to awaken and develop the moral nature of the pupils in our schools is notorious and disastrous. Moral training has become altogether secondary; the attempt to secure it is but feebly and uncertainly made.

I have before me a consolidated list of examination questions presented to teachers by county boards of examiners in the State of Ohio. This list is said to include "the whole range of the questions sent in [to the State Board] by the examining boards of the several counties," and it undoubtedly presents them in fair proportion also. Running the eye over them, it becomes evident at once that while the ability of these intending teachers to impart instruction on all other subjects is fully tested, there is very little effort made to find out what their purposes and ideas are respect-

ing the moral training of their pupils. Upon theory and practice of teaching there are one hundred and fourteen questions; upon orthography, forty-eight; upon reading, thirty; upon penmanship, twenty-four; upon grammar, one hundred and six; upon arithmetic, one hundred and four; upon geography, one hundred and sixty-two; upon history, nineteen; upon physiology, seventeen; upon civil government, ten; upon book-keeping, ten; upon algebra, eighteen; upon physics, twenty-eight — six hundred and ninety questions in all. Of these, two questions, under the head of "theory and practice," refer to the development of moral character — these two, namely: "Do you teach morals and politeness?" — as if it were optional with the teacher whether he would do so or not, — and, "How would you undertake to cultivate the morals of your pupils?" Now, when the State in its inquiry into the qualifications of teachers makes the ratio of morals to other subjects as two to six hundred and ninety, we could hardly expect the teachers whom it employs to be very thorough or enthusiastic in imparting moral instruction to their pupils.

As a matter of fact, we get a great deal more moral teaching in our schools than this astonishing exhibit would indicate. Many of the teachers recognize their responsibility in this matter, even if the state does not enforce it upon them; and they find ways of impressing the truths of morality upon the minds of their pupils. In their conventions and institutes, the question of moral instruction is often earnestly debated. On the whole, it is rather surprising that teachers should manifest so much interest in this matter, when those who employ them appear to care so little about it. It is not at all to be wondered at that many of the teachers are utterly remiss in this part of their duty, and that the moral education of the young in our public schools is, in general, sadly neglected.

Mr. Harris, in the essay to which reference has been made, points out that certain of what he calls the mechanical virtues, such as punctuality, regularity, and obedience, are taught quite effectively in the discipline of the school. Cleanliness, also, which comes near being a theological virtue, is pretty faithfully inculcated in the lower grades, while the whole regimen of the school ought to be a steady exercise in truth-telling. These are important results, and they are a necessary outcome of the law of the school. For all of this let us be duly thankful. But beyond these are wide ranges of conduct in which children need careful and systematic instruction. The great duties of self-control — the duty of temperance in the indulgence of all the appetites, of restraining the passions, of ruling the spirit; the social duties of honesty, and justice, and fidelity to trusts, and courage, and honor, and magnanimity, and neighborly kindness, and toleration, and sympathy, and charity; the sacred obligations of citizenship — all these, and many others, ought to be diligently impressed upon the consciences of children in school. The statute of Massachusetts sets this matter forth in large and noble characters:

> "It shall be the duty of the president, professors, and tutors of the university at Cambridge, and of the several colleges, of all preceptors and teachers of academies, and of all other instructors of youth, to exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth committed to their care and instruction the principles of piety and justice, and a sacred regard to truth; love of their country, humanity, and universal benevolence; chastity, moderation, and temperance, and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society and the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded; and it shall be the duty of such instructors to endeavor to lead their pupils, as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the tendency of the above-mentioned virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and secure the blessings of liberty, as well as to promote their future happiness, and also to point out to them the evil tendency of the opposite vices."

What this lofty statute demands is not only possible, it is the very first and highest matter to be cared for in every system of education, public or private. With all their other gettings, the children of our schools ought to get, and may get, a clear understanding of these great matters. Doubtless, as I have said, many conscientious teachers endeavor to impress moral truths on the minds of their pupils; but what is done is done in a desultory and uncertain fashion; no systematic attempt is made to develop this part of the child's nature.

It is sometimes denied that morals can be taught from books, and asserted that such teaching is best when it is incidentally rather than formally conveyed. I am not yet convinced that this is true. The objection proceeds upon the theory that morality is something altogether transcendental and mystical, and cannot, therefore, be didactically treated. It is true that what Professor Shairp calls "the moral motive power" is a personal force rather than a formula; nevertheless, there are great truths of morals which are scientifically verifiable; laws which are as well established as the law of gravitation, or the law of the trade winds; laws which can be stated so clearly and simply that the average boy or girl of twelve or fourteen can perfectly understand them. The pupils of our schools need to have these truths put into their minds, in clear statements, that they may be remembered as guides of conduct in coming years.

The law of veracity, for example, with the natural and inevitable rewards and penalties annexed to it, is capable of a perfectly clear statement. This law can be scientifically verified. All the experience of life will tend to its verification. Get it once lodged in a boy's mind, and he can no more get away from it than he can get away from the laws of motion. Now I think it is a great deal more important to get that law fixed in a boy's mind than it is to teach him the process of extracting the cube root, or to instruct him in the law of storms, or the law of ocean currents. I doubt whether many of the pupils of our public schools ever do get that law fixed in their minds. They know, in a general way, that it is wrong to lie; but the eternal reasons for veracity, and the sure penalties of mendacity, they do not understand. To give them these truths in simple propositions; to show them the facts on which these propositions are based; to point out to them the operation of the moral laws, as you point out to them the operation of the physical laws or the physiological processes of digestion — this would be to many of them an inestimable service. They would remember the law; their observation would constantly confirm it; and it would influence their conduct all their lives long.

Precisely the same thing may be said of all the other great laws of conduct. They may be clearly stated, and their natural rewards and penalties indicated; and the state is bound to give this kind of instruction, whatever else it may withhold. To leave so great a matter as this to the teacher's option, and allow him to give moral instruction incidentally, as if it were not a matter of prime importance, is to disparage and degrade the whole subject in a fatal manner. We are bound to dignify it by making it a part of the regular course of study.

Suppose the teacher tells the pupil, casually, these truths of morality of which we have spoken. The pupil is likely to take them as the teacher's individual opinion. If the pupil has great confidence in the wisdom of the teacher, these truths may make a deep impression on his mind; if he has not, they will make very little impression. In any case, they will not come to him as the ascertained and established facts of science, as truth that has been verified by observation and experiment. That is the way in which they ought to come to him. The moral laws ought to be put upon an equal footing, in the pupil's intelligence, with the laws of physics or physiology.

It is sometimes supposed that no effective moral teaching is possible, save that which refers to the Bible as authority. This is a great mistake. Doubtless many of us would rather have the Bible taught in the schools as the text-book of morals — if it could be intelligently taught — than any other book. But this is not possible. And, although no other knowledge of morality can be so good as that which would be gained by a reverent and intelligent study of the Bible, yet a knowledge of the great moral laws and their penalties, sufficient for the practical guidance of men in earthly affairs, can be gained from the experience of men and the study of human nature. The moral laws revealed in the Bible are also impressed upon the nature of man. They were in full force and effect before the Bible was written. As soon as moral beings began to exist in their present relations these laws began to operate. The facts of morality are stated in the Bible because they are true; they are not true because they are stated in the Bible; they were true before a word of the Bible had been uttered. Every law of the decalogue, as my old teacher of morals, President Hopkins, always insists, is a natural law. Surely there can be no objections to teaching natural law in the public schools; and of all natural laws, those which relate to conduct should first be taught by the state. The neglect to provide this kind of teaching is sheer fatuity; every citizen who is a Christian, and who believes that righteousness is the principal thing, is bound to cry out against it, and to demand, unceasingly, that this great defect in our systems of popular education be remedied without delay.

The systematic and intelligent teaching of morals in the public schools would, undoubtedly, accomplish much good. Nevertheless the fact must not be overlooked that truth of this kind, to be most effective, must be vitalized by a genuine religious faith. Religion is the inspiration of all highest morality. And while religion cannot be taught in the public schools, those teachers who possess this faith may, without any dogmatic instruction, impart it to their pupils. "It is for the teachers," says Mr. W. T. Harris, "not to claim to introduce formal religious ceremonies, but to make all their teaching glow with a genuine faith, hope, and charity, so that pupils will catch from them their view of the world as the only view that satisfies the heart and the intellect and the will."

Washington Gladden.

STRIKES, LOCKOUTS, AND ARBITRATION.

HISTORY records numerous instances where different divisions of the same army have by mistake fired into each other in the darkness. Not less sad blunders are sometimes made by labor and capital in those battles which find expression in strikes and lockouts. Labor and capital are each as necessary to the other as the two wings of a bird. Cripple either wing, and the other is useless. Neither labor nor capital can rise alone. In this paper we shall not attempt a dissertation on the politico-economic relations between these interests. We prefer to treat of some of the causes and cures of their troubles, and to deal directly with preventives which may help clashing interests to conserve themselves.

But first consider some of the moral questions involved in a labor trouble where a thousand hands are out of work. Their aggregate daily pay of perhaps one thousand four hundred dollars is a small share of the loss where hunger and cold, sickness and death result. Money values are pitiably powerless to measure that. All this is small, compared to a side of the question usually not even considered — the moral value of being employed. Very often to give one young man or woman honest employment is to save that one, body and soul, and to save the community care and cost. This is vividly illustrated by the well-known story of a friendless girl who, about three generations ago, was thrown upon the world and not cared for. Her children and children's children came to number over a hundred, desperate and dangerous men and women of crime. No record of earth can tell how many a bright young man or woman thrown out of employ by the labor trouble has thus become a center of equally dark and ever-widening circles. For these reasons and such as these, inconceivably great responsibility rests on all concerned in the labor question. It will not do to attempt to hide behind corporate action. Stockholders cannot be too careful of the power vested in the votes their stock represents. A labor cyclone may bring bitter regrets because officers and managers were not made to feel the personal influence of stockholders, exercised by word and letter, and presence at board-meetings. It is not improbable that the storm at Pittsburgh a few years ago, or the more recent telegraph strike, would have been averted if stockholders had been more vigilant.

Capital is probably as often right as labor. Through a blindness hard to understand, labor frequently stands in its own light. Here, again, individual responsibility in many of the fearful relations above suggested must be assumed by any who in anger, stubbornness, or thoughtlessness start these labor troubles, or fan their flames after they are kindled. That man's heart is not in the right place who is willing on light occasion to "let loose the dogs of war" in a strike; who is not more than willing to favor a peaceful solution. It were better to do our duty in these lines of action in time than, too late, to be rudely wakened from dreams of fancied security by violences perpetrated by mobs made up of the dangerous classes, who prowl like hyenas, waiting to make labor troubles the occasion of looting, violence, and lust. The police know that often those who lead in these times are not so famous for mechanical skill or industry as for recklessness and criminal practices. Not infrequently communistic gatherings are where they originate. Yet these very gatherings, we may note in passing, are not always so intractable as they are supposed to be. Not many months ago, a lady who is president of one of our State Peace Societies quietly went into one of these socialist meetings, and, after listening awhile to their turgid expressions, asked leave to say a few words. She then laid before them a more excellent way. They heard her respectfully, and accepted her advice. This may be a straw showing the direction which can be given to a wind supposed to blow nobody any good. Judicious conference with socialists was thus shown to have a mission. All possible safety-valves should be in action in these dangerous days.

Over-concentration of population in cities and towns is one of the most fruitful sources of evils which find expression in strikes and lockouts. The latter are like the steam-gauge, indicating pressure — not the explosive steam itself. Securing continuance in rural life by those whose home is in the country, and as far as practicable turning others from town life to the country, is the best relief to that pressure. This abnormal concentration is subversive of the best interests of both labor and capital.

Young men enjoying independent life on mountain and prairie farms cannot be told too often, or with too much emphasis, that commercial records show that only three men in a hundred succeed as merchants, while ninety-seven go to the wall. A small proportion of those who go from the country to the city succeed in getting clerkships. Few of these have the grip or opportunity to become merchants, and we have just seen how unen-

viable is the lot of even those who reach that point. A small percentage of the thousands flocking to cities, like moths to a candle, succeed in getting the average net pay realized by men and women on farms. Deduct excess of cost of food, fuel, and more expensive clothing, rents, and the drain of long periods of being unemployed, from the seemingly higher city wages, and there is a heavy balance *per capita* in favor of country life. A much larger proportion become proprietors of homes in the country than in the city, and such proprietorship is a powerful bulwark to both labor and capital.

In proportion as farming is made attractive in scientific and æsthetic points of view, will it retain intelligent youth now engaged in it, and draw others from the city to it. Infusing into it the finish and thoroughness of French and especially Belgian methods will make the small farm sufficient for the support of a family. Practical development of the small farm idea makes it more possible for city life to be exchanged for that of the country. There are a thousand city people who could raise money to buy and work ten acres, where there is one who could buy a hundred acres. Of over three million farms in France, only about ten per cent. exceed five acres apiece in extent. Yet the French farmers were chiefly the people who paid the German indemnity, after the fall of Napoleon III., so quickly as to astound the financiers of Christendom. Sure we are, after traversing France from Calais to the Alps, that we have never seen rural life in Europe in more captivating light than among these people. Forestry is a strong point in making farming attractive. It creates the need of forest engineers, such as are employed abroad. Thousands of young men would soon find work in such capacity, at good salaries, if they would fit themselves for it. They are needed now by counties, states, and railway and land companies. If we consider the proportion who succeed in law and medicine, on a scale commensurate with the idea of those who leave farms to go into these professions, we shall see the ratio is similar to that in merchandising. There are a hundred lawyers and doctors with scanty practice, to ten who can be considered as independent as the average farmer. In proportion as these points are practically comprehended, will there be measurable relief from overcrowded markets, low wages, and poor pay for investment of capital in mining and manufacturing.

It is an axiomatic proposition that there is "more money in peace than in contention." A recent Western lawsuit over a few fifty-dollar calves cost twenty thousand dollars. A case in Philadelphia, known as "the kitten case," arose over possession of a half-grown cat. It grew into expensive suits and counter-suits, and more costly hate. The president of the Universal Peace Union consented in the latter case to act as a conciliative board of one. He was successful, and so helped to develop a factor in the peace problem of no mean significance. The settlement of "the kitten case" shows how petty strifes may be prevented from growing into larger ones, which in the aggregate constitute much of the sea of turmoil vexing the great labor interests. When people practice peace in small circles, they will do so in large ones. Usually one or both parties are self-deceived by specious ideas of "fighting for the right." They forget, or do not know, that disinterested lookers-on see that the reverse is true. This naturally suggests conciliation and arbitration among the potent preventives of strikes and lockouts, and their *causes*.

During a once threatened labor trouble, Daniel Webster made a speech in the interest of capital. In that speech he said in substance, and said impressively between clenched teeth, "When any man says the poor against the rich, mark him! mark him!" We say, "When any man, rich or poor, is unwilling to settle a labor trouble by fair, conciliatory arbitration, mark him! mark him!" Like the woman in Solomon's time who was willing to have the baby cut in twain, he is presumably in the wrong who is not willing to refer. Conciliation and arbitration — not arbitrary arbitration — have been fruitful of much good in the Old World. Trade guilds used it in mediæval times. In the early part of the present century, Napoleon devised and established the "Court of Peace" under the most perfect system of laws, framed by him to this beneficent end, which were ever enacted. Such courts are still widely and successfully used. Mr. Joseph D. Weeks says of this system of Napoleon: "These laws, with some slight modifications, have continued until the present under the title of '*Conseils des Prud'-hommes*.' These councils," says Mr. Weeks, "are judicial tribunals constituted with the authority of the Minister of Commerce, through the chambers of commerce which are established at important trade centers of that country. They are composed of an equal number of employer and working-men members, each class electing its own representative, with a president and vice-president named by the Government. The authority of these councils extends to every conceivable question that can arise in the workshop; not only between the workman and his employer, but between the workman and his apprentice,

or his foreman. There is but one question they cannot settle—future rates of wages; but even this can be done by mutual agreement. Arbitration is compulsory upon the application of either, and the decisions of that court can be enforced the same as those of any other court of law. The workings have been beneficial to French industry, especially by conciliation, by which more than ninety per cent. of all cases brought before these tribunals are settled." In 1847 the sixty-nine councils then in existence had before them 19,271 cases, of which 17,951 were settled by conciliation in the private bureau, 519 more by open conciliation, and in only 529 cases was it necessary to have formal judgment. In 1850, of 28,000 cases, 26,800 were settled by open conciliation. There were at the close of 1874 one hundred and twelve councils in France. In 1878 there were brought before them 35,046 cases, of which 25,834 were heard in private, without a formal trial, and seventy-one per cent. were settled without a public hearing. Of the entire number of cases 21,368 were relative to wages, 4733 to dismissals, and 1795 related to apprentices. In 1883 over 263,000 cases were considered by these commercial tribunals. Of these a less proportion were carried on to the civil courts than were appealed there from lower civil courts. This satisfactory showing falls far short of expressing the great benefits of these councils to French industry, especially in removing *causes* of differences, or in preventing them from growing into disputes. Tribunals similar to those of France exist in Belgium. Their success has been less marked than in France, owing in part to the fact that they sometimes have criminal jurisdiction. The French councils are presided over by lay judges. They are tradesmen, merchants, or manufacturers, and are aided by clerks trained in this law. The claimants appear in person, seldom by attorney.

For over a quarter century, similar but voluntary boards have existed in England. Before the Nottingham system came into use in the hosiery industry, there had been desperate boycotting, also machinery smashing, with brutal beatings and even murders. Mr. Mundella was the prime promoter of the system, and the leading arbitrator under it. The Wolverhampton system was contemporaneous in its inception with the Nottingham, and was used among the builders. Here Mr. Rupert Kettle did good service as the leader. It succeeded better than the other, because its chairman had a casting vote. Pending arbitration under these and the French system work and wages go on.

The frequent and regular meetings of these boards of capitalists and laborers, as *equals*, have good effects on both classes, or rather tend to obliterate class lines. The meetings are informal, and rich and poor sit around the same table like friends at a social debating club. Meetings being regular prevent delay in settlements. "Delay is dangerous." It causes irritation and makes the parties less and less in a spirit to listen to reason and be influenced by kindness.

The clear-cut, intimate knowledge all parties secure of facts and philosophies connected with their trades is a great advantage gained by these boards. Not only the members of the boards, but, through them, their constituents get information which gives them poise. Thus they all learn salient conditions of their special industry in various parts of the world, prices of labor and material, improved machinery and processes, etc. Delegates of workmen from these British boards are sent to investigate in France, Germany, and elsewhere, and they return and report. Similar methods of settlement have extended to the coal and iron trades, lace, leather, pottery, and other industries.

Selling prices have come to be accepted as the gauge of rates. On these, sliding scales are arranged, which are found to insure reasonably fair rates of advance or of reduction. It has been well said that "the love of justice and fair play that leads to being willing to arbitrate naturally insures abiding honorably by results." Ninety per cent. of the cases brought before the voluntary boards have been satisfactorily settled, and this mainly under the conciliation phases of their operation, before the arbitration stage was reached. All the work in this line in Britain might be said to be done in this voluntary way. There have been provisions for arbitration by law since the fifth year of George the Fourth's reign; but these and some other enactments of that nature have remained as dead letter, with few if any exceptions.

Somewhat extensive and not unsatisfactory arbitration has been tried in the settlement of difficulties in the vast shoe trades of Lynn, Massachusetts. Probably one of the most harmonious efforts in this line was by Straiton & Storm in New York city. They lost largely by a strike in 1876. In 1879 they arranged a permanent basis of conciliation and arbitration, which has since worked admirably. That basis was amended in 1880, and has been the model of similar work in various trades. Other arbitrations and their results, in several States of the Union and in a wide range of industries, have become well known through the public press. Some of the States have legal provisions for settlements by reference; and all of them would do well

to take higher, broader ground and more advanced legislation to this good end.

One of the most satisfactory cases of conciliation and arbitration in America was the settlement of a serious strike in the Philadelphia shoe trade, in 1884. This was arranged by Hon. J. M. Washburne, with some coöperation of the Peace Union. About $7000 daily wages was involved, and what proved to be a cold winter was before the working people. The settlement saved this, with all the peace and comfort, health and morals involved. Not the least of the advantages gained was the formulation of eleven rules, with notes on the same. The value of these rules and notes is shown by their having since settled several strikes in other trades and other States. They were posted up in factories, and the workmen by way of pleasantry came to call them "The Eleven Commandments." They were furthermore made the basis of adjustment of a serious trouble in one of the largest institutions of learning in the country. These rules, with notes on them by Mr. Washburne, are as follows:

RULES ADOPTED BY JOINT BOARD OF ARBITRATION IN PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1885.

Rule 1, Sec. 1. The right of the manufacturer to employ and discharge employees must be acknowledged.

Note: This rule means that the right to employ and to discharge laborers belongs to those who own the business. There could be no other rule. No prudent man would invest capital in business if he could not control it by employing the laborers he thought necessary and proper for conducting it. This is the inseparable incident of capital.

Sec. 2. But if a person discharged claims that he is discharged because he is an active member of the Knights of Labor, by specifying his cause or causes of complaint, in writing, he may bring the matter directly before the Board of Arbitration for a hearing.

Note: In this rule the word "he" includes both sexes. Its object is to prevent persons from being discharged "because they are active members of the Knights of Labor." But if an active member is discharged for any cause other than "because he is an active member," his case stands as that of any other person. When the person discharged claims that the act was done because he is an active member of the Knights of Labor, by complying with the direction of the rule, he may bring the matter before the Board for a hearing; and the Board has the sole right to hear it. The matter must be in writing, in order that the Board may see the exact cause of complaint, and know just what is to be heard and decided.

Rule 2. Each factory is to regulate its own working hours, but in no case shall a day's work exceed ten hours, except in two or three departments, in order to fill orders on time.

Note: Each factory shall say at what time hands shall begin to work in the morning, and when they shall stop, not exceeding the time named in the rule. When extra work is to be done, the manufacturer shall direct it in order to meet the engagement calling for it. But for the extra labor done there shall be extra pay. Business will decide the departments.

Rule 3. Shop meetings to be held only after working hours.

Note: The purpose of this rule is that there may be no interference with business.

Rule 4. Grievance Committee of shops not to meet oftener than once a week, except in case of new employees.

Note: The committee need not meet once a week unless it has business. But for the purpose of ascertaining the condition and standing of persons not hitherto employed in the shop, it may meet as often as necessary.

Rule 5. Pending the discussion and decision of any difference or dispute, there shall be no lockout, strike, stoppage, or cessation of work by either employer or employed.

Note: It is the object of this rule to substitute reason and right instead of violence in whatever form, by either employer or employee. And during no dispute or difference shall the work of any shop or department of it be stopped or interfered with. If the interests of parties cannot be so adjusted and harmonized that the parties can continue the relations of employer and employee, then, according to the real or supposed interests of the parties, they must separate, not in violence, but according to reason. This rule implies that in no case is it necessary to resort to lockouts, strikes, or violent means in any form; it being the office of reason, acting according to the golden rule, to adjust all human interests.

Rule 6. The Grievance Committee of each factory is recognized as the only mode of communication between the employer and local assemblies; but in the event an agreement cannot be reached, the matter in dispute shall be submitted to the Board of Arbitration.

Note: This rule is sufficiently plain without explanation.

Rule 7. There shall be no interference with the employment or wages of hands hired by the week, when the wages are satisfactory to the employer and employee; so that competent workmen may be protected.

Note: Business requires that some "hands be hired by the week," and the wages are paid to the skill of the hand. It is the object of the rule to protect both the laborer and the manufacturer. It is to give to the manufacturer the advantage of skilled labor, and to give to skilled labor a just remuneration. Of course the manufacturer may employ inferior skill, and give it inferior remuneration. This may be important at some times and for some purposes. It is the right of the manufacturer to determine how his business shall be conducted. Capital and labor should each receive its equitable reward. This rule was very thoroughly discussed, and unanimously and heartily adopted. If the wages are not satisfactory, the hand may quit work; and if not satisfactory to the employer, he may dismiss him. With any other rule business could not safely be carried on.

Rule 8. The Joint Board of Arbitration shall consist of seven members from each side, who shall serve for one year, or until their successors are appointed or elected. Five members from each side shall constitute a quorum. A majority vote shall be final in all cases.

Note: Seven manufacturers and seven employees compose the Board. These are appointed by the respective associations. Five members from each side can do business. When, by the sides, there is a difference of opinion, the same number of persons only on each side shall cast a vote. But when the vote is not by sides, all at the meeting may vote, and the majority decides the question.

Rule 9. In case of a tie vote each side shall select a disinterested person, and these two shall select a third person, and their decision shall be final.

Note: In a warm contest both parties might not agree on a third person, and hence the provision of the rule. When the three persons are chosen, the majority vote cast by them shall be final.

Rule 10. The Joint Board of Arbitration shall meet semi-monthly, at such time and place as may hereafter be agreed upon. No complaints shall be considered unless stated in writing, and the causes of complaint are specified and signed by the complainant.

Note: All parties seek to avoid trivial complaints. The rule requires the complaint to be in writing, in order that the person may see it in that form, and that the Board may have something definite before it.

Rule 11. Complaints may be presented to the Board at the first meeting after the cause thereof shall arise, or it will be deemed that there are no grounds for complaint.

Note: This rule is rigorous, and might work hardship if the cause of complaint should arise just before a meeting. But all parties thought there should be no delay. If "an active member" is discharged, he wants a speedy hearing, and he must use diligent means to obtain it. It is improper to introduce stale complaints.

Addendum. If any difference shall arise hereafter, touching any matter not provided for in the foregoing rules, such difference shall go before the Board of Arbitration for adjustment and decision.

A good way to make this method general is for people to use it individually. It can be utilized in family and in personal troubles, so as to quench sparks that kindle fires resulting in separation of families and in deeds of violence and fraud. The idea of reference should be taught in the schools. Children could make profitable as well as interesting entertainment out of exercises in it. Kindergarten Peace Courts could so ingrain conciliation and arbitration into the people, that neither war between individuals nor nations would be thought of, much less tolerated.

No contract of importance should be drawn without a clause providing for reference. Such a clause should be the closing one in printed forms for contracts,—a few lines, either written or printed, stating in substance that if any misunderstanding arises under the contract, the parties to the same, for themselves and their legal representatives, agree to settle it by peaceable reference to disinterested third parties; one (or more) to be chosen by the party of the first part, and the same by the party of the second part, and if they cannot agree, they are to call in an umpire; that settlement to be final in the premises, and binding on all the persons and interests involved. This then becomes a part of the contract, and can be enforced as such. Further, being a contract, it is available under the common law of contracts even in a State where there is no special legal provision for arbitration. Many, if not all, of the chambers of commerce and boards of trade in the great cities have long had standing committees of arbitration, which save their members, and the community at large, untold expense and friction.

The humiliating results often occurring in legal contests, through the awful abuses possible under the jury system and an elective judiciary, call loudly for some way of relief. The United States Supreme Court, and also several of the State courts, are almost hopelessly encumbered with accumulated work. Arbitration would clear the dockets of much of this surplus, and tangibly check the supply at the fountain-heads of contention.

Not least among the advantages of arbitration would be the prevention of *publicity* to matters which should be kept strictly private. In hosts of cases, too, injustice is suffered through sensitive shrinking from having affairs hauled before the public, with which the public has no concern beyond contemptible curiosity. Many a wreck of family and of fair name might be prevented by this more common-sense way of "courting." Vexatious delays and the expense of lawsuits can to a great degree be done away with by peaceable reference. Many an unprincipled oppressor knows the money is not within reach of his victim to secure redress in the courts; or he knows "the law's delay" will secure his ends. Consequently the saving of *time*, *money*, and *publicity* by conciliation and arbitration are results the value of which is not easily estimated. The saving of friendships from wreck in the tempests of legal strife is another point well worthy of consideration.

Helping to self-help is a measure potent to prevent labor troubles, and fruitful of large results for good. Capital should help labor to stand alone. Under this head the definition of the capitalist by Smiles, as "merely one who does not spend all he earns," is important. By parity of reasoning, "capital" and "savings" are synonymous; and the mutual interests of capital and labor are promoted by helping laborers to become capitalists. Hosts of mechanics never rise above journeymen's ranks, because they never have enough ready money to start business for themselves. The moment a man has a reasonable prospect ahead of such a change, he becomes conservative. He is not now so likely to be a factor of labor troubles. Twenty-five cents a day, beginning at twenty-one years of age, put either into a savings-bank or an endowment life insurance policy, would give a mechanic at forty years more money in hand than most successful men have had for a start in the world. The drink and tobacco bills of any one of hundreds of thousands of mechanics would easily carry through such a scheme to secure working capital. The endowment is better, perhaps, than the savings-bank, in that it is impossible to withdraw it, and probably lose accumulating capital on some transient scheme before the "independence fund" has reached a sum sufficient to

be effective, or before the man has experience needed to handle his capital wisely. During the last half century this policy among British mill operatives has come much in vogue. One who is laying his course thus finds "birds of a feather flock together." Habits of sobriety and of saving lead the carpenter or the mason to study the higher branches of his trade, and to attention and application, which secure higher wages and less loss of time on sprees. So he gains ability to double the ratio of his fund, and probably has, besides, an extra dollar a day with which to buy a home and better food, furniture, and clothing.

Every million men making such use of a dollar a day throw over three times as much into the scale of home consumption of manufactures as the value of the total annual yield of all our gold and silver mines. Under-consumption, far more than over-production, is to-day the lion in the path of our industries. A quarter of the money working-people worse than waste in liquor and tobacco would give more and better and much-needed home comforts for themselves; would set looms and spindles, forges and lathes rolling out a labor anthem pitched to the key of plenty of work and good pay. It would at once create and consume a volume of productions, making a tangible difference in the output of manufactures. It would help both capital and labor to help themselves. Viewed exclusively from commercial and from politico-economic standpoints, the waste of national wealth by the working-people in drink and tobacco causes more of the trouble between labor and capital than all other causes combined. It has richly repaid some English manufacturers to both suggest these points to their workpeople and then help them to plan and execute to the end of carrying them into practice. It would not less richly reward American manufacturers to follow the good example. "Nature abhors a vacuum." This is true in other than material realms. The mill-owner may be sure that his employees, like his children, will be filling up with bad habits unless he helps them to fill up with good ones. If he enters into their plans with *sympathy*, he can lead them in wisdom's ways. It is not enough to provide night-schools. Mere mental education has well been characterized as "making clever devils." Teaching his people morals and habits of thrift will help the employer quite as much as the employee. Thus will more and better work be got by a given wage expenditure.

It is hard to get people to begin, and carry out, system in schemes for saving. Naturally a person not accustomed to saving regularly thinks the weekly earning so small that laying by anything from it is next to impossible. It does them good to know some facts in this connection; to know that savings-bank records show the largest deposits have not been in times of high wages. The pressure of low wages is found to lead to provident plans and habits. On the other hand, the abandon born of a period of high prices for work has the opposite effect. Further, the largest averages of deposits are not among those paid the highest wages; the principal depositors in Manchester saving-banks, for example, being domestic servants. Consequently, the people want reminding that they need not wait for some time of high wages in the dim future to begin systematic savings.

Trying to ape the rich has kept millions of poor people from where they would ever be able even to begin to live in the style aimed at. This trouble is great in the Old World, but far greater in republican America. The effort of the masses to live beyond their means has created the pressure resulting in many a labor upheaval.

There is no independence, in a secular sense, without liberty and competence. Keeping out of debt and adding something, little though it be, to savings, are the keys to liberty. The man with one hundred dollars ahead, and gaining fifty dollars a year, though earning only ten dollars a week, is better off than one earning fifty dollars a week, but living up to his means. The latter can never earn a home; the former may do so.

There is no better investment for a capitalist than to teach these things to those in his employ. If this suggestion is considered utopian, go with me one hundred and fifty miles north-westerly from London, to a town on the dreamily beautiful banks of the Aire. There you may see what is so much more than has ever been hinted at here, that you will say, like the Queen of Sheba, "The half had not been told." Here is a model town built by Sir Titus Salt, not more for his vast alpaca factories than for his beloved people. As you go about the town, it will seem, as compared with the most highly favored of even New England manufacturing towns, like fairy land. Nearly a thousand cottages have been built for the operatives. These homes are bowered in vines and roses. The streets are broad and adorned with trees. Not common schools alone, but those for teaching art and science, together with public libraries, are there; a spacious and beautiful Protestant church and a charming park also. Here, too, are hospitals for the sick, and baths and gymnasiums for those who are well; a savings-bank likewise, but no place to buy intoxicating drink. These and other pleasant and useful adjuncts the proprietors have provided for dwellers in their

"happy valley," and so help them to rise to a high social as well as mental and moral level. They so identify themselves with their interests that the better soul within is roused. So these people come to know their employers as their true, sympathizing friends, and they heartily reciprocate the friendship. Any one engaged in getting up strikes would not do well to select that town as a theater of operations. It would be hard to find any one among those villagers who would not help drive him out of the town, and do it in a style suggesting that he would better "not stand on the order of his going." If some pessimist was in search of a business enterprise to hold up as an example of small financial profit, this manufacturing Acadia would not be his model. If therefore in this age of Golden Calf worship some keen-eyed capitalist wants to find a first-class business investment, let him establish any kind of manufacturing that has fair margins, and then take his people to his heart in a spirit of Christian philanthropy like that of Sir Titus Salt and his sons.

Saltaire is not the only case of the kind in England. The Crossleys have made almost a rival to it where their carpet-works are located. Several others have done likewise. Mr. Edward Akroyd, M. P. for Halifax, is proprietor of an establishment where the value of a similar policy has been demonstrated. Let us visit it. They are enjoying a gala day, and a spacious hall is occupied by a floral and fruit display. The fruits and a bewildering cloud of flowers are so rich and varied and profuse, that we might suppose the Queen's gardens and the conservatories of patricians had been depleted to realize it all. But no; as you walk around among the workpeople's cottages, you will be surprised at the number and the beauty of the gardens where they nestle. Mr. Akroyd has furnished these happy people with ground for the gardens, and charges them a small rental, the entire sum of which is applied to premiums and repaid them at the exposition we have been visiting. He has also provided these Haley Hill people with high and with common grade schools, library, park, etc., on a scale similar to the appointments of Saltaire. He has advised and aided them to organize and operate coöperative clubs for procuring food and clothing at wholesale prices. Compare this club work with the stores which American mining and manufacturing companies establish and then compel their employers to patronize, often at ruinous rates. Mr. Akroyd has been especially successful in organizing savings, assurance, and other thrifty enterprises among his people. This habit of systematic saving they find to be to the laborer what the balance-wheel is to the engine. It is a factor of stability of character in matters other than those that are monetary. In fact, it is just the pivotal point on which the wage-laborer becomes a capitalist. It proves what is saved, not what is earned, to be fixed capital. It is a key out of the dark and perplexing labyrinths of trouble between labor and capital which finds expression in strikes and lockouts. Either Saltaire, or Haley Hill, or the Crossley settlement demonstrates that moral and mental culture, coupled with sympathy, industry, and system in economy, are the pillars on which to build a superstructure of kindly and prosperous relations between capital and labor, most beneficial to both.

There are hosts of cases, however, in all ages and countries, to prove that blind greed of gain makes capitalists, and especially corporations, a force with which the laborer cannot harmonize. In many cases coöperation is the scape-valve to give relief here. In a recent strike two workmen found the rapacity of capital, together with the stupidity and stubbornness of their comrades, too much to contend with. They started a small shop, and hired two helpers. Within a year they were making more than four times the fifteen dollars a week apiece which they received as factory wages. In other cases coöperation between capital and labor, in the form of giving workmen a small percentage of the business profits in addition to wages, or stock in the company owned by workpeople, has secured peaceful and therefore prosperous relations. Where there is an honest will for peace, there is a way to it.

Geo. May Powell.

THE writer acknowledges his obligations for valuable material on French and English arbitration, used in this paper, to Mr. J. D. Weeks and Mr. C. D. Wright.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Grant Memorial.

SELDOM indeed does any work of art bring with it responsibilities so grave as those which are involved in our contemplated memorial to General Grant. Not only for the sake of the monument itself, but for the sake of American art and the American people, is it peculiarly necessary that we should move warily in deciding who shall create it for us, and what he shall create, and how.

Art in America is just now in a transitional phase — which means in a very critical phase. New ideas, new creative impulses, new forces of unmistakable but unformulated vitality are stirring our painters, sculptors, architects, and are striving for the mastery over older tendencies, and also over that intellectual inertia which until lately characterized our public in its relation with things artistic. And this public,— we, the people,— in beginning to shake off our inertia, in beginning to feel that our interests and our children's children's are no less at stake than are the artist's, are becoming anxious to play a more intelligent part in patronage than we have ever played before. Exactly at the right moment we are now given a chance to prove our own growth in appreciation and to stimulate the growth of American art itself. Exactly at the right moment — neither too early nor too late — comes an unrivaled opportunity for us to act with energy, and for our act to have the most potent influence.

Unrivaled indeed our opportunity must be called, and great indeed must be the influence of its outcome. It involves, or should involve, a very lavish outlay and a very ambitious effort; the monument, by reason of its subject, will be incomparably conspicuous; and the subject itself is so rich in the noblest possibilities that success will mean a peculiar triumph, and failure will be trebly sorrowful and disastrous.

Let us think for a moment what is in truth this subject — what it is we must express if the Grant Memorial is to be all it should and to mean all it ought.

THE SUBJECT OF THE MEMORIAL.

FIRST, of course, we must adequately *represent* General Grant in his most characteristic aspect — in his aspect as a military commander. That is to say, we must represent him at full length and on horseback. Æsthetic reasons, it may be added, speak as loudly for an equestrian statue as do expressional reasons; for the modern world, with its disheartening dress, can never afford to disregard the chance of bringing a horse into the sculptor's scheme.

But our monument must *commemorate* General Grant as well as merely represent him — must record, or at least suggest, all that lies latent in his name and flashes upon the mind as we think or speak it. And this is much more than the fact of his successful generalship — much more than can be expressed by the sole aid of that equestrian statue which might suffice were some other military chief in question. When we think seriously of it, and try to analyze what our artist should do for us beyond and above the mere portrayal of the figure of a general, we cannot but feel how great was Grant's good fortune, how great is our good fortune, in that he died when and as he did.

Had he died in battle ere his work was entirely done, he would have been for us the leader of the armies of the North, and nothing more. Had he died while chief magistrate, the strife of party would have torn his image in two and clouded his memory for at least a portion of the people. His foreign tour was a fortunate sequel to his activity at home, showing us how he stood in foreign eyes as typical of the greatness and the influence of his country. And still more fortunate was the tragic, the pathetic way in which the stroke of death at last was given. Is it heartless to rejoice that ere he died he met for a moment with reproach of the cruelest kind, and struggled for months with a physical agony as cruel? Not unless it is wrong to be glad that after that reproach followed a burst of popular affection and respect, bringing the country back to an attitude even more sympathetic than it had held when first it chose him President, and to be glad that over his dying bed the South clasped hands with the North, and signed our articles of brotherhood anew. Euthanasia — *a happy death*. From a purely physical point of view the term indeed seems inappropriate. But from a higher, deeper point of view few deaths have been as happy as General Grant's — as happy alike for the dying and for the living. He himself, in the midst of his mortal anguish, felt this truth, and we are dull indeed if we do not feel it strongly. Not often does the good which we are fain to believe lies in and behind all human evil show itself so immediately and so clearly.

It is this, then, — it is the time and the manner and the results of General Grant's death,— which gives us the chance to make his memorial something nobler than a mere portrait of his person; which absolutely lays upon us the great and happy obligation to make it *a national memorial* in a different sense from that implied in a national subscription to defray its cost.

Seldom, be it said again, does such a chance occur, and hardly by any possibility more than once in the life of any one nation. The only similar opportunities which modern times have seen have as their outcome the monument built by the Germans in the Niederwald beside the Rhine, and the monument now building to Victor Emmanuel on the Capitol at Rome We misconceive the former, for example, if we think of it as a record of German conquest abroad, or of Prussian conquest in Germany. It is a record, rather, that the various peoples of Germany, so long disunited, bitterly antagonistic, actually at war among themselves, and so recently forced together by the strongest sword, had now accepted the brotherhood into which it had compelled them, and so cordially accepted it as to desire a permanent — that is, a great artistic — expression of the fact. That which is the motive of the Niederwald monument, that which still more purely and entirely will be the motive of the Italian monument, is

not the fact of internecine war, but the fact that internecine wars are past and done with, leaving a united fatherland contented in its union.

This too should be the motive of our memorial to Grant. And as the impulse and the opportunity to build it have been given by his death, so also do his character and history afford a text, a concrete theme, that could not well be more felicitous. Nor merely, be it remembered, as they were shown in the closing moments of his life. From the beginning he was patriot first, and soldier only because patriotism compelled; ready for war, but enamored of peace; looking upon conflict as a means and not an end, as a sad and bitter necessity, not "a glorious chance for glory"; rejoicing, not in the conquest of his foes, but in the fact that their conquest would make the land again a single land of friends and brothers. Even before the day of the final surrender, even before the moment when, with a homely simplicity and a touch of emotion that take us back to the pages of Plutarch, he went beyond the written letter of the "terms" and bade Lee tell his soldiers they might keep their horses,— "and take them home to work their little farms,"— Grant will show in the light of history as the friend of the South, and not merely as the champion of the North. Or, to put it more accurately still, history will see that he was first and always a true son of the commonwealth, and then from day to day whatever else the circumstances of each day impelled such a son to be.

These facts were patent long ago to all whose eyes were clear. The words that came to the dying man last summer from East and West and South, the answering words he spoke and wrote, the groups that gathered in imagination beside his bed and stood in person around his bier, did but emphasize and illuminate them; did but give them dramatic voice, palpable, visible, popular expression; did but bring them more entirely within the recording powers of art.

Can we doubt that very much of what they mean must be expressed in this contemplated work of art of ours if it is to be in any adequate sense a *memorial* of General Grant? Or can we doubt that a simple equestrian figure would be insufficient for the purpose? Or even an equestrian figure which, while less simply set before us, would still be the dominant feature to which all else would be subordinated? A mere pedestal, a mere architectural framework and setting, no matter how much enlarged and glorified, would still, if kept within its proper bounds as such, supply no adequate place or space for the suggestion of all we ought to say. Nor would the conception itself be adequately suggestive in general expression — tell as distinctly as it ought that what we had meant to build was *a national monument* enshrining the tomb of the nation's hero.

WHO SHALL MAKE THE MONUMENT?

IT is time now to ask: Where and how shall we select our executives, our artists? One part of the answer at least seems clear. We must look for them at home; they must be Americans, and not foreigners. Apart from the fact that the choice of a foreigner would mean a disastrous blow to that native art we are so peculiarly bound just now to cherish, apart from the negation of all proper sentiment which would be implied in such a choice,— apart, that is, from points which are among the most vitally important,— how could we expect to get from any foreign hand an adequate expression of our theme? It is a theme which needs that the mind should work upon it as well as the hand, and the heart as potently as either. Who but an American could put his heart into the matter? Who but an American could see into the heart of the matter itself? It was well enough (as regards both sentiment and the probability of a good result) to bid a foreigner mold us, for example, his countryman Lafayette, and to accept from a foreigner's hand a personification of that American liberty which is a thing any intelligent human eye can see and understand. But a memorial of General Grant — a great national monument! This must be given into American hands, or we shall fail in our part of the task, and shall have no right to look for aught but failure in the artist's.

But among Americans, how shall we select? Certainly not, again, in accordance with the pressure of local feeling. Although the monument is to stand in New York, it is not to be built by New Yorkers only or for the benefit of New York alone. No feeling of local prejudice or pride, no feeling that because New York is the metropolis of the Union therefore its artists are the best, or ought to be proclaimed the best, should have a jot of influence in determining our selection of an architect. An American by birth or by such length of residence and sympathy of understanding as transform the foreign-born into Americans in heart and mind — this we must look for, but we should not localize our search more narrowly.*

An architect has just been written; for it can hardly be questioned that we should find our architect first of all, or, at least, should give him the first share in the labor. When architecture must work with other arts and must supply more than a mere background or foundation for their efforts, there can be no doubt that it should take the initiative. The main idea, the plan, the *conception* must be the architect's; and then the putting into final shape, the elaborating in idea as well as in actual execution, should be his and his brother artists', working together and in harmony or intent.

WHAT KIND OF A STRUCTURE?

ERE now we choose our architect, we should have some distinct idea with regard to what kind of a structure he should give us — distinct, but not necessarily very detailed, and certainly not so dogmatic that he will be bound and hampered.

In certain cases we may best honor an honorable memory by a charitable or beneficent foundation of one sort or another. But in this case we may surely give the honor simply and solely as such; our pot of costly ointment may be poured out as a tribute to sentiment only, a homage to ideas alone. For once we may be intellectual, æsthetic in our aims, and not utilitarian in any other sense than as our work of art shall be useful for the cherishing of noble ideas and sentiments in the generations which will follow in the land. What we should ask our architect for is a dignified and beautiful building, as truly monumental in intention as in effect; some fair and stately structure which shall have as its heart the tomb of General Grant, and as

* We say this, be it noted, notwithstanding our personal belief that New York alone could afford us artists in every branch competent to do the work we shall require.

its most conspicuous ornament his figure, and which shall give ample room and fitting place for the depicting (or the suggesting in typical, ideal ways) of those memories and meanings which have been hinted at above.

It is needless to say that they have only been hinted at, not fully catalogued. It is needless to point out, for example, that we can hardly think of Grant without thinking of Lincoln too, or express the meaning of his life without remembering the share he played in the great act of Lincoln's life — in the abolition of slavery. And what other men before and beyond Lincoln himself are not hereby suggested in their turn! Does the theme seem too extended and the scheme an over-ambitious fancy? Not if what we want to do is the whole of what we ought to do with this marvelous opportunity, or the very best we might. And, it may be added, we need not of necessity aim at immediate completeness. We want our structure now and the tomb and the statue; but the rest may be left to come when it can. Come it undoubtedly will if the first steps be rightly taken. There is nothing which so encourages the giving and the creating of works of art as the knowledge that a splendid receptacle is waiting for their advent. Our receptacles for monumental art are not very numerous or very attractive, and, as a rule, they are identified with local and not with national pride. Such a national home and haven of art as this monument might be made would do incalculable service in the encouragement of American art — to-day and to-morrow and through many future years as well.

This aim, together with the presence of the tomb, may seem, in a climate such as ours, to prescribe extended covered spaces; especially as there is no reason why other forms of art should not be brought into play as well as the architect's and the sculptor's. There is every reason, indeed, why the contributions of all others should be desired; not only that the influence upon American art may be as wide as possible, but also because certain things can better be expressed by the painter or by the worker in glass, for instance, than by the carver of marble or the molder of bronze. The theme gives ample intellectual verge and opportunity for every art to play its interpretative part therein; and the structure should perhaps supply the due material space and opportunity for all.

Certain precedents, hallowed by age and by artistic value, unavoidably suggest themselves if we try to define our wants a little more narrowly still. Mediæval example points to church or chapel as the form such a memorial should wear. But to build a civic monument ecclesiastically would hardly be appropriate to the mental attitude of to-day. (There is no need to discuss whether this attitude be right or wrong; it is simply facts as they are that we must deal with.) Or would it, again, be appropriate to erect an example of that triumphal arch which from Roman days to these has so often been resorted to for the commemoration of military service? Would a triumphal arch give us space to say all we ought to say, or give us a fitting station for the tomb? And would its accepted symbolism as a type of military conquest be in keeping with just this hero militant of ours and with just those ideas which his monument should convey? It is a very beautiful form undoubtedly, and perhaps its symbolism might be so transmuted as to express that national unity which is the prime fact we wish to place on record. Moreover, it is a very *safe* form — one with which it would be difficult to produce a failure of the most distressing sort. To say this is undoubtedly to say much in its favor; and yet, as undoubtedly, we want to do something more than not go distressingly far astray. We want to tread in the best possible path and to reach the best possible goal. And perhaps something different from either of these traditional devices would serve our purpose best — something more purely *civic* in expression than, on the one hand, a triumphal arch, or, on the other hand, a mortuary chapel. But in any case (as has been said) it must be something neither prosaic in effect nor utilitarian in intention.

THE QUESTION OF STYLE.

AND now we are brought to the very interesting and important question of *style*. To choose our architect wisely will mean, of course, to choose one who can build intrinsically well; but, also, one who will be likely to build in harmony with the prepossessions of his countrymen at large. For to make the monument as helpful in its influence upon our art as possible, to make it as worthy an example of that art as possible, we must undoubtedly make it truthfully expressive, not only of its particular theme, but also of national artistic preferences and impulses *if such can be discovered to exist.*

It is plain, therefore, that the question of "style" cannot be decided theoretically or on pure æsthetic grounds alone. We must approach it, so to say, experimentally. We must study all the works of every kind and fashion we have built, pick out those which are most excellent, and then compare them very carefully — with an eye not for their details of difference, but for any broader signs of agreement (in execution or intention, in effect or aim) which may possibly lie beneath those details. We cannot hope to find proof of anything which is as yet to be called a national *style*; but perhaps we shall find indications of a nascent national *taste*, and if so they will be enough to guide us. But, be it added, we must seek them by the light of careful chronological data, for we have moved very fast of recent years, and it is important to distinguish between tendencies that are dying out and tendencies that are growing.

The general belief perhaps is that, no matter how carefully conducted, such a search will be made in vain. But this general belief is founded largely upon our ignorance of what has recently been done in architecture throughout the length and breadth of the land, and somewhat upon our ignorance of architecture itself — our inability so to read its language as to see what has been aimed at no less than what has been achieved, and to mark main lines of agreement beneath surface variations. A more widely extended and carefuller survey seems to show that there are certain manners of architectural speech which we are beginning to prefer above all others, and which appear in more of our recent good results than do any others. These are the manners which emphasize the *round arch* in preference to the lintel or the pointed arch.

This assertion may seem too confident, but indeed it is not. More and more as each year goes by (and a year may mean a good deal in rapid times like ours)

we show a preference for round-arched methods of construction; sometimes for those of ancient Roman parentage, much more often for those which developed in the earlier days of the Italian Renaissance, and still more often, perhaps, for those which grew up in the intermediate centuries — for those which are called the Romanesque.

Had we examined the matter in a superficially theoretic way, a round-arched architecture might have seemed the last that was likely to appeal to us. Neither the most conspicuous examples of current work abroad nor our own descent in blood and speech might have seemed to lead us to it. But even a theoretic inquiry seems to point in its direction if made in a less superficial way — if made upon the data given, not by our origin, but by the degree to which we have grown to differ from our nearest European cousins and more nearly to resemble certain southern peoples; not by our speech, but by our present social and political condition; and especially by that climate which has done so much toward molding us, and must do so much toward molding our architecture too. It was said above, indeed, that we should not depend for guidance upon *any* theorizings. Yet if they are not too superficially made, and if they seem to tend toward the same outcome as do experimental inquiries, we may at least respect their confirmatory voice.

For example, while we need not and cannot agree with a recent writer (whose text was also the Grant Monument)* in his opinions upon the status and the character of our art to-day, we may gladly cite the fact that he gives his vote for the round arch. He decides, theoretically, that it is what we *ought* to want, and the fact is valuable if those signs are trustworthy which seem to show that it is what we *do* want.

Still more valuable is the testimony of so serious and well-qualified a theorizer as the English historian Freeman, when he tells us that he thought in advance of his visit to our country that a round-arched style might possibly best suit our climate and best suit ourselves. And highly valuable is the fact that this speculation of Mr. Freeman's was changed to a belief by what he found already existing on our soil.† Had he written to-day, moreover, instead of some years ago, or could he even look to-day through the pages of our professional journals (where the very best work of the very best hands is not always illustrated, but where the general tendencies of our art in all quarters of the land may be deciphered),— could he see as clearly and know as thoroughly as those who are to control the erection of our monument ought to know and see,— then it is very certain that his words would read with still greater emphasis.

Nor should we forget to note, and as a very important point, that in using the round arch, whether in its Romanesque or in its Renaissance variety, we do not in our best examples use it either stupidly or foolishly. We do not use it conventionally, in an imitative, slavish, cold, and lifeless antiquarian fashion; or recklessly, fantastically, to the destruction of all artistic harmony and expressional truth. Study these best examples (they are neither few nor hard to find nor by any means identical), and we shall see that it is used freely, flexibly, and sensibly, in accordance with modern ideas and in deference to the needs of individual cases; that it is used in combination with other elements drawn from other sources, and yet in such a way that it governs the general expression and there is no disharmony, no effect as of patchwork and piecework in the result. Of course all the examples in which it is used are not similarly excellent. But a good intention is often plain even when the outcome has patent faults; and to confess failures and discrepancies is only to confess again that we have not yet a national *style*. It is by no means to deny that we have already a budding, promising national *taste* which points in the direction of the round arch. This is surely enough to guide us in our present quest, unless similar evidence of a similar degree of strength can be cited to show as wide-spread a taste pointing in some other architectural direction; and, it may confidently be said, there is no chance of this. Nor need we be deterred from falling in with the taste which prefers the round arch by any slightest fear that a design based thereupon could not most adequately and beautifully give us just the sort of structure we want or just the opportunities we need for the employment of all the arts that can be allied with the builder's.

If all these things be true, then we should undoubtedly select some architect whose natural affinities tend in the direction of the round arch, and whose practice has given him a key to its resources; and, moreover, one who has been used to employing it in monumental work — that is to say, of course, not necessarily in such commemorative monuments as the one we now desire, but in work where dignity, beauty, and expression have been of prime concern.

And so with those other artists who must help and supplement the architect: we should try to choose such as are able not only to work intrinsically well, but to work well for monumental purposes and in the expression of other than strictly "realistic" intentions; for grandeur of conception and ideality of treatment will be prescribed by many portions of our theme at least. It is not only that simple representation — a simple record of facts as they actually occurred — would very often, with our modern dress, be monotonous and unlovely to the eye; such treatment could not fully express the potency of those facts, their inspiration, their results, their inner meaning. The spiritual side, the heart of the matter should be laid bare, and not its shell alone portrayed; and to reveal the heart of such a matter needs the help of that higher, deeper, subtiler kind of art which for the want of a better term we are content to call *idealistic*. The artist, if we can find the right one, will know how to employ it rightly — will not fall into conventional allegory, dreary, meaningless metaphor, but will preserve human, historic life and truth while illuminating them with the light of imaginative sentiment.

This is not the place to explain how certain it is that we *can* find the right artists if only we search wisely. To explain the present condition of our art, to point out its recent successes and gauge their prophecies in relation to our present subject, would involve the citing of many examples and the discussing of many names; all of which might savor, perhaps, of special pleading. No more, therefore, can here be said than that if we

* "Style and the Monument," *North American Review*, November, 1885.

† *Longman's Magazine*, quoted in the *American Architect*, February 24, 1883.

want such service as has been indicated in the preceding pages, or any analogous service, or service of any noble kind whatever, our hope of getting it may rest on good foundations. We have artists in every branch who might do all that has been suggested here, and do it well; whose existing work we might be eager to match against the best work of any European country, excepting only France. Nor need we blush to think of a comparison with the best work of France itself in such an example as our monument may be, if we give them for once a chance to do their very noblest. We may prophesy of the Memorial with hope and confidence, and base our prophecy not upon vague dreams of what we might produce if our art were something other than it is, but upon a knowledge of what it already is and of what those who produce it can undoubtedly achieve — *if* we select the best among them, and then help with intelligent sympathy and a generous hand.

THE FAME OF GRANT AND OF LINCOLN.

IF it needs anything more than the thought of our own possible profit to make us resolve to be careful, wise, and liberal in this matter, we may remember how conspicuously we shall be acting in the eyes of the outer world. The inception of our monument will be followed abroad with keen and critical attention. Its eventual shape will be pictured in every illustrated sheet for the benefit of stay-at-homes, and, before all our other works of art, will attract the feet of those who cross the water. Whatever we build, it will be everywhere known and will be everywhere accepted as the great typical example of American art.

Perhaps we do not realize how emphatically this will be the case — do not realize how high above all contemporary Americans General Grant has stood in the interest of other lands. Lincoln's is the only figure that could possibly have come into rivalry with his. But Lincoln died long ere foreign interest was to as distinct a degree as it is to-day a sympathetic (or at least a respectful) interest, while Grant lived long enough to share in the reaction that has followed upon the old antagonism, and to concentrate much of the new-born sympathy upon his own person. If a monument to Lincoln were in question, foreign interest would be far less pronounced, and, moreover, far less intelligent. No European, be he even an Englishman, can quite understand Lincoln or the whole of the reasons why his memory is dear to us.

The chief of a great nation in the throes of a great civil war, who ruled, not like a Prussian king, according to his own or his immediate counselors' ideas of right and of expediency, and not like an English minister, according to the dictates of a parliament merely, but as the executive of the nation at large in a truer sense than man ever did before; who ruled with his finger on the people's pulse and his ear at the people's heart, feeling thrills and throbs quite imperceptible to others; who waited patiently till they were perceptible to him beyond the possibility of mistake, and then acted with decision and persisted with tenacity; who seemed to lead, and in overt acts did lead in truth, but who *executed*, none the less, just what the people, half unconsciously, wished to do and were incapable of doing save through a hand as sensitive and strong as his; a chief who ruled thus amid difficulties and dangers of the most tremendous and of the most subtle sorts, yet who sat day after day, year after year, with his door open to all comers and his sympathy awaiting all; as eager to help individuals as to help the nation; as responsive to the trouble of the humblest citizen as to the trouble of the state; the father of his people at once in the widest political and in the most intimate personal sense,— this and very much more than this was Lincoln. How indeed should he be understood in lands where *to rule* means something so different?

But with Grant the case stands otherwise. A great organizer of armies, planner of campaigns, winner of victories — this is easily enough understood in any country; perhaps not exactly in all of its significance as applied to General Grant, but yet nearly enough for at least a great part of our debt to him to be felt with sympathy. And thus, as he himself during his foreign tour stood in the eyes of Europe as the symbol of his country in her hour of reunion and reinstatement in the great family of nations, so his monument, whatever we may make it, will assuredly stand as the type of the highest his countrymen can wish to do in art and the very best they can accomplish.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR FAILURE.

IF it is anything less than a noble type, the fault will not lie with our art. It will lie with the public, with *us;* because those who directly control the matter will be assumed to represent the public, and *will* represent it — either as expending lavish popular gifts and putting into execution clear and sensible popular wishes, or else as showing, by poverty of material resource and wrongfulness of artistic act, that the public has been without enthusiasm and without vital or intelligent desires. If it is anything less than a noble type, our art will suffer shame and injury; but the responsibility, the sin, will rest with the committees in charge and with us whose representatives they are.

Good Signs on the Lecture Platform.

DR. HOLLAND used to deplore the change that had come over the lecture system, a change which he attributed to the lecture-bureau, which of late years has come into vogue. In the number of this magazine for March, 1871, he deprecated the appearance in lecture courses of men of inferior talent, mere amusers of the public. "Some of them," he said, "have been either pushed or invited into nearly every lecture course, until sensible men have become disgusted, and have given up the lecture as a thing that does not pay. The good lecturers have been cheapened by association with their inferiors in gifts and aims, and the 'lecture system' has degenerated into a string of entertainments that have no earnest purpose and minister to no manly and womanly want."

Dr. Holland's picture of the contemporary lecture platform was by one who knew well what he described. It is encouraging to note, however, that during the last few years there have been signs, not perhaps of a revival of the lecture system of twenty or thirty years ago, when men as earnest as Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Chapin, and Holland, and men of the literary position and oratorical force of Curtis, Mitchell, and Bayard Taylor were among the principal lecturers,—

not, we say, a revival of just the same system as was at that time in vogue, but of a new system showing an increasing willingness on the part of the public to listen to instruction from scholarly and distinguished men, and showing, also, a widening of opportunities for the exercise of a high grade of ability in this direction. In the East and in the West courses of lectures are constantly being arranged, where one man will take up a theme and himself continue it to its completion. The historical lectures of Fiske and Freeman, the astronomical lectures of Langley, the literary-historical lectures of Gosse, the course on etching by Seymour Haden, are cases in illustration of the tendency we speak of.

The detached addresses in different parts of the country by such men as Matthew Arnold and Canon Farrar may be said, indeed, to be rather in the line of the "star-lecture system," but the substance of these "star" lectures, nevertheless, was in each case the farthest from trifling or temporary.

We are not objecting in these remarks to the merely amusing "platformist," if his performance is thoroughly good of its kind. Men should have the opportunity of laughing,—but it is important that they should laugh not only well but wisely. The danger was, at one time, that nothing but syllabub would be wanted or offered — though it was in the nature of things that so debilitating a diet, even if entered upon, could not last forever.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Tinkering of Hymns.

IT is interesting to notice how public opinion, in cases of literary epidemic, splits in two directions at the same moment, and then the same old sentiments stand confronting each other, and the same old issues are bandied to and fro in the familiar disputes. And Christian people, amiable and excellent as they are, are no exception to this observation. At the present moment, praise services having become popular in the various congregations, and so the criticism of hymns having grown to be in some degree necessary, the question is discussed rather sharply whether any one has the liberty to alter the compositions of a poet whose name has already been received into honor among the churches. Some writers and many speakers are declaiming against, and some others for, the practice, which at any rate is old and established.

The trouble is, that so many of the disputants are familiar with only the collections which they may have happened to use in their early life. What they learned as the true versions of hymns and psalms it is very natural they should suppose are the original work of the author, and what they find elsewhere they believe to be changes as unauthorized as they are unwelcome to themselves — unwelcome because they break up the old associations, if indeed they do not confuse the memory, while they are trying to sing with the heart and the understanding.

It might be well at some time to restate with wide illustration the general principle upon which the church at large has, through many years, proceeded in the shaping of hymns for use in worship. It is in some cases better to return to the author's own language; in other cases it is preferable to retain the changes which popular sentiment has accepted. Some one who has been patient enough to count has told us a startling tale; namely, that in one collection there are 697 changes in 345 versions of psalms; in another, there are 1336 in 774 most noted hymns. No wonder there is objection made to such wholesale work.

But is any one ready to insist that the compilers must reproduce Cowper's and Newton's, Watts's and Wesley's and Doddridge's hymns, with all the crudities and mistakes those composers made? Are the declaimers in earnest? Do they want to sing "On Jordan's *stormy* banks I stand," now that some years of use has made them familiar with the alteration needed by the fact that Jordan's banks never were stormy? "On Jordan's *rugged* banks I stand"; do they really want this restored? Do they wish to have everybody taught to say "Thus *the* blind *Bartimeus* prayed," instead of "Thus blind Bartimeus prayed"? Do they decidedly prefer "fav'rites of the heavenly King" to singing "children of the heavenly King"? All these are alterations, however, and most tasteful Christians have thought them felicitous; shall they be repudiated?

Then there are some changes of a more extensive kind. How would a modern singer relish a return to the figure of Toplady, precisely as he used it, in one verse of our familiar "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" —

> "Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
> When my eye-strings break in death"?

After singing the grand alterations made by John Wesley years ago —

> "Before Jehovah's awful throne,
> Ye nations, bow with sacred joy"—

does anybody actually desire to return to the weak lines of Isaac Watts —

> "Nations, attend before his throne,
> With solemn fear, with sacred joy"?

The real fact is, almost all criticism of the critics is insincere. Public writers and speakers in conventions seem to be resisting vandalism in variations; what they are doing is witty and often wanton.

Now and then it happens that a criticism is urged which shows a misunderstanding of the whole point at issue. The critics complain of changes, where there is only adherence to the author; and grow violent over the "tinkering," when what they really want is to make it. Let a little story serve for illustration. Some years ago, when the artless compiler of one of the modern hymnals was sitting in his study, a good brother in the ministry entered, and seeing his occupation, namely, an orderly selection for the choir on the succeeding Sunday, immediately started a complimentary conversation on the merits of the book.

"I like your collection," he said, "because you have courage and taste enough to resist this tinkering practice; you give the hymns accurate and honest as their authors wrote them." The humble singer was per-

fectly aware how the dialogue would end, and mischievously inquired for some particular lyric as an illustration. With a becoming measure of confusion at the sudden demand, the critic specified the one beginning, "There is a fountain filled with blood." And he continued: "Everybody claims that as in the original; you got it right at the start; some of them spoil it — absolutely run it out at the end." On further inquiry, it appeared that what was wanted was that the final stanza in particular should remain untouched. "Now Cowper — he was a poet; would you ever find him closing with such an insignificant couplet as this —

'When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave'?"

Turning to the hymn, the compiler caught glimpse of a fact which might be embarrassing. The last verse did end in just that criticised way; hence his collection was open to the grave objection. "Now," continued the triumphant critic, pressing his point without suspecting anything of the author's anguish, "some of them have changed the places of the first two and last two lines — actually changed them! It seems as if William Cowper would turn in his grave to read it. You know how he ended the hymn with a burst of confident hope and exhilaration." So, with a befitting shout and gesture, the enthusiast rendered the lines:

"Then in a nobler! — sweeter! — song,
I'll sing thy power to save!"

There was nothing to do now but to hand the orator the book; and when he discovered that he had praised the taste and skill which stood uncorrupted and brave to do a righteous thing — which was not done, he looked unutterable things at the culprit. But all the apology the humiliated compiler had to offer was, that Cowper wrote it as he printed it, and "Cowper — he was a poet," as had been remarked. But now came the swift reversal of judgment, and the adroit relief. After one hesitating moment, the man exclaimed: "Well, I declare! so you have it in the other way after all! But my way is better, a great deal better in every respect; it is more poetic, as I am a living man!"

That is to say: first, he praised a book for having steadily resisted all temptation to tinker; then he gave an illustration of tinkering as a fine art, which proved not to be tinkering but fidelity; in the next place, he sturdily stood up for a decided instance of impertinent tinkering in a popular hymn; and at the end he made it perfectly clear that, if he should become a compiler, he would tinker to his heart's content; for what his own taste preferred was better, far better, "as he was a living man!"

Since which period of discipline, this compiler has been unable to divest his mind of the thought, that many critics who assume to be amiably exasperated by the tinkering of hymns would be unamiably exasperated if the hymns were not tinkered when they had a chance at them.

It is difficult to conduct such discussions with seriousness, so picturesque are the poses in logic, and so comical is the confusion of results. The whole question is outside of logic; for men are never argued out of what they were not argued into. These changes are matters of taste and sentiment; hymns are creations of art, and so are hymnals designed for real use by the people of God in their worship. It is to be understood that such heavy objurgations as these quoted are not intended to do harm; they appear to be passionate because they are imagined to be impassioned. The only way to deal with them is to meet the facts with pleasantry of exhibition, and then all of us go on singing.

These stories will be incomplete without the mention of an interesting scene in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, as it was reported in the journals. In the course of debate, one of the members took occasion to comment on a verse of the hymn beginning, "Nearer, my God, to thee." He became so droll that loud shouts rang out in the serene air which that calm and dignified body generally breathes; "Take the platform! take the platform!" So the bright brother stood, a master-critic confessed, before the gathered sobriety of the land. And now he tore things to pieces. "Look at this perversion! instead of an exquisite image, 'Though, like a wanderer, daylight all gone,' we have this absurdity, 'Though, like a wanderer, the sun gone down'! Who was the wanderer? Was it the sun, or the author, or was it perhaps Jacob? [Laughter — notes the reporter.] Where had this wanderer gone down to? Did the sun particularly like that wanderer? [Roars of laughter — says the reporter.] And this in the place of an original line, as one of nature's poets gave it to the church and the ages,— 'Daylight all gone'!"

Ten feet away from the smart speaker sat one of the oldest hymnologists in the land, looking over at him with an expression of amusement and perhaps wonder, as he saw him, like a beetle, sticking himself on a pin without the help of a naturalist. For he knew that what such people criticise is almost inevitably the true reading, and what is offered in its place is the "tinker." So he understood from habitual observation, that when men talk spitefully against alterations, it means that they would have altered the lines if they had had the chance. It was not at all the author's reading they wanted, but their own. As the gifted authoress wrote the hymn, the line stood, "The sun gone down"; and that was what the platform orator was making such fun of.

Charles S. Robinson.

Shall the Federal Government give Aid to Popular Education?

I NOTICE with great satisfaction that the Senator from New Hampshire has again introduced into the Senate his bill to "extirpate illiteracy"; and that a similar bill, differing somewhat in the details, has been presented to the House of Representatives by the Honorable Mr. Willis of Kentucky.

So the grave question is again presented to the people and their representatives, whether traditional doctrinaire interpretation of the Federal Constitution shall be allowed to prevent the wisest appropriation of money ever asked from the Federal Treasury. I use the words carefully when I say the "wisest appropriation," for in my humble judgment *nothing* can do so much to bind the sections in loving fellowship, to cement a more perfect union, and to establish firmly our republican institutions to all generations, as the appropriation of money by the Federal Government to enlighten the people of those States which cannot do this necessary work for themselves. The

question is one of such vital importance, and one concerning which so much ignorance and misinformation are prevalent, that I beg your leave to give in very few words the facts and arguments, *pro* and *con*, which were presented in the great debate in the Senate, and which must determine its settlement.

Has the Government of the United States the constitutional power to make such grant of money from the Treasury to aid in the education of the people?

The majority of the statesmen composing the last Senate of the United States answered this question in the affirmative. Some of them, as notably Mr. Jones of Florida, found the power newly conferred by the amendments to the Constitution as interpreted by the decisions of the Supreme Court. But the larger number, following the lead of the present Attorney-General, felt no need for the amendments to the Constitution to enable Congress to make this appropriation. They are satisfied that Congress had this power "before the recent amendments were ever adopted or even dreamed of." They adduce decisions of the Supreme Court,—by which it is plainly laid down from the very beginning that Congress has had and has exercised the power to contribute toward the education of citizens of the new States, and they declare that in no instance has its constitutional right to do so been questioned. And precedents in number are quoted to show that this contribution has not been exclusively of public land, over which particular kind of property it seems that Congress has a peculiar power, other and different from that "other property of the United States" included with the "public land" in the clause of the Constitution conferring this control. "Since the war six millions of dollars, not in land but in money, have been appropriated by Congress to colored schools in the South; and within the last fiscal year Congress appropriated four hundred thousand dollars with which to educate the Indian children at Hampton and Carlisle." This last is the testimony of Mr. Voorhees of Indiana.

Now, then, under what warrant were these appropriations made? Clearly under that to "provide for the general welfare," under which money has been lavishly expended to set up a great Agricultural Bureau, to ornament Washington city with flower-gardens, to cure sick calves in Kansas, and even, it may be supposed, to send visiting statesmen to one and another State of the Union to help the electors to do their duty. Clearly is it now settled, by continuous precedent, as Mr. George of Mississippi pointed out, that "Congress may appropriate money not intended to carry out any specific grant of power, but solely to provide for the general welfare of the United States."

And does not the great illiteracy of the Southern States affect the general welfare of the United States? Let us look for a moment at some of the statistics. *One voter in seven in the whole United States cannot write;* and of those who can a very large number can only with great difficulty sign their names.

Further, of these illiterate voters nearly three-fourths are in the sixteen Southern States, which same States contain only about one-third of the entire population; and these same States are least able to bear the great burden of educating their people. The valuation of property *per capita* in those States is only $155, while in New England it is $661, in the Middle States $473, in the Western States $334, and in the territories $211. But, on the other hand, statistics show that in their poverty and desolation they are striving mightily to lighten their own darkness, for the ratio of the school tax to the total tax is in these Southern States 20.1 per cent., while in New England it is 20.2 per cent., in the Middle States 19.5 per cent., in the Western States 26.6 per cent.

Senator Blair says that the South pays annually about $14,000,000 for education; but he adds that $33,000,000 would be needed to put the children of the South upon an equality of privilege.

Is there not, then, a cause why the general Government shall help to remove this dark blot of illiteracy, as a means of providing for the general welfare?

And now a word in reply to the further question, would such Federal donation be wise and expedient? would it help or hinder the desired result? Some gentlemen, both North and South, have thought so. The Senator from Kansas expressed the opinion that to give such aid would destroy all voluntary local effort to maintain a public school system. He was obliged to admit upon question that the millions of acres of public lands given to Kansas schools had been a small benefit in the days of infancy, albeit that now the proceeds of these lands furnish only about one-eleventh part of the school appropriation. Why shall like assistance to the infant struggles of the young South paralyze her efforts? Why shall it not rather help to enable her some day to tax herself for this purpose as Kansas does?

I confess that I cannot but feel angry when it is suggested that the people of the South are seeking to cast upon the Federal Government a burden which they can and should bear. Their history denies such suspicion, and the superhuman efforts since emancipation, efforts to the honesty and the success of which all bear witness, deny the charge. But they are persuaded that unaided they cannot do effectively this work which is necessary for their own well-being and the well-being of the whole country; this work which was put upon them by the Federal Government. They know better than others can the direful threatening of disaster which this work left undone portends. Therefore, they come not as suppliants asking alms, but as the children of one family asking that from the common treasury, to which they contribute a large part, shall come the means to help them accomplish their own welfare and the welfare of the Republic.

Grant that there are difficulties and dangers encompassing the bestowal of this aid. These are guarded as carefully as may be in the wise plan proposed. The rights of the States are sacred, and may not be invaded. True; and only in the view of the eye that is sentinel against a foe is there invasion in the coming of brothers with their gifts. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." I believe that the dear old battered quotation was paraded in the Senate, and I was not surprised, for the senatorial supply of classical quotations is, to say the least, limited. But fearing "the Greeks," the enemies of my country, and most of all when they come as gift-bringing courtiers, I do not fear my own brothers, the children of my own mother, the inheritors with me of the treasures of freedom. They are as interested as I am that this treasure shall be guarded safe; and

therefore they come only that their power may be added to mine for its protection. Why shall I be afraid?

Yes, the bill comes from New Hampshire as a measure of peace. Well says Mr. Voorhees of Indiana, it "should be received with grateful approbation by every lover of his country." I believe that the people of the country need only to be informed as to the need, the due regard of all rights in the remedy proposed, the constitutional power in this regard exercised by Congress from the very beginning, and with one voice the citizens of America will demand that the whole power of the Republic shall be exerted to educate every American, because so, and only so, can "truth and justice, peace and happiness, religion and piety be established among us for all generations." Educate the people, educate the people; for only so can you provide for the general welfare and guarantee a republican form of government to every State, and to the glorious Union of the States.

T. U. Dudley.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 26, 1886.

The Tool-House.

MANUAL training, instead of a mere accessory, is now most happily becoming recognized as an indispensable department of education. Says Prof. John Fiske, in his remarkable little book, "The Destiny of Man": "In a very deep sense all human science is but the increment of the power of the eye, and all human art is the increment of the power of the hand. Vision and manipulation — these, in their countless and indirect and transfigured forms, are the two *coöperating* factors in all intellectual progress." The difficulty with education in the past has been the divorce of these two factors. Words instead of things, the abstract instead of the concrete, the complex instead of the simple, generals instead of particulars, have been crammed as intellectual aliment into the unfortunate little ones, whose mental stomachs have been totally unequal to the reception of such inappropriate materials. The result has almost invariably been repletion or marasmus.

It is hard enough for adult brains to grasp the subjective unless aided by the objective. For the child it is impossible. Hence the absolute need of the training of head and hand together, or, what is the same thing, object-teaching. Hence the growing advocacy of the kindergarten and its logical complement, the tool-house or manual-training school. The theory underlying them is very simple, viz.: that ideas depend on facts, and that to acquire facts the development of the senses is essential. We all know how eager is the observation of all healthy children, how they love to experiment and contrive. The new education takes advantage of these keen proclivities, and grounds the young in knowledge through the continual application of knowledge.

> "When his *hand's* upon it, you may know
> There's go in it, and he'll make it go."

By this method education becomes a matter of self-instruction and self-development, rather than of tutoring unwilling minds with the force-pump of pedagogic authority; and the result is simply a revolution — and a most peaceful and beneficent revolution — in youthful education. In place of the old picture of "the whining school-boy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," the pupil greets his classes almost as he does his games. On the principle of "milk for babes, meat for grown-up men," the teacher's rôle is to recognize the evolution of the child's intelligence, and supply mental diet according to the natural sequence of the successive stages of growth. The pupil's faculties will absorb such provisions as readily as the digestive organs assimilate appropriate food.

The general result is a well-rounded being in head, hand, and heart. The scholar, instead of having wasted his leisure in skylarking and mischief-making, has found his recreation in constructive work; his senses and his muscles have been developed together; he is the possessor of various handicrafts which may forever stand between him and the poor-house; his school life, instead of a weary drag, has been a pleasure, and cheeriness becomes a second nature; he has learned the great lesson of the dignity of labor, and a consequent sympathy with the workmen throughout the world, while love for the little republic of the school teaches him love for the larger republic of his country. In one word, the self-made scholar comes forth the self-made man, ready to meet life in all its exigencies, and enjoy it in all its graces.

I am glad to see that such schools are springing up everywhere both for the children of the poor and of the rich, and I sincerely hope they may multiply and become soon a requisite part of our common-school education.

Courtlandt Palmer.

Lobbying and its Remedy.

IN her novel, "Through One Administration," Mrs. Burnett incidentally shows the evil side of "lobbying" in Congress. Lobbying means "the addressing or soliciting members of a legislature with a view to influence their votes." If this is done for an evil purpose or aim, the practice and its effects are evil, but what if the purpose be good? How about the lobbyings of Professor Morse to get Congress to establish his telegraph from Baltimore to Washington? Or the submarine telegraph, the Pacific railroad, the life-saving service, and the civil-service reform? Yet none of these was, nor ever would have been, established but for the "addressing and soliciting members with a view to influence their votes." If the practice is employed only to favor good projects, its effects will be good. To have made the book effective against lobbying, the wickedness of the scheme to be lobbied was a necessary ingredient. There are some subjects on which senators and members may with propriety be enlightened. They cannot know everything. This can be done only by "addressing and soliciting members." This is lobbying. But there was no other way to bring the project of the Westoria lands to the attention of Congress; and supposing it to have been a good project (and the contrary is not shown), there is nothing wrong in the conduct of Richard Amory, except the envelope and its contents, to be given to Senator Blundel. That evil results from the practice is evident, and I do not wonder at Mrs. Burnett directing in a measure the moral of her story against it. There are more ambitious and selfish schemes proposed than good ones.

The remedy is with Congress itself. Let it relieve itself from all pressure and importunity on the score

of private claims against the Government by sending them to the Court of Claims for trial and judgment. Almost every European nation does this, and has for many years. In England all claims against the crown which would be the subject of an action between man and man are sent to the courts for trial and judgment. Let Congress prohibit, for their own protection, its members from attending to the *private* business of their constituents, whether political or otherwise, thus leaving every senator and member free to devote his entire time and ability to general legislation. The mass of private bills (there were ten thousand and seventy-six bills and joint resolutions introduced at the first session of the past Congress), and the amount of private business thrust upon each member, are such that if he attends to them his energy and strength are, day by day, exhausted before he can approach general legislation.

Then, as senators and members may properly ask instruction and advice on many subjects, let them provide a legitimate mode of obtaining it. Establish the committees into a sort of congressional court, divided into as many branches as necessary, with daily sessions to be held in the committee rooms, with jurisdiction over certain bills or projects, and give to every person showing the necessary interest therein an opportunity to be heard either by himself or by a system of congressional attorneys; the details could be easily arranged. Let him *then* lobby — *i. e.*, "address and solicit members with a view to influence their votes" — as much as he may be able, but prohibit his doing so on any other occasion. Make the senators and members as free from private or secret solicitation as are the judges of the Supreme Court. This cannot be done now, for no other means has been provided by which a suitor can reach the ear of a senator or member.

T. W.

Lobbying in England.

THERE is nothing in England that exactly corresponds to the American lobby.

Pecuniary claims against the Government, if contested by it, are adjudicated upon by the law courts in a proceeding called a petition of right. Occasionally they are raised by way of resolution in Parliament, and in that case a select committee may be granted to investigate them; but this happens very rarely, and does not seem liable to abuse. If a committee, after hearing evidence, should report in their favor, it would be almost a matter of course to satisfy them.

The bills which are called in England private bills are those introduced by railway or other companies or by public bodies to enable works of public utility to be constructed,— such as the bills empowering a railroad company to acquire lands compulsorily for the purpose of making its road or enlarging its stations, or perhaps to run its trains over the road of another company. Similarly, municipal corporations often apply for bills enabling them to open new streets, or construct docks or water-works or gas-works — objects sometimes sought also by private corporations. Every such bill is, in both Houses of Parliament, referred to a committee, usually consisting of three or four members only, and is there argued by counsel for the promoters and opponents, who call witnesses in support of their respective cases. If it is unopposed, an official called the Chairman of Committees (Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means) has the duty of examining it to see that it conforms to the general principles laid down regarding such bills. The conduct of these bills is undertaken by a class of persons called parliamentary agents, who are regularly admitted to this professional work much as attorneys are, and who employ the counsel, and get up the evidence to be submitted to the committee.

As a private bill committee is deemed to be a sort of judicial tribunal, any solicitation of, or attempt to use private influence with the members who sit on it is forbidden, and regarded as a serious breach of propriety. Doubtless it is occasionally done, but only to a small extent, because a member known to have been affected in this way would lose caste, even if the inducement brought to bear on him was only the desire to gratify a friend, and had nothing corrupt about it. Most members would hesitate to speak to a fellow-member about a bill on which he was sitting to adjudicate, lest it should be supposed they wished to warp his decision; or if they did speak, would merely ask him to consider it carefully from some particular point of view which they might wish to put before him. Some few men are less scrupulous, but on the whole there is no serious objection to the committees of Parliament as tribunals, except the fact that, being often ignorant of engineering and other such questions, they are sometimes bamboozled by a clever counsel into an unfortunate decision, and that the expense of a contest before them is far too heavy. Their fairness is scarcely ever impeached.

Occasionally, but not more than ten or twelve times in a session, a private bill is opposed in the whole House of Commons upon second reading or third reading. This happens if it raises some question of public interest, as, for instance, if it proposes to give unusual powers to a municipality, or to allow a railroad company to acquire common lands, or to inflict some hardship on a neighborhood. The question is then debated in the whole House and settled by a division, which is generally in favor of sending the bill to a committee, or if it has been already passed by a committee, of giving the third reading. Some lobbying goes on upon these occasions, because members generally know little about the matter. Members who are friends or opponents of the bill ask other members to vote with them, and the parliamentary agents in the lobby sometimes accost a member they happen to know, and beg him to support their bill. Such influences, however, though cases might be cited where they have acted badly (on members of a low stamp), seldom determine the division, which depends rather on the speeches made and on the view which the majority is inclined to take of the question of general policy involved. If a member of the Cabinet, for instance, the Home Secretary or President of the Board of Trade, intervenes to present the view of the Administration, his intervention is usually decisive; and a speech from the Chairman of Committees has also a good deal of weight, because the mass of members, knowing nothing of the matter, welcome any official direction.

The above remarks apply generally to the House of Lords. Bills are opposed in the whole House of Lords less than in the Commons, and the opinion of the Chairman of Committees (Lord Redesdale) counts for more than that of his compeer in the Commons.

We are not quite satisfied with our system in England, because these committees take up a good deal of the time of members, because their decisions are apt to be uncertain, and because the legal proceedings before them, fees of counsel, cost of witnesses, etc., involve heavy expenses to the parties; but there is a remarkable absence of corruption—remarkable when one considers the magnitude of the pecuniary interests involved. The judicial character of the proceedings, and the fact that any member voting corruptly would be suspected by his colleagues who had listened to the evidence along with him, have kept up a high standard of purity. There is therefore no class of professional lobbyists, the parliamentary agents being really attorneys doing legal work in a legitimate way; and there is no other difficulty in getting any scheme passed than that of convincing four or five men, whose duty it is to sit and listen with fair though often ignorant minds, that it is a scheme for, or at any rate not against, the public interest, and therefore entitled to legislative aid.

LONDON, 1885. *M. P.*

Senator Boutwell's Plan.

IN January, 1875, Senator Boutwell introduced in the U. S. Senate "A Bill to provide for the Organization of a Bar of the two Houses of Congress," the special features of which were that there should be organized a body of competent persons who might appear as attorneys before committees of Congress, or at the bar of either House, if so authorized. At the beginning of each session of Congress a committee of six, three members from each House, should be appointed, with authority to admit persons to the bar, hear complaints, and suspend or expel members for incapacity or misconduct. Any member of the bar attempting to influence the action of Congress would be held guilty of misconduct. No one unless a member of the bar of the court of final jurisdiction in the State or territory in which he resided, or of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia or of the United States, should be admitted to practice, or appear before committees of either House, except in his own behalf or in behalf of a friend, and only authorized attorneys might ask compensation. Any person giving or receiving compensation for the purpose of influencing the action of Congress or any committee would be held guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished, if proved guilty.

EDITOR CENTURY.

"Hybridization."

INQUIRIES having been made in regard to the place where the experiments in crossing wheat and rye were performed, which were described in THE CENTURY for January, it may be well to state that all the plants were grown near River Edge, Bergen County, New Jersey. The work was all performed by Mr. E. S. Carman, of the "Rural New Yorker."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Discarded.

LAST night I lay on her breast,
To-day I lie at her feet;
Then to her heart I was pressed—
Must you now put your foot on me, sweet!

Ah, lightly as possible, pray—
Grace for your red rose of last night!
No doubt I look faded to-day;
But are *you* quite so fresh in this light?

And—need there is none of that tear,
For I lie quite exposed to the dew—
Did it never occur to you, dear,
That the flower may have wearied of you!

Charles Henry Webb.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE is just about humility enough in the whole world to supply one man with what he needs; and pray, what are the rest of us going to do?

I CAN find plenty of people who can improve every line I have ever written, who can't write one good one of their own.

THE world don't ask to be instructed; they simply ask to be amused and cheated.

GRATITUDE pays all our debts.

PRIDE is located half-way between vice and virtue, and a little of it won't hurt a saint, and a good deal of it often helps a sinner.

DON'T forget this, my boy: there are ten thousand ways to miss the bull's-eye, and only one way to hit it.

WHAT a man can't prove never ruined any one yet; it is what he can prove that makes it hot for him.

THERE are lots of things in this world we can't explain, and that is just what makes the things we can explain the more certain.

REPENTANCE is a commodity always in market. The purchaser names the price for it; lucky for him if he doesn't name the price too high.

I DISCOVER this difference between indolence and laziness. Indolence is a disease of the soul, laziness of the body.

IF we knew the exact value of things, we should be comparatively free from envy.

THE great struggle of life is first for bread, then butter on the bread, and at last sugar on the butter. This is the best any of us can do.

ALL cunning men are dishonest, or will be the first good chance they get.

THERE are two things that everybody thinks they can do better than any one else—punch the fire, and edit a daily paper.

WE make our own destinies. Providence furnishes the raw material only.

REVENGE is a barren victory at best; its spoils are remorse.

I DON'T believe in special providences. When a mule kicks a man, and knocks him anywhere from eight to twenty feet off, I don't lay it to the Lord; I say to myself, That man got a little too near the mule.

THERE is pedantry in all things. Any man who loads up a double-barrel gun to kill a cockroach with, is a cockroach pedant.

WHEN a man begins to travel around the world on his religion, I am as afraid of him as of a three-card-monte sharp.

MY dear boy, don't begin a fight, but once begun stay to the finish, and pick up the fragments.

Uncle Esek.

The Truth About It.

"SPRING," sang the poet, "budding Spring."
Alas! the boughs were bare;
He was himself the one green thing,
For ice lay everywhere.

"Hail, Spring, with breezes soft and sweet."
The Spring returned his hail;
There came a shower of snow and sleet
Upon a wintry gale.

"Sing, merry birds, in bush and tree."
He read the almanac;
The birds were wiser far than he,
And did not hurry back.

"Spring, gentle"—here he ceased to sing.
Let the sad truth be told:
The while he sang of balmy Spring,
He caught an awful cold.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.

A Cure for Heroics.

THEY drift along a summer lake,
And talk about whatever chances,
And little confidences make
About their soulful fears and fancies.
They half suspect that life is vain,
Despite its comforts incidental,
For he is in his Harvard strain,
And she is slightly sentimental.

He.

Would I had been a bold Baron
In the old dim days of yore (said he),
In my castle grim on Weser's rim,
Where my father lived before (said he),
With armor old and portraits young
Of grand-dames fair around me hung,
And coffers of gold, galore (said he).

The Baron held a skillful rein,
And smote with a mighty arm;
No mocking question vexed his brain,
And saved the foe from harm.
His sword the ward of his feudal lord,
His conscience, of the Pope,
The Baron gayly ranged abroad,
To end his days in hope.

O sturdy men of eld! (said he),
Ye strove, and gained the mastery.
With will remorseless, conscience free,
At heart a child's simplicity.

I would I were that Baron gay,
To part with weary self (said he),
To shock these pondering schemes away,
This sordid toil for pelf (said he).
The boar to chase, the foe to trace,
Death-dealing open blows to give,
Life's sophist sphinx no more to face.
Ah, this, methinks, would be to live!

She.

Would I had been a bowered ladye
As my true love rode by (said she);
In days of old were hearts of gold,
For selfish ends too high (said she).
And as abroad to death he rode
I had spent nor tear nor sigh (said she),
As page my steed I had bestrode,
Perchance for him to die (said she).

A wretched age of gain and greed
We live in, void of higher creed;
A narrow life, a failing strife
To rise above our level earth:
Our tender faiths are put to knife
Within the hour that gave them birth.
We women eat our hearts (said she),
For lack of loyal love and faith.
Ah, could my knightly dream but be,
Then he and I might welcome death.

* * * * * *

So sorrowed they in youthful prime
(It must have been a pleasant woe,
So sure to meet its cure in time)—
They wedded five good years ago.

He faces gaunt "Cui bono?" doubt
With manful buffet, if it come;
For faith in man and faith in God
Shall come of faith in wife and home.

Her pathway lies in pleasant light,
Her baby on her breast is lying;
And she has found her knightly dream—
But now she never dreams of dying!

Martha Wolcott Hitchcock.

To Frederick Locker.

I MEET thee not by yonder lea,
Where fruited fields are waving;
But Mincing Lane and Battersea
Have meanings fresh and sweet to thee,
Thou poet of the paving!

A grass blade from the gardener's plot,
A crannied wall-flower peeping,
Are more to thee than meadows shot
With daisies white and clover spot,
And wild brooks in their leaping.

'Tis London with its eager pace
That never rests nor tires,
The deep heart of its commonplace
Touched into tenderness and grace,
That most thy muse inspires.

And that great world, too oft a bore,
Despite the joys that wreathe it,
In thy melodious, dainty lore
Bespeaks the ancient charm it wore,
The good that's underneath it.

Edward F. Hayward.

Burning the Love-letters.

ASHES to ashes, dust to dust,
When life has quit the mortal frame.
When Love is at his last, we must
Bury him thus, with flame to flame.

Walter Learned.